

town, splashing through the puddles left by the rain. Back on the deserted beach, fishing nets hang to dry along the breakwater. A hungry gull disturbs a stone, which clatters pleasantly over the pebbles. All is once again peaceful.

I. SARGEN, 6C.L.

A Sale by Auction

In one brief moment, the rain had come lashing down against the paved stones on the promenade. People who had, one minute, been sunbathing on the front, hurriedly dashed for shelter. Many of the crowd converged on a small building on the promenade, facing on to the sea. "Genuine Sale by Auction" was the caption on the poster outside.

The crowd surged into the already smoky atmosphere of the brightly lit building. There were two figures standing at the end of the hall on a raised platform, who had for the moment remained silent. The crowd carried on with their continual murmuring about the weather, and the sudden downpour. Slowly they seemed to settle down, probably in anticipation.

After a short, but sharp cough to bring the audience to his attention, one of the two figures on the platform began to speak. He was a short, stout-looking person, loudly dressed in a light blue suit and bright tie. He was rather on the rough-looking side, his unshaven face giving a tough, rather rugged appearance to his already coarse features. His voice was in character with his appearance, deep, gruff, even, and one could tell at once that he was a man of words. His voice boomed forth into the crowded hall, and seemed to echo from all four walls. His hammer, grasped firmly in his stout, chubby hand, was poised at the ready, to crack down on the wooden desk top. His assistant was in complete contrast to himself. He was a thin, meagre, bespectacled person, rather of the 'Cassius' type, lean and hungry-looking. He sat at his desk, looking a dull, weak sort of person, as he gazed into a large ledger in front of him.

However, our attention was drawn by the speaker, and we became aware that the auction had commenced.

"I am not here to sell you anything, but simply to offer gifts to you happy holiday people."

At this juncture in the proceedings, small parcels, containing combs, Biro's and other small gifts, were thrown into the audience. The rumble of appreciation from the people was greeted by two short, sharp raps with the hammer on the desk top. Once

again the crowd was hushed. The man held up a small box, and asked, "Who will give me two beautiful silver 'arf' crowns for this little lot?" Somebody obliged and was given the box free. Again the crowd murmured, and again the same reply resounded from the platform.

The auctioneer wanted twelve people to step forward and buy one of these boxes. They were, he explained, to be his real customers. The audience seemed a little hesitant, except for one small, fat lady, in a bright yellow coat. She hustled up to the small man at the desk, gave him five shillings, and walked with a rolling gait back to her original spot, with a beam of satisfaction glowing on her rotund face.

With a sweep of his forearm, the stout man on the platform drew our attentions to a table, sparkling and glittering radiantly, and ablaze with light which was dancing on the cut glass of ornaments and vases, and sparkling on the clear faces of clocks. "These, my friends, are the genuine bargains, the highlight of our auction." His short, fat fingers began to sweep over the various objects. The canteen-cutlery sets, the clocks of various shapes and sizes, children's toys, lamp standards, tall and slender, and the small wireless sets. His twelve genuine customers who had bought the small boxes, began to edge their way towards the front of the audience, and cast their eyes anxiously over the goods. The remainder waited eagerly to see whether this was going to be a genuine auction.

The auctioneer began to sell his wares, and his assistant, busy making entries into the ledger, found time to force a wince on to his pale face, to show his disapproval and disgust at the supposed low prices at which his friend was selling the goods. Another man appeared at this stage of the proceedings, a reflection of the auctioneer; the same build, and apart from the different colour of hair, they looked exactly alike. His job was to hand down the goods, to the, by now, frustrated customers. The prices began to rise rapidly. The clink of silver was displaced by the rustle of crisp notes.

The twelve genuine customers were beginning to realise the fantastic prices they had been paying for their now cheap-looking bargains. The crowd began to get out of order, and arguments between seller and buyer were growing in number, accusations were becoming rash and hasty. Then a black velvet curtain rushed back, with a swish, against the wall, and three or four well-built specimens pushed their way out from backstage, and mingled with the bubbling mass. Violence was used whenever members of the crowd became over-troublesome. The two men on the platform took out handkerchiefs, and began mopping their shining brows and seemed somewhat disturbed. The stout, rough character, tightened his stubby hand on the wooden mallet, eagerly seizing this chance, to bring

the auction to a close. He gave swift cunning glances to the other members of his outfit, and then regaining his confident attitude, raised his hand, and said ironically, "Thank you for your kind attendance at our best sale of the season," and with a resounding crack the hammer crashed against the desk for the last time. That was the end of the "Sale by Auction," and within minutes the crowd were going, going and gone.

K. H. MITCHELL, 6M.L.

A Sport of Spain

Each person from England travelling in a foreign country is in himself an ambassador, representing his homeland wherever he goes. His ideas about sport and his opinions of the sport of the foreigners can be given by him alone and he is freely able to stand up for the pleasures of his own particular sport. A friend of mine, a great lover of cricket, recently went to Spain, and there witnessed a sport whose whole atmosphere greatly thrilled him.

He had pretty well travelled across the whole of Spain and had heard much of this game. Many times the thrills of "lo lidia" and "corrida de toros" had been described to him. Never had he been able to witness an example of this sport and he determined to remain in Barcelona till there was such a meeting. He did not think that this sport could be comparable to cricket, thinking it was only the imaginations of the excitable Spaniards that greatly enhanced it. Sitting in the sunshine outside his hotel late one afternoon, he was startled by the rapid approach of one of the waiters shouting "Toro solo!" He stopped this man to find out exactly what he meant. In broken English he explained that the bulls were coming and that it would be safer inside the hotel. Thus, my friend had his startling introduction to "the game." Mobs of people went surging past shouting and screaming hysterically. He was soon to see the reason for this. Four monstrous bulls, with shining hides and rippling muscles, went galloping past to the taunts of the city's more gallant bloods. Their huge horns showed their full deadliness, the wicked, gleaming points standing out from the ribbons that adorned them.

It was as if everyone in the town had ceased work, shut up shop and was making towards the town stadium. My friend saw that his chance had come to see a fight, and he quickly joined the hurrying, jostling throng. Soon he arrived at the stadium, and, determined to have a good view, paid the equivalent of five pounds for his seat.

There were about fifteen thousand people sitting and fanning themselves as they waited for the programme to commence. There was the aroma of cheap scent and even cheaper cigars, while from below the stands came the leathery smell from the hides of many animals. The seats were filled by one great splash of colours displayed in the dazzling clothes worn by the locals. Suddenly the crowd was hushed and all attention was directed towards the small arena in the centre of this towering stadium. It was so quiet that one could hear the flapping of the many flags, stirred by the breeze that whipped up the myriad particles of dust in the arena into a stinging cloud.

Then across the still masses came the echoing sound of a trumpet's fanfare. A great gate at one end of the arena swung open, and the fighters marched across the sand, the crowd giving thunderous ovation to these handsome men in resplendent garb. They were led by a matador, who alone stood out from all the rest, by his bearing and general manner. This matador halted before the president's box and swept into a bow. He received the president's "go ahead" signal and returned to his position beside the arena fence. A second fanfare sounded, and all was still. The torril gate swung open and out thundered a Goliath of a bull, its oiled black hide glistening in the sun, and muscles rippling at every joint. One by one, the matador's assistants used their capes to play the bull as the angry monster used every ruse to catch them. This was skill against brute strength and was very thrilling. A third fanfare sounded and in rode men on horseback armed with lances. These were the picadors, whose job was to tire the bull. At a fourth fanfare the matador's péones entered and with great skill and determination, faced the mad-dened creature. Coolly they thrust short banderillos into the animal's withers, continuing to tire it and to lower its head, enabling the matador to work close to it.

A fifth fanfare sounded, the bull's death knell, and into the ring stepped the matador, bare-headed, to make the dedication. The most exciting part, the faena, commenced. Armed with a sword and his mulita, a heavy crimson serge draped over a stick, he entered alone to meet the bull. Attracted by the dancing cape, the bull charged again and again and each time the matador played it closer in a series of thrilling passes. Having seen all the wiles and ruses of the bull, he prepared for the kill. In a flash, the matador placed himself in position and with all the skill and grace he could attach to the gruesome task, thrust home his sword, vanquishing his valiant foe. The bull sank to the ground defeated, but glorious in death, as the crowd rose to proclaim its victor. The matador saluted the body and turned to acknowledge the cheers of his many admirers.

The whole sequence had taken only twenty minutes and my friend was still stunned by the many thrills he had witnessed. Even today, at his cricket club, one can hear him enthusiastically describe this scene and tell his friends how much better it was than watching cricket.

F. R. HOPKINSON, 6M.L.

On Moving House

There is nothing I know more calculated to excite the imagination and emotions than moving house. Although we are not a nomadic people we are a race of mariners, which may explain our love of travel. To move house brings a mixture of joys, fears, laughs and tears more keenly felt than expressed. There are the joys of finding a new environment to be explored and new friends to be made, and fears that the friends may not be so easily acquired and that the locality may not be all that was expected. There are laughs in the actual moving and tears at the parting with the old house, which had been a home for so long, and the farewells of close friends and neighbours.

When the new house is first explored it always seems so huge in its empty state and the clattering footsteps on the uncarpeted floors echo throughout the rooms. In the first half-hour the house is already redecorated and furnished five times over in the buyer's eyes. Everything is planned to the tiniest impracticable detail. And then the garden, a jungle of high grass, weeds, overgrown shrubs, drunken, decayed trellises and non-existent flower-beds is revealed. But what material for the imagination! "A rock garden with a stream here, a spacious lawn over there, a pool fringed with daffodils in front of the flower-bed here, an orchard in the corner, and a vegetable garden there with a summer house by the wall," all in a quarter of an acre!

Then the day of the removal, and while the men from the removal van are trying to get the wardrobe down from upstairs and wondering how it ever got up ("Your end, 'arry" "Your end, Joe." "Up a bit, 'arry." "Down a bit, Joe." "Watch the winder, 'arry." Crash! "Oops, Joe.") someone is vainly trying to pack the crockery and other fragile articles so that they will not be broken in transit. Then follows the process of taking the furniture out to the waiting van, a proceeding which is watched with infinite joy by children of all ages whose sole desire is to help and whose sole function is to hinder. They get an unholy thrill out of witnessing the panes in the china cabinet crack one by one, or hearing the silvery tinkle of china and glass ornaments as the piano is laid with not undue carefulness on top of the crate.

Then is the saddest moment of all. One cannot help feeling some affection for a house in which one has lived for many years, perhaps from babyhood. As a last walk is taken round the empty house with bare cupboards and carpetless floors, memories come rushing back of "the sights that I have seen I now can see no more." A last look is taken as the van rumbles out of the village.

Presently the new house is reached and the whole process is precisely reversed with people peeping surreptitiously through their curtains to see what furniture the new neighbours have, and whether it includes a television set. And at night, installed in our beds in new surroundings we all vow we'll never move again—till next time!

C. C. BROWN, 6M.L.

Protelum Invictum

(A Tribute to the Old Hulmeians Lacrosse Team).

They routed the ranks
Of their rivals, Old Mancs.
And for honour, not shekels,
Slew Boardman and Eccles.
Scoring goals busily,
They shattered poor Disley,
When tackled by Cheetham,
They managed to beat 'em.
Tons of Urms, Offer and Ash,
Received each a good bash.
While they gave to Old Wacs
A couple of smacks.
Another team beaten
Was the Mersey side Heaton,
And the facing of Cheadle
Failed to give them the needle.
From Stockport, Old Stops
Had two of their flops.
('T would take a "stout fella"
To find rhyme for Mellor).

R. M. F. LINFORD, 5Y.

Call of the Wild

Ah Chen returned to the kitchen, still smarting under the lash of Mrs. Brown's tongue. Sullenly he took off his short white jacket and began to sluice the dishes under the tap. Outside in the clearing he could see rows of neat vegetable patches, carefully cultivated. Beyond, green and mysterious, lay the jungle.

The house, typical of many in Malaya, lay at the head of acres of plantation, and a long drive wound its way up from the main road. The plantation could be seen from the front porch and behind the back garden was the forest. Ah Chen, still flushed from his recent verbal castigation, continued in a morose and brooding fashion, to wash the dishes, pausing now and then to listen to the noises which came from the forest. He could hear very clearly, for apart from the occasional bellow of laughter from the dinner party, all was still. He could hear the gibberings of the apes and the crash of branches as they hurled themselves from tree to tree. These bursts of sound were interspersed with the more ominous silences broken only by the snappings of twigs. It was hot in the small kitchen, a contrast to the cool, green jungle. Ah Chen picked up the remaining plate, placed it under the tap, and then in a frenzy of rage dashed it to the floor, then another, then another. When he had completed the destruction of the Browns' dinner service, he sat down on a chair, sweat glistening on his brow. The noise of his outburst had apparently not frightened the guests, for they had begun to dance to the music of wailing saxophones and strident blasts from hosts of trumpeters. These occidental sounds ground on Ah Chen's ears. Faintly, from the next kampong he could hear a tribal chant, and throwing open the shutters he let the sound swirl into the little room, drowning the cacophony from upstairs. These noises, combined with those of the jungle, drove his poor mind into a paroxysm of hate, hate for everything Western. They would never understand Ah Chen and he would never understand them. What had they done for him, save dress him up in these uncomfortable clothes and continually curse him? Had she not called him a clumsy fool? The noise from the jungle increased as he tore off his European clothes and dragged from a drawer a filthy, ragged loin cloth. Frenziedly he dragged it on, hurled open the door and with a last look at the hated house, he began to run. Soon the forest enveloped him and still he continued to run. The noises were all about him now. He was free. The undergrowth tore and lacerated his lithe brown body. His clothes, though they were nothing to speak of, hung in tatters round his loins. On and on he ran, without pausing, until he came to a clearing. There he sank to his knees, then on to his face, exhausted.

When he awoke it was daylight. There was an unearthly silence. Ah Chen had never before heard the jungle so quiet. Now he could hear twigs snapping in front of him, behind him, all around him, terrified slant eyes peered about into the surrounding thicket. How bitterly he now regretted his moment of folly. The noises ceased.

Three squat little men entered the clearing. They wore ragged blue tunics and trousers of the

same colour and condition. On their heads were blue forage caps emblazoned with a red star. They clutched sten-guns. Ah Chen knew that badge. He tried to speak, but fear gripped his tongue and he could do no more than croak.

"It is he who works for Tuan Brown," said one.

"Is your name Ah Chen, of the Dagona district?" asked another. Ah Chen nodded dumbly.

"You are a traitor," said the third. "You worked for the Englishman. They are the blight of our glorious country; they are draining dry the wealth of Malaya, which should be the wealth of the people." He gave a curt nod to one of his companions, who advanced on Ah Chen. Ah Chen tried to speak, tried to tell them his real feelings; but a bullet through his head silenced him.

Mr. Brown, head throbbing from the late festivities, was awakened by a chattering and wailing from the compound. He strode out of the house and burst through the circle of onlookers. The focus of their eyes was the naked, torn, slashed body of his former houseboy. Brown swore. "How did it happen?" he demanded curtly.

"He was surprised in the kitchen. Tuan. Long Live the Queen!" said a Tamil labourer. "It ain't half in a mess, my hat!" continued the same.

"Killed at his post, eh?" said Brown, the idea appealing to him. "The devotion of these fellows is touching, damned touching."

D. D. A. LAMB, 5X

Down the Canal

After an anxious drive down a seemingly interminable lane that wound between the fog-shrouded tanks of the sewage works, we arrived at Barton Lock. There at the "dolphin," lay the ship, the *Mancunian*. She is a sludge boat of about 1,200 tons, built ten years ago, although her raked masts and funnel, and her straight stern give her an almost old-fashioned appearance.

After boarding her, my companion and I were shown to the spare cabin by the steward. Here we met the Skipper and First Officer, who explained that owing to the fog we could not depart. However, after an hour's delay we cast off and proceeded down the canal. By the time we reached the first lock, Irlam, we were well clear of the fog.

Below this lock is the Irlam Steel Works' Wharf. Here, one of Ropner's ships, the *Troutpool*, was discharging coal by means of a large steel grab, from which numerous mechanical buckets dropped into her hold.

Some distance below the Steel Works, a dredger was at work in mid-channel. She signalled to us that she would move to let us pass. However, as she started to weigh anchor, the winch clutch slipped and her cable started to pay out with alarming speed. The tug on her bow started to pull, and the dredger's stern swung across the canal. By this time, we were quite close, and moving quite quickly, but with the engines moving 'full astern' we just managed to swing clear without doing any damage.

After this incident, we continued down the canal to Latchford Lock. As we left the large lock, we just scraped past one of Harrison's "Factor" ships, earning for ourselves some strong comments from her skipper. Then just below the road bridge I saw a smart, clean, cable-laying ship which seemed to fill the hundred foot clearance below the bridge, and looked massive as we approached it. However, its two tugs surely dragged her to one side of the canal to allow us to pass.

Then we gingerly negotiated a series of swing-bridges, and sailed on to Runcorn. Here the canal runs alongside the River Mersey, separated only by wood and concrete shoring. On the Runcorn side of the canal are many small docks and huge warehouses of the I.C.I. Behind these can be seen the only ten locks on the Bridgewater Canal, looking like a flight of giant steps.

From Runcorn to Ellesmere Port is an open stretch of canal, with the Mersey on one side and the black heathland on the other. This heathland is now broken by the glittering mass of Stanlow Oil Refinery. On the other side of the canal are two "lay-bys" which were filled by seven or eight ocean-going tankers. On the other side of the canal, discharging oil, was a small coastal tanker which, the First Officer told us, had poured oil on the sea in the epic of *Princess Victoria*.

On approaching Eastham Locks, which joins the canal to the Mersey and the sea, we were just in time to see one of Brocklebank's ships, outward bound. While we were locking through Eastham, I surveyed at leisure two 40,000 ton tankers in the Stanlow Oil Dock, where they discharge oil which is taken by pipe-line to the refinery.

At last we proceeded down the Mersey to sea. It is a wonderful experience going down this stretch of water, very different from going down by road. On the wharves I could see the Mersey Salvage vessels, packet boats and a naval destroyer, while in the docks I saw the Cunarder *Saxonia*, the new *Empress of Britain*, and many others.

After passing an anchored tanker, *Kratos*, we rounded the Rock Light and headed out to sea up the Rock Channel. There was only a slight sea running, but our ship had rather a low free-board, and gouts of water shot up the scuppers.

About thirteen miles off-shore we dropped our liquid cargo and turned in a wide arc round the Liverpool Pilot vessel into the Queen's Channel, leaving a spreading black stain behind us. As we were "light" now, we sheered about a bit, but the helmsmen were quite able to deal with this. The tide had been running for some time, and the great wreck-studded golden banks were visible on either side.

Up the Mersey we steamed, threading our way through the ships which, night and day, ply to and fro in the river. The sun was setting as we reached Eastham, and at Runcorn the I.C.I. buildings were a blaze of light—so much so, that our Skipper cursed heartily as he strove to pick out the leading lights which guided us safely through. Beyond Runcorn we passed the *Pacific North West* moored to a Dolphin, and looking strangely unreal in that outlandish spot.

After Latchford Lock I realised how tired I was. I had been up since 6-30, and had stood throughout the day. So I turned in, and went to sleep. When I awoke we were at Barton once again; the ship was moored, and already work had started. Three hours later I was at School.

H. PORTER, 4A.

School Dinner

School dinner time is now at hand,
And boys and girls throughout the land
File (quietly?) in, or wait in queue
For stringy meat or sloppy stew;

Or blackened spud that tastes of mud,
And gravy thin and greasy,
With fatty pork and cabbage stalk,
Which makes one feel quite queasy.

Then chocolate concrete, hard as rock,
And custard sauce, not tasty,
Or cornflakes, or a solid block
Of sponge, which tastes quite pasty.

The prefect near the servers sits,
Makes sure his plate's piled high,
He only leaves the little bits
For us, the 'smaller fry.'

But ninepence is not much to pay
For this our daily dinner;
'Tis other food on which we live
Which stops us getting thinner.

T. G. NEVILLE, 4Y.

At Belle Vue

One day, during my Easter holidays, I had the good fortune to be invited by Gerald Iles to go 'behind-scenes' at the Belle Vue Zoo.

A colleague of Gerald Iles, who luckily was an Old Hulmeian, and who was very pleased to recall memories of his schooldays, was appointed 'guide.'

On arriving at the Reptile House we made our way through a throng of people pointing distastefully at the snakes. Stooping low, I passed through a small door and found myself in the quiet atmosphere of a long, narrow room, with snake skins hanging from a hot water pipe just above my head. A bench, two yards wide, ran the length of the room, completely covered by glass cages of various sizes.

My excitement mounted as I became aware of the reptilian occupants of the cages. A green tree-boa, resplendent in a bright new coat, eyed me lazily, its pink, forked tongue flickering along the glass. The keeper stooped, and out of a small cage unceremoniously picked two four-inches long chameleons.

One of them perched on my thumb, its prehensile tail firmly gripping it. Its telescopic eyes worked independently, one surveying the cages behind it, while the other stared at me unblinkingly.

Slowly, feeling its way, it moved up my arm and crouched warily on my collar. The other chameleon, however, was more adventurous and was firmly ensconced in my blazer pocket!

A searchlight shone into a large cage, revealing an eighteen-inch long rare Lguana lizard, a replica of the monsters which roam the Amazonian forests.

At this juncture the keeper handed me a giant, warty, toad which showed its displeasure at being handled by hissing in my face, and puffing itself up to the size of a football. I hurriedly relinquished my hold.

Terrapins splashed in a communal tank, while King-Snakes wound their sinuous bodies round miniature trees. A deadly, sandy-coloured 'Side-winder' (a species of Rattlesnake), with its sinister, flat, triangular head, moved, in its characteristic fashion, sideways over the sandy floor of its cage.

A huge 'Snapping Turtle' (well named!) splashed irritably in a shallow, but heavily barred tank. A dangerous customer, capable of taking my hand off, given half a chance! A crocodile, displaying an array of formidable teeth in a 'crocodile-grin,' reposed with typical saurian laziness in the next tank. My chameleons were hidden in various nooks on my person.

The Lguana lizard stalked quietly off into its sleeping quarters. The King-Snakes slid under their hollow log. The small Viperina coiled itself round the thin sapling in its cage. The splashing of the huge turtle subsided. The noise of the crowd had died down. It was time to go.

On my dressing-table, there is now a discarded cobra skin, to give substance to what otherwise might have been but 'My Happiest Dream.'

P. BARNES, 4Y.

The Old Mill

There in the valley stood the old mill. It had seen better days, when times were prosperous and the whirring of the sails on a windy day had been accompanied by the miller's cheery songs. He greeted the farmers with a hearty "Good-day" as they brought the grain to be threshed. His voice was now but an echo of the past, and the noise of the broken sails only an irregular creaking. Only the river tumbling over the weir and rushing into the deep pool below remained the same. Fishermen still came on many a hot afternoon, and basked in the humid heat on the bank, or others, preferring the shade, fell asleep under the willows bordering the river.

The local children believed that the mill was haunted, owing to the strange noises that could be heard at certain times. But this was mainly caused by the grating of the rusty hinges of the shutters as they gave way to the tumult of the wind.

The swallows were not afraid though. They returned year after year to their same nesting-places in the ivy that almost completely covered the outer wall of the mill. Owls found an excellent home in the solid, but sadly dilapidated oak beams that still remained in the interior.

The cobbled yard which led into the threshing room, and had once resounded to the stamping of hooves of the great farm horses that regularly brought the grain from the surrounding countryside, now lay overgrown by weeds and creepers, silent as a graveyard.

The mill itself was made of great slabs of grey stone, which, having weathered many a storm, were now covered with decaying creepers and plants of many varieties. The few windows were all broken and the upper storeys were invaded by the fast-growing ivy. The stout door could hardly be moved on account of the weeds on the outside, and the thick choking dust within.

Indeed, it was a peaceful enough place in the daytime, although at night it seemed to take on a life of its own, with the fitful shadows of the moon, and innumerable bats that inhabited its interior.

M. C. DAVIES, 2Y.

The Arab Chief

The Arab chief checked his horse on the crest of a rise and turned round in the saddle to survey the surrounding countryside.

His dark and flashing eyes swept over every ridge and plain, seeming almost to see through the outcrops themselves in their burning intensity. The Arab's skin was swarthy and his nose, hooked like the beak of an eagle, combined with a firm and determined mouth betokened a courageous, yet cruel and resolute man. His teeth were white and flashing, set off no doubt by his dark countenance and the crisp, curly, black beard that decorated the lower part of his visage.

His body, for the most part, was covered by a long, grey-white burnous, the headpiece of which was tied with a band of gaily-coloured cord. The cloak was drawn in at the waist with the same material. On his feet he wore only a pair of rope sandals.

His broad and muscular shoulders showed a man of enormous strength, while his hands with their long, slender, but extremely powerful fingers, made the long-bladed knife that usually hung from his waist look like a toy. With his hands too, he could control with ease the jet-black stallion he rode.

His legs when not completely covered by the long, flowing robes he often wore could be seen to be long and well-proportioned. With the slightest pressure of his knees he could guide his powerful mount where he willed. The bulging calf muscles on his legs indicated that he was a good runner with great stamina. Indeed he could beat everyone at this sport, in his band of wandering Arabs. His arms, too, were thick and brawny and could wield a scimitar in battle for hours without feeling any strain.

His stallion was pure Arab and moved with the neat precision of a well-trained show horse. As it ran, the stallion appeared to float over the ground, hardly touching the earth at all with his kingly hoofs. His coat and mane shone silky with the constant grooming of its master.

Together, the fine proud Arab with his haughty features, and the magnificent stallion, seemed like a centaur, a great tribute to the chief's riding.

Satisfied that the coast was clear, the Arab chief signalled to his followers and trotted down the ridge.

J. S. LITHERLAND, 2Y.

The Yacht Regatta

The morning of the Yacht Regatta dawned warm and fine, with a fair breeze blowing from the North-East. Soon after breakfast, or in some cases before, yachting enthusiasts were making their way down to the quay, to get in some practice runs before the actual racing began. The course had been marked out the previous day by the umpire and the officials of the local yachting club. The competitors had plenty of time to familiarise themselves with this course as the race did not begin until eleven o'clock, but some yachtsmen who believed practice made perfect, would traverse the mile-long course as many as ten times in the space of an hour.

The umpire, who was an international champion yachtsman, had been on a private sailing holiday, not wishing to take part in any races, or, indeed, any other public function. He had been found, more or less accidentally, by the local yachting club's secretary, and practically forced to take charge. His yacht must have been the best of its type that money could buy. It was painted completely black on the exterior, with the exception of the white lettering of the name, which contrasted sharply. It was called, fittingly, *The Witch*.

The Witch was a two-masted, Bermuda-rigged, ketch-type vessel, with two auxiliary diesel engines, for use if the wind failed.

Punctually at eleven o'clock the yachts formed up for the first race. It was for the "International Dragon" class, and there were five entries. The "International Dragon" class yacht is twenty-nine feet long, and has a small cabin. It has only one mast, and the mainsail is marked with a "D", indicating its class. The umpire waited until they were in as straight a line as could be expected, and, pointing the starter's gun in the air, fired. There was a crack, and they were off! Two of them made a bad start, and as a result, were left far behind. A yacht with red sails went into the lead, but was closely followed by a blue-sailed vessel. The red-sailed yacht was named *Royal Star*, and had a very trim appearance. The hull was nut-brown in colour, which went well with the white superstructure and red sails.

The course was half a mile in length, but the yachts had to turn at a buoy at its extremity, and return the way they had come, to complete the lap.

The turning point was reached, and *Royal Star* was still going strongly, but then came tragedy for the yacht's crew. They made a bad turn, lost control, and headed straight into a mud-bank, and stuck fast. The way to victory now seemed open for the blue-sailed yacht, but fate once more turned the tables.

The yacht with blue sails, profiting by its predecessor's mistakes, came round the turn in a wide arc, but the third yacht, which had been a short distance behind, took the turn very sharply, so sharply that the crew could have touched the buoy had they wished. This put it a short distance in front, and in an exciting finish, it won by half its length!

After lunch, the races continued. They were many and varied, and included "The Cadet" class race, which was strictly for the under eighteens, but at last the time came for the final event of the day.

The last event of the day was the judging for the trimmest craft afloat that day. All the boats passed *The Witch* in single file, with scrubbed decks and brightly coloured burgees flying at the mast-heads. The contest was won, surprisingly, by *Royal Star*, which had been hauled off the mud-bank by a tug.

So ended the yacht regatta, and everyone returned home, happy and contented. All that is, except the champion yachtsman, who was still annoyed at having his holiday interrupted.

J. G. DAVIDSON, 2A.

Beside the Sea Shore

Forward, ever forward, surge the unceasing waves upon the shore. Far out upon the sea, the waves build up, rising and falling and breaking; the crests transforming into fleecy flecked spume, and, drawing shorewards, dash savagely against the aged, sea-worn faces of the cliffs.

Relentlessly advancing, ever flowing, the waves plough their way across the golden sands, towards those rocky bastions, leaving vividly tinted seaweeds in their wake. From time to time driftwood piles upon the beach, to be drawn back again by the magnetic pull of the receding waves. The endless thunder of the waves against the cliffs provides a shattering accompaniment to the happier shouts of the last holidaymakers, making their way homewards at the day's end; soon the seashore is deserted.

On this lonely scene, the rising moon casts its light over the expansive sea, paving a silver way, an unending staircase to the moon. Across this pathway of light wings a solitary seagull, bound for her watery resting place; for a moment she is silhouetted in this silvery pathway; and then is lost in the deepening shadows.

Our eyes turn again to the shore, solitary and deserted; devoid of visible life; but inhabited by millions of shell-animals, embedded in the soft, wet sands. By and by, they are dragged back to sea by the surge and pull of the receding waves.

Stark, the rocky headlands stand; oblivious to the pounding symphony, weathered and thrashed through eons of time. Masses of purple heather on the headland wave to and fro, and, day in, day out, witness that mighty, inscrutable power, the sea.

To such great wonders of our Maker we must yield; and pay worthy homage to this and all things, in silent wonderment.

J. R. MALLINSON, 2A.

Family Pet

"Joey," our budgerigar, is of the blue variety. He cannot speak a word and performs no outstanding tricks. He has always maintained a distant and mistrustful attitude to all of us. He is just a fine-feathered flop, and most people would probably not consider him worth feeding. My parents complain that I neglect to feed him, clean his cage and play with him occasionally. They think that I should give him to some other youngster who might prove more appreciative of the bird.

I shall never part with him, because I do not think it is ordained that I should do so.

Consider an experience I had with my bird just after receiving him as a birthday present. We had just treated "Joey" to a fine, new cage, which hung majestically, high above the ground on a slender chromium-plated tube mounted on a weighted base plate. Outside, the sun shone hot and brilliant in a cloudless sky. "Joey" should have a treat. I took him, cage, stand, and all, and planted them in the middle of the lawn so that he might enjoy the welcome sunshine. I strolled into the house to call out my parents so that they also might see "Joey" in all his glory. The peace of the afternoon was suddenly shattered by the crash of metal, the breaking of glass, and the screeching of a terrified bird.

Out I rushed, my parents hard on my heels. A sharp gust of wind had overturned "Joey's" glittering mansion. Amidst the bright, but shapeless tangle of twisted wires, metal and broken glass writhed a chattering ball of blue feathers. The sight checked our rush, our misery mounting as we quickly surveyed the ruin. The raucous cacophony proved that "Joey" was still alive, but was he injured, and if so, how badly? Could we rescue him from that chaos without doing further damage? Thus meditating spanned only a few seconds, but "Joey" was lost to us for ever. I suddenly noticed that his last struggle had carried him to a fairly large hole in the wires where his seed cup normally fitted, but was now displaced. As he emerged from the opening my reflex actions suddenly clicked. I dived headlong for him, arms outstretched. My fingers pinned the

tips of his tail-feathers to the ground. The feathers slithered from between my finger-tips and the springy turf. "Joey," fit, free and frightened, soared into the air, and with a beautiful curve glided over the roof-tops out of sight. My tears followed copiously, and my parent's consolations went unheeded. I was feeling very sad. I should never see "Joey" again. What would become of him? Sitting sadly on the lawn I was astonished and elated to see a blue flash soar over the house-tops to land on the lower branches of the one tree in our garden. Could we catch him? Although he would never let you touch or stroke him, he would, when in the mood, willingly perch on the horizontal forefinger of an outstretched hand. With this in mind I approached the tree slowly and stealthily, with forefinger and hand outstretched to "Joey." After what seemed a breathless and endless age, my finger was within two inches of the motionless bird. I slowly reduced the distance to an inch—the bird moved up the branch an inch. This painful and nerve-racking procedure continued slowly and I was now on my tip-toes and almost at full stretch. Cramp was gripping my limbs. I was at the end of my tether—it was now or never. I lurched forward and made one last frantic and despairing grab. As he shot upwards again, my finger and thumb grasped the tip of his tail-feathers. In fear, I clung tight. He did not slither free this time, and fortunately his madly flapping wings damaged neither of us. Triumphantly I popped him into the old cage, none the worse for his journey into space. "Joey" belongs to me and I shall always keep him—wouldn't you?

P. McNULTY, 2A.

At the Television Studio

On Sunday, 17th June, I was waiting with twelve other boys from our School outside the T.V. studio in Dickenson Road, Fallowfield, to attend the Children's Television Club. At first appearance the studio appears to be nothing but an old chapel which is being rebuilt, as there is the usual builder's sign at the front and a new building being built at the back. None of us waiting outside on that rather bleak afternoon knew what exactly we were going to do, and we all felt a little keyed up inside.

Following the party of girls from Whalley Range High School through the doors, we gave our tickets to the doorman and proceeded through what was seemingly a maze of passages, until we emerged through a door into 'Studio A.' Manchester.

As our eyes became adjusted to the glare of the lights, I was amazed at what met my eyes. There was the main set on our left, and, much to our joy,

standing by it was Peter Butterworth. Immediately, the people who had brought autograph books rushed forward, but Peter was refusing all comers.

We were put into our seats at small tables by Trevor Hill, the producer of the programme. Trevor then introduced himself to us, and told us what was going to happen, and what not to do, such as wave at the camera, or go cross-eyed at it, etc.

My impressions of the studio are many and varied. We were sitting opposite to the main set where the pottery-making and most of the action took place. There were three cameras in the studio, one of which was mounted on the top of a sort of crane on which the cameraman sat. This camera could 'crane' up and down and move around the studio with amazing dexterity. The other two cameras were not on a machine that would 'crane' up and down, but maintained a fixed height. They could, however, move around.

We were then introduced to Wilfred and Mabel Pickles, and in his usual style Wilfred made us all laugh. He next asked us a rather strange question—

"Who is good at decorating and painting?"

Several boys and girls put up their hands. One of the girls and one of our boys (C. Wright, 2B) were chosen to decorate the pottery which club members had made the previous time. They went over to Alison Wilson, who told them what they were going to do.

From then on until just before transmission we were free to talk among ourselves and gaze around, etc. Above and to our left were the large windows of the producer's box, where the sound is 'mixed' and the programme generally controlled. It was from up here also that instructions could be sent to the cameramen and Mr. Johnny Day, the floor manager, who all wore headphones.

There were tense moments before we were about to go 'on the air.' Then the red light on Camera 2 shone brightly, Wilfred came over to our table, and we were 'on.'

Early in the programme Mabel brought us some lemonade, and Peter Butterworth made his appearance. A little later Wilfred interviewed a member of the Loftus Sword Dancers, and then we had a display of sword dancing from them.

There was next a parlour game called 'Man and his Object,' played against Wilfred by a specially chosen team. He then interviewed a young tennis player called Micheal Hann, who entered last year in the junior championships at Wimbledon.

Wilfred then crossed over to the Potters, and we all went across to see what they had done and to sign our names in the Members' Book.

Quite suddenly the red lights on the cameras had stopped going on and off, and we realised we had finished. Trevor Hill and his staff very kindly let

us stay in the studio for about half an hour afterwards talking to the cameramen and to Wilfred and Mabel.

One of the cameramen very kindly showed us the inside of one of the cameras, telling us at the same time the cameras were worth three thousand pounds, twelve hundred of this cost being occasioned by the two cathode ray tubes.

With a very regretful sigh and a word of thanks to Wilfred we left 'Studio A,' Dickenson Road, Manchester, and once more departed into the world of reality.

J. L. SMITH, 2A.

The Phantom Ship

In the thin moonlight of the winter's night,
Whilst the wind blows hard and keen,
With the moonlight pale on spar and sail,
The Phantom Ship is seen.

Everyone knows how the story goes—
That when this ship sets sail,
Ere the night is past, a ship will be cast
On the rocks by the howling gale.

And now the night is getting less bright,
And the clouds scud over the moon.
The breakers roar upon the shore.
And the villagers gather, for soon—

Their plunder will be spread over the sea
And washed up on to the strand.
In the surf they'll stumble where cases tumble,
And they'll drag them up on the land.

For many a week the wreckers will speak
Of the treasure they plucked from the main,
And on the hill they'll be looking out still,
For the Phantom Ship sailing again.

M. J. B. SMITH, 2A.

Committee Meeting

"A meeting of the Parish Council will be held . . ." read the grubby piece of card affixed skew-whiff to the window of the general store. All members of this illustrious body, as they read it, inwardly groaned.

"Lor!" they said, one to another—"Lor!—another Saturday wasted! 'Piffy's' been up to his tricks again—we know he objects to the football on the green, but why is 'e so d—n peevish?—there 'e goes, not a word, like, an' changes the Wednesdays to Saturdays, just to make us miss the game!"

Of course there was the usual fiery talk circulating about the group, usually generated by the tweedy curate, about liberty, and votes of the majority, which was nodded and mumbled at, by the humbler members till it was quite threadbare, and forgotten entirely; but as usual, the miserable little company tramped sullenly down the hill in the dripping rain to the committee rooms, at three o'clock precisely on Saturday afternoon. The 'Committee Rooms,' as one might expect, was a gloomy Victorian edifice of grey brick, which seemed to have "Built in the year of grace 1847 for the benefit (?) of the public (Blesséd be the Lord)" written all over the forbidding exterior. The 'Committee' trailed miserably inside, one by one, with their respective apparel dripping in muddy pools all over the utility oilcloth, and making it greyer than ever. They heaped their overcoats over the antiquated, and shabbily genteel iron stove that gave one the impression of grinning vaguely and interminably from under the lid, and passed into the inner room, holy of holies, wherein the affairs of the parish were decided by this eminent body of men now entering.

Cornelius Piffle, president of the cricket club, chairman of the parish council, and exceedingly important, by all accounts, was there already, at the far end of the vast table, the only function of which seemed to be to keep opposing members at a safe distance, engaged in fortifying himself for the approaching ordeal with glass after glass of port, and watching the members file in, timidly, with a fishy glare. They came in slowly, the Committee—Salias Bloggs, the round, red, robust butcher, Mr. Andrews, the baker, a long lanky being, whose limbs seemed to be straggling and rebellious outposts of an empire that had seen its best days, the wheezing parson, thin, and full of colds, asthma, rheumatism and gout, about which he would complain at great lengths to any one who cared to listen, the tweedy curate, who greeted everyone and everything with a mild, benign grin, and many others. When the last poor sodden wretch had crept in, late, under the disapproving eye of the general company, all of whom found a great delight in being able to look down their noses at someone, Mr. Cornelius Piffle, with great circumstance, rose, levered his paunch out from under the table, bent to look at his notes (which made the blood pressure shoot up) and announced the reason of his calling the meeting. He droned on, and on, bringing in embarrassing details of minor feuds, fiddling events of the village, the births, deaths, marriages and burials, that everyone knew about already, and other things, so insignificant as not to earn themselves a place in the local newspaper (which was pretty hard up for things to put in as it was), and dragged and stretched this scanty material over a full hour, without once mentioning the reason for

the meeting. Members began to be restless. The benches began to creak, their occupants sat, twiddling their thumbs, looking at the floor, ceiling and horizon. They were insufferably bored. They had been bored, bored and re-bored during the past two hours, without getting a word in the matter (whatever it was—if it ever had been mentioned, they had forgotten) and this was the way all meetings were conducted.

M. J. LYNCH, 2B.

Disappearance

The guide was pointing out the Norman arches of the great hall, and the party of tourists were uttering suitable expressions of awe at being allowed to see such a marvel. One young lady, however, was not murmuring with approval at the right time. She looked bored.

I walked up to her and soon we were in conversation. She let fall in the conversation that she was only at the castle because she was with the party.

I offered to show her round the castle which I knew very well. She immediately accepted. Soon we were on our way. I took her all round the castle, the long gallery, the armour room and the turrets and ramparts—we took them all in our stride.

We were on top of the turret at the highest point of the castle when I suggested a visit to the dungeons.

We descended the one-thousand-and-whatever-it-is steps to the dungeons.

Soon, when we came near, she seemed to realise that she was cold, for she shivered and her teeth began to chatter. It was cold and dank down here and our footsteps were caught up, echoed and re-echoed by the long stone passages.

I was telling the legend of the outlaw who loved one of the maids at the castle. They used to meet in the dungeon, but the maid was false. One night the door was fitted with a lock that would spring when the door was shut. This lock would only open from the inside.

So, the outlaw was caught, and it is said that his ghost still lurks to trap any unwary girl in the cell, which was still fitted with the same lock. We were in the cell now, I gave the door a swing with my foot. It slammed and we heard the lock click.

"God, we're trapped," she exclaimed.

"No, you are," I replied, as I walked through the wall.

I. V. SMITH, 2B.

When the Rain Came

One day last summer the weather was very hot, so as I was feeling the heat, I stripped down to the waist and spent a pleasant afternoon sunbathing on the grass.

About four o'clock in the afternoon it began to get very hot and stuffy. Half an hour later all the birds had stopped twittering and it was as if the whole of Britain was waiting in suspense. One could almost hear the silence.

A friend of mine invited me to come and watch television at his house, so I went. We had just entered the house when 'the windows of heaven were opened' and large drops of rain splashed upon the parched earth. The cracked, clayey ground showed gaps like open mouths, ready to drink the rain. The sky above, once blue, turned black. Jagged flashes of lightning streaked across the sky, followed by ear-splitting crashes of thunder which shook the ground beneath us.

All thoughts of television were now forgotten. The yard outside sloped down to a central point, where, sunk in the concrete, was a pipe leading to a big grid-covered hole in the cellar. The rain water poured down into this hole. There was such an excess that the hole was filled and water started overflowing on to the level floor of the cellar. The cloudburst lasted about half an hour and in that time we watched the water rising rapidly. This cellar was accessible either by steps down from the yard or by a flight of stone steps from the interior of the house. It had a large floor space covering almost the whole of the underneath of the big four-storey house. Water poured in and covered the whole of the floor to a depth of at least two feet. Paint tins, full, half full and empty, lidless and topped, together with corked and open-necked bottles, floated about the cellar like listing boats which had been damaged in a war.

Then the rain stopped and the sun shone out as if there had never been a storm. The flood waters abated and we went round collecting the miniature 'Noah's Arks' and restored them to their proper places. All that remained was the fresh smell which is peculiar to rain-soaked earth.

D. J. HOWARD, 1A.

Obedience Always Pays

Once upon a time, there was a very disobedient boy. One day, however, he decided to do everything he was told, and teach his parents a lesson.

In the morning his mother told him to dress, wash, and come down as quickly as possible, so after dressing, he slid down the bannisters for his breakfast.

At the breakfast table, a cereal packet instructed him to eat his food with honey, jam, raisins, nuts, sugar and hot and cold milk. Serving himself with as many as were available, he soon felt replete.

"Run along," said his mother, so he set off for school 'at the double.'

Passing the newsagents, his eye caught a placard telling him to buy *The Daily Wail*. He at once went into the shop and bought a copy. In the top right hand corner an advertisement read, "Go Suck a Zube." So he entered the adjoining sweetshop and bought a packet.

Continuing his journey, he came across a placard saying "Ride a Raleigh," so seeing one at the side of the road, he mounted and rode off.

He came to a notice saying, "Turn Left," so he turned. At the next corner a notice said, "Turn Right," so he again turned. "Walk the Barratt Way," next met his eye, so he abandoned the bicycle and proceeded on foot.

Arriving at school earlier than usual he scanned the newspaper he had with him and started to fill in a £100 crossword competition. It was a relief to be ordered about during his day at school.

When he arrived home at tea-time he found he still had the newspaper with him. He decided to send in the crossword puzzle, and a few days later he was surprised to receive a letter telling him he had won first prize.

What a handsome reward for an unusual prank!

C. COOKE, 1C.

William Hulme

W for William who founded the school.
 I for the 'impost' for breaking the rule.
 L for the lessons that all boys must do.
 L for the learning that's gained by the few.
 I for instruction, imparted with zest.
 A for the answers which come from the best.
 M for the masters in flowing black gowns.
 H for the homework which causes some frowns.
 U for the underground instrument store.
 L for the lads who are trained in the 'Corps'.
 M for the many, who throng in the rooms.
 E for the excellence of "William Hulme's."

J. SOWREY, 1C.

Old Hulmeians Notes and News

On Saturday, 28th April, at the Masonic Temple, Bridge Street, Manchester 3, Mr. E. P. Appleton, P.P.G.D., was installed as Worshipful Master of the Old Hulmeians' Lodge, No. 7062 (Province of East Lancashire). The Installing Master was the retiring Worshipful Master, Mr. E. Barber, assisted by the Past Masters of and in the Lodge. The Secretary of the Lodge is Mr. A. E. Bolsover, P.M., of Abingdon, Brooklands Road, Wythenshawe, Manchester (Tel. No. SALE 1998).

A. H. Allman has been elected president of the Manchester Statistical Society.

W. W. Land has been appointed Chairman of Convocation of Manchester University.

We congratulate S. Gill on being awarded the A.M.I.Mech.E.

R. H. Pear collaborated in the writing of *How People Vote*, a Study of Electoral Behaviour in Greenwich, published by Routledge at 25/-.

Spurred by our reference to C. N. Fletcher in our last issue, C. S. Youatt writes to say that he has been with his firm, Messrs. Rhodes, Brydon and Youatt Ltd., of Waterloo Engineering Works, Stockport, for forty years. After being Chairman for the greater part of that time, he is now Deputy Chairman. Edgar Youatt, a solicitor, was recently appointed a Director. Norman, C. S. Youatt's son, is Managing Director, and W. A., his other son, is a departmental manager. All are Old Hulmeians. Two other Old Hulmeians, H. Sweet and A. J. Clements, are managers.

G. E. Ramsdale has obtained a commission in the R.A.F., D. L. Swann in the Royal Engineers. The latter is now out in Singapore where he has met Major Gaul, also an Old Hulmeian.

We are pleased to learn that Dr. C. G. Eastwood (1913-24) is compiling a history of the School. He would be very grateful for photographs, papers, reminiscences or anything that would help to make the record complete. They should be sent to him at 37, Long Road, Cambridge, where he is Medical Officer of Health.

J. H. Dafforne, general superintendent of Ancoats Hospital, Manchester, was elected Chairman of the Manchester and District Branch of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS

HALL.—On March 4, to Joan (*née* Wadsworth) and Eric Gordon, a son.

TODD.—On March 8, to Kathleen Joan (*née* Stear) and Frank Brian, a son.

CROMPTON.—On March 20, to Margaret and John, a son.

DIXON.—On March 21, to Audrey (*née* Kaye) and Frank, a son.

ROBERTSON.—On March 21, to Marjorie (*née* Hutchins) and Alex, a son.

GLOVER.—On March 28, to June and Nigel, a son.

DAKIN.—On April 3, to Margaret (*née* Tower) and Tom, a son.

JONES (ex-staff).—On April 4, to Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Jones, a daughter.

REDMAN.—On April 5, to Jenane (*née* Everett) and Theodore, a son.

THRELFALL.—On April 4, to Rachel (*née* Moore) and Malcolm, a daughter.

HARRISON.—On April 13, to Kathleen Mary and Peter, a son.

EDWARDS.—On April 24, to Mary (*née* Hunter) and D. Gordon, a son.

WRIGLEY.—On April 25, to Frances Margaret (*née* Banks) and Alan, a son.

BUCKLAND.—On May 5, to Jean (*née* Appleton) and Bill, a daughter.

COOKSON.—On May 24, to Clare and Michael, a son.

BATE.—On May 30, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Bate, a son.

PEERS.—On June 2, to Pat and Charles R., a daughter.

TAYLOR.—On June 4, to Joy (*née* Cockburn) and Brian, a son.

COCKER.—On June 10, to Kathleen and Geoffrey, a daughter.

EMERY.—On June 13, to Jean (*née* Cochrane) and Jack, a son.

MARSHALL.—On June 19, to Joan (*née* Higginbottom) and Ronald, a daughter.

WILKINSON.—On June 20, to Olga (*née* Foster) and Geoffrey, a daughter.

MARRIAGES

STRADLING—MATTINGLY.—On November 8, 1955, at Kensington, Francis Richard, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Stradling, of Manchester, to Vera Enid, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Mattingly of Portsmouth, Hants.

ALVEY—DAHLGREN.—On March 10, at Bromma Church, Sweden, George Scott, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Alvey, of Wilmslow to Dagmar Ines, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sven Dahlgren, of Bromma, Sweden.

CASHMORE—MORRIS.—On March 17, at Weaste, Austin, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cashmore, of Romley, to Sylvia, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Morris, of Salford.

GREGORY—DUNNE.—On March 31, at Sale, John Ingram, only son of Mrs. Gregory and the late Mr. Gregory, of West Didsbury, and Pauline, second daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Dunne, of Sale.

DEATHS

COUPE.—On November 29, 1955, suddenly at Sheffield, Frederick William, aged 72, dearly loved husband of E. M. Coupe, and only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Coupe of Whalley Range.

TEASDALE.—On January 27, in hospital, George Ainley Teasdale, aged 53, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Teasdale of Chorlton-cum-Hardy.

McNICOL.—On March 19, very suddenly, at Torquay, Major Robert James McNicol, T.D., aged 67 years, formerly of Manchester and Shanghai.

McNICOL.—On April 2, suddenly, at Torquay, Douglas McNicol, aged 70 years, formerly of Winnipeg, Canada.

ALLISON.—On April 7, at Heaton Norris, James Kenneth, aged 58 years, eldest son of Annie Allison and the late James Allison.

Old Hulmeians Association

The Annual Dinner at the Midland Hotel on Saturday, the 10th of March, was attended by an all time high record number of Old Boys and their guests. One hundred and forty-one sat down to dinner and it was particularly pleasant to note that an increasing number of boys who have recently left School were present. The speaking was again of a high standard and the function appeared to be enjoyed by all present. It is hoped that next year the numbers will again increase.

At 9-22 p.m. on Wednesday, the 30th of May, 1956, at the Cock Tavern, Great Portland Street, London, W.1, it was resolved unanimously by thirty Old Hulmeians, that the Association of Old Hulmeians in London should be re-formed. Great credit is due to C. G. Dennis for getting together so many Old Boys in London. He has, in fact, accumulated a list of some fifty-six addresses, and any Old Boys not already on that list should get in touch with Mr. C. G. Dennis, The Town Hall, Chingford, London, E.4. The President of the Association, Mr. Eric Barnes, was able to attend this meeting when Mr. R. H. Pearson was elected Chairman, Mr. C. G. Dennis Secretary and Mr. T. Short Treasurer, with a small Committee of J. C. Edwards, H. S. Keirnan and R. H. Pear, to get the Association going, and remain in office until the Annual General Meeting some time in September.

Our congratulations must surely go to the Lacrosse Section whose first team won the Senior Flags, the First Division Championship and the Referees Trophy for the 1955/56 Season. Unfortunately, they were beaten by Cambridge University in the Iroquois Cup Match, but on the day the better side won.

The response to the Central Fund continues to be most disappointing. The results so far are to be found elsewhere in this magazine and it is hoped that they will serve to remind those Old Boys who have not yet sent donations, to do so.

The Golf Competition held at Didsbury on the 10th of May, was again a most enjoyable affair when N. W. Sunderland, P. M. Warburton and J. N. Brookes won the Bradbury, Vlies and Merchant Cups respectively. There was an interesting presentation at the end of the meeting when the Golf Section made a presentation to Mr. J. A. Barber to acknowledge the very great amount of work he has put in to keep this section of the Association functioning regularly.

Old Boys in the neighbourhood of the Rugby Section's ground in Brantingham Road could help the Association by keeping an eye on the premises, as they are suffering seriously from vandalism and also from more serious breaking in. It is felt that if responsible people are seen on the ground they may help to keep undesirable people away.

The School and the Association are joining together to purchase a new Addressograph machine. Those members who twenty years or more ago used to meet to address by hand letters going out to members of the Association, will be sorry to hear of the eventual scrapping of the old machine which relieved them of so much work.

All boys leaving School at the end of this Term are most cordially invited to join the Association and its Sections, where they can be sure of a hearty

welcome. It should be remembered that the playing sections are just as much interested in the boys who have not played on the School teams as their more accomplished colleagues.

Old Hulmeians Association Fund

CENTRAL FUND

A notice of the creation of this Fund appeared in this magazine just a year ago. The names of those who have so far contributed to the Fund, either by way of donation or of Banker's Order are:—

S. R. Best, Esq., J. G. Bird, Esq., H. R. Classen, Esq., J. Evans, Esq., D. Ll. Griffiths, Esq., H. Hough, Esq., A. Jones, Esq., W. R. Lee, Esq., R. Mark, Esq., F. M. McClinton, Esq., H. H. Nall, Esq., J. B. Reid, Esq., W. Thorpe, Esq., G. R. Vlies, Esq., H. H. Vlies, Esq., J. M. Walker, Esq., D. M. Williams, Esq.

The total amount in the Fund at the present time (after payment of all preliminary expenses of the original appeal) is £41 8s. 5d.

Individual contributors, either by way of single donation or by annual Banker's Order, range from five shillings to twenty-five pounds.

Every contribution, whatever the amount, will be material in helping to swell the Fund towards the total which will assure to the Association a permanent and adequate financial standing.

It is hoped that further lists of contributors will be published from time to time.

Donations and completed Banker's Orders should please be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, S. Whittingham, Esq., at 63, Cecil Avenue, Sale, Cheshire.

Old Hulmeians Lacrosse

Though the past season has been the most successful for many years it was disappointing to the Section, that the First Team should be beaten in the last match. This defeat, by eight goals to four, at the hands of Cambridge University in the Iroquois Cup match for the All-England Club Championship was the only game lost during the season and ended a run of 25 successive victories in League and Flags matches.

In spite of this defeat the First Team has had its best season, certainly, since the war and has played some very good 'crosse in securing both the

N.E.L.A. Senior Flags and the League Championship. In the Flags Final, played at Cale Green, Stockport, on the 24th March, Old Mancunians were defeated by eight goals to five and the Section won the trophies for the first time since 1950. The Final was a most exciting game and the side played well to win a hard-fought match.

In the League the First Team was undefeated and scored 290 goals against 64 conceded. The small number of goals against, indicates that the defence has again had an outstanding season, whilst the attack under John Buckland's able captaincy has proved itself to be a free-scoring and incisive unit.

The 'A' team has not had such a good year as in the 1954/55 season, when both the N.E.L.A. Junior Flags and the Second Division Championship were won. This season an unexpected defeat by Old Waconians 'A' in the last match, necessitated a play-off with Manchester University for second place in the League. In this game it was not possible to field the usual side and though the various members of the team tried hard enough, the University were easy winners by eleven goals to nil.

The Extra 'A' team has only played three matches since the last report, but in two games against the Third Division Champions—Cheadle 'A'—managed to force a draw in one match and only lost narrowly in the other. These were excellent games and were very much enjoyed by the members of the team.

At Easter the Section sent a touring party to London and played three matches against Hampstead, Purley and a London XII. Those who travelled to London had a most pleasant stay as guests of our fellow 'crosse enthusiasts in the South of England and thoroughly enjoyed the week-end.

The Section Annual General Meeting was held on the 26th March and the following officials were elected for the coming season:—Chairman, J. A. Barber; Vice-Chairman, Eric Barnes; Hon. Secretary, R. B. Herbert; Hon. Teams Secretary, R. J. Winfield; Hon. Treasurer, D. B. Flunder; First Team Captain, John Buckland; Vice-Captain, D. B. Flunder; 'A' Team Captain, J. T. Emery; Vice-Captain, M. W. Barber; Extra 'A' Team Captain, E. S. Thelwall; Vice-Captain, R. B. Herbert; Committee, B. T. Plaskett, G. C. Martin and P. W. Carnie.

After the election of R. J. Winfield as the Hon. Teams Secretary, Eric Barnes and K. Rains expressed the Section's thanks to N. A. Barber for the loyal and efficient service which he had given in this capacity over a very long period of years since his original election. The Section was very sorry to learn of N. A. Barber's resignation from the office of Hon. Teams Secretary, but it was realised that pressure of business had made this decision unavoidable.

The Section extend a cordial welcome to any boys leaving School and to all Old Hulmeians who would like to play 'crosse next season. Further information is available on request to:—R. B. Herbert, 46, Daventry Road, Manchester 21. Tel: CHO 2757 and CEN. 0018.

RESULTS

FIRST TEAM

1956			
Feb. 25	v. Stockport (Friendly) ...	H W	12—5
Mar. 10	v. Old Stopfordians	A W	16—2
Mar. 17	v. W.H.G.S. (Friendly)...	A W	9—5
Mar. 24	v. Old Mancunians, Cale Green (N.E.L.A. Senior Flags—Final)	W	8—5
April 7	v. Old Waconians	H W	9—2
April 14	v. Old Waconians	A W	9—3
April 21	v. Cambridge University (Iroquois Cup—Final)	A L	4—8

"A" TEAM

Feb. 25	v. Cheadle Hulme	A W	12—7
Mar. 10	v. Stockport	H W	9—8
April 14	v. Old Waconians "A" ...	H L	5—10
May 4	v. Manchester University (Play off for Second Position)	A L	0—11

EXTRA "A" TEAM

Feb. 25	v. Cheadle "A"	H L	5—7
April 7	v. Cheadle "A"	A D	6—6
April 14	v. Ashton "A"	A L	11—14

EASTER TOUR

Mar. 30	v. Hampstead	A W	12—6
Mar. 31	v. Purley	A W	20—3
April 2	v. A London XII	A W	13—4

Old Hulmeians Rugby

At the time of our last report, we were waiting impatiently the thaw after four weeks of frost, and we promptly lost the next two matches. However, we put up a good performance against Sale "A" and beat them for the second year in succession. We were knocked out in the Manchester Football Club's Seven-a-side tournament by the eventual semi-finalists, and got to the final of the Toc H sevens and then lost mainly because of a gruelling series of games played in the course of getting there.

Frank Morley has been in good voice as skipper, but has been unfortunate in losing two of our best players in I. F. Smith and J. C. Wilkinson, through calls of business. Smith is now embroiled in the toils of atomic energy up in the wilds of Cumberland, and Wilkinson is chasing customers in Wales. As a result we have not improved our footballing ability as much as had been hoped. We were very relieved, however, when G. Carter returned after a long period, his knee injury having completely recovered. J. Harrison has made a steady improvement at stand-off half, and with more thrustful centre play and better handling, E. Dellow would score a lot of tries on the wing.

The "A" team has been fortunate in being so enthusiastically led by R. J. Tredwell, and the results have been a vast improvement on previous years. J. N. McManus has been a key man in the forwards, and eventually made his way on to the first team. We are sorry to lose him to the teaching profession elsewhere, as well as K. G. McGhee for the same cause. G. Hilton, G. F. Rushworth, D. J. Roberts and P. Webster have all been keen regulars, and it is pleasant to feel at last that the team is on a sound footing.

The Extra "A" XV has also had a good season and here N. A. Moran has lately done a lot to create a semblance of unity to the team, which in any club, is mainly concerned with supplying members for higher teams. There are a number of keen youngsters from School now, whom we hope will be joined in increasing numbers by their brethren who are wearing School caps for the last time.

Our social events have been well attended, the Dance being particularly successful with 140 present, and the Hot Pots, though less civilised, were just as enjoyable. Mention should be made once again of the people who keep the wheels of administration turning, and here we would be pleased to see some of the older members who have drifted away. Our Clubhouse is still the only headquarters belonging to the Association, and we are only too pleased to see any Hulmeians on our premises, with the chance of meeting their old friends of any age group.

RESULTS

	P	W	L	D
1st XV	24	13	10	1
"A" XV	24	13	10	1
Extra "A" XV	19	7	11	1

FIRST TEAM

1956				
Mar. 10	v. Rochdale "A"	H	L	6-9
Mar. 17	v. Broughton Pk. "A" ...	A	L	6-12
Mar. 24	v. Prestwich	A	W	14-6
Mar. 31	v. Sale "A"	H	W	16-8
April 2	v. Davenport "A"	A	L	10-16
April 7	v. Oldham "A"	H	W	21-6
April 14	v. Manchester Toc H ...	H	L	3-24
April 21	v. Burnage	H	L	3-18

"A" TEAM

1956				
Mar. 10	v. Fylde Extra "B"	H	W	14-5
Mar. 17	v. Br'ghton Pk. Ex. "A" ..	H	L	5-16
Mar. 24	v. Prestwich "A"	H	W	18-15
Mar. 31	v. Sale Extra "A"	A	W	22-0
April 7	v. Davenport Extra "A" ..	H	L	3-5
April 14	v. M/c. Toc H "A"	A	L	0-24
April 21	v. Burnage	A	L	6-27

EXTRA "A" TEAM

1956				
Mar. 10	v. Metrovick "B"	H	W	13-8
Mar. 17	v. Broughton Park "B" ..	A	L	11-29
Mar. 24	v. Prestwich "B"	A	W	18-3
Mar. 31	v. Sale "B"			Cancelled
April 7	v. Davenport "B"			Cancelled
April 14	v. M/c. Toc H Ex. "A" ..	H	L	0-22
April 21	v. Burnage Extra "A" ...			Cancelled

OLIVER DENNIS, *Hon. Joint Secretary.*

Old Hulmeians Motor Club

With the arrival of Spring we prepared ourselves for the coming season, and held the first of the out-of-doors events, a Treasure Hunt, on March 18th. There was an excellent entry of twenty-three cars, and more than fifty members and friends quickly spread themselves over South Lancashire and Cheshire. One crew arrived smartly in Ashton-under-Lyne to find, after deep meditation, that they had travelled in entirely the wrong direction.

Eventually, almost everyone arrived for tea at The Old Vicarage, Stretton, and it was found that W. T. Curtis had obtained more "keys" than anyone else, and was deservedly declared the winner.

On April 8th was held the Spring Rally, consisting of navigation by map references, and including a driving test. Thirteen cars started, and the first four, Curtis, Burgess, Cairns and Hamilton finished without loss of marks, but as Bill Curtis made the best time in the driving test he was again the winner.

The May event was a Gymkhana held on the 27th of that month, and an enjoyable afternoon was passed, both by spectators and competitors. The most interesting event was a "Mille Miglia" pit stop in which driver and passenger had to pretend to service a car, as if in a long-distance race. The Radiator and Fuel Tank had to be refilled, all caps having to be removed and replaced, and one wheel had to be jacked up, spun one revolution, and all equipment replaced, the car then being driven over a finishing line. Times varied from 52.5 seconds to 128.0 seconds.

P. A. T. Clarke was the eventual winner of the whole of the afternoon's events, with R. W. Crouchley second, and A. A. Clarke third. Crouchley's second place in a vintage Austin 7 is worthy of special mention.

On June 2nd, a large number of members and friends attended the Lancashire and Cheshire Car Club Race Meeting at Oulton Park, to which we as a Club were invited. Warwick and Rodney Bloor, also W. B. Chapman were actually competing, and whilst the Bloors obtained a Sixth, Fifth and Fourth between them, Chapman was quite out of luck.

We extend a cordial welcome to any prospective member, and especially to those leaving this term, who should not be deterred by the lack of a vehicle, as we invariably have spare seats available.

We have a most interesting Autumn session planned to follow the driving Tests in September, not forgetting the second annual Dinner Dance and Presentation of Awards on December 1st next.

Full details are available from the Hon. Secretary, Allan Smith, 39, Athol Road, Manchester 16. Tel.: CHORlton 6156.

Old Hulmeians Golf

The annual competition for the Bradbury, Vlies and Merchant Cups was held this year on the Didsbury Golf Club's links, on Thursday, May 10th (Ascension Day), and we were again favoured with fine weather—all day.

The Bradbury Cup was won by N. W. Sunderland with a score of 87-19=68.

The Vlies Cup for the best gross was again won by P. M. Warburton with a score of 78-4=74.

The Merchant Cup (for handicaps of 16 and over) was again won by J. N. Brookes with a score of 88-16=72.

Cards taken out almost reached last year's record number and we were pleased to see some new

members to the Golf Section. We were sorry, however, that some of the "regulars" were absent this year and we hope they will be back again with us next year.

The trophies were presented by Mr. Eric Barnes, our President, whom we were all glad to see. He also played in the competition.

Association of Old Hulmeians in London

At 9-22 p.m. on Wednesday, 30th May, the London Association was re-formed. There were originally twenty-three names of members known in the London area when the first efforts were made to discover the strength of support for the project two or three months ago. By the time of the meeting the number had increased to fifty-six and it now stands at sixty-one. Of these, thirty sat down to supper at the Cock Tavern in Great Portland Street, and the idea of re-starting the London Association was carried enthusiastically and unanimously.

Eric Barnes, the President of the Association, had made the journey to London to preside at the meeting, and his presence and advice was warmly welcomed. It was decided to revive the Annual Dinner at the time of the School half-term in October or November, to hold an Annual Meeting in September, and to have regular meetings of all members, perhaps quarterly. On a rather more ambitious note we discussed the formation of sports sections, and possibly a golf tournament and cricket matches.

R. H. Pearson was elected our first Chairman and we were delighted to appoint an enthusiastic member of our former London Association—he was at School from 1887 to 1895. T. Short took over the post of the Treasurer which he occupied before the war and C. G. Dennis was elected the Secretary. The Committee consisted of J. C. Edwards, H. S. Kiernan and R. H. Pear.

Our Lancastrian past was clearly shown by the long and involved discussion on subscriptions, on which there appeared to be nearly thirty completely different views. Some sort of intricate formula was finally evolved and recorded in the minutes, and C. G. Eastwood told us about his forthcoming history of the School.

Letters of support were received from a number of members who were unable to attend, including P. R. Bradshaw, R. Cocker, S. Gill, C. Kelsey, D. M. Parren, E. O. Robinson and F. S. Salisbury.

A most encouraging start, involving journeys from such places as Bracknell, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Redhill, Welwyn, Hertford and Cheam.

Those who attended in addition to those already mentioned were:—R. Baird, R. C. Clarke, G. W. Creasey, A. L. Dennis, B. S. Doff, E. H. Doubleday, C. G. Eastwood, I. M. Gill, E. G. Hall, J. B. Holt, M. D. Kruger, D. G. R. Martin, N. Meakin, O. A. Rayfield, H. H. G. Redshaw, J. B. Reid, I. J. Smith, F. A. Spooner, F. R. Squires, E. Waddington, M. G. Wilson, B. M. Wood, D. R. Wood.

Old Hulmeians at Oxford University

The morning yawns awake with the yell of bells, tolling you into a pillowy vista of half-sleepy steeples and wide-awake shop windows. Patter of secretarial footsteps on the pavement, and your dreams tumble out of bed on to a bowl of cornflakes. Old busy, brousy Oxford lifts an eyelid upon another century of sunshine that only seems to last a day.

Who's this now, mooning over his early morning roll? Roy Jones? They tell me he makes shaving before breakfast appear as casual as falling off a punt. But we can't all be reformers. Colin Gee gets up wearing that old concrete look that petrified (*sic*) infant malefactors at School, and is now designed to stultify his Mods. examiners. So here he is, granite countenance, smiting his eggshell like an off-drive to cover, wondering where on mirth he left his braces last night.

Coffee-pots clank back into their cupboards, and Late Perpendicular dons begin to fumble their way through lectures and tutorials. Pipes ply, chins wag, gowns giddy up and down the High.

The morning simmers into coffee-time, and the never-again-fresh men flood back into their first-year harbours. Appareled in large legal smile, Neville Hopwood jerks across the quad, Schools a memory only, and his future patterned out in a recurrent motif of regularly increasing wage-packets. In his leaping heart, he burns his fingered books, and returns to the elbowed Bar.

And there, like a spring breeze, Colin Day peacocks into college, dreaming by night of Alphas jumping over Alpine crevasses, and dreaming up by day a revolutionary thesis that will rock the world's laboratories.

And in his keen chemical footsteps follows Tom Oliver, contented among his test-tubes, happily bending over 'Temperatures below 1 degree Kelvin,' when any decent chap would be at the Scala. He says his friends say he smells of the Dyson Perrins labs; they do, and he does. Trying to get together an Iroquois XII, trying to scratch together a little German.

Now college kitchens seethe and bubble and squeak and mashed potatoes rise in one dazzling apotheosis of culinary perfumes, knit themselves into a necklace of sausages and settle round the town like a wreath of parsley.

But soon the afternoon pushes on to its siesta-less activity, digs its heels into the soft summer turf, and chases off after rubber balls and bubble reputations. Wal Essen there, buttering along the Isis, vice-captain of Univ. boat club. At night he chooses a cosier craft with a lighter crew. And Johnny Baker, performing at bow with a stern expression, a rowing-man of the most disgusting sincerity, and his tutor's best bet for the Academic Steeplechase in two year's time. Unless he improves soon, his University career may turn out wholly successful. He still owes me 2/7d. Last of the muscle-bound giants is Don Hankey, president of Oriel J.C.R. and incommunicative as a tree-trunk.

Ian Graham-Bryce is not too happy about his estate. Colorado beetle and the shocking price of pot eggs have necessitated the discharge of three redundant pigmen. For reasons of economy, therefore, he has given up socks, girls and work. To compensate this, he has taken up the 'Cherwell' gossip-column, different girls, and yachting.

The pale pink-pearl early night-light droops over the wizened walls and towers of the reclining town; and the evening, expansive, soulless, asked to be lived into life. Graham Ellis, all clean collar and scissor-edge trousers, buzzes out of his streaky-bacon Keble hive, and umbrellas along the Broad to go and enjoy a disagreement at the Union. Oxford, he says, has taught him to relax. Garry Robertson broods over botany pamphlets in the library, and hopes for a job in the Colonial Service. All that Oxford has given him, he says, is an impeccable Scottish accent.

The evening draws on, and still no sign of Brian Heap. A peep in his room at St. John's reveals a tennis racquet, a sheaf of brass-rubbings and half a pot of gooseberry jam.

Now . . . windows sleep, corbels snore, lamp-posts nod and the spit-sky spires dream up a paradise of pinnacles and crochets. Suddenly, the linen silence of the night is torn, as a small, hair-laden figure clammers over some spikes and barbed-wire carelessly left there by the Senior Dean, drops to the ground quiet as a cataract, and wraiths to his room. Lovingly places the guitar in its corner, and himself in bed.

"Not a bad party, that. Now what on earth to put in that report."

J. D. S. HARROP.

Old Hulmeians at Cambridge University

Well this term we can quarter up Hulmeians at Cambridge into those who worked, those who rowed, those who did nothing and those who cannot remember. Opinion was quite unanimous on the best course to follow. Not only that, it's certainly more "U" to do nothing at all, and "U"ness has "swept" (sorry! no other word for this "non-U" journalese) Cambridge this term.

However, Hulmeians, Kenneth Harper at Peterhouse has been converted from an advanced Christian position to stroke of the 2nd Boat. He complains rather plaintively that his new faith allows him little extraneous pleasure. Brian Reeve mentioned something about rowing—Lady Margaret 17th Boat I think. But he approached this, his last term in Cambridge, with the fixed intent to enjoy it. He thought it nicest to say "enjoying his last term so far as examinations permit."

As far as this "U"ness of do-nothing goes, D. Latham, C. Dickinson are expert, and R. Burgess exquisite, practitoner. M. Robinson likewise escaped into the rest of the country before I could reach him. I guess he must have a pressing problem somewhere. To all these lost persons your correspondent extends his good wishes, congratulations and condolences according to their situation.

Eric Wilcock still suffers from that same complaint that was remarkable at School. Six weeks ago he went to earth. Taking with him a lot of books, a lot of paper and a lot of ink, he produced a lot of notes about history. He still blinks when brought into a strong light. Gordon Leah also took Part I this year, so I expect he too opened a great many books in this last few weeks. During the last vacation he did some tubbing (I mean the religious sort on a soap-box, not rowing on the river). When asked about the success of his recent Bermondsey campaign, he refused to count in numbers, just like the other contemporary evangelist. He has also been appointed Hon. Secretary of College Lacrosse. At Christ's, Anthony Brazen-dale now holds that office. From it he is said to carry on an elevated correspondence with a couple of haughty Homertonians. He also smokes pipes—tastefully—and lifts weights—heartily. G. T. D. is happy to pull a blade for Peterhouse Gentleman's Boat, to taste wine in that College's unique Society and to calculate how to pull off the annual bluff this time.

G. T. D.

Old Hulmeians at Manchester University

When we saw Mike Smethurst gazing wistfully up at the gaunt girders of the new Union the other day, it occurred to us how transient our life here really is, which spurred us on to locate those of our Old Boys, at least, who were not incarcerated on that day of reckoning in the awesome Whitworth Hall.

A spark of charity stopped us from assailing those who tottered out with breezy questions—under such harrowing circumstances—like "How are things these days?" Such enquiries are apt to be met with biased and undiplomatic replies and having the prohibitions of the law of libel engrained indelibly on our souls, we chose to sacrifice colour and characterisation for the more prosaic approach which may or not resemble the G.P.O. directory, but which is undeniably unimpeachable.

There are, however, some people whom you just can't keep down, and our delight on seeing a group of Old Boys together for the first time in months induced us to disrupt their hideous post-mortem. The general trend of observations from Jimmy Hood, Dave Norbury and Warwick Morell, even so, was colourful though factually uninformative. Still, it's good to see that J. K. Philipson, P. Kyffin and D. Marlton, though wan and obviously under the stress of combat fatigue, are still recognisable by their individualistically decorated log-tables.

We did not linger long with Ralph Swindells nor Malcolm Sutcliffe, since our appreciation of such Atomic Age phenomena as Sigrist Gyversoerg's (was it?) compression regulated fluoro-proton densifying slide orbit for the Rutsch-Grutborg phase IV veronium extenuator was limited to humble murmurings of admiration. After all, we haven't been brought up to that kind of thing, however less prone it may be to oxy-tensional stresses at high revs.

This ought, chronologically, to have brought us to D. Campbell's miracle of locomotion, but since he was last seen engrossed in a City cinema, we approached G. V. Penketh and from a safe distance, tactfully enquired if, or how the judo was progressing. Medics are easier to understand, experience has shown us, but Asian wrestling terms are not, so we retreated none the wiser.

On more familiar territory, our temporary mental aberration was assuaged by the gratifying sight of the ebullient Barry Nutt gyrating around his musical domain, though it was somewhat sobering to observe that Bob Shaw has seemingly succumbed to recent governmental financial stringencies and no longer meditates over his hookah.

Taking advantage of the unusually fresh air, a brief trip to the Central Ref. was taken and this revealed our Tech. associate Pete Webster in communicative mood, albeit "Cabinn'd, cribbed and confined"—a status from which Barry Linley is reported to have emerged fundamentally unscathed some days ago, to shake the atomic dust of Sackville Street, not for ever, we hope, from his feet.

Bob Bishop, now eagle-eyed *homme d'affaires* in the best tradition, earlier gave us a grisly warning; but working on the principle that the best advice is generally that which you don't take yourself, we extracted the odd terse comment from P. T. Mitchell and J. P. Gutteridge, now haughty academicians, as they bicycled gymnasiumwards, in which hideout, incidentally, we were happy to meet Ian Hattrick, degree-wise time expired, but still a staunch member of the University sharpshooters.

By no means must it be omitted to emphasise how pleasant for us of the Law School were the Easter visits of Neville Hopwood, tonsorially immaculate, and of Bill Newey, in *status quo*, the former happy to renew our mutual propinquity, and the latter asserting that though he is no longer with the Sassenachs of his youthful dream days, he is still of us—what music there is in the Gaelic tongue!

May we hope that, as this travelogue is scanned, J. Clough, the Law of Property Act discarded, will have departed for sunnier realms of real estate, and that J. D. Sanders and H. G. Rhodes, with negligent concern for the Licensing Acts and the Road Traffic Act respectively, will have abandoned Kenny on Crime for Elvarex on Esperanto—for after all, how can we ever forget our first loves?

J. C.

Parents' Association Notes

Once again the time has arrived when we lose a number of our members and the School a number of boys. It is therefore with mixed feelings that we approach the end of Summer Term. The committee lose two most versatile workers, Dr. Culbert and Mr. R. A. Palmer and to them and all the members who leave our association, we record our thanks and extend our best wishes.

The Staff and Parents Supper Social at the Fallowfield Hotel in April was unquestionably another 'high spot.' Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the evening and our warmest congratulations go to the Entertainment Committee for their arrangements and to Mrs. White and Mr. Whitfield for their splendid efforts as Masters of Ceremony. Next year, we hope to have all the Staff and their ladies or escorts to join in the fun and games.

During the Summer Term we have been without the services of our Chairman, Mrs. Lily Stockdale. We are all pleased to know that though she must 'go' quietly for a while, she will still be able to serve us and we anticipate her early return.

As these notes are written, we enter the two cricket match season the Association enjoys. The results are therefore unknown, but the pleasure in them is a foregone conclusion.

Also on the immediate horizon is the Annual General Meeting, and it is hoped that there will be a good representation on that occasion.

Looking into next term, these dates are already fixed, the first being the September Meeting when the Headmaster speaks. This will be on Wednesday, September 26th, at the School, commencing at 7-30 p.m. promptly and light refreshments will be served in the Dining Hall at the close. The second is that of the Parents Supper Dance at the Fallowfield Hotel, on Friday, October 19th, but both these dates will be circularised early in the Autumn Term.

So now it remains only, once again, to express our thanks as parents, to all members of the Staff, in all their many grades and duties for the way they attend our sons, to hope they are encouraged by their success and in any case will find pleasure in accepting our parental good wishes.

On behalf of the 1956 Parents' Committee, a very hearty *bon voyage* to all our leavers, and to everyone, best wishes for a really glorious Summer Holiday.

S. V. HICKLING, *Hon. Sec.*

6, Lydgate Road, Droylsden.
Tel.: DRO 1005.