

I hope you will excuse the fact that the original of this letter is not typed, but my secretary was eaten last week by a killer whale. My writing is a little shaky because I have frostbite on my right flipper, which is very painful.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

P. N. Guin,

General Manager, The Chocolate P\*\*g\*\*n Co.,  
Ross Island, British Antarctica.

J. E. O. SCREEN, 6m.u.

### Drift

The train plunges into darkness, groping through the blackness of an unending tunnel. The sounds of hollowness and reverberation on the elliptical walls. Creepily crawling into light in the fuliginous haze as darkness softly falls.

.....

When melancholy autumn's murky afternoon is ending, and the windows are lighted after tea, The people are everywhere hurrying homeward bending,

are standing in symmetry to find general expression in boarding conveyances taking them anywhere home, slowly,

cheaply

past-

*1st voice* Shuttered shops, selling salami, shoes, shirts, sultanas, string, straw . . . past-

*2nd voice* The heavy iron gates of banks closing upon the silent stacks of unreal promises . . . . .

*3rd voice* They are jostling everyone everywhere to form serried ranks to pay to sit in plush chairs to see the latest fabulous, wonderous mysterious offerings to the newest cellulose gods.

There is insupportable noise . . .

*1st voice* They are walking noisily upon wet paper-strewn pavements,

*2nd voice* There is the constant buzz and grumbling of the diesel 'buses rumbling,

*3rd voice* The whispering: talking: shouting: clangour . . . . .

. . . Yet no real sound lies in the insupportable noise.

.....

On topless towers caked with dishonourable grime, electricity is spelling out in red, blue, green the newest rhyme—Buy Lux—in letters of fire—Buy Hillman Minx—or still higher  
Appealing to every potential buyer—Read the News of the World.

.....

Somewhere there is quietness; perhaps in an alleyway; perhaps in some uncouth cell, peace may be found drowned In the turquoise pool of the toilsome labyrinth.

There is no water but only rock,

There is no rock but only water as

The river pours out to the sea.

The once clear waters gathered from Crisp green pastures form only putrid nigrescent fluid discharging amongst virescent flowings the unwanted waste of a city.

Logs, mud, tins,

steel, rust, tins

tin, mud, logs,

Intermingle in the scum and the ooze.

Waste.

It flows on for ever.

There is no rock but only water

There is no water but only waste.

.....

"But we are at the far end, victims of a run down machine."

Let us go where we can leave it all, and life can begin.

"But we will leave this paltry land and sail" . . . sail . . .

*1st voice* "Silver sails all out of the west,  
Under the silvery moon."  
In buff darkness at Tilbury or the Broomilaw—What does it matter?  
A boat, Prospero is waiting—

*2nd voice* "Calm seas, auspicious gales and sail so expeditious—" is waiting  
Then let us board the Prospero.

*4th voice* "Have you your passports, visas, sailing tickets, reservations . . . .

. . . no

*4th voice* Then you cannot join the Prospero—  
Then back to the rustle, bustle, hustle of our sham city.  
Unreal City.  
Then FIND the place where travesty ends, and reality can begin.

G. A. M. WOOD, 6m.u.

### There's One born every Minute

My parents had gone away for a week's holiday, leaving me to look after myself and keep charge of the flat. The first three days passed by, nothing unusual had happened, and the tinned food showed every sign of holding out until the weekend.

On the morning of the fourth day an unusual thing did happen. The door bell rang and on answering its summons, I found myself confronted with three men clad in overalls. The brightest looking of the three explained that they had come to collect a Persian carpet. I could not recall that in my mother's last-minute instructions she had made any reference to our Persian carpet. I told him that I didn't know anything about the matter, and was informed that "Madam" had rung up the previous week, instructing them to call and take the carpet to be cleaned.

The name "Vacit Cleaners" meant nothing to me, and I certainly wasn't letting the carpet go to be cleaned until he produced some written evidence. After all, one can't be too careful. Apparently he read what was passing through my mind.

"What's wrong, Sir? Do you think we're going to rob you?"

This remark amused his two workmates.

"I certainly don't intend handing over a valuable Persian carpet to anybody, just on their plausible story. Come on. Show me your chit authorising you to collect the carpet."

He hesitated for a fraction of a second, then, grinning, he exclaimed,

"Silly of me, I should have produced my chit first and explained afterwards."

He fumbled in his inside pocket. Not finding anything, he searched his other pockets. I knew before he'd finished, that he hadn't a chit. Not very smart of me though, because he could easily have forged one. The cheek of it, to ask for a Persian carpet, expecting someone to trust your story.

"I had it when coming up the stairs," he mumbled, "Can't find it anywhere."

I smiled at the amateur way in which he tried to cover up.

He looked up and said, "You must think we're frauds."

He was quite right, I did.

"Sorry," I said, "no chit, no carpet."

He shrugged his shoulders, motioned to his companions, and started up the corridor.

I stood against the door post and watched them go. They'd have to get up earlier in the morning to catch me out!

At that moment a smart young lady on her way down from the flat above stopped opposite me, and bent down to pick up a small scrap of paper.

"This yours?" she questioned.

I took it from her and saw that it was the chit authorising the collecting of our carpet for cleaning. My smug feeling sank. I'd misjudged them. They hadn't been acting at all.

I thanked the young lady and ran down the corridor after the men. I caught them up at the stairs, and showing them the mislaid chit, apologised to them. They accepted my apology and we all returned to the flat.

Inside ten minutes the men, and the carpet with them, were gone. I put the newly made out receipt on the mantelpiece.

The following day I got a big surprise, returning home on the tube. When the train opposite mine came to a standstill I saw the three men from the "Vacit Cleaners" and the bright young lady who had picked up the chit. They all appeared to be good friends and were in obvious high spirits.

I immediately checked up and found that no one had ever heard of "Vacit Cleaners," but I certainly heard about it when my parents arrived home and found our Persian carpet gone.

G. H. STOCKDALE, 6m.u.

### Tribute to the Late Kathleen Ferrier

From out of smoke and dirt sprang forth a voice  
Of wondrous tone which blew all fog away.  
Surely from God alone did come this choice:  
But short her time, it seemed as 'twere a day.  
Up, up along Fame's broadening path she passed  
And in her humble soul she loved her work;  
Tears fell free as "Ewig" sounded last,  
From troubled Mahler did she never shrink.  
Her light shone bright upon all priceless things,  
Musicians at her feet in honour knelt;  
But pearls of gladness not for long did ring  
And death descended, which the whole world felt.

Oh! yet again for her great "Che faro"  
From out of tragic opera "Orfeo."

F. P. HASLAM, 6m.u.

## Newfoundland Expedition

Last November I was fortunate enough to be selected, along with 56 other applicants, for membership of a scientific expedition, run by the British Schools Exploring Society, which was to go to Newfoundland to study and make detailed maps of the moose and caribou hinterland of that country.

The Society was formed some years ago by Surgeon-Commander G. Murray Levick, R.N., who was with Scott on his last, ill-fated trip to the South Pole.

The Expedition was led by Major G. F. Spooner, a tough, wiry six-footer, under whose command all work was carried out. He was helped by his second in command, Major A. P. M. B. Fowle, M.C., R.A., and two assistant leaders. There was also a signals officer and two medical officers.

After three day's delay in England, due to the breakdown of the aircraft we were to have flown in, we reached Gander, the transatlantic airfield in the north of Newfoundland, arriving at 3-0 a.m. G.M.T. on the 30th July. We travelled by train 120 miles south along the single-track railway to a hamlet, Goobies, where we climbed into trucks with our rucksacs, kitbags and personal kit and drove 30 miles along a dusty non-metalled track to a point three miles from our base camp. This was on Long Pond, a lake some  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles long and one mile wide, and eight miles from a G.P.O. construction camp on the land end of the new transatlantic telephone cable.

Immediately on arrival at base camp we set to and erected timber shelters, in an effort to create a homely atmosphere, and shifted the stores and equipment which were brought by the advanced party in January soon after the severe winter had eased off a little.

After a great deal more hard work the first parties or 'fires' set out on short marches of three or four days to set up beacons in the outlying parts of the area to be surveyed, some 40 square miles. Soon after the return of these marches other parties set out to strike out north into the interior and also south to the sea. All objectives on these marches were achieved under the most rigorous conditions. Two more large rivers were thus put on the map and valuable information on the condition of timber and the movements of the moose and caribou was obtained. The latter is of importance because the caribou is slowly being exterminated by the moose.

The fires always kept on the move and never camped twice in the same place, thus covering a large area of ground, gathering knowledge as they went.

Often on exhausting marches over mountains, quaking bogs, through dense forests and across deep, fast-flowing rivers, rain and dense mists prevented the lighting of fires for preparing hot meals. Leaders and fire members often slept in wet clothes in damp sleeping-bags. Wild animals including Black Bear, Grizzly Bear and Lynx, were encountered. Once a cow moose and calf were shot when the cow became aggressive. However, they provided a great deal of fresh meat for each member of the Expedition.

The Expedition was divided into separate groups which specialized in geology, meteorology and the study of local fauna, birds, insects and flowers. One of the groups operated the wireless gear, received weather reports from the Canadian mainland and passed messages to and from the Atlantic seaboard radio net; another did the survey work with theodolites, compasses and plane tables.

The basic food ration was an explorer's diet devised by the founder from his great experience. It consists of pemmican (dried powdered beef with fat added), hard biscuits, dehydrated vegetables, raisins, cheese, margarine, sugar, chocolate, oatmeal, tea, salt and vitamin tablets, these last being to substitute for the lack of Vitamin C, none of the food being fresh. The calorific value of the diet was some 4,000, sufficient for a day's march in a temperate climate.

A daily item on the menu was "hoosh"—a pemmican stew flavoured with curry powder, a most nourishing liquid, but in spite of this and the high food value of the other constituents of our fare one member was driven to eating tooth-paste smeared on a biscuit to try and make up in some way for the lack of bulk. I sampled, on several occasions, a strange brew which we called pine-needle tea, prepared from the needles of the Douglas fir.

Medical care, when needed, was supplied by the two doctors. Arrangements were made in the event of an emergency for the member to be evacuated overland or by boat or floatplane. Happily this facility never had to be used, there being no serious injury or illness. Several members cut themselves with axes and I had to be invalided out of the Long March on its fourth day with a suspected bone fracture in my right foot.

The Long March was a march on which specially selected boys left the main group and with the Expedition's leader set out on an endurance march

intending to go as far possible in twelve days. Actually they covered some 120 map miles and penetrated into virgin territory.

A collection of specimens and notes was made for the Canadian Government also for the British and the Natural History Museum in England.

The Expedition returned home on 14th September, 1955, having successfully carried out its tasks and added a great deal to the knowledge of a little known part of this earth.

J. G. TAYLOR, 6s.u.

### The Door in the Wall

'Genuine Olde Elizabethan' house, guaranteed 'all mod. con.' That must include the low black oak beams in the dining-room which could only be found in some ultra-modern 'pre-fab', and which Jack, who was six-feet-three found only too frequently! Perhaps Alfred was included in the 'mod. cons.', for he was a ghost of regular habits, who had a gentlemanly way of making his appearance, although he was not included in the conditions of the sale, from which the first eight words of this narrative are taken.

The ghost appeared twice weekly—on Tuesdays and Saturdays to be precise—dressed in genuine ruff, tight breeches and white silk stockings, slightly worn it is true, but that is not surprising seeing that they had survived since the Elizabethan era. It, or shall I say he, looked rather like an unfilled-in outline of a cartoon on a solid-painted back-ground of the dining-room. Alfred, for so he was affectionally named, planned a splendid route. Starting from what is now the tool-shed, he walks through the coal-house wall, up the passage, right into the aforementioned dining-room, and there he opens an unexisting door sketched in the wall and disappears through it. While on the other side he pokes his head through the door, unexistingly opened of course, and with an unmistakable un-ageable 'come-hither' look, which we ignorantly refuse, he wavers for a minute or two and then closes the door, leaving a perfectly blank wall once more!

The first time that this apparition appeared, we, who unfortunately happen to be the Jack and Mary in question, were very surprised, to put it mildly! We were not frightened, because he looked so miserable and, as Shakespeare puts it 'he had a lean and hungry look', which enhanced his transparent appearance. He had walked, head down, right to his invisible door in the wall, when he

seemed to notice us for the first time; he suddenly beamed with joy at the sight of us as if we were his long lost brother and sister (already passed on to higher service). We smiled wan, if not spontaneous, smiles of introduction, and it was then that he gave his first and most come-hitherly of his come-hither looks. We were astounded; not to say a little non-plussed at his meaning, for one can never tell with these flighty first Elizabethan ghosts (I now consider myself an expert ghoulogist or whatever the word may be). However, we politely ignored his meaning glances; for the present!

I often wondered, during the first few weeks, just where our Alfred disappeared to on his twice-weekly Mystery Tour. On the other side of the dining-room wall was a disused refuse pit into which we felt even our ghost could not have plunged to an untimely end, as it was only two feet six deep! We dismissed the fact that he could have been buried there after his death because, in that bygone age, Elizabethan dustmen used to empty it twice-weekly. We also dismissed the proposition that he was an Elizabethan dustman returned to review his native round!

As the weeks went by and there were no signs that our visitations by the ghost were to be abruptly discontinued or that we were to find out who our un-P.G. was, we began to get some inkling as to the meaning of his gestures at the door, HE WANTED US TO FOLLOW HIM THROUGH IT!!!! (No, I am not bordering on science-fiction). So, being the brave, reckless, courageous fool I was, I decided that I would stand by the invisible door till our ghoulish Saturday-night Date appeared and nip in smartly behind him! I hoped my adoring wife would stop such a scheme; but she didn't!

So, on the appointed night, I stood stolidly at my post; Alfred appeared, gave a hopeless, desultory look and began to close the door. I nipped in smartly, found a wall bracket, for which I had never before been able to assign a purpose, with my head, and woke up in hospital!

The surgeon, who attended my gash, looked the bucolic type of fellow who poured himself a drink to steady his nerves before an operation, found his hand shook even more after it, so took another drink, etc., etc. My wife was still laughing and to me, who couldn't see the joke, saying how funny it was to see someone try to run through a solid brick wall! The doctor, who had obviously not heard the explanation of my injury, was telling some tale of our cottage to my wife.

'There's a tale', he said, 'that in your cottage in Elizabethan times the owner saw a ghost, in Norman clothes, going through an invisible door in

the dining-room wall; this Elizabethan tried to follow the ghost and in doing so caught his head on a wall-bracket and killed himself! People say his ghost walks now, trying to make unwary souls succumb to his fate! However I doubt if he'll trouble you'.

At this, he doubled up with laughter and wandered off in search of liquor, as I obviously had none. I gave a weak exclamation of mirth and resolved to tell our ghost to save his 'bus fare from wherever he came as I refused to be enticed again!

C. C. BROWN, 6m.l.

### The Young Antiquarian

The mullioned, front window of the fashionable antique shop was strewn with a fascinating display of old-fashioned objects. Through the polished panes one caught a glimpse of the refined chaos which lay behind: gold rings and jewel encrusted bracelets worn a century ago; delicate figurines in jade and porcelain; handsomely carved ivory boxes from the Orient, lavishly ornamented with silver; lamps and glassware that delight the eyes of experts and bestow on the owner a social advantage over her less fortunate neighbours. Shelves were stacked with duelling pistols and jewel caskets. Walls were hung with gorgeous tapestries, richly worked in gold and in colours.

On this chill, winter evening, the frost glistening in the lamplight, a small boy, his hands thrust deep into his shabby pockets, stood with his nose pressed earnestly against the glass and his wide eyes searching deeply into the shop beyond. After a short while he turned, and, with a determined air, marched inside. Picking his way carefully amongst the many things for which it was difficult to find a name, and ignoring the medley of bed-warmers and pistols, of swords and jewellery, and of shepherds and pot dogs, he made straight for the antiquated jumble of metal which stood alone in the corner. Regarding it with the air and experience of a connoisseur, he solemnly felt first the large, front wheel, then he ran his grubby hand down the frame to the small back wheel. This he gave a smart tap with the toe of his boot and with a grunt—pronouncing his satisfaction—he stepped gingerly through the andirons and exotic fire screens to the counter.

His tousled head appeared over the top and his grimy hands gripped the edge tightly, "D'you fink I can . . ." he began, eyeing the assistant tentatively from under his bushy fringe, "D'you poshibly fink I could 'ave . . . ?" He paused again, this time to remove the ball of string that was rather obscuring his view. Then, with words tumbling over one

another in their frantic effort to get out, "D'you poshibly fink I could 'ave that bike sort 'o fink in the corner?" he finally asked. Again he gazed questioningly at the assistant who cut off the young customer's next question by asking, a little aloofly, whether the young gentleman, as he put it, wished to enquire the price of the penny-farthing bicycle which happened to be in the corner of the shop. The young gentleman had been laboriously untying the knots in an off-white handkerchief and now, in answer to the stony question, poured out a handful of pennies on the counter, then he explained, simply and shyly, "I've emptied me bank."

The quiet simplicity of the answer momentarily softened the frozen exterior of the dapper assistant; but immediately regaining his composure, he daintily bundled the coppers into a paper-bag and, handing them to the boy, he politely informed him that as penny-farthings were in short supply they were consequently expensive.

With this, and with a restrained cough on the part of the assistant, the crestfallen customer was ushered from the shop. It was not without shock that the assistant saw him walk a little way, mount his tricycle with as much dignity as he could muster and, pausing only to pull a face in the direction of the quaint, mullioned windows, pedal sedately away.

R. A. LLOYD, 5A.

### The Shadow

Silas Drew was not particularly elated when he received a letter from his literary agent. Silas had retired from his literary career some months previously owing to an unusual form of heart disease. He had written exactly one hundred ghost stories, sixty of which were good, thirty indifferent and ten bad—of which the bad ones had sold the best of all. Now he had been asked to write another of four thousand words, and the tempting offer of four hundred pounds for it finally conquered his earlier vow never to write another story.

So he started looking through his previous files for a suitable theme. At last he came upon one which he thought might do. It was called "The Shadow." He opened the thin folder and extracted its contents:

Part I: Man (called Tonks, or something similar)—been tampering with till—large family—knows he will be fired if found out—no one must know about this but boss (sneering, plump man. Overbearing) and Tonks. Next day T. is called to boss—after boss has sneered, etc. (elaborate this—make them dislike boss)—Tonks, in a fit of rage,

seizes poker and puts boss to sleep. Last vision Tonks has is of the shadow of boss's hand, in the air, on the blind as he slumps into his chair.

Part II (he read):

Mystery goes undetected. After a few weeks or so Tonks begins to see Shadow. Shadow haunts him—at last it settles on a child (one of his, of course)—child dies. Soon all his children are dead (5 or 6)—(call it "some obscure malady"), thus increasing T's income tax. At last T's wife goes—Tonks goes to a mental home. Awakes one night to find Shadow stroking his brow—screams confession—Tonks family extinct.

Silas nodded to himself. It was very very rough, of course, but he knew he could make a 'go' of it.

Around tea-time he got that morbid, moribund feeling which he always had when he wrote. He knew he would do well. First, of course, he had to see the Shadow. Claspings his head in his hands he stared hard at the blotting pad. After a few seconds he saw it—an awful Shadow, black, and with a drop of something running down the edge of the palm, silhouetted with the rest of the hand. Good, his power of visualization had not left him.

At eleven o'clock that night, Silas started writing. He smoked incessantly, and at four in the morning he had finished. It was good, he thought, the best he had written—cheap at four hundred pounds. He read it through making minor alterations, and then laid down his pen, shaking his cramped hand, and stretched luxuriously. That did it. Something clicked inside him, and a stabbing pain lacerated his chest. God! could anything be so awful? It was all his own fault. He had disobeyed the surgeon, had smoked and worked too hard. Another ghastly twinge. Suddenly, vividly, he saw the Shadow on the blotting pad before him. Wonderful how powerful was his imagination—it would vanish in a moment. He steadied himself, and waited for a lull in the wracking pain. He turned his head to the little table upon which stood a syphon, a glass and the little phial of tabloids which would bring instant relief. The Shadow moved with his eyes. It settled on the table. The fingers seemed to flex a little. Silas stood up, hands clutched to his tortured heart. He started towards the table. As he moved, the Shadow moved too. It leapt forward and settled round the phial. The fingers closed around the precious glass of which it was composed. In his pain-wracked, befuddled state Silas drew fancied that the knuckles whitened a little. Wildly terrified, torn with pain, he lunged forward clumsily. He slipped. As he fell, his head caught on the table. The phial smashed on the floor by his side.

The clock striking the quarter-hour broke the silence,

D. WALLACE, 5Y.

## By Hook or by Crook

You have all heard the saying 'By hook or by crook',

Do you know where it's from, may I ask?  
And if you do not, read on with my tale,  
Which will take you far back in the past.

T'was just at the start of the First Henry's reign,  
As King William had just been shot dead,  
He'd been shot by an arrow, perhaps aimed at a  
sparrow,  
Which instead had gone clean through his head.

He was found by a burner of charcoal, next day.  
Who cared for his body, we're told,  
And so pleased the new king, who was Henry the  
First,

That he tried to reward him with gold.

The old man then replied he'd no use for gold  
So perhaps the good king would agree  
To his using his axe to fell all the dead trees,  
That in the course of his work he did see.

"No, No", said the king, "that much I can't give,  
But, this I will grant unto thee,  
You can take any wood by your hook or your  
crook,

But your axe must not touch any tree".

P. RANKINE, 5X.

## The Chinese Theatre

While on holiday in Belgium, I watched a performance given by the Chinese National Theatre and the Opera of Peking. The Concert Hall of the Ostend Casino was glittering with evening dresses, as the curtain rose on a performance that was to last for four hours.

Once the western ear has been tuned to Chinese music, one finds it very expressive. The "orchestra" included a lute, and two instruments in the shape of a letter "L" with strings stretched across the two ends, which give the same sound as a violin, the difference being in the height of the pitch. The singing is unlike any western singing. The lowest voice corresponds to the contralto in western music. The soprano has an extremely high voice, and when this is first heard, it seems ludicrous. It can, however, be very moving.

The performance was very exhilarating. It involved some fantastic acrobatic feats, which included an amazing jump over a wall, about five feet high, from an inverted position. The show, like all

Chinese productions, was performed in brilliantly coloured costumes against a plain background and was very impressive.

The programme started with the "Lotus Dance", a quiet, flowing dance, with the costumes in pastel shades, the prima ballerina in blue, and the corps de ballet in pink. The dancers seemed to glide along, the music suggesting perfectly the peaceful feeling behind the dance.

In complete contrast was the opera with ballet, "Trouble in the Kingdom of the Gods". In this, the costumes were in shades of red, yellow, and black, with the wicked god in a tight-fitting costume of a mixture of many different colours, which seemed to personify evil. In this item an amazing stick-twirling dance was introduced.

During the evening, the language bar seemed to fade away, as the music and actions described everything perfectly. Sometimes wild and fierce, in the battle of the gods, sometimes slow and moving, in the "Broken Bridge", an opera covering the triumph of good over evil, the music effectively expressed all emotions.

This was indeed an experience never to be forgotten, I came out of the Concert Hall feeling dazed, not to say overwhelmed by the richness of this most memorable performance.

J. REICH, 5Y.

### Unexpected

It was a cold, dark, winter night, with sleet lashing against the windows, the type of night when one wants to sit close to a roaring fire, and snuggle down in a roomy armchair to read a book.

However, father and mother, having packed the children off to bed, were playing bridge with visitors from London. The visitors were well on top. They had won game after game, rubber after rubber, but this was to be their last hand on account of the time. It was another of those dreary hands that mother found so wearisome.

The bidding began, and it was soon her turn to bid. Far from having her bid ready, however, she was gazing into space and sitting bolt upright.

"Ssh!" she exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" inquired one of the guests.

"I think I can hear something. All listen."

Silence ensued, at last broken by a sharp crack from the fire, as a stick burst into flames. Mother was certain that she could hear something upstairs—a rustle perhaps.

"Maybe it's one of the children", suggested father, rising from his seat to investigate. A few seconds later he was back—"No, they're all fast asleep".

Mother was still not satisfied, so she opened the door, and to her horror she heard a loud thud, followed by quick rustles and a tap. Panic ensued. Father and the male visitor both reached for the poker, and with much clatter the fire irons fell over into the grate. The men, with the poker and tongs tore upstairs. There was a lightning search, while mother's hand rested on the telephone, and then there was suddenly quiet upstairs. The two men having completely searched the upper storey were holding a consultation, when they decided to have another and more thorough search of the entire house. Then there appeared to be no more to be done.

"Well", said mother, "It's half-past eleven, so I suggest that we all go to bed".

Next morning the incident had been almost forgotten, until a telegram from London arrived.

It said,

"Return at once, stop, house burgled, stop, half-eleven last night, stop".

G. L. COOKE, 5Y.

### Christmas

Tho' Winter's here,  
And skies are grey,  
Be of good cheer!  
'Tis Christmas Day.

Down comes the snow  
A wintry fall:  
A crystal glow  
Envelops all.

The ice is thick  
Upon the ponds:  
On hedge and rick  
Grow icy fronds.

But see indoor,  
'Tis bright and gay:  
While on the floor  
The children play.

The Christmas Tree  
Within the hall,  
Holds toys for me  
And gifts for all.

The yule log burns  
 With fiery heat:  
 And grand-pa turns  
 To warm his feet.  
 Soon Winter's sting  
 Will melt away:  
 And welcome Spring  
 Will greet the day.

P. URWIN, 2Y.

### My Magic Road

At the bottom of my garden runs a road on which I have never set foot. The chances are, I never shall. To most people this road is simply "the railway", but to me, at least, it is a magic thoroughfare, and I like to think that other dwellers beside it know the enchantment too. For if, as you gaze upon it from your window, you open the window of your imagination—then indeed, the miles will roll away in what direction you will, as your eyes follow some hurtling, gleaming serpent whose coaches are labelled with the names, it seems, of half the places you have always longed to visit.

The section of the line which passes my house is full of interest for one who is keen on railways, for expresses go by to a varied assortment of destinations. There are several of what are called the "Coast to Coast" flyers, hastening to and fro between the great Lancashire port of Liverpool and the great Yorkshire one of Hull; the one terminus being a second home to me, full of happy memories, and the other as yet unvisited except in imagination.

Then there is the train with the longest journey of all; I think that this train is the most interesting, for she plies between the same western seaport, and Harwich, another harbour, far away on the eastern marshlands. I like to follow her in my thoughts and I think of the passengers with envy. For of course, one of the features of a magic road is that you need never imagine that it bears anyone on an unpleasant journey!

Of course, there are the local trains, but more interesting are the long "goods" which clank and rattle along the road by night—or when they may during the daytime, like strings of packhorses, bearing the equipment and serving the needs of the thousands of travellers who have preceded or will follow them, each to his own destination along my Magic Road.

C. H. TEMPLAR, 1C

### Maybe

If I were in Sweden instead of in school,  
 I'd rise with the lark and run down to the pool.  
 I'd swim and I'd splash in the water so blue,  
 And run home through the meadows all sparkling with dew.

If I were in Sweden instead of in school,  
 My father, no doubt, would make it a rule  
 That I'd help milk the cows and make butter  
 and cheese,  
 To send off to England, the folk there to please.

If I were in Sweden I'd grow hemp and flax;  
 The flax to make linen, the hemp to make sacks.  
 In summer I'd camp in the hills to keep cool;  
 But—if I were in Sweden I might be in school.

J. LOWREY, 1C.

### Old Hulmeians Notes and News

We announce with regret the death of H. H. Nall at the age of 62. He was a very keen supporter of the School lacrosse team, being frequently present at School matches, especially flags knock-outs. He showed his interest in a very practical fashion by presenting, last Christmas, three new lacrosse sticks for the use of the School first teams.

We were glad to see at School towards the end of last term C. A. A. Hughes of the Colonial Service, home on leave from the Pacific Islands. He kindly gave a talk on his experiences to the Third Year Sixth early this term.

We congratulate Councillor F. S. Laughton on his appointment as a J.P.

E. D. Carson was sent out to Johannesburg on December 30th, 1954, by his firm, the Prudential Assurance Company (Manchester). He was chosen from five candidates and is the youngest member of the staff to have been sent out.

B. Seddon of Clare College, Cambridge, has been awarded a Nature Conservancy Research Studentship of two year's duration for the completion of his research in the Sub-department of Quaternary Studies, Cambridge.

A. Crompton has been appointed Captain of the British Olympic Ski-team in racing events at the International Competition which is to take place at Cortina, in Italy, in January. We may add that earlier this year he was the first man to water-ski across the Channel.

G. R. MacLeod (Christ's College, Cambridge), who has recently been awarded the Ph.D., has accepted an appointment at Geneva with the Central European Council for Nuclear Research.

#### University Examination Results:—

Oxford University.—Honours School of English, Class III: H. Baker (Brasenose). Honours School of Engineering, Class III: M. Green (Merton). Honours School of Mathematics, Class II: B. R. Heap (St. John's). Honours School of Modern History, Class II: P. H. Ramsay (Hertford).

Cambridge University.—English Tripos, Part I, Class II, Division 1: K. Hoskinson (Christ's). English Tripos, Part I, Class II, Division 1: D. W. S. Latham (Christ's). Architecture (Fine Arts), Second Exam., Class II: C. S. Smith (Christ's). Modern Languages Tripos, Part I, Class III: M. C. Dickins (Fitzwilliam). Law Tripos, Part I, Class III, C. R. Burgess (Selwyn). Mechanical Sciences Tripos, Part II, Class II, Division 1: W. G. Cartwright (Trinity).

Manchester University.—M.Sc. (Tech.): G. E. Cusick. Honours School of French Studies, Class II, Division 2: I. Ainsworth. Honours School of Politics and Modern History, Class II, Division 1: R. C. Shaw. Honours School of Engineering, Class I: M. J. Lanigan. Honours School of Physics, Class II, Division 2: J. C. Parsonage. Honours School of Chemistry, Class I: R. Swindells. Class II, Division 1: M. L. Sutcliffe, K. J. Taylor. Ordinary B.Sc., R. B. Pilling. LL.B. (Honours), Class III: R. D. Bishop. LL.B. (Ordinary), R. I. Hattrick. Diploma in Dentistry: A. B. Acton. M.B. and Ch.B.: A. J. Benson, P. J. Ellis.

Leeds University.—J. G. King, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

The following Old Hulmeians were invited to take part in the Southern Lacrosse Trial:—B. E. Reeve (St. John's, Cambridge), C. S. Smith (Christ's, Cambridge), C. Gee (Brasenose, Oxford), D. G. Robertson (Brasenose, Oxford), F. A. Spooncer (Hampstead), A. Wilkinson (Kenton), R. H. Pear (Hampstead).

#### BIRTHS.

EMBLETON.—On July 29th, to Eva (née Robinson) and Roy Frederick, a daughter.

MCCREADY.—On July 2nd, to Joan (née Cowan) and Norman, a daughter.

FLUNDER.—On July 16th, to Mary (née Arnold) and William, a son.

NESBITT.—On August 2nd, to Rona (née Christie), wife of Colin H. Nesbitt, a daughter.

HAINES.—On August 16th, to Mary (née Pressney), wife of Kenneth W. Haines, a son.

SAUNSBURY.—On August 17th, to Isabel (née Downie) and Philip Saunbury, a son.

KETTLEWELL.—On August 25th, to Marford and Gordon, a son.

WORSWICK.—On September 14th, to Marie (née Stevens) and Eric, a daughter.

LISTER.—On September 16th, to Barbara (née Goldstone) and Alan, a son.

BRUCKSHAW.—On September 18th, to Mary (née Williams) and Ben, a daughter.

BUCKLAND.—On September 21st, to Jean and David, a daughter.

ANDREW.—On September 25th, to Winifred Hannah (née Colclough) and Harold, a daughter.

SPOONCER.—On October 14th, to Anne and Ronald, a daughter.

BROOM.—On October 22nd, to Barbara Ellen (née Watkins) and Thomas Michael, a son.

SMART.—On November 11th, to Margaret (née Elphee), wife of John H. C. Smart, a daughter.

GALLOWAY.—On November 15th, to Denise Grace Barrow (née Gray) and Brian Stanton, a daughter.

#### MARRIAGES.

BENSON—HOLLINS.—On July 2nd, at Withington, Alan James, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Benson, to Anne Pamela, only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. E. T. Hollins.

MACLEOD—PICKERILL.—On July 12th, at Christ's College, Cambridge, Graham Ross, son of Mr. and Mrs. Macleod, to Brenda Margaret, younger daughter of Mrs. Pickerill.

ROBINSON—SCOTT.—On July 23rd, at Reddish, Joseph Edward, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Robinson, to Norma Alice, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Scott.

PRIEST—GRIMSHAW.—On July 30th, at Withington, Geoffrey, son of Mrs. and the late Mr. S. V. Priest, to Barbara, elder daughter of Mrs. and the late Mr. P. Grimshaw.

SMITH—PHILLIPS.—On August 4th, at Stretford, Cyril Arthur, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Smith, to Brenda Grace, only daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. G. Phillips.

RYDER—CARTER.—On August 6th, at Marple, John, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Ryder to Pamela Arnfield, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Carter.

DAVIES—FRYER.—On August 11th, at Chester. Gordon Leslie Davies, M.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Davies, to Kathleen Mary Fryer, only daughter of Mrs. M. E. and the late Mr. Fryer.

MILLS—CLARKE.—On August 27th, at Northenden, John, only son of Mr. J. Mills and the late Mrs. Mills, to Ann Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Wells.

SUTTON—DOWNS.—On August 27th, at Cheadle, Robert Kenneth, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Sutton, to Dorothy Patricia, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Downs.

WILKINSON—RITCHIE.—On September 3rd, at Aberdeen, Geoffrey Wilkinson, to Joan Margaret Ritchie.

WATKINS—CROPPER.—On September 17th, at Nether Alderley, Peter William, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Watkins, to Anne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cropper.

PRICE—TAYLOR.—On October 26th, at Fallowfield, Douglas Jackson, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Price, to Pauline Mary, daughter of Mrs. I. Taylor.

#### DEATH.

NALL.—On November 12th, in Christie's Hospital, and of 38, Ranford Road, Levenshulme, Henry Hermon, the dearly loved husband of the late Mary Catherine Nall, in his 62nd year.

### Old Hulmeians Association

The number attending the 36th Annual General Meeting held at School on Wednesday, 14th September, 1955, was again very disappointing in that only 67 members were present.

The most encouraging item at the meeting was the Treasurer's Report of a considerably improved financial position compared with last year, so it had been possible to commence repayments against the loan raised when the Rugby Section's new toilet block was built.

The important problem of boys leaving School and failing to join the Association has been taken a step further. A meeting of many of the boys who have recently joined the Association as a result of our direct appeal to them will be held at School on 30th November.

The Central Fund is now actually in being, but the response so far has been most disappointing. It is hoped that members and friends will take some action to speed up the growth of this fund.

The Annual Cricket Match against the School on 6th July, 1955, resulted in a win for the Old Hulmeians Association.

Both the Lacrosse and Rugby Sections are to be congratulated on their most encouraging start to their respective seasons. At the time of writing the Lacrosse first and "A" teams have obtained the maximum points from the games played.

The Motor Section continues to offer additional attractions to the Association. A recent film show held at the School was very well attended.

J. H. Clarke, H. H. Nall, H. J. Seddon, have been elected Vice-Presidents of the Association, and we are proud now to include among our list of Honorary Life Members—Rev. A. H. Ginever, S. W. Saxelby, B. Muth, H. H. Vlies, Walter Thorpe, W. N. Caw, G. N. E. Gilliat. Mr. Ginever will be known for his long service at the School, and the other six gentlemen are all prominent Old Hulmeians who have done a very great deal for the Association.

The Annual Dance will be held at Longford Hall on 20th January, 1956, and the Dinner at the Midland Hotel on 10th March, 1956, when it is hoped that the greatest support will be forthcoming.

E. B.

### Old Hulmeians Lacrosse

The 1955-56 Lacrosse Season has opened most promisingly for the Section's First and "A" teams. The First Team is so far undefeated and leads the First Division of the North of England League, whilst the "A" Team has lost only one match to date and is well placed amongst the leaders of the Second Division.

Three members of last year's First Team are no longer available. B. C. K. Ballinger has retired from the game, whilst S. Gill, last year's captain, has moved to the South of England and W. A. Jackson can only play occasional games. In their places G. B. Lawson has been in excellent form in goal, and A. E. Marsland, now returned from the forces, with J. R. Winfield have been most successful members of the attack.

In the early season matches the defence has settled down to become a sound and efficient unit, whilst the attack under John Buckland, the new captain, has been most incisive and successful. All five members together with D. B. Flunder at centre are capable of scoring goals and the attack is blending into a most efficient and free scoring combination.

From the "A" Team viewpoint the early season results are also very satisfactory and only one match, against South Manchester and Wythenshawe, has so far been lost. J. T. Emery, in goal, is the new captain, whilst the former captain, A. Jones, has lost none of his skill in defence. The attack has played well on occasions, but in recent matches the combined play has not been as effective as might have been wished. An improvement in this department will be necessary if last season's successes are to be repeated.

The Extra "A" Team's playing record to date is not as satisfactory as those of the First and "A" Teams and this has been due largely to the necessity of providing reserves for the senior teams as a result of "cry-offs". On defence the Section has been glad to welcome B. R. Banton, whilst another newcomer, N. C. Cuthbert, is developing into an accomplished centre. R. Heywood, G. E. Higham and J. S. Marsden have also been playing well and the attack has now been reinforced by the penetration of D. A. Hilton, who has recently returned from the Forces.

One most important factor in the success of our First and "A" Teams this season has been the weekly P.T. sessions conducted by Mr. Peat in the School Gymnasium on Wednesday evenings. Our players have been taking the field in first rate condition of fitness and our thanks are due to Mr. Peat for his efforts on our behalf and also to the Headmaster for the use of the Gymnasium for our training sessions.

The Section is extremely sorry to have to place on record the death of Mr. H. H. Nall, who has been a good friend over many years.

### FIRST TEAM.

#### RESULTS.

1955.

Sept. 24.—v. Ashton .....	A W 9—5
Oct. 1.—v. Heaton Mersey .....	A W 8—5
Oct. 8.—v. Disley .....	H W 20—0
Oct. 15.—v. Mellor .....	A W 16—2
Oct. 22.—v. Urmston .....	A W 15—1
Oct. 29.—v. Old Stopfordians.....	H W 22—0
Nov. 5.—v. Cheadle .....	A W 8—3
Nov. 12.—v. Old Mancunians .....	H W 11—5
Nov. 19.—v. Offerton .....	H W 16—2

### "A" TEAM.

1955.

Sept. 24.—v. Old Mancunians "A"	A W 10—2
Oct. 1.—v. Chorlton .....	H W 19—2
Oct. 8.—v. Heaton Mersey "A"...	A W 23—5
Oct. 15.—v. Old Grovians .....	H W 9—5
Oct. 22.—v. Urmston "A" .....	H W 13—3
Oct. 29.—v. Stockport .....	A W 13—3
Nov. 5.—v. Heaton Mersey Guild	H W 8—3
Nov. 12.—v. Heaton Mersey Guild	A D 5—5
(N.E.L.A. JUNIOR FLAGS—FIRST ROUND).	
Nov. 19.—v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe	A L 5—10

### EXTRA "A" TEAM.

1955.

Oct. 1.—v. Urmston "B" .....	A L 4—6
Oct. 8.—v. Boardman and Eccles "A"	A L 3—26
Oct. 15.—v. Mellor "A" .....	H W 25—2
Oct. 22.—v. Stockport "A" .....	A L 2—3
Oct. 29.—v. Ashton "A" .....	H W 8—3
Nov. 5.—v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe "A"	A L 5—15
Nov. 12.—v. Oldham and Werneth "A"	H W 21—0
(LANCASHIRE JUNIOR CUP, FIRST ROUND).	
Nov. 19.—v. Leeds University .....	H W 10—5
R. B. H.	

### Old Hulmeians Rugby

The Rugby Season is not yet very old, but our results show that we are more than holding our own in the higher class as a result of a better fixture list. There has been an unusual crop of injuries, and Geoff Carter, John Harrison, Bob Benson and Bill Lee have been off the field for several weeks. In addition, Ian Smith and John Wilkinson are now working away from Manchester, so that the "A" Team has had to find six reserves for the First Team since the beginning of October. As a result, we have lacked experience to win close matches. Brian Tebbutt is a very welcome home-comer from the Forces, and with new First Team players in Neville Moran and Peter Woolham, the pack is beginning to show signs of carrying out

its first duty to get the ball and see that they keep it. The backs have not done so well, and have had to find some combination to replace the loss of the half-backs.

The "A" Team has done exceedingly well, and has been well led by Ralph Tredwell who has shown remarkable patience in replacing his players who have been promoted. Noel McManus has been a stalwart in the pack which will eventually, we hope, have the same eight each week.

The Extra "A" Team has done its usual good work in turning out each Saturday against odds, and their lot would be a much happier one if mere Old Boys would join the Club. All too often, we have met opposition which has been liberally sprinkled with Hulmeians, all of whom would be extremely useful to us.

Training has been carried out on Monday evenings under floodlight, and Frank Morley, who is this year's captain, has been energetically organising training methods. It is even rumoured that each forward has an inkling of what the other seven are doing. Bob Benson has also been invaluable in setting an example, so that lessons learnt may lead to an improvement in our play.

The one social event so far was a Hot Pot, which was well attended. Members were very successful in entertaining themselves afterwards, and several comedians have come to light, hitherto only suspected. The Dance on December 17th at the Chorlton Masonic Hall will be our next social occasion, to which all Old Boys and their friends will be very welcome.

Finally, our thanks are due to the people who run the Club, particularly the Chairman, Tom Bland, Bill Lee and Gordon Russon on the ground.  
O. R. D.

#### RESULTS TO DATE.

##### 1st XV.

Sept. 17.—v. Preston Grass-hoppers "A"	H	D	8—8
Oct. 1.—v. Old Rochdaliens.....	A	W	20—6
Oct. 8.—v. W.H.G.S. ....	A	W	14—0
Oct. 15.—v. Calder Vale .....	A	L	3—14
Oct. 22.—v. Manchester Toc H....	A	L	5—17
Oct. 29.—v. Kersal "A" .....	A	W	44—6
Nov. 5.—v. Davenport "A" .....	H	W	14—11

##### "A" XV.

Sept 10.—v. Broughton Park "B"	A	W	9—3
Sept 17.—v. Preston Grass-hoppers Ex. "A"	A	L	6—15
Oct 1.—v. Old Rochdaliens .....	A	W	11—6
Oct. 8.—v. W.H.G.S. ....	A	W	17—9
Oct. 15.—v. Broughton Park Ex. "A"	cancelled.		
Oct. 22.—v. Manchester Toc H			
	"A"	H	L 6—14
Oct. 29.—v. Kersal "B" .....	H	W	9—6
Nov. 5.—v. Davenport Ex. "A"	A	D	11—11

##### EX. "A" XV.

Sept. 10.—v. Wilmslow "B" .....	A	D	3—3
Sept. 17.—v. Preston Grass-hoppers "B"	H	L	0—32
Oct. 1.—v. Thornton Cleveleys			
	Ex. "A"	H	W 16—14
Oct. 8.—v. W.H.G.S. Ex. "A" ...	A	L	0—5
Oct. 15.—v. Broughton Park "B"	cancelled		
Oct. 22.—v. Manchester Toc H			
	Ex. "A"	A	W 21—3
Oct. 29.—v. Metro-Vick "C" .....	cancelled		
Nov. 5.—v. Davenport "B" .....	H	L	9—23

#### Old Hulmeians Motor Club

Since the last report there has been a fair amount of activity.

In June a Scrounge was held at which approximately 30 members and friends enjoyed some mild competition. After juggling with earrings (two pairs having to be presented at the final check) and adding any bonus marks (one for each year of age of the car), it was found that Jack Cairns was winner, closely followed by P. A. T. Clarke, who, though producing all the requisite objects, lost the advantage by driving a car which gained him no bonus marks.

A short navigation run completed by driving tests was held in July, but the number of competitors was disappointing. The eventual winner was Robin Gordon aided by a nimble Tony Taylor as navigator. Competitors and organisers all enjoyed the event which it is hoped to repeat next year.

The October meeting was a prosaic family affair to Ainsdale where we dissipated our energies in beach cricket, so that the call for tea was most welcome.

November brought a special attraction in more ways than one, for with the kind permission of Mr. Bird we were able to enjoy, in the comparative comfort of the School Music Room, a series of films given by the Esso Petroleum Company Ltd. The evening was acclaimed a success and we hope to repeat similar events during the forthcoming year.

It is a pleasure to record that the Pidd Trophy has been re-presented to the Motor Section by the mother of the late Leslie Pidd who did so much for the Club in its earlier years. The trophy will be put up for competition in the 1956 season.

At the Annual General Meeting on 6th October last, the Committee was elected as follows:— J. G. Rickards (*Chairman*). Allan Smith (*Hon. Secretary*), R. J. Bloor (*Hon. Assistant Secretary*), R. M. Lings (*Hon. Treasurer*).

Intending members will be welcome at any of our functions and details may be obtained from Allan Smith, 39, Athol Road, Manchester 16. Tel. CHO 6156.

### Old Hulmeians at Oxford

Sometimes you catch a glimpse of them.

Haunting along the shady pavements of the Turl or wrapped in academic sleep within the Camera, fabricating a pretence of fitness in the Parks or undertaking the chilly trip between bed and breakfast—sometimes you catch the merest glimpse.

I remember I saw one in the High once. He started like a guilty thing surprised, fled away into the Botanical Gardens, crying: "Leave me out! I haven't done a thing, honestly I haven't. Leave me out!" But we do not all have an extra year, like John Ginger (B.N.C.), in which to do nothing.

Roy Jones (B.N.C.) does nothing also. Visitors wishing to see him in bed should call at his room any time before 10-0 a.m.

Donald Hankey (Oriel) is not the man he used to be. Since he took up rowing and other liquid pleasures, his outlook on life has broadened, if not deepened. Apparently his landlady doesn't love him. He had to climb into his lodgings at two o'clock the other morning.

And dare we believe the story that Colin Gee (B.N.C.) climbed into college only a few nights after the Senior Dean had treated him to three glasses of his own chianti? O ingratitude! He can be observed in the Beer Cellar every other night wearing an air of long-gained superiority and a cigarette-holder.

At least we know that Ian Graham-Bryce (Univ.) supports the Water Polo Club, and that in return the goal-posts support him. Between tutorials and editorials he is engaged in a bit of research at the Wingfield Hospital. He tells me that finding a reliable friend in Oxford is like looking for a needle in a haystack, and I can well believe him.

But what of Walter Essen (Univ.)? Rumour has it that he is about to take an exam. any year now. But what rumour hasn't got isn't worth having. And what's this about the Bio-chemistry Professor's secretary?

Garry Robertson (B.N.C.) is still keen on flora. His peregrinations among the Cambrian hills have convinced him that there are more mosses than were dreamt of in his philosophy. But for all his accent, his studies have not yet extended to one bonny purple heather.

In a different field of fungus-culture, Dudley Harrop (B.N.C.) is striving hard to convert the smudge into a moustache. His unique voice has developed into a rich, mellow, powerful screech, and plans are under weigh to provide him with a sound-proof room above the Tower Bursary.

Graham Ellis (Keble) is to be seen with an umbrella, even on the rainiest of days. His zeal for anatomical dissection is such that we should be very reluctant to incur his displeasure, lest he should experiment of us.

At the same den of ecclesiastical debauchery, Tom Oliver is welcoming the change from infantile lance-corporals to aliphatic acetyles. He says it feels good to be living again.

John Baker (B.N.C.) is working hard, but still finds it difficult to get double twenty. Easier to get is a wetting in the Isis, a charitable exploit which he performed a few weeks ago for the amusement of the crowd assembled on Folly Bridge.

The third year itch has attacked Neville Hopwood (B.N.C.) and he is occasionally to be seen with a law-report tucked into his shopping-bag amongst the melons, German sausages, and gramophone records. We still believe him when he says he goes to London to take a dinner at Gray's Inn. Or do we?

A fleeting flash of golden hair denotes the passage of Colin Day (B.N.C.) He is now ascended to a higher plane of academic holiness, where all we are cast out into utter darkness.

Once more the Old School is well represented in the University Lacrosse team. Robertson led his side to defeat against the young ladies' team some weeks ago, capably supported by Hopwood, Gee, Brian Heap (St. John's) who has been suffering from a fit of injuries, and Michael Drake (Queen's) who has formed a predilection for Bach and heresy.

But is this the end of the tale?

What of the kilt-pin that was discovered in the Dean of Lincoln's chrysanthemum bed? What of the piece of buttered toast that was found in the Vice-Principal's linen bag? What, indeed, of the footprint on my sitting-room ceiling?

Whatever the answer may be, we shall still march on from triumph to triumph.

J. D. S. H.

### Old Hulmeians at Cambridge

We were delighted to welcome to Cambridge for the new academic year two freshmen from School, thus maintaining our number, and filling the gaps left by the departure of G. R. Macleod (Christ's) and W. G. Cartwright (Trinity). A. Brazendale (Christ's), theoretically up to read English, has plunged into the social life of Cambridge at the deep end. He has rowed, played lacrosse for the college against various local ladies' sides, sung in the college choral society, and taken part in play-readings. G. Leah (Jesus) was seen at the railway station about to depart for some outlying district with other members of the Methodist Society (your correspondent having just returned, incidentally, from a less praiseworthy visit to London). He maintains that an injury in the 220 yards in college trials has given him an excuse to commit the heresy of working in the afternoons, his work consisting of (to quote) "manfully wrestling with the problems of French and German Grammar." He plays lacrosse for the Eagles and is a zealous member of the Liberal Club, which takes such an enthusiastic and effective part in politics here in Cambridge, if not at Westminster.

At the other end of the hierarchy of seniority are that elusive and rarely-seen band of research students. J. P. Chilton (Clare) can still be seen around the place although no longer on the official list of Resident Members. One presumes that he is having a last fling before his impending departure for America. B. Seddon, also at Clare, lives in college and therefore should be more accessible

than his colleagues; actually he is rarely to be found at home since he works until indecent hours in the botanical labs., and scurries off at weekends to the Peak District to climb mountains. D. M. Schlapp (Pembroke) still plays with test-tubes and things somewhere in the heart of the labs. (and presumably still plays his violin). The bearded figure of A. B. Wilkinson (St. Catharine's) has been seen in the reading-room of the University Library patiently perusing dusty and forbiddingly-massive tomes.

B. E. Reeve (St. John's) has returned for a fourth year. He still reads Chemical Engineering and still, of course, plays lacrosse for the 'Varsity. He seems to have spent all term searching for a flat where he can be free from the restrictionist regulations of unsympathetic landladies. It is rumoured that finally he gave up his search and decided to take up permanent residence in that place of refreshment opposite St. John's which has always been his second home. C. R. Burgess (Selwyn) still pursues (or is pursued by) his legal studies, rows when it is not too cold, and canvasses zealously but vainly for the Conservatives. The crushing thought this is Finals year has confined D. W. Latham (Christ's) to his room and his books for the entire term, or so he says. The same thought has led C. S. Smith (Christ's) to discover a new joy in life, namely, that of staying in his digs in the evening with a book vaguely relevant to the study of architecture. He finds time, of course, for scoring goals for the 'Varsity lacrosse team and for the occasional round of golf. K. Hoskinson (Christ's) devoted the first three weeks of term to a college production of "Dido and Aeneas" at the A.D.C. theatre, and the rest of it to rugger, to convincing himself that English Finals are still a long way off, and to persuading somebody to let him stay at Cambridge for another year and avoid still further the necessity of earning a living. He hopes he has succeeded in this last-named respect with the Department of Education.

One would have thought second-year Hulmeians would still be free to partake to the full of Cambridge's uniquely-flavoured "joie de vivre," but they seem, on the contrary, bowed down under the inhuman demands of faculty and supervisor. J. M. M. Robinson is never to be seen except when hurrying to or from a lecture or a practical with unprintable curses on his lips. He no longer plays rugger but finds time for squash. His hospitality in his enviably comfortable rooms in Trinity (with that rare jewel, a coal-fire!) can be warmly recommended. M. C. Dickins (Fitzwilliam) rejoices that he is now living in the city centre and thus within contactable distance of fellow Hulmeians, but regrets that two modern languages and the secretaryship of college rugger leave him little time

to make these contacts. E. Wilcock (Selwyn) has a season ticket at the New Theatre, regularly occupying a gangway seat in the hope of being invited up on to the stage to participate. He has committed the unmentionable crime of playing the un-Hulmeian game of soccer. On the whole, though, he assures us, History occupies most of his time. K. H. Harper (Peterhouse), who reads Engineering, was confirmed in a tentative decision to give up lacrosse by one game as goalkeeper, and now rows instead. G. T. Denton (Peterhouse) has fortunately proved that hot blood still flows in Hulmeian veins by advertising in "Varsity" for "an attractive mascot and sandwich-cutter for the Eagles lacrosse team." The time left over from answering all the consequent replies he divides between history and "informal debates" (which sounds suspiciously like an excuse to linger over coffee with a clear conscience).

It may well be that other Old Hulmeian freshmen are cloistered apart somewhere unknown to the writer of the news-letter. If so, sincere apologies are offered, and the omission will be remedied next term. We offer our best wishes to any candidate from School coming up here for interviews or examinations with a view to swelling our numbers even further, and, of course, extend a hearty invitation to any past or present members of the School to pay any of us a visit if they chance to be in this climatically cold but hospitably warm part of the country.

K. H.

### Old Hulmeians at Manchester

After the all too rapid evaporation of the Summer Vacation, our sorrow on finding so many of the familiar faces absent, was mitigated by the presence of the new contingent of Freshers from School. However, after the exertions of Registration, many of these have hibernated behind the forbidding though dignified stone walls which harbour those desirous of knowledge—or dare we venture to suggest that they are recovering their strength for the festivities of Christmas and Rag?

Accordingly, we abandoned the Libraries and Labs, and sought to establish communications through the viscous haze of more popular haunts: "Caf" and the Union. We are happy to report that not only have many Old Boys merely accustomed themselves to this smoky existence, but that the majority of them appear to thrive on it. R. C. Shaw, in fact, has been seen adding to it by means of a knotty briar pipe which he at present sports,

while M. J. Smethurst spends busy hours interviewing celebrities in his capacity as News Bulletin feature editor.

P. D. Kyffin and D. Wilde, who no doubt bear the scarves of scientists for security reasons, are reputed to spend their many hours in conference discussing explosives, but this is doubted. P. R. Higginson and D. Campbell meanwhile indulge in the equally life-endangering habit of driving aggressively and at reckless speeds in noisy motor cars along Burlington Street. J. Hood and K. Philipson have also been seen in this sinister ensemble.

At present, G. V. Beaumont has presidential duties in the Union and we congratulate him on the way he has met them. W. M. Gould seems to have serious medical problems on hand, too, and we tactfully avoided any disturbance of his academic torpor.

Neither B. Nutt nor H. V. Penketh seem short of joie de vivre, the one indulging in French and Jazz in unequal mixtures, the other (we saw him from a safe distance in the McDougall Gym.) deftly perfecting the art of judo. We are sure that with the suave confidence of medicos, he is prepared to put to rights any physical damage he inflicts, though we refuse to believe that these activities are a part of the 1st M.B. course.

Of those Old Boys who masquerade under the superbly vague name of "Lawyers", a great deal is seen. J. Clough no longer rides a motor-cycle, for reasons best known to various insurance companies, though H. G. Rhodes incessantly vaunts the potentialities of a recent acquisition he refers to as a "speedy town carriage". J. D. Sanders occasionally snatches ten minutes from his legal labours to play folk-songs upon the guitar, but in defiance of universal appeal, has removed his beard, lest, he modestly explains, he be confused with a fellow-artiste of similar, though transatlantic repute. P. T. Mitchell and J. P. Gutteridge have acquired a distinguished and diplomatic veneer, and all these Old Boys have been seen at the Assizes, though they hotly deny the general allegation of the reason for this attendance.

D. S. Norbury, P. Martin, S. L. Beckett and R. Swindells have regularly battled at the Firs for Owen's honour and it is believed that W. Morell was observed recently, though so heavily besweated as to exclude certainty.

Our Tech. brethren are often seen drinking our coffee too, but claim theirs is superior, a tribute to scientific research. P. H. N. Webster nevertheless comes down Whitworth Street regularly to enjoy the military atmosphere of the T.A., and B. Linley, just back from the U.S.A., is often seen, heavily duffle-coated, in the City.

May we conclude by saying we are always happy to welcome Hulmeians old and present to our circle, particularly if they seek their laurels at Universities, which we are told do exist south of the Potteries.

J. C.

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### Parents' Association Notes

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The Autumn Term is always very interesting, starting as it does with the Headmaster's Evening in the School Hall, when we have not only a lot of good sense but also the opportunity of absorbing the atmosphere and feeling the character of the place wherein our sons are privileged to be. It was very pleasant to meet our old friends again and to make the acquaintance of so many new parents. Mr. Bird's talk on "The Boy at School" was very much appreciated. The refreshments in the Dining Hall and the chat together thereby occasioned have made this particular evening an outstanding event in our calendar.

Another most enjoyable evening is the Supper Dance at the Fallowfield Hotel, which this year was held on Thursday, October 29th. This was a really first-class occasion and one which has now become well established. Our thanks are due to

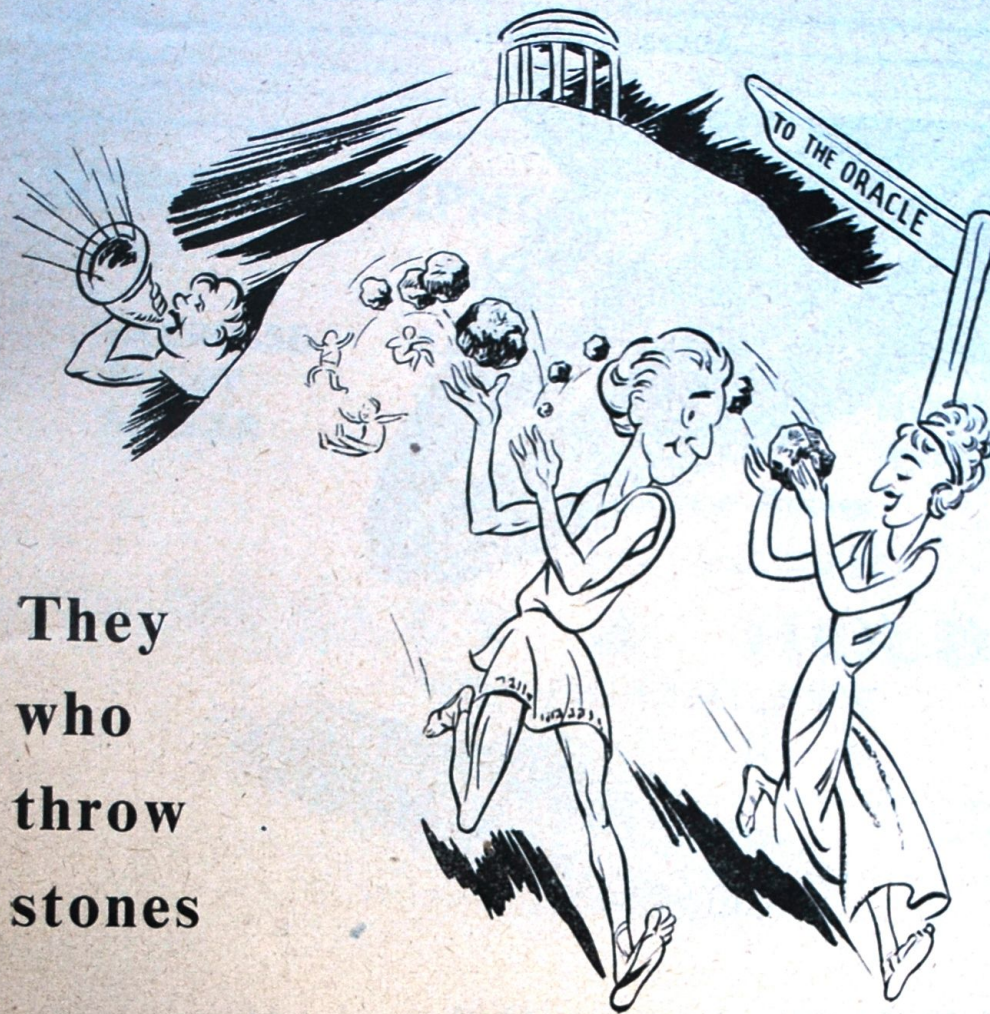
the organisers and also in no small measure to the resident band. During the evening Mrs. Bird presented various prizes and in a very charming way accepted a bouquet from the Association. A raffle for the Hulme Lads' Club realised £8.

Looking a little ahead, a date you should note is Tuesday, December 20th, the first day of the Christmas holidays, when at 1-15 p.m. the choir under Mr. William's guidance will sing in St. Ann's Church, Manchester. Last year it was magnificent. The carols were very effectively rendered.

In the Spring Term we have two dates already arranged. The first on February 29th, at 7-30 p.m., in the School Hall when the speaker will be Mr. E. G. Greenwell, Youth Employment Officer of the Manchester Education Committee, who has special qualifications in the placing of Grammar School boys in industry. His subject, "The Way Ahead," will appeal to many and you are cordially invited. The second date is the other major event of the Parents' School Calendar, when we invite the School Staff to a social at the Fallowfield Hotel. This is to be on Friday, April 20th. We shall be notifying you again about these dates, but it would be a good idea to jot them down. They are both too good to miss.

In the meantime the Association wish to convey their very best wishes to all the School Staff in their various capacities and to sincerely hope that the coming Christmas holidays will be the best yet.

S. V. HICKLING, *Hon. Secretary.*



**They  
who  
throw  
stones**

FROM THE SUMMIT of Mount Parnassus Deucalion and Pyrrha viewed the sodden earth, made desolate by the anger of Zeus, and pondered on the problem of its repopulation. Finding no answer, they appealed for guidance to the oracle at Delphi who, in mysterious terms, instructed them to cast stones behind them as they descended the mountain side. This they did and those cast by Deucalion immediately changed into men whilst those from the hands of Pyrrha became women : thus the earth was peopled for a second time. In mythical times, men and women who were favoured by the " Gods " solved their difficulties with the help of these omniscient beings, but young men leaving school today must be guided by their own good sense and the opportunities extended to them by modern industry—in particular Electrical Engineering.

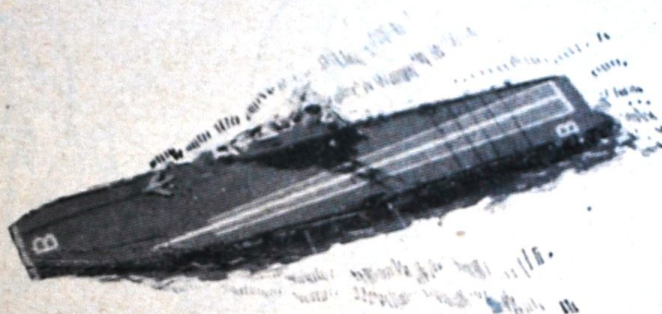
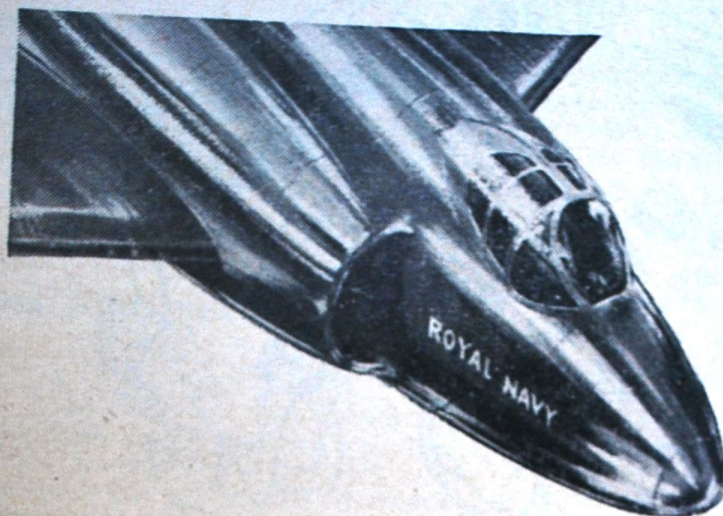
Ferguson Pailin Ltd., well-known manufacturers of Power Station switchgear, offer interesting training schemes, available to successful G.C.E. Students at Ordinary or Advanced levels, and to Engineering Graduates. A " Sandwich " course has recently been introduced, whereby approximately half of each year is spent at technical college and the remaining period in our works. This combines the advantages of full-time College education and full-time industrial training.

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