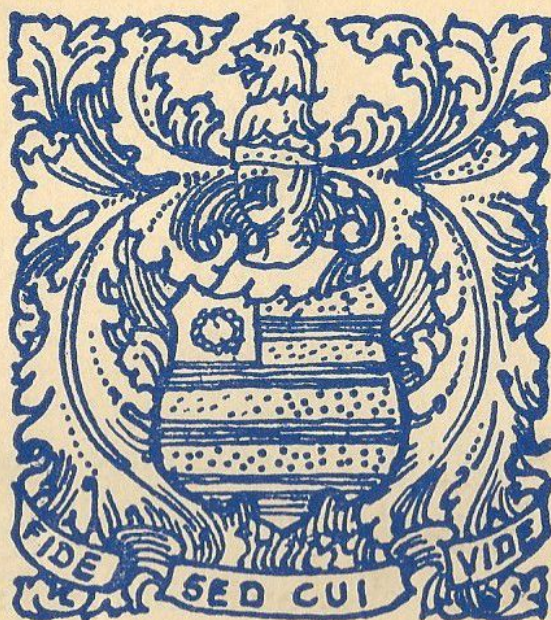


THE HULMEIAN



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The HULMEIAN

The Magazine of William Hulme's Grammar School

VOL. XV

FEBRUARY, 1962

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School Notes and News

The Michaelmas Term ended in traditional fashion with the School Play—*Richard II* this time—the Prefects' Dance, and the Carol Services at School and at St. Ann's Church in town.

During last term the following were appointed prefects, in addition to those recorded in our last issue: K. Hamer, G. Henshall, J. M. Quail, R. E. Shufflebottom, S. G. Wood.

We offer our very hearty congratulations to D. Robinson on being awarded a Hulme Schools' Scholarship in English and C. P. Langford on a similar Exhibition in Modern Languages at Brasenose College, Oxford, and G. A. Rogerson on an Open Minor Scholarship in English at Christ's College, Cambridge.

Current Affairs lectures last term were given by Professor Wright Baker on *The Dead Sea Scrolls*, Mr. T. W. Freeman on *The Manchester Conurbation*, Mr. Watters on *Hong Kong*, Mr. Jenkins on *Modern Architecture*, Mr. Guy Jones on *The Commonwealth and the Common Market*, Mr. Alldridge on *Journalism*, Mr. D. Davies on *The Nuptse Expedition*, Mr. Holloway on *International Currency*, Mr. Wheldon Wright on *Tanganyika*, and the Rev. H. Smith on *Zen Buddhism*, in addition to those provided by the staff.

During the School holidays Dr. and Mrs. Jecny took a party of boys to Mayrhofen in the Austrian Tyrol for the Winter Sports. Unfortunately for them snow was scarce; but notwithstanding that they had an enjoyable time, judging by the report to be found elsewhere in this magazine.

During the holiday Mr. T. B. Jackson was married to Mlle C. Perolini. Mr. S. A. Kirkham's

wife presented him with a daughter and Mr. W. F. B. Fearon became a grandfather. Since we last went to press the following former members of the staff also became proud fathers: Mr. D. Clews (a son), Mr. P. Grigsby (a daughter), Mr. J. B. Earnshaw (a daughter).

We have, however, to record the death early this term of Sir William Coates, for many years the School Medical Officer. An obituary notice will be found elsewhere.

We deeply regret also to say that another great figure in the School's history, Mr. J. A. Barber, has been seriously ill since Christmas. His familiar presence will be sadly missed on the lacrosse field. We trust that he will be able to resume his accustomed place before the term is much older. It is sad to add that Mrs. Barber, too, has been very ill.

The Founders' Day Service was held on Tuesday, January 23rd, at the Cathedral, as usual. The address was given by the Rev. J. H. P. Slade, M.A., (O.H.) who is now Vicar of Yazor, Hereford.

The Calendar for the rest of this term will be: Mid-term holiday on February 23rd, 24th and 26th.

The Entrance Examination for next September will take place on February 22nd and March 22nd, beginning at 9 a.m. each day.

The term will end on Saturday, April 7th after games.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Altrinchamian*, *The Crosbeian*, *The Lidunian*, *The Savilian*, *The Stopfordian* and *The Wallaseyan*.

Sir William Coates, K.C.B., F.R.C.S.

To express regret, in the normal sense of the word, at the death of Sir William Coates after so prolonged and latterly so grievously afflicted a life would be merely formal and in a sense hypocritical. It would seem more appropriate to express our gratitude for the long years of service he rendered to the School as its Medical Officer and the honour we feel at having been associated with so distinguished a man.

Sir William was born in 1860. After training at London Hospital Medical School, he took up practice in Moss Side, Manchester in 1884. In April 1914, he became the School Medical Officer and served in that capacity till July, 1953. He took a great interest in the School and until his retirement regularly read a lesson at the School's annual Carol Service from the time of its institution.

He became well-known locally as a heart specialist; but perhaps more widely for his work for the Red Cross, the Royal Army Medical Corps, and for disabled ex-Service men. He was in command

of the Royal Army Medical Corps troops at the Coronation of King Edward VII and King George V. He was created a K.C.B. in 1930.

We shall remember him with affection, with honour and with gratitude.

Richard II

Richard II is a very early work of Shakespeare's, and shows it. As a play, it is weak in structure: an unpleasant King banishes a duke, who returns and, with no difficulty at all, deposes the King and usurps the throne. There is little attempt at relating character to behaviour by a study of motives, and there is no relief, comic or otherwise: Richard is on the stage for virtually the whole evening.

Herein, of course, lies the strength of the play, and the reason for mounting it. It is the first of the histories to contain superb Shakespearean poetry—almost wholly in the mouth of Richard. In J. H. Wilde, the producer, Mr. Lowe, had a most intelligent and mellifluous Richard, and the production sensibly concentrated on an unfussy presentation of Shakespeare's poetry. Wilde was beautifully audible, an extremely intelligent interpreter of the verse, and had a stage-presence that commanded the attention. In the event, this performance of Richard justified the production.

Is Richard a tragic hero? A weak and therefore pathetic King? A prototype for the psychological Hamlet-type study? It is possible to make out an intelligent case for many interpretations. Rumour has it that there was disagreement in high places in the production over the essential nature of Shakespeare's conception of Richard's character. As it was, we had an always interesting, but difficult, interpretation. The play is the first of the series, culminating in *Henry V*, which constitutes a statement about the nature of Kingship. To Shakespeare, the monarch was sovereign and responsible—and hence was the guarantee of order, stability and security in society. This demands of the monarch both the personal qualities which enable him to govern and the public fact of his rightful inheritance. Richard, with a real sense of the second of these, fails lamentably in the first: he is ruthless, inconstant and self-regarding—selfish in prosperity, and self-pitying in adversity. The essence of Richard's position is the uselessness of his sense of public rights—"not all the waters of the rough rude sea can wash the balm from an anointed King"—in the light of his personal failure—"subjected thus, how can you say to me I am a King?"—and it is this contemptible personal weakness that makes useless his valid hereditary claim to the allegiance of his subjects. The play

is then about weakness, Richard can be played as weak and pitiful, or weak and merely despicable. But in either case, he must surely be weak.

Wilde's interpretation was of an unsympathetic Richard, and he sustained a consistent portrayal of the character. He not only commanded the audience's attention at all times, so allowing Shakespeare to do his work, he was also continually interesting in his intelligent reading of the part—one remembers his jealousy of Bolingbroke in the 'oyster-wench' speech, his smirk at the news of Gaunt's illness, his dismissal of stage-grief with "So much for that", and the chilling question, "Why uncle, what's the matter?"

This, then, was a consistent portrait of a thoroughly unattractive Richard. What was difficult to accept was that, despicable and unsympathetic, he was hardly *weak* enough to make sense of the play. Would this Richard have failed as feebly to resist a rebellion and usurpation?

This disturbing sense of power in the portrait of Richard led to the paradox of the production—that in a play which is so static and literary, what moments there were for drama were made much less of than were the many opportunities for the eloquence of statuesque figures. Notably, the scene at Coventry went for little: it should be a crucial scene, for it shows Richard vacillating at the expense of Bolingbroke, and draws the lines of future conflict between them. But a powerful Richard dominated the scene, which was left with little feeling of drama. From the very opening summons by the Lord Marshal, there was not nearly enough sense of occasion: the heralds sadly lacked high ceremony—they should have *felt* that they were addressing multitudes.

The antagonists, Mowbray and Bolingbroke, were better than they had been in the preceding scene at the throwing down of the gages—again, one of the few moments of high drama that was not nearly shocking enough—nobody looked very surprised, let alone shocked, as the gages were thrown down. T. Cunliffe as a very youthful and dashing Mowbray was romantically conceived as a chivalrous hero-figure. R. Shufflebottom, rising from his sick-bed to play Bolingbroke, looked excellent and had the sense of power which is all-important. He made hay of the blank verse, which doesn't really allow one to tear it to pieces and spit it out like bits of steak. Untypically, his acting was better than his verse-speaking: he was particularly good as the unspeaking but ruthless, menacing figure of power throughout Richard's deposition speech.

This scene was one of the best of the evening's: Wilde took his many opportunities well, Shufflebottom was at his best, and R. Hughes as the Duke of York had his best moments in what was, throughout, a very attractive sympathetic portrayal of the Duke, a character who often goes for

less than he should. Indeed, both he and I. Roxburgh, as John of Gaunt, made the two old men—notoriously difficult for young actors—unexpectedly strong planks of the production. Gaunt's dying speech—indeed the whole of the death bed scene—was particularly well-judged (though can any producer's difficulties justify its being delivered standing up, prior to a walk upstairs to bed and death?).

In one way, the test of a school production is the minor characters—and here the producer was well served, with many good performances. A. A. Jackson, C. R. Holmes and D. M. Altaras, as the 'caterpillars of the commonwealth', were excellent, from their first appearance draped unattractively round the throne. W. H. F. Liversedge as the Queen, fighting a continual handicap in an appalling wig, P. D. Roylance as the Duchess of Gloucester and G. Hibbert as the Duchess of York were all affecting royal ladies—statuesque rather than melodramatic in their moments of pathos, and this was well-judged in harmony with the tone of the play.

Bolingbroke's henchmen were well played as tough opportunist extroverts: R. H. Roberts was a very angry—indeed apoplectic—Willoughby, M. Gozzard an authoritative Ross, and N. B. Pearson gave a particularly interesting portrait of Northumberland as a youthful mediaeval wide-boy: a very convincingly unattractive character. B. J. Walker, much better than as the Marshal, made more than one would have expected of the role of Scroop, the very distillation of the bringer of evil news.

G. A. Eagland was a fruity and truly bucolic gardener, and F. Kenworthy was particularly pleasing as Exton, a shady figure to whom he gave flesh and blood. B. Gazzard's Bishop of Carlisle was dignified in movement, but handicapped by appearing to be muffled up in episcopal robes borrowed from Father Christmas.

One's only unqualified criticism would be of the set, which was a disaster. It is difficult to see how any inoffensive arrangement could be made from strident, bilious yellow and tinned-pea-green, with mauve and red and black trimmings: it was certainly not managed here. The stylisation was acceptable, and the idea of using heraldic colours was sensible—but in practice, the combination of these shades of yellow and green, apart from being visually so uncomfortable, had the quite fatal effect of dominating the stage instead of serving as a background. Thus all the costumes and all the movable heraldic props were killed in every scene—except those played in darkness or before drop-curtains, which was the only time that the eye was allowed a rest. The surprising thing was that any of the cast succeeded in making themselves stand out as figures demanding attention.

The final impression that remains is of loyal service done to the author—there were intelligent

performances in a sensible production, neither exciting nor shocking: which is a fair reflection of the play.

The Form Plays

THE REFUND

3L enjoyed themselves hugely in this scholastic romp about an uncouth youth and his dubious teachers. S. Harrold in a very good Cockney voice and very lush side-whiskers gave an all-too-convincing portrait of an illiterate, if astute youth. J. McKay, as the Principal, was head of a depressingly seedy-looking staff. P. Mills traversed the stage with a loping gait as the slow geographer, P. Gould erred in slurring his words as a historian, M. Sykes was the most decrepit of phycisists, and the whole bunch was splendidly marshalled with pedagogical cliches by R. Slater as the mathematical master. A. Dickson as a rustic school porter was not much more gormless than the rest of the staff—a travesty, of course, of *real* staff-rooms!

The point of the story was Dumbbell's claim for a refund of fees as he had learned nothing. McKay gave a good performance, considering his not very inspiring script, as a principal so inane that such an accusation seemed quite plausible. The rest of the staff were pleasantly varied: though they had some difficulties in knowing what to do with themselves to avoid making a monotonous routine out of their speech-making.

If the refund had not been in dollars and cents (why on earth was it?), it would have been altogether a pleasant evocation of Chiselbury.

MR. FOX

2B presented a fast-moving tale of derring-do and mayhem in the Far West. All the ingredients for a true Western were presented with gusto: a mysterious and dangerous villain, a stylish wedding between a fluttering heroine and an imposingly cool foreigner upon whom suspicion slowly descended, and a jolly piece of gunplay in which the heroine was saved in the nick of time.

The saloon-bar atmosphere of the opening was quickly created by B. Ross, M. Brooke and K. Herbert, the latter sustaining a richly ripe Southern drawl. P. Beverley swung his guns professionally as Mr. Red, and the staff of the saloon—D. B. Cunningham as an admirably audible bar-tender and A. G. Williams as a very coal black momma—built up the setting in which the story could be

told. R. N. Curry was a buxom and flourishing bride and R. G. Hampson as her father presented us with a touching picture of one of Mr. Fox's scraggy victims.

To the considerable range of accents there was added that of P. Wareing as a somewhat inexplicable oriental. He was suitably inscrutable.

The denouement was rapid—and involved enthusiastic audience-participation. R. A. Fox as the respectable English major was disclosed as the villainous Mr. Fox—and was apprehended by the posse, professionally led by D. Cowan as the sheriff, in time to save the heroine from a fate worse than death.

THE ROAD OF POPLARS

Some profit at least was to be gained from 2Y's production of this creaky melodrama—a vivid illustration of the disastrous results of choosing a quite impossible play: the result, on the whole, was a sad waste of a lot of hard work.

In an admirable attempt to escape from routine comedy, this production however found itself generating the laughter of unintentional comedy—which is worse. The play is a pretentious story of guilt and hysteria, ghosts, murder and similarly portentous themes. The whole subject of war-guilt and shell-shock madness was so beyond the experience of the actors anyway, that it hardly mattered that the play itself was ludicrously badly written.

The cast struggled manfully with lines that were doubtfully understood and consequently incomprehensible—when audible—for the audience. That some of the dialogue was in French said much for the courage of I. Lowe as Charley and K. S. Clare as Marianne, but did not increase the lucidity of the story, though it did add to its nightmarishness. R. Back as a tourist did convey his fear at the well-feigned hysteria of Lowe's Charley. The play provided no other remotely rewarding parts.

THE STOLEN PRINCE

It would be difficult to find a more suitable play for First Formers to act than Dan Totheroh's *The Stolen Prince*, which 1B performed on November 21st. As this play deals with a Chinese story, told in the Chinese manner, the setting is simple, the movements required straightforward, the speeches natural and uncomplicated. This is not to belittle the excellent performance we were offered. D. B. Faulkner, as the very essential explanatory chorus was admirable. He spoke clearly without shouting and gave the rest of the cast a splendid lead. J. J. Majewski as Long Fo, the mischievous son of the

Royal Cook, and W. A. Veitch as his tender-hearted sister, Win Lee, set the plot in motion by stealing the boy Prince in mistake for his twin sister with the intention of saving the baby's life by setting it afloat down the river, during the temporary absence of the Royal Nurse (played with considerable aplomb by C. E. Hayward). The child was rescued by a fisherman Hi Tee (G. McKee) and his wife Li Mo (M. L. Derlien), who called him Joy (a name M. D. Black did his best to deserve). When he became of age, they restored him, though not before he and they were arrested by the soldiers (A. P. Mills and J. A. Boulton) and threatened with death by the fearsome executioner (J. Rhodes), until the repentant nurse revealed his identity.

H. N. W. Benson played the wordless part of the stupid, somnolent Property Man; but one felt he might have made a little more effective use of his opportunities. A word of praise must go to the Chinese Orchestra (D. W. Gammon, R. A. Haynes, C. L. Wood and G. M. Young), who produced sounds barbaric yet euphonious enough to be realistically oriental, and to Mr. A. M. Blight for so admirably producing an entertainment that sent the audience home to their Hi Tee in a mood of considerable satisfaction.

Stage Notes

Immediately we returned to School in September, work got well under way on the construction of the *Richard II* set under the direction of M. R. M. Turner, P. H. Draper, F. J. Kenworthy, and D. J. Howard.

As a result of the re-arrangement of School working hours on Saturday, the increase in time available has considerably improved our output. This can be shown by the fact that the set for the School Play was built and painted before half-term, one of our major feats being the construction of the battlements by six seniors in less than two hours.

After much discussion, a new pre-cyc curtain runner was bought, and in the latter half of the term installed ready for use in *Richard II*.

After half-term G. H. Marsden and F. J. Kenworthy devoted their time to the manufacture of shields and banners, each with authentic heraldry. These added much colour to the final setting.

The School Play set was adapted at the end of term for use at the Carol Service and School Dances.

A new and quick method for hanging curtains along the back wall was installed in time for the form plays. This consisted of a wooden beam which

could be lowered, the curtains neatly attached at convenient ground level, and then raised into position. This method cut the time for hanging the seven back curtains from two hours to five minutes.

The Electrical Department, under the direction of D. S. Gee and R. A. Charlton have worked hard throughout the term. They have overhauled and repainted a large part of their apparatus besides rewiring the left hand tunnel. For the first time in many years the dimmers have been completely stripped and cleaned.

We are extremely grateful to the Parents Association for their generous gift of the new red curtains for the sides of the stage, considerably brightening up the whole frontal effect, especially after the old dull red 'rags'. Unfortunately, they took longer than expected to make and were not ready for the School Play.

C.C.F. Notes

'A' COMPANY

In addition to the Signals, Artillery and Civil Defence Platoons, a new squad was formed last term, under 2nd Lt. Boustead, with a programme of practical Signals work and an introduction to Arduous Training. This squad and the Signallers were put to the test on the Field Day at Crowden in October. A 'tough' exercise was devised for them which involved cross-country patrolling: as signals communication proved only partially successful, a search-party was found necessary to conclude the proceedings, and the discomfort of the organisers was added to by a violent hailstorm.

Since last term much of the Signals equipment has been repaired and a new supply received. It is hoped to put this to good use, with the emphasis on training on practical handling.

The members of the Civil Defence Platoon are ready to take their second 'Gold' test: we wish them as much success as in the 'Silver'.

This term a Platoon has been formed to receive Advanced Infantry Training; and a Cadre, to train as N.C.O. instructors. The 8th Bn. Manchester Regiment has kindly agreed to give assistance in instruction.

'B' and 'C' COMPANIES

Training last term was directed exclusively to preparation for the Army Proficiency Test and the Basic Test, which were taken in the latter part of

the term. The satisfactory results reflect credit, not only on the candidates, but also on the N.C.O. instructors.

Cadets S. R. Amor, J. W. Bennett and J. P. de la Perrelle passed the Basic Test with credit. The cadets who obtained Certificate 'A' have graduated either to the Signals Platoon, or to the N.C.O.'s Cadre.

'D' COMPANY

The recruits have settled down very well, and basic training is proceeding at a steady pace. Field Day provided an opportunity for practice in camouflage and concealment: the 'Spotting and Freezing' game, which proved popular in spite of storms of hail and rain, showed that the Contingent is not likely to be short of cunning and intrepid stalkers in the future.

The Annual Camp will take place at Sennybridge near Brecon, S. Wales, from 23—31 July.

SHOOTING

At the beginning of the School year, a team of six was invited to compete against Manchester University Freshmen at their range, using their competition rifles. Although we put up a good fight, we lost by 42 points. A return match was arranged a few weeks later and we won, using our rifles, by 13 points.

In early November we fired a C.C.F. Schools Rifle Match, and the result, though not altogether encouraging, was better than the previous year.

A postal competition was fired with Trinity School C.C.F., Croydon, in December and resulted in a win for them.

The Empire Test, fired by 'A', 'B' and 'C' Companies last term proved quite encouraging. It is proposed to hold the Inter-House Shooting Competition again this year, for the House Shooting Shield and the Individual Shooting Cup, which were both won last year by Byrom.

Our shooting programme for this term includes at the moment: the Country Life Competition, a postal match with Trinity School C.C.F., the North West Division Competition and another match with Manchester University.

The Donner Union

Attendances were much better than of late, due, perhaps, to the fact that quite a large variety of

activities was offered by the Union. Even the Annual General Meeting—notoriously under-attended—brought a large audience and we hope that this trend will continue in the New Year. At the A.G.M., D. F. L. Chadd was elected Deputy Chairman and D. S. Kaiserman re-elected Secretary. G. H. Marsden, as well as being Deputy Secretary, has done an invaluable service throughout the term with his posters for the Union's meetings.

The first meeting after the A.G.M. was a Balloon Debate. It would be difficult to find three more unlikely contestants than Robert Boyle, Dixon of Dock Green and Zinjanthropus, the latter (represented by R. T. Johnson) winning easily—and rather surprisingly, for few besides R. T. Johnson had heard of this worthy Ancient before the meeting began.

The controversial subject of Civil Disobedience came under discussion on 3rd October. The result of the motion, *That this House would, in no circumstances, today support Civil Disobedience* reflected the topicality of the subject (a large sit-down demonstration had taken place in Manchester that same week), for it only narrowly succeeded—by 19 votes to 18.

Eighty-two members attended the next meeting—a By-Election for the Moss Side Constituency, William Hulme's Division. The Committee had endeavoured to see that party politics, so often the cause of a poor standard of debate in the By-Election, were kept out of the proceedings and the three candidates, J. M. Quail, D. Robinson and F. J. Kenworthy did their best to remain Independent, each dealing with a vast range of topics—including the H-bomb and more pay for midwives. The result was 29 votes for the "neo-socialism" of J. M. Quail, 25 votes for the "get Britain ahead" of D. Robinson and 10 votes for the rather all embracing policy of F. J. Kenworthy.

One of the most unusual and interesting events of the term was a talk given by G. H. Marsden and F. J. Kenworthy on *Heraldry*. The subject proved to be most absorbing and was quite remarkably illustrated by the handiwork of both speakers.

The House *Would welcome Britain's Entry into the Common Market*—overwhelmingly M. R. Heilbron advocated the benefits of the E.E.C. to great effect, ably assisted by R. E. Shufflebottom, while G. Henshall and M. T. Sumner could raise only seven votes to their opponent's 32. The next meeting, on November 6th, might well have turned into re-enactment of the Massacre of Glencoe, for the two principal speakers in the motion *This House approves Home Rule for Scotland* were I. T. Campbell, of Clan Campbell and (opposing) J. G. Dalzell, close enough to the Clan MacDonald to want his opponent's blood! Naturally

enough, this provided excellent Donner Union material and when each speaker had reminded himself of the topic to be discussed a lively debate ensued. Dalzell, perfectly content with what Campbell termed "subjection", carried the day. When the latter was heard to murmur "fetch me my caber" to one of his clansmen, the meeting was hastily closed.

D. F. L. Chadd, the Deputy Chairman, gave a talk on *Love Poetry* (November 13th), with special reference to Shakespeare, John Donne and Andrew Marvel. The audience, gratifyingly large, showed much interest in the topic and heard the speaker illustrate his talk with readings from various works by all three poets.

A new adaptation of E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India* by Santha Rama Rau was chosen for a joint play-reading with Withington Girls' School. It goes without saying that the evening was most enjoyable.

This House Deplores the Modern Advertising Man and his Influence on Society rather confounded most speakers. Few people knew just what an advertising man was and consequently were at a loss to speak about him. However, J. M. Quail and B. A. Simpson lashed the advertising industry and D. Robinson did a brave job at the last minute in defending it. R. H. Brisbane, under the cloak of seconding the Opposition, raised the opportunity of drawing the attention of the House to the fact that there were still several vacancies left in the Science Society: membership only one shilling: Join Now! The motion was defeated by 12 votes to 10.

The last meeting of the term was another talk: *The Ostracism of D. H. Lawrence, Lord Byron and Oscar Wilde*, given by A. J. Rudman, A. J. B. Hilton and D. N. Brooks respectively. Each illustrated the fascinating stories of these writers, with emphasis on their rejection by the British Public, and offered valuable insights into their characters.

At the time of going to press, another very full term is being planned, with another play-reading, joint debates, discussions and talks which promise to be as varied and as interesting as those of this last term.

The Science Society

The first meeting of the term was an illustrated lecture by Mr. W. T. Cowhig of the Shirley Institute on *Electronics in the Textile Industry*. This was held on October 2nd at 4 p.m., and proved to be fascinating, despite the rather ominous title.

The second was a lecture on the *Weather*, given by Mr. S. W. Francis of the Manchester Weather

Exchange. This meeting, held on November 9th also proved to be most worthwhile.

Mr. E. R. Pycock of Ilford Ltd. gave a lecture on *Photography* at our third meeting, held on November 16th at 4 p.m. The lecture turned out to be mostly on colour photography, which disappointed the scientists, but was well worthwhile for the photographers.

After a last minute cancellation of a previous date, we finally managed to get Mr. H. A. Turner to lecture on *Dyeing*, at 4 p.m. on November 23rd. The apparatus used by him filled Room 32 to the ceiling, but the colourful results made this one of the best lectures we have had for some time.

Finally, I would like to thank G. H. Marsden, who has done all the publicity for the Society.

The Badminton Club

During the Michaelmas Term the club enjoyed a full membership. However, attendance on club nights (Tuesdays and alternate Thursdays) was not as high as it could have been.

Nevertheless the team played very well in their matches against Altrincham, Stand, Bolton and Manchester Grammar Schools and Norbrook Youth Club, winning two of them. The following have represented the School in the above fixtures, P. W. Booth, M. H. Homer, P. Draper, D. S. Kaiserman, J. D. Whaite, D. Merriman and P. M. Swift.

This term we look forward to our meetings with Chorlton, the Staff and the Fathers, as well as our return fixtures.

Our thanks go to Mr. F. Ogden for his encouragement and continued support and to Mrs. Taylor for providing us with tea on match days.

The Music Society

Only five meetings were arranged last term, principally on account of the many other activities competing for members' attention. As an experiment one of the meetings was held during Friday lunch-time, and if this term proves to be as busy as last term then this may become the Society's regular meeting time.

At our first meeting, on Thursday, 12th October, D. S. Kaiserman presented works, or extracts from works, by Beethoven, Haydn, Wren, Berlioz and Lyttelton. Although the audience was exceptionally

large, it is rumoured that not all those present came of their own accord.

A week later C. P. Langford played Dvorak's 4th Symphony and Stravinsky's ballet music, *Petrushka*, both very enjoyable recordings. Subsequent programmes included a selection of overtures presented by K. S. Lee and the 3rd Symphony of Saint-Saens presented by P. H. Draper; on 7th December, in the last meeting of the term, P. J. Wood played recordings of two piano concertos by Rachmaninoff.

We take this opportunity of wishing every success to the committee and members of the newly-formed Jazz Society.

The Table Tennis Club

The Annual General Meeting was held on the 18th September, 1961. There was a good attendance and twenty-four members were elected from the many who had applied to join. J. P. I. McNulty was elected Honorary Secretary, and G. Cottrill as Honorary Treasurer. Members of the Committee included C. N. Jenkinson, J. D. Bolland, K. Harris, M. B. Scott, J. N. Shuttleworth.

There has been a fair attendance on the two Club days each week and the standard of play has been good.

On the 20th November the 'A' team played Manchester Central Grammar School II Team. This resulted in a victory for the School by eight matches to two; the following represented the School: C. N. Jenkinson, H. Lyon, D. A. Ebbage, J. P. I. McNulty.

During the present session the Committee hopes to arrange matches with the Masters, Burnage Grammar School and Chorlton Grammar School, and it looks forward to these fixtures.

Cycling Club

At a meeting held early last term a Cycling Club was formed and the following officers were elected: *Secretary*: B. A. Simpson; *Treasurer*: P. H. Draper; *Committee*: W. Fearon, J. A. Martin, N. H. Searle, D. J. Ashworth. The Headmaster kindly accepted the Presidency, and Mr. Boustead is Chairman.

In spite of poor weather during the term we had several enjoyable rides, which took us to such places as Pendle Hill and Delamere Forest.

On Thursday, November 30th I. E. Roxburgh gave a talk on a tour through Germany, Austria and Switzerland. His fine colour-slides served to emphasise the varied nature of the three countries. An interesting discussion followed, in which Roxburgh answered many questions on every aspect of his tour, and he was warmly thanked for his trouble and patience.

A varied programme of rides has been arranged for this term and we extend a hearty welcome to all 5th and 6th formers to join us on our rides.

Finally, we must thank the inevitable G. H. Marsden for painting our poster.

Chess Club

The following team, captained by P. A. Merri-man, represented the School in a number of home matches last term: J. B. Sheridan, P. Norris, A. R. Wood, R. G. S. Dick, S. M. Lomax, G. N. Henderson, D. Vaughan.

The results were as follows:—

v. North Manchester Grammar School—Lost 4½—2½.

v. Chorlton Grammar School—Drawn 3½—3½.

v. Sale Grammar School—Won 7—0.

v. Manchester High School—Won 5—0.

v. Central Grammar School—Won 4½—2½.

The return matches are being arranged this term.

The club now meets regularly in room 34 at 12-30 p.m. on Thursdays and anyone who is interested is welcome.

Our thanks go to Mr. Gardener for his encouragement and to Mrs. Taylor for providing refreshments on match days.

Model Railway Society

During Michaelmas term a model railway society was formed under the supervision of Mr. Manning.

The following committee was appointed:—

Secretary: K. N. Walton; *Treasurer*: S. Jones; 6th form: B. H. Berkan; 5th form: J. Bunting; 4th form: J. D. Moran; 3rd form: J. D. Bailey.

The object of the society is to arrange the building of "model railways" as distinct from "toy trains". The former are home-constructed, only the minimum being purchased, and are usually fully scenic. The latter are usually associated with "train

sets" and are built up from proprietary items, many having no pretence to being anything like the prototype.

The society is at present building a model railway and membership is open to all boys in the third forms and above. The subscription is 3/- per term; meetings are held on Monday evenings and most Wednesday afternoons.

The Sixth Jazz Club

The first meeting of the newly-formed School Jazz Society was held on Monday, 22nd January, at 12-35 p.m. in the Music Room. Organisation had previously been decided with the approval of the Headmaster and Mr. Williams. This is the first time any attempt has been made to form a School jazz society, but interest is keen and lively.

A jazz band has also been formed and the personnel is: R. A. Charlton, clarinet; G. A. Eagland, trombone; S. M. Lomax, trumpet; P. Royse, clarinet; C. L. Roxburgh, piano; A. J. Thomas, bass; M. R. Frost, drums. Up to the time of writing only one 'session' has been held, but it looks as though the band should develop quite well.

Membership cards have not yet been issued, because the School printing machine is out of service, but cards should be available soon. A subscription of one shilling has been charged, which will go mainly to buy music for the band.

Since the Society is open only to sixth formers it was decided that it should be called "The Sixth Jazz Club." It will operate on the same lines as the Music Society in that members will give talks on some aspects of jazz to the rest of the Club, illustrating their talks by gramophone records or tape recordings.

It was not possible to arrange a talk for the first meeting so a number of members each brought a record and played it after giving a short talk. The next meetings will be held on Monday, 29th January, at 12-35 p.m., and Friday, 2nd February, at 1 p.m. in the Music Room, when I. J. Marsland will give an illustrated talk on *Dave Brubeck's Time Experiment*.

The committee formed consists of: G. A. Eagland, Treasurer; D. S. Kaiserman; A. J. Rudman and R. A. Charlton, Hon Sec.

The Christian Fellowship

A number of meetings were held during the term. The Rev. Purdy tackled the difficult subject, *Is*

Christianity primarily concerned with this World or the Next? S. G. Wood gave us a talk on *Realisation*. The Rev. H. Pearson spoke on *Christianity and Communism*, and a Probation Officer, Mrs. E. Howarth, gave us a talk on her work. The Rev. D. Fraser gave a talk on *The Application of the Gospel*, and C. D. Cooke spoke on *Witness*.

Although these speakers offered us some stimulating ideas, we regret to say that attendances were not good. Unfortunately members are engaged in many School activities and it is proving difficult to plan a programme in advance which does not clash with other activities.

Rugby Football

FIRST XV

The records will show a poor set of results this season which do not really reflect the true ability of the side, particularly in the later stages of the season. As the scores reveal, so many of the results were very close and only on two occasions were the forwards bettered. Tackling and falling were first-rate, but the passing was as bad as has been seen on the School field for a very long time. The dry season meant plenty of handling and with the forwards getting more than their fair share of the ball, many a promising situation developed, but was spoiled by a badly delivered or taken pass. This ability to pass must be developed from the bottom and the Juniors would be well-advised to practice constantly.

In spite of the results the team never lost its high morale and in all the games played to win for seventy minutes.

v. Major Watkins' XV

H L 6—13

This traditional game was played under ideal conditions against a side which had considerable talent behind the scrum, and whose forwards lasted much better than was expected. The School pack never really settled down and the more experienced backs of the opposition were more than a match for us. The School began to look more dangerous in the later stages, but unfortunately too late to change the situation.

v. Stockport G.S.

A W 9—6

The forwards improved greatly in this game and gave the backs ample opportunity to show themselves. They were, however, very inexperienced and this, plus an injury in the early stages, led them

into the pitfall of drawing their men from too close and the movement so often broke down.

v. Manchester "A" A L 13—22

Manchester put out a very big and mixed side against us, containing one or two first team players and a county cap. These proved our undoing. The School were very soon 13 points up as a result of some good running by the backs, but clever tactical play by the opposition denied us the ball and the School were never in the hunt again.

v. University Freshmen H L 3—15

The School played somewhat lethargically in this game against a very capable fresher's side. The forwards were slow into the loose and seemed to forget it was the ball they were after. The backs played very badly and only towards the end of the game looked like getting away.

v. King Edward VII G.S., Lytham H L 11—16

We were very soon 0—13 down and then the forwards seemed to wake up and the School fought back to 11—16. The backs had a very poor day and passes seldom went to hand.

v. Cheadle Hulme School A L 0—6

This was our worst game of the season. In dreadful conditions, against lively opposition, the forwards could never get going in spite of winning a good share of the ball. Backing up and covering was non-existent and once again, passing was dreadful.

v. Old Hulmeians H L 10—25

This game is, in future, always to be played at School.

A big re-shuffle both forward and back seemed to give life to the side who went on to give a very good account of themselves. The forwards gained their fair share of the ball in the tight and loose and considerably more in the line. The backs ran well and were very sound in defence. Experience was the deciding factor and although the Old Boys deserved the victory, it was not until after turning round 3—5 down that experience told behind the scrum.

Even then the game was much closer than the score suggests.

v. Birkenhead School A L 6—9

One of the few occasions during the season when the forwards were beaten. Against a very heavy and mobile pack, they did well to hold them as they did. The backs showed a marked superiority and given more of the ball a very different picture would have presented itself.

v. Manchester G.S. H W 6—5

The presence of a reporter from the *Observer* and the excellent record of M.G.S. spurred the team on to great heights. The pack were very lively and were rather unfortunate not to score several times in the early stages.

A determined attack by the opposition was held off and the School emerged worthy winners.

v. Queen Elizabeth G.S., Wakefield H D 9—9

A ding-dong struggle from beginning to end which we were unfortunate not to win, being caught by a short penalty in the dying stages of the game to concede the equaliser. The tackling was hard and the covering excellent, and the backs moved with more determination than hitherto this term. An excellent game and a just result.

v. King's School, Macclesfield H L 6—10

The spirit and fire of recent matches was missing and the School spent most of the game defending against a very strong-running side. Seldom did we look like endangering the opposition's line and only two excellent kicks gave us our six points.

v. Wallasey G.S. H L 8—11

Almost a repeat of the match against King's with the School rarely looking dangerous. The chief fault was in allowing the opposition too much time in which to play the ball—too little harassing of the man in possession. Defensive kicking was overdone, without giving the wings a chance.

v. Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby A L 5—17

This was lost in the first ten minutes when a number of stupid penalties were given away, three of which were converted. The home side had a very heavy and mobile pack which monopolised the set pieces, giving our backs very little of the ball. Good defensive cover by the back row and halves was a particular feature of this game.

v. H.M.S. Conway H W 14—3

This game seems destined to be played in a mud-bath and this particular one was no exception. The forwards were in their element and some excellent foot-rushes were seen. The backs handled very well under the conditions and were defensively very sound.

v. Hulme Hall H W 27—13

A very enjoyable end of season game in which the ball was thrown about freely. Hard running by the backs was much in evidence and the game and result was a happy note on which to end the season.

Colours were awarded to: A. F. Thomas (Capt.), I. N. Dawson, R. H. Dakin, J. H. Heaton, A. A.

Jackson, D. S. Kaiserman, I. G. Kennedy, N. M. Kennedy, C. P. Langford, D. R. Latham, D. G. Murray, R. Richards, R. E. Shufflebottom, P. J. Wood, S. G. Wood.

SECOND XV

Convincing wins against Stockport G.S. and Cheadle Hulme School early in the term encouraged us to hope for an above-average season, but this was not to be. Though capable of good football against moderate opposition we were too easily flustered into making mistakes under pressure, and this cost us dear against Birkenhead, Merchant Taylors' Crosby, and Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Wakefield. We were sorry to lose our captain, A. H. Williamson, after the M.G.S. match, just when it seemed that the side was developing well, and disappointed, though not surprised, at the usual crop of injuries and illnesses in the back division towards the end of term. Paradoxically enough, one of the most encouraging performances was in the match in which we suffered our heaviest defeat, against a very strong Moseley Hall G.S. 1st XV. In spite of fielding nine reserves and losing a forward after only ten minutes of the first half, the whole side covered and tackled with great courage and persistence. If next year's side can show the same determination, it will do well.

Colours were re-awarded to H. F. Lyon (captain), E. Roberts (vice-captain), C. D. Townsend and D. P. Olley, and awarded to B. L. Andrew, A. S. Burgess, R. G. S. Dick, A. McLean, D. G. Moore, A. J. Rudman, M. D. Rayburn, J. G. Shawcross, D. J. Shuttleworth, P. M. Swift and M. R. Tweed.

RESULTS

v. Stockport G.S.	H W	50—0
v. North Manchester G.S. 1st XV	H L	0—14
v. Poundswick G.S. 1st XV	H W	19—6
v. Cheadle Hulme School	H W	15—5
v. Old Hulmeians 'A'	H L	0—33
v. Birkenhead School	H L	3—33
v. Manchester G.S.	A W	14—0
v. Q. Elizabeth G.S., Wakefield	H L	3—37
v. King's School, Macclesfield ...	A L	6—13
v. Wallasey G.S.	A L	0—22
v. Merchant Taylors', Crosby ...	H L	0—25
v. Moseley Hall G.S. 1st XV ...	A L	0—57

THIRD XV

This year the 3rd XV had only two matches, but if the team's life was brief it was not wholly inglorious. Composed of a mixed bag of House

League players it did well to hold its own against two strong teams. The following played on the team: J. H. Wilde (captain), J. M. Quail, R. T. Johnson, C. N. Jenkinson, D. A. Ebbage, S. R. Ebbage, P. H. Draper, P. W. Booth, K. Harris, D. A. Ranson, J. M. Kelly, C. A. Nowotarski, A. D. Etchells, P. W. Butters, P. R. Radcliffe, M. R. Tweed and J. S. Torkington.

RESULTS

v. Old Hulmeians Extra 'A'	H L	3—6
v. Manchester Grammar School ...	H L	0—6

UNDER 16 XV

There were many factors responsible for the undulating season. A. A. Jackson was called early to higher honour as scrum-half, and was succeeded by J. S. Nixon. E. C. Comyn-Platt became unsettled at fly-half. I. D. McQueen moved up from full-back, in which position P. C. M. Roberts earned a regular place. P. A. Merriman was tried at centre, but returned to wing-forward when the scrum, for the last four games, was badly depleted due to injuries. It would be unfair to place any one forward on a pedestal, for at full strength, the scrum, led by D. R. Stott, was outstanding. On their day, G. Casale, a penetrating inside centre, and N. B. Pearson, a swift running outside centre, were very effective. E. Rigg was always first to complete the circuit training.

A breakaway try by P. A. Merriman at Denstone stimulated the team into action. The centres played particularly well. Perhaps the best all-round display was seen at Lytham. One thought that the advantage gained by playing with a strong wind in the first half was inadequate. But both backs and forwards handled superbly after half time. Poor tackling lost the home game with Chetham's. The return fixture was enthralling. J. Ashcroft and L. Oliver as wing forwards and Burnes and Veitch at second row were tireless in their efforts. G. Roberts played with great courage at full-back. The result against Birkenhead could so easily have been reversed. After being 8—0 down at Macclesfield the team showed fine spirit to win comfortably. D. R. Stott was concussed and J. S. Nixon also injured. The Wallasey threequarters were very lively; several missed penalties cost School the game. A very weak side was treated to a fine display by Crosby. The score against Conway gives little indication of the hard-fought game.

D. R. Stott (captain), N. B. Pearson (vice-captain), I. D. McQueen, L. Oliver, G. Casale, E. Rigg,

E. C. Comyn-Platt, A. A. Jackson, P. A. Merriman, J. R. M. Ward, I. S. Ashcroft, M. J. M. Burns, P. F. Veitch, M. A. Morris, D. R. Potts, G. Roberts, J. S. Nixon, P. H. Burgoyne, T. J. Davies, D. M. Altaras, J. S. Street, I. G. J. McGill.

RESULTS

v. North Manchester G.S.	A W	32—9
v. Denstone College	A W	19—3
v. King Edward VII Schl., Lytham	A W	24—0
v. Cheadle Hulme School	H W	39—0
v. Chetham's Hospital	H L	8—11
v. Birkenhead School	A L	5—15
v. Chetham's Hospital	A W	14—8
v. King's School, Macclesfield ...	A W	23—13
v. Wallasey Grammar School ...	H L	17—21
v. Merchant Taylors' Schl., Crosby	H L	0—24
v. H.M.S. Conway	A W	18—0
v. Moseley Hall G.S.	A L	3—15

Played 12, Won 7, Lost 5.

UNDER 15 XV

The team has had a successful season, winning nine matches and losing three. We were fortunate in that there were few injuries during play, but towards the end of the season we suffered from the absence of players due to illness. The team was unbeaten when at full strength. The success was built on a hard-working pack which generally succeeded in denying possession to their opponents in the line-out and the set scrums, and often also in the loose mauls. With a little greater enthusiasm for backing up the outsiders in attack, they might well become a powerful combination. Outside the scrum there were several players who were potentially dangerous in attack, but it proved impossible to find a threequarter line which was safe in defence. The wings were suspect throughout the season in their tackling, but often escaped testing owing to the good work of the wing forwards, fly-half and inside centre in breaking up attacks. This weakness must be overcome in future seasons.

The team was very well led by the captain, P. N. Bentley, both by personal example and by command. The unity of the pack was largely due to the good leadership of R. G. Edwards, the vice-captain.

Colours were awarded to P. N. Bentley, R. G. Edwards, J. M. O. Gwilliam, R. Reed, S. J. Bertonshaw, P. J. Derlien, J. K. Irving, B. P. Swift, T. C. Cunliffe, G. J. Cooper, A. Steel, J. D. Moran, J. S. Street, C. Laycock, D. L. Worthing.

The following also played in one or more matches: P. S. Booth, A. G. Calder, D. Lord, J. H. M. Steele, P. W. McNulty, F. I. Barclay.

RESULTS

v. Stockport G.S.	A W	19—6
v. North Manchester G.S.	H W	11—3
v. Denstone College	A W	16—6
v. Poundswick G.S.	H W	16—6
v. King Edward VII Schl., Lytham	A W	36—3
v. Cheadle Hulme School	A W	11—6
v. Leeds G.S.	H W	28—5
v. Birkenhead School	H W	21—5
v. Manchester G.S.	H W	34—0
v. King's School, Macclesfield ...	H L	6—11
v. Wallasey G.S.	A L	3—13
v. Merchant Taylors' Schl., Crosby	A L	3—34
v. Moseley Hall G.S.	H	Cancelled

UNDER 14 XV

The side has had a fairly successful season. The handling has been quite good, but many games have been lost as the result of silly errors and an unwillingness to fall on the ball. The tackling has been a serious weakness of the three-quarter line. McMurtrie and Stansfield have run strongly on occasions. Amongst the forwards M. J. Slater, Lodge, Halstead and Buckley have been outstanding.

The team has been selected from K. McMurtrie, D. Graves, K. B. Lodge, J. F. Wild, P. Feeney, F. Halstead, D. Buckley, M. J. Slater, G. B. Brister, J. Higginbottom, G. Stansfield, N. B. Wright, P. M. Fidler, J. Ford, D. Chambers, H. Bond and C. Marshall.

RESULTS

v. Stockport G.S.	W	28—3
v. North Manchester G.S.	W	19—10
v. Poundswick G.S.	L	3—11
v. Cheadle Hulme School	L	5—18
v. Manchester G.S.	W	13—3
v. King's School, Macclesfield	W	19—0
v. Stockport School	Cancelled	
v. Moseley Hall School	Cancelled	
v. Leeds G.S.	L	3—19

JUNIOR SCHOOL XV

The team this year had great potentialities which unfortunately were not fully realised, partly owing to the cancellation of a number of fixtures at the end of the season.

The standard of play initially was good without being outstanding, a lack of determined tackling being a particular weakness of the majority as was brought out forcibly in the defeat by King's School,

Macclesfield. The forwards played hard individually, though not always combining well in the loose, and obtained the lion's share of the ball for the backs who ran well and attempted to play an open game whenever possible. The backs often spoiled promising moves, however, by atrocious passing, so that in several games few points were scored despite almost constant possession.

Especially worthy of mention were: Herbert for his strenuous leadership of the forwards, Ogden and Mercer for intelligent wing-forward play, Cowan for his work in the line-outs, Nightingale for ferocious tackling, Koffman for his elusive running and Hanson, a tower of strength in both defence and attack, and an able captain both on and off the field.

Finally we thank our supporters, parents and boys, who showed such an active interest in all our matches both at home and away.

Team: D. P. Gaskell, W. P. Cavanah, P. D. Hanson (captain), R. C. Back, P. S. Richardson, A. D. Koffman, A. J. McGlue, N. J. Burnside, K. Herbert, J. J. McMullen, D. G. Cowan, K. W. Nightingale, P. Mercer, I. G. Cundey, S. G. Ogden. Touch Judge: P. E. Beverley. Also played: P. J. Allman, P. J. Jandera, J. D. Tonks, A. J. Wilkinson (2).

RESULTS

v. Stockport G.S.	H W	8—0
v. Poundswick G.S.	A W	8—3
v. King Edward VII Schl., Lytham	H W	14—0
v. Manchester G.S.	A W	20—0
v. King's School, Macclesfield ...	A L	8—15
v. Cheadle Hulme School		Cancelled
v. Stockport School		Cancelled
v. Moseley Hall G.S.		Cancelled

Points For 58, Against 18.

HOUSE RUGBY

This was the first term of our new system of Saturday morning games after school and because of the kindness of the Old Boys in loaning us their ground coupled with the fact that School matches did not take up the pitches in the morning, we managed to play just as many games as before.

The House League, after a few weeks, developed into an intense struggle between Heywood and Whitworth, during which boys and Housemasters alike were anxiously watching the absence and injury list in case one of their 'stars' was involved. The season drew to a close, and the deciding round

could not be played, even after permission had been given to play it on the last morning of term. As a result the trophy was awarded to both teams to be held for half a term each.

The enthusiasm of the Houses has resulted in the League becoming a much keener competition in recent years, and accordingly the standard of play has improved considerably. Plenty of room remains for improvement but the Houses are to be congratulated on their efforts, in particular the House prefects. They have a very difficult task in making up their four teams, and filling in for absence and injury.

The early rounds of the Knock-outs produced some very exciting games, in particular, the match between Byrom and Whitworth. It was essentially a forward battle and produced some of the best tackling and falling of the season. Byrom went on to meet Gaskell in the final and, on paper, didn't really have a chance against a side fielding seven or eight players who had played for the School first team. A very hard game it turned out to be. At the end, with only a minute to go and Byrom leading 8—3, Gaskell scored midway out, leaving them with the kick for the equaliser. Unfortunately for them it failed and Byrom emerged as winners. They were also successful in the Junior Knock-out, winning by the same margin, 8—6.

House Notes

BYROM HOUSE

We congratulate R. E. Shufflebottom and S. G. Wood on their appointment as School Prefects, and A. J. B. Hilton, J. G. P. Morgan and E. Roberts on their appointment as House Prefects.

The highlight of the Michaelmas Term for the House was without doubt the winning by the House Knock-out Teams of both Senior and Junior Competitions. This was the first instance of this remarkable achievement for a considerable time, and both teams are to be congratulated. The Seniors, under the captaincy of S. G. Wood, had two extremely hard-fought matches, first against Whitworth and then, in the final against Gaskell, winning both by the narrow margin of 8—6. The Juniors, captained by J. K. Irving, beat both Dalton and Heywood, before meeting Gaskell in the final and winning also by 8—6. Both teams showed the benefit of having at hand a supply of enthusiastic and experienced House League players to combine with their School Team colleagues, and it was this fine team spirit which carried both teams through.

On the School Rugby teams S. G. Wood (vice-capt.), C. P. Langford, and R. E. Shufflebottom all

regained their 1st XV colours, while E. Roberts and J. G. Shawcross also appeared for the 1st XV: J. N. Jones played for the 2nd XV, D. R. Stott (Capt.), I. S. Ashcroft, I. D. McQueen, P. A. Meriman, M. A. Morris and G. Roberts for the Under 16 XV, P. S. Booth, J. K. Irving and J. S. Street for the Under 15 XV, and D. S. Buckley, J. M. Higginbottom and G. Stansfield for the Under 14 XV. This large representation is one excuse for the poor performances of most House League teams this season: a considerable improvement is expected here.

Finally our best wishes go to A. J. B. Hilton who is producing the House Play this term.

DALTON HOUSE

We congratulate K. Hamer and G. Henshall upon being appointed School Prefects, and F. J. Kenworthy, R. G. Bardsley, D. N. Brooks, R. Holroyd, T. J. Lees, R. Sleigh upon their appointments as House Prefects. R. Richards is captain of House Lacrosse, and J. Bateman Captain of Cross Country Running.

In the Rugby Knock-Out Competition both the Senior and Junior teams were unfortunately defeated in the first round, although there was no lack of enthusiasm. The Seniors lost to a strong Heywood team, and the Juniors to Byrom.

The House finished third in the House Rugby League Competition, with some good efforts from both Seniors and Juniors.

The following have represented the School on Rugby teams: R. Richards, 1st XV; R. T. Johnson, 3rd XV; G. Casale, L. Oliver, P. F. Veitch, Under 16; P. N. Bentley, P. J. Derlien, Under 15; H. Bond, D. J. Chambers, M. J. Slater, N. B. Wright, Under 14.

This term R. Richards has been appointed Vice-Captain of School Lacrosse.

We wish F. J. Kenworthy every success in his production of the House Play, *Inherit the Wind*.

We would also like to congratulate J. Bateman, on gaining entrance to Pembroke College, Oxford; G. Henshall, entrance to Jesus College, Oxford; and R. T. Johnson, entrance to Brasenose College, Oxford.

FRASER HOUSE

The rugby season was disappointing in some respects. In the Knock-Out Competition the Senior team contained a fair number of School team players, but despite this fact it never played the rugby we hoped to see and we were beaten by Gaskell in

the first round. The Juniors reached the semi-finals where they, too, lost to Gaskell because of an unfortunate lack of cohesion on a day when careful handling and understanding between players were imperative. In the House League our teams did quite well and although we lost our position at the top of the League later in the season this was not due to any lack of keenness. The enthusiasm with which many of our younger players, particularly members of the fourth team, went into the game was a good sign for the future.

The House was represented on School teams by D. R. Latham who played regularly for the 1st XV and was awarded colours; C. D. Townsend, D. P. Olley, S. A. Burgess, M. B. Rayburn, all of whom were awarded 2nd XV colours and who played for the 1st XV on occasion. A. P. Warburton, P. W. Butters, B. G. Buzza also played for the 2nd XV when required. S. J. Bertenshaw, R. Reed, I. J. Moran played for the Under 15 XV. K. L. McMurtrie, C. R. Marshall, D. P. Feeney, J. E. Ford, for the Under 14 XV and H. Graves played for the Under 13 XV.

D. F. L. Chadd has undertaken the difficult task of producing the House Play and we wish him every success. F. H. Draper has been appointed to captain House Cross-Country running whilst C. D. Townsend has been made captain of House and also School Lacrosse.

This season the House has a good supply of Lacrosse players from which to make up the teams. Since, at the time of writing, the House Lacrosse league has not yet begun, it seems an opportune moment to exhort every member of the House to do his utmost to make this an excellent season.

GASKELL HOUSE

Last term was a rather disappointing one as far as material success was concerned, all the more so because at one stage we were in an excellent position to achieve the elusive "double" in the rugby Knock-Out Competition. Both Senior and Junior teams had done very well to reach their respective finals—especially the Seniors, who had defeated a powerful Heywood team—but both threw away their chances in the vital game. Byrom (our opponents in each match) are to be congratulated on winning these two exciting games. In the League, too, there was a promising start to the season, but gradually the effort appeared to slacken off and we could not better our final position of fifth.

Perhaps this was in part due to the "loss" of so many players to School teams—on one occasion no less than seven Gaskell boys played for the 1st XV. Regular players in this team were D. G. Murray, N. M. Kennedy, I. G. Kennedy, I. N.

Dawson and D. S. Kaiserman, all of whom were either awarded or re-awarded their Colours; and occasional players were P. M. Swift, R. G. S. Dick (awarded 2nd XV colours) and N. B. Pearson (the Vice-Capt. of the Under 16 XV). Before he unfortunately had to leave the School, A. H. Williamson was appointed captain of the 2nd XV and A. J. Torkington gained his colours for this team. I. G. J. McGill and T. G. Davies played for the Under 16 XV and D. L. Worthing, B. P. Swift (each awarded Colours), G. J. Cooper and D. Lord for the Under 15 XV.

In other fields, too, the House continues to play an active part. N. B. Pearson, P. A. Royse, G. A. Eagland, R. H. Roberts and G. Hibbert all had parts in the School production of *Richard II* and now that this has finished, the House is proceeding with rehearsals for its entry in the House Play Competition, the trophy for which it currently holds (jointly with Heywood House)—and intends to keep. In other School activities—and there are plenty of them—Gaskell has many representatives. R. R. Trevitt and P. Royse are important members of the Stage Staff; D. S. Kaiserman remains Secretary of the Donner Union and plays for the Badminton Team, of which P. Swift is Secretary; G. A. Eagland has helped to found a Sixth Form Jazz Club, which is beginning to command great interest.

As regards our expectations for the coming Lacrosse season, it is really too early to predict—though already both I. G. Kennedy and his brother, N. M. Kennedy, and D. G. Murray have played for the 1st XII; I. M. Dawson, J. S. Torkington, R. I. G. Morgan, D. G. Moore, C. W. Beaumont have played for the 2nd XII. Similarly P. W. Grossman and R. P. Nunn are on the Junior Cross-Country Team. Suffice it to say that the talent is undoubtedly present—the effort is all that is required.

HEYWOOD HOUSE

We congratulate D. Robinson on his Hulme Scholarship in English at Brasenose College, Oxford.

Last term was highly satisfactory and most pleasing in a number of ways, especially for the keenness and good spirit amongst the Junior members of the House, which was due, no doubt, to the enthusiasm of the Seniors.

The Seniors played some fine open rugby in the 1st round of the Knock-Out Competition, and defeated Dalton comfortably. The 2nd Round did not prove as successful for them and they were defeated by a superior Gaskell team. A. F. Thomas

was the star in both games for Heywood. The Juniors were captained by T. C. Cunliffe. After obtaining a bye in the first round, they were defeated in the second by a very strong Byrom team, which went on to win the final.

The House cannot be praised highly enough for their achievements in the Rugby League Competition, not only for the fact that the House finished top, but also for the wonderful enthusiasm and will to win throughout the four teams, to encourage which was the main reason for introducing this trophy. The Crucible Cup was eventually shared with Whitworth, who finished only six points in arrears.

A. F. Thomas was captain of School Rugby; B. L. Andrew, J. D. Shuttleworth and M. R. Tweed played for the 2nd XV; P. W. Booth, A. D. Etchells, P. R. Radcliffe and C. N. Jenkinson for the 3rd XV; M. J. H. Burns and J. R. M. Ward for the U. 16; T. C. Cunliffe and A. Steel for the U. 15 and F. Halstead and J. F. Wilde played for the U. 14.

A. F. Thomas is appointed captain of House Lacrosse, T. C. Cunliffe, captain of Junior House Lacrosse, and P. W. Booth, captain of House Cross-Country Running.

C. N. Jenkinson has been appointed captain of the School Lacrosse 2nd XII.

Finally, we wish every success to the producer, A. F. Thomas, and those participating in the House Production of *The Long and the Short and the Tall*.

WHITWORTH HOUSE

Our congratulations are due to G. A. Rogerson who has won a Minor Scholarship in English at Christ's College, Cambridge; and to J. M. Quail on his appointment as School Prefect.

Having drawn a bye in the first round of the Senior Knock-Outs, Whitworth was narrowly defeated by Byrom in the semi-finals. P. J. Wood, Captain of House Rugby, was unhappily prevented from playing by a leg injury received a short time previously, and though there was never any lack of enthusiasm in forwards or backs, a little more inspiration in the three-quarter line could have made all the difference. Within seconds of the kick-off a concerted thrust had given the House a three-point lead, but this feat was not to be repeated. Two points down in the second half, the House forced itself again and again into the opposition's twenty-five but, once there, found that all action seemed to produce an equal and opposite reaction just sufficient to deny them the fruits of their labours. A second impish breakthrough by Byrom finally put Whitworth out of the running.

The Junior Knock-Out team, captained by R. Edwards, played well against Fraser in the first round, but could not avoid defeat. There is much potential talent in the younger members of the House and their inconsistency in league matches may only reflect their underestimation of the importance of these matches. As it was, they came within an ace of depriving the House of the league prize which we now hold jointly with Heywood. The regular House First Team, led by D. A. Ebbage, did not sustain a single defeat throughout the term and amassed a formidable total of points. The team's blood-curdling war-cry of *Reprisals!* seldom failed to strike terror into the hearts of opponents, while J. M. Quail infected his fellow players with a rare barbaric fervour which was no small factor in their success.

Whitworth was well represented on School Teams. P. J. Wood, R. H. Dakin and J. H. Heaton were regular members of the 1st XV, joined on several occasions by A. A. Jackson who otherwise played for the U. 16's. A. MacLean, E. G. Barrie, P. C. M. Roberts and J. M. Quail played for the 2nd XV, of which H. F. Lyon was captain. The 3rd XV included J. H. Wilde, D. A. Ebbage, S. R. Ebbage, K. Harris, J. M. Kelly, D. A. Ranson and J. L. Preece. Other School Team players were:—U.16 P. H. Burgoyne; U.15 R. Edwards, P. W. McNulty, A. G. Calder and J. M. Gwilliam; U.14 K. B. Lodge and P. M. Fidler.

The death occurred in December of R. F. Stockdale, Head of House during most of last year. His loyalty and service to the House throughout his School career will long be remembered.

Hulme Lads' Club Collection

This year's total is rather below that of last year, mainly because some forms have been less successful than the rest of their year, but the national economic stringency may also have affected it. The outstanding collections have been the Prep., whose numbers have been reduced this year, 5A, and the Division, which contained only 15 boys.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
1a	28	6	0	5y	28	17	4
1b	29	3	6	5a	37	5	6
1c	16	18	4	5l	15	9	9
2a	25	17	5	D	14	7	6
2b	19	1	2	6l	49	19	3
2y	20	12	5	6u/m	51	4	9
3a	26	14	11	Prep.	88	11	6
3l	28	10	1	Misc.	31	11	9
4y	25	18	6				
4a	22	14	7				
4l	18	13	9	Total ...	£579	18	0

Winter Sports in Austria

The gentle throb of the mighty engines, mingled with the chatter of happy potential skiers, was broken by the clear voice of the air hostess as she explained that owing to fog at Stuttgart we would be landing at Munich, on that ill-fated tarmac of 1958.

Soon the plane had passed through the blanket of low cloud and was crossing the outskirts of the city of München. There was a thin wafer of snow around the brightly-coloured houses. After fastening our safety belts, we were down. Then followed a coach journey through the night to Mayrhofen—our destination. We arrived about 9-30 p.m. and were promptly served dinner in, I suppose, the typical Austrian tradition. It was a change, and delicious.

In the morning, following a good night's sleep in a cosy hotel with double windows to exclude cold, we collected skis and boots and trudged up the main street of the town and out to the practice slopes further up the valley, where we learnt to stay upright on skis. As we arrived late, we missed being shown the techniques of getting up, but bitter experience soon taught us that small detail. We progressed steadily, and soon we could actually turn and stop. By this time, the snow on the practice slopes had melted to an extent which prevented ski-ing. So the obvious answer was to go by cable railway, the Penkenbahn, to the much steeper and consequently much faster ski slopes on the top.

As the week wore on, the climate became warmer until on the last but one day, the temperature reached 78°F. with not a cloud in the sky. That day we had a downhill race in which seven of our party won medals: one gold, three silver and three bronze. This proved an excellent climax to the holiday, as early the following Sunday morning with the church bell ringing away into the distance, we left, homeward bound for the storm-troubled coasts of England.

Our grateful thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Jecny, without whom such an unforgettable time would not have been possible. Also to Mr. W. Jackson for his sportsmanship and patience with all concerned.

D. J. CHAMBERS, 3A.

Notre Dame de Paris

We had travelled long, and the road had not been easy. Rest was pleasing to my limbs. A meal was

even more welcome; the coffee was sweet and warm.

Yet soon the sensibility of new surroundings re-awakened the mind, dulled by a long weariness. Thoughts and expectations once more crowded in on one's senses, refreshing, re-invigorating and holding the fascination of the unfamiliar. A new way of life is around, a different tongue, a different world. The inward eye sweeps outward, penetrating the surrounding walls, and gazing with wonder on this City of Paris.

The latch clicks on the door and we two stood together but alone. We, now, are the foreigners; it is we who speak the alien phrases, not they. It is we who are to be noticed and remarked about. With caution we step out down the cobble street, and face the unknown and somewhat forbidding city that, to us in the evening of our first night there, is Paris. Our eyes wander over the hard damp street, over the dirty scarred walls, over the ramshackle shutters with peeling paint; our ears listen and hear many sounds, often familiar, but changed by these strange surroundings into a novel experience; our noses, so long insensible, freshen to the flavour of this French town; garlic and onions underline its nationality. Here's a little tabac, well-used, well-loved, well-placed, opposite the Commisariat. Its meagre light illumines a feline dust-bin that licks the vestiges of soup from an oddly English tin. A car rattles past, gyrates around one of its compatriots and rattles on. A policeman swings his baton under a street lamp. We turn down the Rue de la— (the name is obliterated) and we are confronted with the darkness off the Panthéon. In the shadows, this huge monument, where lie the last relics of France's empire, guards the grey alley-ways which are our route, and ominous fingers of gloom bar the way. A dog crawls away then scampers in scrawny fear.

"Ah! Paul—ta gueule! ta gueule!—au diable! Ha"—a window slams and we move on.

The night is warm, and the stars can be seen through the garlic. But Cinquième holds it secrets. There are few people about; perhaps it is late? *Algerie Française*? We stroll on, descending now, as another tabac holds out its little cone, offering *Gitanes* and *Oranjus*, perhaps even some 'Rédiffusion' to pass the time. What's on? *De Gaule*? *News*? Ah, nothing like home comforts—*Waggon Train*.

The little rue continues downwards, the stars still shine; garlic is still there. And there stands the Cathedral, *Notre Dame de Paris*, magnificent and majestic, bathed in light against a sable sky. She stands, dominating and powerful, looking down on the ancient city as she does down the pageantry of the ages. Such sudden beauty I have never known

as on first beholding this massive yet delicate pile, alone upon her half-island. Each chiselled flower and web is pointed out; stone on stone, buttress on buttress, tower on tower, spire on spire, soaring high to heaven in all her Gothic splendour. Here lies the heart of Paris, here lies the heart of France, here lies the colour and majesty of history. Every shaped stone, every painted-glass fragment, every placed tile is like an episode in the romance of the ages, which, as they are pieced together make a full picture, and so is made the mighty cathedral. Through the torment of the ages this silent anthem has stood, this symphony in stone, this portrait of grey time; whose hallowed walls no storm has ever taken. On her steps have trod the faceless, changing multitude of Paris, good and bad, great and insignificant—yet she remains unchanged and unchanging. Though fabulous, still cries the voice of Quasimodo from her arches, "Sanctuaire! Sanctuaire!" Here the history of France, and the faith of France meet and have their union, a union crystallised in stone and gold.

Beauty and strength, glory and simplicity, strength and sanctuary—all these are *Notre Dame de Paris*.

F. J. KENWORTHY, 6CM.

Viewed from Behind

Waking

I fall as from a star,
As devils from heaven
Into this rude mundane life.
Wear convention as a strait-jacket!
Be as puppets to politicians!
Be blown to bit by bombs before bleating.
Dispel all Morphean thought and
Cast carelessly(?) away creative cerebration.
Conform, you Philistines!

Conforming now.

Casting aside ambition and
Conforming.
Get up; wash; dress; break fast; work—and
Conforming.
Working like a slave, a cog in a machine, a
cypher, a unit of production, working,
working, working until the machine says,
'Stop!'

Work.

Work for the State,
Keep working—50% more boot-laces this year
than last

strolled, with fishing rods under his arm, towards some rocks bordering the beach.

By now, the sun, big and red, was sinking quickly below a black craggy headland, and the heather blushed in the fading light. The long streaks of cloud turned from red to grey and the moon appeared, cold and strange, not yet in keeping with the still warm air and dark blue sea. There was a roar and a crash of gears at the bottom of the hill. The Land Rover and trailer leapt forward and careered dangerously up the track. As it approached I deserted the bridge and watched the driver, chanting something like a wild Hebridean threnody, skilfully cross the burn. The end of the trailer scraped horribly as it grounded on the bridge and the vehicle swerved away into the gathering gloom.

All was quiet again, even the insects had ceased to hum. I looked at the sharp outline of the edge of the moor against the evening sky, and wondered how far inland I could see in the twilight. I walked on before it was too late.

I. N. DAWSON, 6ML.

Nocturne

Chaste, night breathes abstraction
round willow spires and factory fingers,
leaning on infinity.

Silence is a presence, a flute
weaving mystical dreams
of flowers blooming at sunset, and
scenes forgotten since the nursery.

On earth and granite tombs the silky
spiderwebs gleam:
the moon, tatooing icy light on lakes,
hovers like a metal bird, before a void
the size of eternity,
and far beyond all, lacing the heavens,
the silver bliss of a trillion stars,
suggesting pantheism,
whispers hope to dying leaves.

IAN T. WHEATLEY, 6ML.

A Village Scene

I am very fond of the West Wales coastline and parts of Pembrokeshire. Some of the villages I have visited there will remain engraved in my mind all my life as the most natural and picturesque in the

country. One image stands out from the rest, the place; Llangrannog. The time; about two years ago during that very hot summer we had. One evening I had gone for a stroll over the cliff-tops to watch one of the most beautiful sunsets I had ever seen and I was making my way back to the village over the cliff path.

At last the village came into sight. It lay nestled in a small bay, with rugged cliffs on either side. It reminded me of Cornwall. It was not a large village, just the village pub, with the fishermen's cottages and other small dwellings clustered together. It was so small and quaint that it looked just like a fairy village. The smoke from the chimneys rose slowly, very slowly up into the darkening evening sky. The oil lamps in the cottages threw their flickering light out of the windows on to the neat little gardens.

I sat down beside the path, to enjoy this pleasant scene. The occasional bark of a dog, the flash of a cat's eyes as it stared out into the night; the laugh of old fishermen sitting outside the pub, pipes in their mouths, tankards in their hands, swapping tales of their younger days; the creak of the mooring ropes in the harbour, as the slight swell tried to rock the boats to sleep. The distant chug, chug of the coastguard launch as it rounded the far point; the cry of some sea-bird making for its nest high in the cliff-face: these were the only sounds which disturbed the placid, tranquil, warm evening air; air tainted with the smell of wood smoke from the cottage fires; air so sweet, so pure, that one could almost drink it.

A scene like this has to be seen to be imagined. Words cannot express what I saw. As I made my way down from the cliff path, the noise of the few people, laughing and talking, came closer and closer.

I reached the first cottage, its thatched roof looking top heavy over its small walls. The front door was open, as is normal in these small villages. An old sailor, in his battered navy blue sea jersey sat in the doorway sucking a battered clay pipe. Its aroma filled the still air around his cottage, giving it a sort of romantic touch. Faint music leaked out from behind the now closed shutters. He seemed to be half asleep, I don't know. Perhaps he was thinking of the time when he was my age, an age when life was very much the same as it is now in his village. Modern times have just skimmed over his village, his village where he was born, had lived and would die; the village that belongs to everyone in this small settlement, to fishermen whose sons think of nothing else but the sea, the sea which is their life, the life which has been handed down from generation to generation, father to son; the life which will perhaps continue for another generation. Who knows?—Nobody knows.

As I continued walking slowly through the village I passed the old pub. It wasn't the type of pub which city people think of. It was an old cottage, where the ceilings are so low that one has to stoop. Its heavy oak beams criss-cross the ceiling. Its walls are covered with relics of bygone days, relics gathered from the seashore, from shipwrecks, from one hundred and one different sources; all collected from the sea, lanterns, bells, lifebelts, ropes, guns, etc. The air in the pub smelt of pipe smoke and beer. It sounded with the quiet talk of fishermen exchanging tales. As I continued on my way, I noticed the two sea lanterns hanging in the doorway—Red and Green—Port and Starboard.

Soon I was clear of the village, making my way home to our hotel about two miles inland. I will always remember that evening. The image is so engraved in my mind that nothing can remove it. Perhaps if you are down in West Wales, you will come across this village. If you do, please let me know what your thoughts are. I am sure you will agree with what I have said.

G. MORGAN, L6S.

The Woods

Up to about last summer I scornfully disregarded all ghost stories as fictional nonsense, but now my opinion is different. True, the story I am about to tell is a ghost story, but at the risk of being laughed at by my listeners, I feel I must tell it nonetheless.

I had first better identify myself. Well, I am a schoolboy of fifteen years who goes to a northern grammar school. Now, every two months since I was thirteen I have had a dream. This may not seem remarkable in itself, even though I am not partial to cheese-and-pickle suppers. But the thing was, all of the eighteen-odd dreams I have had in this regular fashion have been identical in every respect except details. I am walking along a woodland path on a moonlit night, and after about five or ten minutes I arrive at an old gnarled oak tree jutting across the pathway. As I walk round this I suddenly see someone in front of me; but, strangely, it is they who are surprised, not I. Whoever it is I startle—and in every dream it is a different person—they are always transfixed with terror, then they run away from me in blind panic. I feel an eerie sense of satisfaction—and wake up.

Well, that is the first part of my story over. Next we turn to a specific time and place, that is, in the School holidays last August, at a little Caernarvon-

shire fishing port called Borth-y-Madoc, where I spent last year's holiday with my family.

Borth is a very pretty little village. Indeed, it has won awards for being such. Not the least appealing thing about it is the little wood on the hill above the village that you reach by a path next to the church. The locals, however, will not mention a thing about the wood. It seems they never go there, and if you were to broach the subject, you would either get it politely changed, or aloof, Welsh silence. I did pointedly and, I am afraid, rather forcibly, ask the landlady where we were staying why this was so, and was told it was "not a nice place at all, what with all the queer-shaped trees, and the ghosts, and so on."

Naturally, on hearing the word 'ghosts', I had to investigate, so, one night, with a full moon and no cloud, I went on my own into the wood, bent on proving there were no such things as 'ghosts'. The path led up a hill, and near the top I suddenly noticed there was something oddly familiar about a tree that jutted out over the path just ahead. I realised that it was the other side of the tree in my eerie bi-monthly dream. There was a nasty prickling sensation up my spine as I went forward a little. Suddenly a Being came from behind the tree and stared at me, smiling. It was the image of myself.

I turned and ran as fast as I could back down the hill until a loop of a tree-root snared my foot and I fell headlong, giving my wrist a bad sprain. I got up again and turned round, but there was nothing there. The withered tree stood alone, silhouetted against the moon.

One week later, when we returned home, the time came round for my bi-monthly dream, which was always accurate to the day. Once more there was the woodland walk, once again I rounded the old oak, and there again I startled someone. This time, however, there was a difference for the person I frightened this time was myself, as I was on holiday. I realised that this was a repeat of the incident in Borth Wood previously, only from another point of view, that of the thing that had scared me. I saw myself turn and run down the hillside. At the moment I saw my foot trip over the root, I woke up.

I woke up with a curious, inexplicable sense of finality, as though my having met myself in the wood meant the end of these curious dream-haunt linkages every two months. As it happened, this was true. I have not dreamed of that wood with its ugly, gnarled trees from that day to this.

That is the end of the story, apart from two details. The first, which I half expected, was that the Ghost of Borth Wood had not made an appearance for two consecutive times, a phenomenon

which caused the greatest amazement and speculation in the area. The second thing is, in my view, rather important. It is simply this: last night I had another dream, in which much the same sort of thing happened as previously, except that the location was different. This time it seemed to be in some dockyard or other, as I remember noticing the outlines of cranes and a big ship in the background.

Soon, I suppose, I shall have to start making discreet inquiries around Manchester Docks.

A. D. MASON, 5L.

There was no Answer

He paused on the fringe of the forest, a screen of dark giants loomed in front of him, whispering to each other, contemplating this lone stranger who paused at the mouth of a cave with walls and roof of black waving trees.

He looked back once, down the hill where the moon-lit road wound over hill and dale to the horizon of snow-capped mountains like a yellow ribbon over ruffled cloth.

He looked back once and entered. At once the whispering of the trees grew more agitated and their branches seemed to point at him, accusing him of breaking the eternal laws of the forest. He hesitated, but pushed on until he reached his friend's abode, situated in a small clearing on the side of a small hillock. As he was going up to the entrance, he stopped dead in his tracks: what reception would he have? He had been away a long time and had left his companion quite alone. She might not still be there; she might have fled to the open downs where it was not so eerie at night and where the sun shone brightly on a summer's day. He called her softly—there was no answer. He called again, a little louder—still no answer.

Then a thought struck him, so horrible that he pushed it from him not being able to bear thinking about it. But he could not bring himself to go to the entrance. He walked farther up the road and then into the wood itself. The trees seemed strangely silent now and the pallid moon, filtering through the mesh of leaves above him made a mosaic pattern on the black ground, soft and wet and cool under his tired hot feet. He skirted round the back of the hillock and called again and started to call again, when he checked himself as his low call echoed back to him amidst the rustle of the insects in the grass at his feet and the wind above his head. He grunted at himself for being scared and started to climb the hillock.

That thought struck him again and with it the resolve to find the answer. He feared the worst, but

would not admit it to himself: but he found himself climbing more rapidly until he got to the top where he called loudly again and again, ignoring the echoes, the accusing trees, the questioning insects. He called as loudly as he could and then stopped, waiting for an answer. None came. His chest began to heave, his breathing grew heavy and laboured, and his wet flanks steamed. He hurtled down the slope stopping dead in front of his hole. It was barred and in its entrance lay his companion, a dead vixen, mauled and lying in a pool of blood. He whined, but was not answered; he howled to the heavens and not even the wind replied. He staggered, drops of blood on his brow, and fell rolling down the slope, his dead vixen's paw tight in his mouth and lay dead at the bottom. A fox and a vixen side by side, one killed by hounds, the other because he had had no answer.

R. E. Cox, 5L.

The Message

He had never enjoyed being at the control centre. Ever since he had been transferred six weeks ago from the Cape, he had felt uneasy. He had never loved responsibility, and he had begun to realise, as it was not intended that he should realise, the power of his position. He tried, in the initial stages of his enlightenment, to pass off his thoughts without seriously considering them, but this soon became impossible, and with the passing of time these thoughts developed into fears which preyed on his mind at night; fears which, in the light of day receded as the dark shadows of night recede, into the inner recesses of his brain, but, as the passing of the sun lengthens the shadows so the fears sauntered forth to prevent sleep and fill him with an air of foreboding. He himself and only he held the peace of the world between his hand and two telephones, in the form of a large red push-button.

The truth of this had dawned on him slowly and now he knew that he had been chosen for this task because of his reputation for never questioning the authority, or the moral implications of his orders. They had placed him in this tomb, a holy of defensive holies, somewhere, no one else knew where, deep in the rock, in some remote area of America. He was the final link in a chain of detection and tracking stations and one day his judgment was to be tested.

One evening as he sat in his chamber, with a scientific periodical on his knee, and the banks of electrically controlled apparatus humming and

clicking in subdued tones, a panel of dials and switches suddenly lit up, indicating either a malfunctioning, or that a station was about to communicate. Instead of summoning one of the electricians to attend to the fault, he arose and walked over to the panel. He was disturbed to see that the indicators showed that further action was necessary. A message was arriving over the telegraph system connecting their centre with Thule and already a length of tape had emerged from a slot in front of him. He ripped away the tape when it had ceased moving and read it. The haunting fears he had felt were at the same time realised. The message ordered him to mobilise all the Western aggressive resources instantly.

His mind was filled with impressions of the world above, which he had forsaken six weeks ago for the impregnable tomb he now inhabited. He was to destroy it all, or he was to have destroyed it all. He knew instantaneously that his mind was made up, his decision taken. He walked back to his chair, conscious now that the emergency warning lights on the Thule switchboard were flashing. He quickly closed the automatic doors sealing his room to prevent the staff hearing the siren which he knew would soon wail. He then calmly gave out the periodic all clear to the launching sites.

Seated amid the cacophony he attempted to visualise the appearance of his homeland after a nuclear war and he became increasingly convinced that his decision was correct. Any nation deserving of life could not possibly wish to wreak such a terrible revenge despite the death of the avenger.

The noise ceased, the lights snapped out. He jumped up and stood transfixed unable to comprehend the reason for this sudden change. A bell rang on the desk beside him. With a convulsive gesture, he grabbed the receiver and pressed it to his ear. A garbled, panic-stricken voice spoke. He heard the words, "... urgent ... stop ... mistook moon ... no attack ... hold everything ...," before he slipped into a swirling abyss of unconsciousness.

R. H. ROBERTS, 5A.

How I Brought the Good News

"Ere, watch where you're going!" wheezed a little old man, indignantly, as I hustled past him, pushing him to one side. "Got no manners—these young uns—ave they? Always in an 'urry, they are," he continued to the plump woman, in the red coat and floral head-scarf, who had turned from looking at the "slashed prices" in a shop window, to regard the incident with a look of

horror on her fat face. I paid no heed, however, to this protesting old gentleman, for in town on Saturday afternoon, when the sales are on, and one is in such a hurry as I was, there is no time for courtesy.

I rushed on, pushing my way through the crowd. Like ants they swarmed through the streets, each on his own little errand, but I had not acquired the shoppers' knack of weaving a way through the crowd, and the only way I could make any progress was to shove and push and jostle my way through. They did not realise what vitally important tidings, what wonderful news, what joyful message I was bearing home. I dashed into an opening on the outer flank of the crowd, ran a few yards along the edge of the pavement, then elbowed my way through to the other side, and, with a glance behind me, ran into a side street, being narrowly missed by an approaching car, whose driver stuck his head out of the window and yelled after me not to be in such a hurry. Not taking his advice, however, I sprinted down the street, round a corner, a few hundred yards down another street and back to the main road. By this time the sweat was pouring down my face and my legs were feeling weak.

"Not far to go now," I thought, stumbling and then bumping into a short, middle-aged gentleman, who looked as though he ought to have been wearing the uniform of an officer in the army, and carrying a baton under his arm. Instead, he was wearing a dark grey suit and a bowler hat and carrying some parcels, which he dropped all over the pavement. His face turned red and he spluttered with rage for a few seconds, before he could gather enough breath to order me to pick up his scattered belongings. However, during his temporary speechlessness I had taken the opportunity to put a few yards of crowded street between him and myself. For a few minutes, while I regained breath, I allowed myself to be carried along with the crowd. Then, to the annoyance of the people in front of me, I began to push with renewed vigour. I suppose I can forgive, in the circumstances, their unco-operative behaviour, for, of course, they had no idea of the importance of the news I carried.

At last I reached the corner of our street. A cool, refreshing breeze met me as I turned into it. I ran faster and faster, I could see our green gate in the distance, faster, faster I ran ... I was running up the path, I rang the bell, I almost collapsed exhausted on the step. My father opened the door.

"Dad, the Rovers won," I gasped.

It was the first time in three years our side, the Rovers, had beaten the neighbouring town's football team.

R. FLANAGAN, 4Y.

The Highland Games

One of the highlights of our stay in Scotland last year was a visit to the Edinburgh Highland Games. We obtained very good seats in the stands and, the games having commenced, we sat down to enjoy them. As the games were being held at a rugby stadium, namely, Murrayfield, the running track was shorter than 440 yards. Thus the races involved running 110 yards past the start to the finish. Herb Elliott was to have run in one event but was not able to do so; however, we did see Derik Ibbotson and other personalities. Apart from running there were hurdling, free-style wrestling, long jumping, high jumping and pole vaulting. These and other events were between the city of Edinburgh and the city of Munich.

The score was announced at intervals and put up on a score-board and after a very close battle Munich just won. Edinburgh scored a lot of points in throwing the weight over the bar. In this event a giant of a Scotsman continually beat the Munich competitors, and, after he made a new games record, was so good that the bar had reached its highest position and he still could do it. So, the Scotsman was, in a way, too good altogether.

Of course, the Highland Games has its peculiar attractions. There was a children's highland dancing competition accompanied by bagpipes which took place on a platform during most of the Games. After we had watched some of this, we went into the outer enclosure where events like putting the shot and throwing the hammer were taking place. But the event one always thinks of when the Highland Games are mentioned is, of course, tossing the caber. This even attracted the attention of people in passing trains. A massive pine trunk which needed six men to carry it was used. These six men heaved it upright with a certain amount of effort. From then on, one of the big muscular Scotsmen (wearing a kilt and fisherman's knit pullover) took over. He leaned his shoulder against the trunk and hugged it tightly, and, with a supreme effort, heaved it upwards. He then brought his hands gradually down until he was holding the caber by the underside. From that time all his effort went into keeping the trunk balanced. Sometimes it went off balance and fell backwards, but if this did not happen he attempted to toss the caber. He staggered forward a few steps and with all his strength hoisted the caber aloft.

Unfortunately, no competitor managed to toss it, that is, turn it right over, even though a number of lengths were sawn off the caber. The only competitor who nearly managed to do it was the man who beat the record in throwing the weight over

the bar. One point that interested me was that the Scots people we met told us that the correct pronunciation of "caber" was (contrary to that in the Dictionary) with a short "a" as in "taxi-cab".

When we returned to the stadium the Games were coming to a close. A final spurt by Munich won the match for them, then the finale started. There were bands of all descriptions, including, of course, bagpipe bands, playing popular tunes.

So ended a very interesting and exciting day which I shall always remember.

J. DUKINFELD, 4Y.

Truro

Truro is a peaceful county town. It is not very big, but what it lacks in size it gains in its pleasant surroundings. I say 'peaceful and quiet', for, at least, it used to be so, several years ago. Now, it is over-run with tourists who have no respect for beauty. They travel about the Cornish countryside picnicking in their hundreds at a few particular beauty-spots. If one is there to see them, one observes that they munch and drink without admiring the country around them at all. Then gradually, one by one, they pack up and drive off. One looks at the cars as they pass from view, then one turns around, and sees that what was once a beauty-spot is no longer. All one can see is litter! However, I shall not stress the unpleasant details of Truro and its environs in summer.

In the winter Truro changes, as if by magic, to its old self. No bustling crowds and no traffic-jams with which the traffic lights cannot deal, meet the eye. Nothing of that sort spoils Truro off season.

Truro, like many towns, is situated on a river, in this case the Truro River. Alongside this is a timber yard where foreign ships dock for a day or two to unload their cargoes of timber and coal. The station lies on a hill so that incoming trains have to cross a viaduct before entering it. Trains rarely run on time and as one Cornishman said, "Ef 'ee be in a 'urry, you'm be'rn in the 'rong part o' the worl'."

Along River Street, the Station road, are most of the hotels. Here also, is the Museum which depicts ancient Cornish history and has a fine collection of stuffed birds and minerals. Further along River Street one comes to a cross-roads where it is intersected by Lemon Street. This is an example of a Georgian street of which there are not many in Cornwall. Besides some smaller Methodist Chapels, Truro has a magnificent Victorian-Gothic Cathedral. On Sunday one can see people strolling down the narrow back streets towards it. In winter

the big shops have less business than the popular 'pubs'. Most people 'pop down to the local for a short'n'.

The chief residential area is along the river banks but, as Truro is a growing city, new estates have been built to cope with the increasing population. Several of these are on a higher level and command a beautiful view of the river.

The peace and quite of this cathedral-dominated estuary is complete in autumn and winter. All to be heard is the screeching of the gulls, an occasional booming of a ship's siren or perhaps the chiming of the town hall clock. It is not uncommon to see a boat trapped on the mud flats by the ebbing tide. Out of season, this old city returns to the past. Its atmosphere is that of a village rather than a town, so undisturbed is its tranquillity, and in this tranquillity, the true character of Cornish rural life emerges. It is certainly a pity that Truro is only as peaceful as this in winter!

A. J. D. PEARSON, 2Y.

Old Hulmeians Notes and News

Readers will not fail to notice that the list of deaths recorded below is an exceptionally long one. We cannot console ourselves with the thought that the majority died in the fullness of years. The reverse is the case, for illness or misadventure was generally the cause, rather than advanced years.

We have recently learnt that R. H. Pearson, one of the first boys to enter the School, died in February, last year. He was a Vice-President of the O.H.A., of which he was a prominent member. He was the first President of the Association of Old Hulmeians in London, when it was resuscitated after World War II.

Kenneth Rains, much better known as "Tubby", had a distinguished career as an athlete at School. When he left he joined his father as an estate agent and many Old Boys and members of the staff have reason to remember with gratitude his professional services so generously and kindly performed. He was a staunch member of the Old Hulmeians Association and a distinguished member of the Old Boys' Lacrosse First Team. Of latter years his health had been extremely precarious. He will be remembered with regret for his habitual cheerfulness, kindness and geniality.

Of Kenneth Jeffrey Ruddlesdin we have seen little since he left School; but the nature of his career may well have been the explanation for that. He was a Senior Captain in British European Airways and was in charge of the Comet plane which crashed at Ankara, Turkey, on December 21st with

the loss of the entire crew and 20 of the 27 passengers.

We were particularly sorry to learn of the death of Rodney Stockdale, who left School only last summer to enter the University at Sheffield, where he died. He fought bravely and cheerfully while at School against the heart affliction which curbed his activities so grievously and brought about his untimely death. He will leave a memory precious to his friends, as well as to his parents and his brother, Glynn, also an Old Hulmeian.

The tragic death of J. P. Ritchie, so soon after he had left School and when life seemed so full of promise for him, came as a profound shock. We can only express our deepest sympathy with his parents in their irreparable loss of their only son and feel grossly inadequate in doing so.

J. P. V. Woollam has been appointed Chairman of Simon-Carves Ltd. of Stockport.

David Gosling has returned to Manchester from Brasilia, the new capital of Brazil, where he has been doing research in architecture and city planning on a Brazilian Government Scholarship. He has spent part of the time working in Rio de Janeiro, where he designed a small factory. He was invited to stay in Brasilia to work under Oscar Neimeyer, the chief designer of the new city. He has, however, returned to Manchester City Architect's Department and has been offered a lectureship in Architecture at Manchester University. On previous occasions he has held scholarships in the United States and in Italy.

John Williamson, M.A. (King's College, London), B.Sc. (Manchester) has been appointed to a lectureship in Philosophy at Monash University, Victoria, Australia.

Ian Graham-Bryce has been appointed to a lectureship in Biochemistry and Soil Science in the School of Agriculture at Bangor University College of North Wales, on leaving Oxford where he has been working for his D.Phil.

After holding an appointment in Wimbledon for three years, J. N. McManus has returned to Lancashire to become Education Officer with the County Borough of Bootle.

Dr. F. M. Broadhurst of Manchester University Department of Geology has unearthed a fossilised skeleton of a 180 million years old reptile, 14 feet in length, at Robin Hood's Bay, near Whitby. This discovery has recently been reported in the press and was discussed in a Television programme.

F. Cooper has been appointed manager of all Messrs. Lewis's food departments.

R. D. Hankinson passed the Final Examination of the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors last June.

All readers will share our regret that M. Lord's hopes of retaining his Blue for Rugby Football at Cambridge University were shattered, when he unfortunately broke his leg whilst playing against the London Scottish. Previously he had regularly played on the side.

G. R. Barnes was elected on October 24th to a Fellowship of the Royal Institute of Chemistry.

We were glad to see at School G. A. Knowles, Sales Manager of Duplan of Canada, Montreal, when home on a visit.

G. V. Chivers, who is on the staff of Chadderton Grammar School, is Secretary of the local branch of the Historical Association.

We hear from Rear-Admiral C. R. Darlington, a former member of the School Staff, that he met A. Wrigley, who is a Civil Servant in the Admiralty, at Malta while visiting there on duty last year.

F. J. Wheeler has appeared on the Television Screen as a News-caster for I.T.V. (Granada).

B. P. Topley has taken part in a Radio Programme on Bridge, at which he is an expert.

In response to our appeal for further examination results, we have been informed that J. D. Eccleston obtained B.Sc. Hons. in Chemical Engineering (Class II, Division I) at Swansea University at Midsummer. We are very glad to learn this and shall welcome any other similar items of news in the future. As will be seen from University Correspondents' Reports the number of Universities attended by Old Hulmeians is ever widening and increasing. It will be impossible to keep track of results without the co-operation of those involved. Letters from other universities will be published in our next issue.

Regret has been expressed in some quarters that items such as the foregoing are not more numerous, but we must repeat that we can only extend this feature of the magazine with the help of Old Boys themselves. Most of the above items derive from Editorial News-scanning. We very heartily welcome therefore the appointment of N. V. Barber to act as Old Hulmeians' liaison officer with the editor. We hope, however, that will not deter anyone from writing to the editor, himself, at School, if he finds it more convenient to do so.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS

ARCHER—On October 16, to Jean and Douglas Archer, a daughter.

DUERDEN—On October 19, to Sheila and Bill Duerden, a son.

MCCORMICK—On October 31, to Diane, wife of Flying Officer R. W. A. McCormick, a son.

ETCHELLS—On December 3, to Michele and Brian Etchells, a son.

CLARKE—On December 8, to Gillian and Kenneth Clarke, a daughter.

COOPER—On December 12, to Betty and Neville Cooper, a daughter.

FEARON—On December 15, to Joyce and John W. Fearon, a daughter.

HEWITT—On December 21, to Joyce and David Hewitt, a daughter.

GINEVER—On December 24, to David and Jill Ginever, a daughter.

GIBSON—On January 1, to Patricia and Robin Gibson, a daughter.

CUSICK—On January 7, to Brigid and Gordon Cusick, a daughter.

DUNWORTH—On January 7, to Dr. Alan and Jean Dunworth, a son.

WILDMAN—On January 7, to Sheila and Raymond Wildman, a son.

APPLEBY—On January 10, to Jean and John W. Appleby, a son.

WILLIAMS—On January 14, to Olga and Brian Williams, a son.

GRAHAM-BRYCE—On January 28, to Elizabeth and Ian Graham-Bryce, a daughter.

CASHMORE—On February 2, to Sylvia and Austin Cashmore, a son.

MARRIAGES

GILL—STEPHENSON—On September 2, I. M. Gill to Miss O. Stephenson.

BARDSLEY—HARRISON—On October 14, David R. Bardsley to Sylvia M. Harrison.

ROBERTSON—TILL—On October 27, John Keith Robertson to Sarah Virginia Till.

STEWART—ROBERTS—On December 2, Ian Stewart to Susan Roberts.

MONKS—YOUATT—On December 23, Colin John Monks to Inez Jane Youatt.

DEATHS

PEARSON—In February, 1961, Reginald Hammond Pearson.

WOODWARD—On October 13, Herbert Cecil Woodward, at 16 Abbotsford Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, father of David Woodward (O.H.).

SUTTON—On November 7, at 31 Lambton Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Harry Sutton, aged 68 years.

RAINS—On December 9, Kenneth ('Tubby') Rains at 'Glencairn', Macclesfield Rd., Wilmslow.

STOCKDALE—On December 9, in Sheffield Royal Hospital, Rodney Francis Stockdale, aged 20, brother of Glynn Stockdale (O.H.).

RUDDLESDIN—On December 21, at Ankara, Turkey, as a result of an accident to the *Comet* plane of which he was in command, Kenneth Jeffrey Ruddlesdin.

LISTER—On January 4, at 21 Ballbrook Road, Didsbury, Charles Lister, aged 75 years.

RITCHIE—On February 5, at 51 Washway Road, Sale, John Peter Ritchie.

Old Hulmeians Association

First, congratulations to the School. This year, in January, it celebrates its 75th anniversary. It can be claimed with confidence that the School is growing older gracefully and with dignity. It is remarkable that during all those years the School has had only four Headmasters. It is even more remarkable that in the last sixty years it has had only two secretaries. Again, when one reflects on such names as E. K. Brice, K. G. Fison, J. I. Franklin, E. G. W. Hewlett, C. E. Kelsey, J. W. Morley, F. Adams, A. O. Gatley, J. W. D. McConnell, A. H. Ginever, W. H. Thomson, E. L. Wood, A. L. Powell, H. R. W. Anderson, W. A. Brierley, each of whom devoted a life-time of service to the School, one can be justly proud.

The Association's main concern during the last four months has been the formation and launching of the new and important sub-committees whose responsibility is virtually the smooth running of the Association with, it is hoped, an increase in membership. The respective Chairmen of these new sub-committees are: Finance, A. H. Allman; Membership, J. E. Peters; Social, H. A. Whatley, and Clubhouse, Frank Ashworth, and they would be only too pleased to receive criticisms and suggestions for the consideration of their committees.

The Motor Section once again held a most successful Dinner Dance at the Woodlands Hotel on 2nd December, 1961.

Ascension Day this year is not until 31st May. The Annual Golf Tournament will be held probably at Didsbury and it is hoped that the number of entrants will again increase. There are three trophies to be won.

The Annual Dinner has been arranged again at the Midland Hotel on 10th March, 1962. It is to

be hoped that there will be a good attendance to celebrate the School's anniversary.

The Annual Cricket Match against the School will be played on 7th July, 1962. All Old Boys are invited to make this a social occasion and the School will be pleased to provide tea. Any Old Boy wishing to play should advise Mr. A. M. Blight at School, or the Secretary of the Association. Should there be sufficient players, two games can be played.

It is with regret and sadness that the death of Kenneth Rains is recorded. "Tubby", as he was affectionately known to everyone, was an outstanding Old Hulmeian. He was Joint Honorary General Secretary for many years. He was a natural games player and achieved most of the major honours that lacrosse can offer, including a visit to America. He was an exceptionally good cricketer. He lived, as he played his games, in a most sportsmanlike and friendly way. He will be sorely missed.

Sir William Coates, a vice-president of the Association, died in his 102nd year. He will be remembered with affection as the School doctor by many Old Boys.

N. V. Barber has been appointed Assistant Editor of *The Hulmeian* with a view to supplying the Editor with an increased amount of information concerning Old Boys. Will all members please co-operate in turn by keeping him fully informed? N. V. Barber can be contacted at the Clubhouse.

E.B.

Old Hulmeians Lacrosse

It is with deep regret that we report the loss of K. Rains and R. Stockdale. Their deaths are recorded elsewhere in *The Hulmeian*, but both were associated with the Lacrosse Section, K. Rains, as an Honorary Life Member, after a distinguished playing career with the Club.

At the time of writing, the lacrosse season is reasonably well advanced, with two-thirds of the league programme already completed and the Knock-out competitions also under way. The Section teams have fair records so far, but the testing time will come in the next few months, as the season draws to its close.

At this stage, the First team have lost two matches, both by narrow margins to South Manchester and Wythenshawe, the reigning champions and current league leaders. Two points separate South and the Old Hulmeians at the top of the First Division table and although the four points already conceded to South could well decide the league championship, there are still a fair number

of games to play and a tight struggle may develop towards the end of the season. In the Senior Flags, the First team meet Cheadle in the second round, to be played shortly.

On occasions, the team have played really well and the introduction of D. F. Borland and G. Phillips into the attack has made this unit of the team a good deal stronger and more thrustful than for some years. The defence has also played well and the skill and experience of the senior members, R. M. Threlfall, the captain, F. M. McClinton and G. B. Lawson has again proved most valuable. Last season's defence was again originally available, but R. Heywood, the 'A' team captain, was included in the side, following an unfortunate collar-bone injury to F. Martin, early in the season.

The promotion of R. Heywood to the First team, has made difficulties for the 'A' team, who have missed his leadership and solid defensive play. However, the side has gained fair results to date and now that F. Martin is fit again, the strength of the defence will be improved and the second half of the season could well show a more successful playing record. In the Junior Flags, the 'A' team play the School in the first round.

On the 'A' team defence, D. B. Flunder, W. J. Bell and a recently promoted member, J. B. Barnes, have played well, whilst on attack the experience of I. R. Duncan and D. A. Hilton and the thrust of M. F. H. Cocker, has won many matches. It is unfortunate that F. P. Davies, a most promising young attack, having recently gone out to West Africa on business, is no longer available.

In the Fourth Division, the Extra 'A' team are having a most successful season and are so far unbeaten with many convincing wins to their credit. Their best victory was against Manchester University 'A' in the first round of the Lancashire Junior Cup. This match was won 9-7 after the side had been behind 6-2 early in the third quarter.

There is no doubt that the Extra 'A' team is much stronger this season than for many previous years. D. H. Tredwell's extremely sound, frequently brilliant, goalkeeping with the all-round strength of the defence, has proved capable of holding most opposition attacks to very few goals, whilst A. Blight and H. Williamson have given added thrust to a good attack. The Extra 'A' team are hoping that their efforts this season will result in the side's promotion to the Third Division.

Several members of the First team played in or were selected for the Lancashire County Trial match on Boxing Day, whilst M. F. H. Cocker played for Lancashire Juniors against Cambridge University on New Year's Day.

RESULTS

FIRST TEAM

1961

Sept. 30	v.	Offerton	H	W	13—4
Oct. 7	v.	Mellor	A	W	17—6
Oct. 14	v.	Cheadle	H	W	12—4
Oct. 21	v.	Old Waconians	A	W	9—4
Oct. 28	v.	Old Stopfordians	...	A	W	16—5
Nov. 4	v.	Old Stopfordians	...	H	W	12—3
Nov. 11	v.	Heaton Mersey	A	W	8—1
Nov. 18	v.	Sth. Manchester and Wythenshawe	H	L	5—7
Nov. 25	v.	Mellor	H	W	10—7
Dec. 2	v.	Manchester Univ.	...	A	W	12—5
Dec. 9	v.	Old Mancunians	...	H	W	14—3
Dec. 16	v.	South Manchester and Wythenshawe	A	L	4—6
Dec. 30	v.	Oxford Univ.	H	W	13—3

1962

Jan. 6	v.	Cheadle	A	W	16—6
Jan. 13	v.	Old Waconians	H	W	6—5
Jan. 20	v.	Rochdale	H	W	22—0

'A' TEAM

1961

Sept. 30	v.	South Manchester and Wythenshawe 'A'	...	A	W	9—2
Oct. 7	v.	Disley	H	W	15—0
Oct. 14	v.	Mellor 'A'	A	W	13—3
Oct. 21	v.	Leeds University	...	A	L	6—11
Oct. 28	v.	Stockport	H	L	7—13
Nov. 4	v.	Heaton Mersey Guild	...	A	L	5—11
Nov. 11	v.	Heaton Mersey 'A'	...	H	L	5—11
Nov. 18	v.	Disley	A	W	16—4
Nov. 25	v.	Ashton	A	W	8—5
Dec. 2	v.	Cheadle Hulme	H	W	19—6
Dec. 9	v.	Urmston	A	L	2—13
Dec. 16	v.	Old Grovians	H	L	3—12
Dec. 23	v.	South Manchester and Wythenshawe 'A'	...	H	W	19—3

1962

Jan. 6	v.	Mellor 'A'	H	W	10—1
Jan. 13	v.	Leeds University	...	H	L	6—8
Jan. 20	v.	Stockport	A	L	7—15

EXTRA 'A' TEAM

1961

Sept. 30	v.	Oldham & Werneth 'A'	A	W	13—1
Oct. 7	v.	Boardman & Eccles 'B'	A	W	16—2
Oct. 14	v.	Heaton Mersey 'B'	H	W	23—3
Oct. 21	v.	Old Grovians 'A'	...	A	W	7—3
Oct. 28	v.	Stockport 'A'	A	W	10—6
Nov. 4	v.	South Manchester and Wythenshawe 'B'	...	H	W	3—2
Nov. 11	v.	Oldham & Werneth	A	W	15—5
Nov. 18	v.	Manchester Univ. 'A'	H	W	9—7
(1st round—Lancs. Junior Cup)						
Nov. 25	v.	Ashton 'B'	H	W	23—2
Dec. 2	v.	Leeds Univ. 'A'	A	W	8—5

Dec. 9 v. Urmston 'B'	H W	9—4
Dec. 16 v. Rochdale 'B'	A W	16—3
Dec. 23 v. Oldham & Werneth 'A'	H W	9—3
Dec. 30 v. Boardman & Eccles 'B'	H W	1—0

1962

Jan. 6 v. Heaton Mersey 'B'	A W	25—3
Jan. 13 v. William Hulme's G.S. 2nd.	A W	7—3
Jan. 20 v. Stockport 'A'	H W	8—3

Rugby Report January 1962

*Man cannot tell but Allah knows
How much the other side was hurt.*

(Kipling).

	P	W	L	D	F	A
1st XV	19	10	9	—	210	163
'A' XV	18	5	10	3	129	239
Extra 'A' XV	17	7	10	—	146	153
Griffins	15	3	10	2	—	—

This crumb of comfort I offer to all casualties who endured the week-end or longer in pain and discomfort. During October and November, it became distinctly unfashionable to appear at the clubhouse without plaster cast, sling or crutch. Happily all bar one are back in action—and he nurses himself desperately in order to avoid the possibility of domestic chores.

The most notable casualty was club captain, N. V. Barber, who was forced to spend 10 weeks on the touchline and endure impotently an indifferent spell of 1st team Rugby during November and December.

It is difficult to be enthusiastic about first team performances. Classic Rugby has been a scarce commodity and wingers may well have the plague by the way they are shunned by men inside. The plethora of kicking deplored by Sports Columnists in County and International games is much in evidence, only our efforts tend to be more aimless, resulting in much disjointed play.

Thanks to some 15 minutes intense play, we were able to inflict the first defeats of the season on Calder Vale and Macclesfield 11—3 and 13—5 respectively, but only scraped home 3—0 against a Cheadle Hulme side which had nothing to offer but a workmanlike pack. Lymm also fell victims 13—0. Eccles started the bad patch. In a fit of unbecoming generosity we presented them with 10 points to which they added 5 by their own effort. Then followed a rather untidy 25—10 victory

against the School, which was more opportunist than coherent. After that—five home defeats—over generous again to Old Aldwynians, outclassed by Fylde who thankfully were over-elaborate and kept the score reasonable, and confused by De la Salle. Sale 'A' brought out the best effort for weeks and there was always a possibility of victory. The final defeat was at the hands of a very good side from the College of Technology.

Victory returned with the Captain on Dec. 16th—21—6 against Prestwich—the last 15 minutes producing most of the points. Owing to the weather, the next game was on Jan. 6th away to Lymm which was won 14—0. This game had the distinction of being mentioned on B.B.C. Sports Report. Our handling was favourably compared with County Games this season. The apparent improvement was maintained against the Y.M.C.A. A wonderful first half gave us a 10—3 lead. This, however, was squandered in the second half by rank bad tactics, lack of cohesion forward and some critical instances of bad tackling leaving Y.M.C.A. victors 14—10.

The 'A' XV also is not having a very happy time, though lately there has been some improvement. Some blame for poor results must be attributed to frequent team changes due to injuries. However, these are not the main reasons for some outstandingly heavy defeats. Rather were they due to more fundamental causes—inability to give and take a pass, poor positional play, lack of determination to penetrate the opposition and at all times deny them the ball—and lack of fitness on the part of a few individuals. The remedy is in the players' own hands, fitness, practice and a "first team" determination in their play.

Only then will results improve.

The Extra 'A' XV, I have not watched in action but from a viewpoint on a neighbouring pitch it has appeared cheerful, energetic and vociferous. Also they always contrive to be first in bath and bar. I have seen the ball move rapidly and repeatedly across to the winger. Possibly it was churlish to think that the man in possession was surprised and the only thing he could think of was to pass to the man outside him. For the poor winger, the problem was insurmountable.

There is a certain old world charm about the 'Griffins' play. I actually saw a forward fell an opponent with a sweep worthy of Campbell-Lamerton and then proceed to restore his shattered antagonist to his feet while play proceeded some 15 yards away. The Harrison influence is obviously not yet all pervading.

Victories are still scarce, but these will come as the new side settles down to club rugby. For the fashion conscious—this side has the most immaculate turn out.

For Old Timers: Arthur Hesford who first played in 1936 and last played in 1948, returned from Canada at Christmas—ready to play. We are sorry the weather frustrated his intentions.

MUDDIED OAF.

Old Hulmeians Motor Club

During the 'close season' of dark winter nights, laced with fog, ice, rain and snow, much loved by rally organisers, the O.H.M.C. prudently enjoy their motoring indoors, helped by films, talks, and of course, our seventh Annual Dinner Dance.

In November, we were entertained by three films lent by the Standard-Triumph Company, and kindly provided by Messrs. Hollindrake Automobile Co. Ltd. and projected by our good friend Mr. Norman Howarth.

Our Dinner and Dance was, once more, an enjoyable affair, and we were happy to have with us Mr. and Mrs. Bird as our guests of honour. Mrs. Bird kindly presented the prizes after dinner, as follows:—

SPRING RALLY, Winner J. M. Gilliat, J. L. Motley (Navigator); Runner-up, B. P. G. Adams, B. Crank (Navigator).

PIDD TROPHY, J. L. Motley.

The awards list was not as imposing as in previous years, mainly owing to the lack of a suitable venue on which to hold driving tests and the Annual Gymkhana.

We have a planned programme of events for the ensuing months which the Committee feels will be of interest to most members and their friends, and we like to think that our mild competitive events will be an introduction to the motor sport for those inclined in that direction.

Any further particulars regarding the Motor Section and its activities may be obtained from the Asst. Hon. Sec.: Allan Smith, 39 Athol Road, Manchester 16. Tel. CHO. 6156.

Old Hulmeians at Cambridge University

Low, grey clouds are sweeping majestically across the sky as I write this, the rain is streaming down the window-panes, and outside on the landing ice-cold blasts dart up and down the empty stair-cases like Lincoln imps. Yet another Sunday afternoon of rain and cold, of essays begun half-

heartedly and dejectedly thrown down with not a line written. There are days in Cambridge when the Northerner might as well be in Moscow for all the weather cares—and days of surprising sunshine and warmth, taking minds to Italy and the warm South, to holidays spent far away from English shores.

Take Chris Mark (Trinity) for instance. You just wouldn't recognise Chris any more. I was quite surprised myself last term when a sun-tanned individual, blinking short-sightedly through his glasses, greeted me cheerily in the mostest Virginian accent. No, he hadn't been playing as extra in the latest Yogi-bear series, he'd just come back from three months "in the 'States, Brother."

Colin Beatty (St. Caths.) also second year, asked me to tell all friends in Manchester that he has left his digs by the goods-yard and is now living in college. Donald Paton (Peterhouse) seemed a little more accessible, living behind the hospital. He told me he was settling in well, playing rugby for the college and spending wild Sunday afternoons on the Austin 7 club motor outings; he can't make up his mind whether next year or 1964 will see his debut in the Monte Carlo rally. Ian Goodall (also Peterhouse) was one of the fresh-lings who invaded Cambridge last autumn, but I discerned a definite blasé approach on his part. He tells me he spends an occasional afternoon down at Trinity New Field; what doing?—At this stage a passing bus interrupted our conversation, but I gathered he's taken up the hobby that finally killed the great Indian brave, Hiawatha . . . and that he was hoping several Oxford braves would go Hiawatha's way later that term.

David Swain (Trinity) confided to me that his would be most certainly an intellectual career at Cambridge, and that therefore all forms of sport would sadly have to go. Still, he's working hard at modern languages, and now speaks German with a splendid Stuttgart accent. He tells me he saw Martin Billecliff (Caius) in the French department last week, but said he was looking a little haggard and over-worked after having attended a lecture, and so had no energy left for conversation. Ian Sargen (Emmanuel) late of Liverpool, was transferred to Cambridge during the close season, and is reading Theology. He denies all association with the Cambridge letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but you never know with these divinity students. The old lags are still with us, notably Mike Lord (Christ's) Brian Derbyshire (Queens') and Victor Lucas (Emmanuel). Mike Lord was seen earlier in term at Grange Road—which in itself was quite ironic, I mean fancy actually *paying* to see Mike Lord play—and seemed to be playing with all the old casualness and lethargic brilliance, but the fates struck him down at the eleventh hour when on the verge of his second Varsity match; he's now looking for a farm to exercise his acquired talent for agriculture. Brian Derbyshire is no

longer *statu pupillari* in fact he's decidedly 'unpopular' as he tells me he's now taking a diploma in Education. As for Victor Lucas (Emmanuel) the answer is definitely ring up Admiralty House. He might just be out somewhere in the Atlantic.

M.B.

Old Hulmeians at Manchester University

Sir Oswald Mosley was on cracking form that day. "You are all here," he bawled, "because you can't get into Oxford, where my son is President of the Union." Pretty accurate—for him. They nearly crucified him for it; but it wasn't altogether untrue. The man has an obvious talent for pricking bubbles.

But there is another reason why we're here—apart from the unique Night-Life radiating darkly from Albert Square. We don't like travel. We don't Goh Op—and we don't Goh Daun. We just change our bus route. Saves ten seminars of time and goes a long way towards warding off Oxbridge Pallor. They know what's what in t'North.

Phil Ruler knows what's what. That mythical German love of order, thoroughness (you know the story) actually exists. His polished person matches really rather beautifully with what can only be described as a Polished Mind. J. S. H. Mortimer is obsessed with minutiae too; the Medics have no choice. They're on the hot seat for five years; and if they're lucky they get forty years of well-paid slavery and a well-earned grave. The Geographers are in a much cosier rut. D. J. Sudlow is still beaming incurably—which shows that you can keep a good man down without stopping his laughter. Keith Flinter is the only other Smiler. Even the January Terminals didn't spoil his angelic face—and he's reading Law. We can only wait for June—that murderess of insincere smiles. If he comes back for a second dose and that grin hasn't gone, we'll give him a free red-haired wig, whether Mike Vale agrees or not.

So far so good. No revolutionary politics. No hair shirts. No beards. A Fresher can spend his first year in one of two ways. He can work to stay in; or he can join all the eighty-three insane societies, wear canvas shoes, and leave in a welter of dubious glory with a reputation as a Brilliant Nut. Derek Leckenby may well be the first man to combine the two. We see him in Men's Bar more often now (it gets them all in the end). Officially, he reads Civil Engineering; apparently, he reads record sleeves and *Beano*, to his own vocal accompaniment of "Yeh, Yeh, Woh, Woh": once again, only time will tell. Sid Fewster is on a similar stunt—Fluid Mechanics and Miles Davis. Sid looks more and more

like a one-man Chelsea Set; watching him, you feel there ought to be a national competition for the title of Britain's Best-Dressed Beatnik.

The freshers, then, are still Fresh. The Final year Moles are resigned. Only the Second-year men provide material for detached objective observation. Tony Green, for instance. Tony stayed with General Arts—the only department, where you fill in those inevitable pale blue forms, where there is a majority of women students. Despite this phenomenon, his listlessness remains undaunted. Rumour has it that he carried his First-year Finals with skill—but he's pale now, and a little wan—like a snail under a log. Dave Grindey psychoanalyses him over coffee and under strong light—but Dave's not the same lovable Benevolent Fleshpot we used to see in Room 9. Perhaps John Thompson has driven him (almost) to drink with Scarlatti, Bach, and a faultless guitar technique. At any rate, John Kershaw finds Civil Engineering less depressing. He spends long hours in Coffee Lounge with Brian Hayes, talking about the problems of the Soul—very deep these days, is John. Brian, married beyond recovery though not beyond recognition, nods with a new-found understanding. But occasionally he laughs so loudly that one distantly critical girl, with at least four pairs of glasses, "thought she had seen him in a glass case outside the Fun House at Blackpool."

Splendourproof, the Finalists keep their brood of stars aloof (fits better here than in Hymn 56, somehow!). C. G. McDiarmid, Ross McCallum and D. W. Lomas, guard the soul of Lacrosse Club. John Coleman guards his own soul, and continues to read Botany, Zoology, and the mind of a rather attractive female shadow. J. K. Roberts is still Shooting (with a capital S and a (reputed) capital eye). However, to have survived for two years in Honours Chemistry is clearly more desirable as a claim to fame. Paul (Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth) Bowler thinks so at least. He battles on gallantly towards the Golden Gates.

You might have thought that a bow-tie and an Economics degree were incompatible. But R. A. Lloyd would disagree. With a growing reputation as a minor poet, he flails his little spotted butterfly with stupendous panache, cries "Splendid!" at everything anyone says to him, and declines to comment on the Big Question. But we think he may well go into Soap, and emerge at a later date in Upper-Middle Grandeur. It's a point of view.

If this letter is the first thing you've read, you can throw *The Hulmeian* away now—unless you want to work in a Bank, or the Royal Navy. If it's the last thing you've read (which is much more likely), I hope they give you that Angular Stew every day from now until Easter.

Back to the Trough, men.

J.G.S.

Old Hulmeians at Leeds University

The University undergoes metamorphosis. The old and the new exist in an antagonistic juxtaposition. Even the towering edifices of the Parkinson and Brotherton Library find their prominence threatened by the structures that rise up around them. Yet this is just another evolutionary stage, similar to the one that swept the Great Hall into smouldering retirement. Tradition is undermined by those who have loyally supported it, for now some of the ancient surroundings of the Arts faculty have been replaced by a colossus, showing that it is not just the scientist who is getting the benefit of the new development plans.

The past is, however, still preserved in the Medical School, which seems oblivious to change. Humanity it would seem takes no notice of the transition that is being made about it. Individuality is the keynote everywhere. Suede boots and silk bow ties mingle with embossed walking-canes and a multitude of scarves. Long hair predominates. Somewhere in this environment is the fraternity of Hulmeians, each one coping with life's vicissitudes, but somehow managing to enjoy the varieties of the city.

As they are all, with one exception, furthering the progress of science, one seldom sees much of them and their activities can only be guessed at.

Mike Harvey spends his time in the Engineering Department making the most wonderful working models for the Engineer's Ball, oblivious of the approach of examinations. Another Civil Engineer is Humph Farnsworth, a man of some means judging from the car that he drives with his typical reckless abandon. Occasionally, if one is fortunate, he may be seen disappearing in the direction of Bingley; the object of such a mission is only apparent to those who know him.

John Gallager and Wally Blair, both full members of the establishment, still show they have not forgotten how to wield a 'crosse by helping the 1st XII to even greater heights. Yet neither allows training to interfere with his emotional life. Another second year man is John Litherland, who finds night life exhausting but usually manages to get up in time to play rugby for the Engineers in the afternoon. When he does come into the University he can, more often than not, be found enjoying the facilities of the Union. A gentleman who prefers his food in the solid form is Martin Roddy, a permanent resident, so rumour hath it, of the Refectory. Regarding his fellow Chemist, Herod, nothing has been heard, but that does not mean anything.

Living in the decadent atmosphere of the quads and cloisters of Devonshire Hall is Tim Olsen.

When not imbibing the pleasures of Hall life or running about a hockey pitch, he can be found writing, in order to keep himself in those little luxuries of life and, perhaps more especially, to placate his bank manager.

Of the other Hulmeians believed to be in the University, Maddocks and David Hallard, little has been detected. One can only assume from this that they frequent undesirable hostels, which the writer of this missive never visits. Fact and rumour have both been exhausted; we send our greetings to the School and other congregations of Hulmeians, wherever they might be.

T.F.M.O.

Old Hulmeians at Liverpool University

A year ago, I. S. ended his report from Liverpool with words to the effect that unless a fresh wave of Old Hulmeians descended rapidly, the Liverpoolian branch of this race was likely to become extinct. Unfortunately this plea must have passed almost unheeded because last October brought only two additions to our already minimal numbers.

Months pass by in this relatively small University without one being aware that there were any other Old Hulmeians nearer than Manchester. Mike Donlon, one of the two new arrivals, was seen last October hurrying out of the Union. He just had time to mention he was reading physics. Since then he hasn't been seen and what he is now doing with himself is a matter for some conjecture. It was rumoured early on last term that Maurice Walton had come to Liverpool, but it wasn't until very recently that this was confirmed. He was noticed slipping unobtrusively out of the Reference Library. On cross-examination he appeared to be reading Economics amongst other things. He would not reveal any further information, but seemed to be having a pleasant time.

Of the other Old Hulmeians buried somewhere deep in the heart of the city, W. A. Bradley, D. J. Dixon and G. M. Geary were all glimpsed disappearing into the gloom last term.

The only other person to be mentioned is J. G. Temple. I was assured that he is enjoying Medicine very much and as for the other side of his life, he still lives in Derby Hall. That, as anyone will tell you, speaks for itself.

At the moment the University is still gripped in the chaos of expansion. At long last work on the new Union has started and perhaps in a few years' time the horror of the present Union will have receded into the background.

This University has far more to offer any prospective undergraduate now, than ever before and it is to be hoped that we are transfused with fresh Hulmeian blood soon or extinction will result.

J.G.T.

Old Hulmeians at Lampeter

St. David's College was founded in 1822 before the industrialisation of Wales and was situated in Lampeter, because of the reasonably central position in West Wales, and through the generosity of the Hanford family who gave the ancient Castle site which occupies the eastern part of the town. The Old Building, comprising quadrangle, chapel, dining hall and library, has recently been scheduled as a historic building by the Ministry of works and is the only neo-gothic building in Wales.

The peaceful background which the College enjoys is very different from that of most university institutions, set as they are in great cities or industrial areas, and the atmosphere and life of the college have in consequence something of the spirit of the colleges of the ancient universities on which it was deliberately modelled. Indeed, throughout its history the College has been closely connected with Oxford and Cambridge. Such an atmosphere is not only conducive to study, but also helps to promote a close corporate life for staff and students which is helped by the central position given to the chapel and by the fact that all students have their meals in Hall.

In recent years there have been not a few O.H.'s at Lampeter, and of those still in residence, three take their finals this year, so it is hoped many more will come in the future to maintain the fine tradition.

A. Hurd took his degree last June and is now studying at Leicester University. He is remembered here especially for his good humour, banjo-playing and readiness to lend his skill in tractor-driving. Although Lampeter has a wide selection of sports clubs, no 'crosse is played, so A. Rutherford had the choice of two games to suit his talents, croquet and hockey. He chose the latter and now puts stick to ball with considerable skill and enthusiasm. He also reads History and with J. M. Crook and C. V. Hickling, takes his Finals in June. J. M. Crook has not turned out for the College XV since he broke his leg in the middle of last season, but "after much suffering patiently borne"—passed Moderations, to the pleasure of himself and he hopes, his friends. No doubt to celebrate this, his room in Old Building was decorated during the Christmas vacation. C. V. Hickling still puts his musical and

dramatic talents to use, for as well as being the founder president of a Jazz and Folk Music society, played the part of Cpl. Johnstone, E., in the College production of *The Long and the Short and the Tall*. He is not of the opinion that the time he spent as Cpl. Hickling, C. V., in the C.C.F., helped him in the role. He also has a beard. When asked how he enjoyed College life, J. Slater was helpless with laughter. He takes refreshment at several establishments including the Mile-end Café, and is an earnest member of the Socialist Association.

This is now the Lent term, but as the evenings grow longer and egg-salad is seen more than once a week on the menu, one is reminded, we hope not too harshly, that June is *really* just around the corner.

J.M.C.

Old Hulmeians at Tübingen University

The first thing which strikes one in Tübingen is the singular lack of Old Hulmeians, who seem to show a marked preference for insular universities. However, by a strange stroke of fate two of us chanced to spend the same summer term there. But what are two O.H. amongst ten thousand German students? This is the first overwhelming impression created by a German university, one of immense size and impersonality. Being English students we naturally received a certain amount of help, but this was kept to a minimum, and merely served to guide us through an amazing number of forms to be filled in to keep the German police at bay. After this, like all other students, we were left to our own devices, to seek out what lectures we considered would be of value, if any at all. The most annoying thing was the fact that so often one excellent lecture would clash with another, and after attending one or two lectures by each Professor to see which was the more interesting, one would find oneself hopelessly out of touch with the main arguments and theme, and so give up in despair. There is an academic freedom which allows one, always assuming one has the urge, to attend lectures on everything from Chinese culture to brain diseases, amply illustrated by patients taken from the local lunatic asylum.

Tübingen as a town, does not lend itself easily to study. It is charmingly situated on the Neckar, with a fine castle and an intricate maze of old streets, and offers far too many counter-attractions. Fortunately for us, in some ways, the weather was bad during the first six weeks of term, so some work at least was achieved, besides just absorbing the language. But then Tübingen was overtaken by a heatwave and with the temperature in the nineties,

work tended to become out of the question, and the attractive open-air swimming pool drew more and more sweating students, including ourselves, with its cool, clear water. All the English students there became obsessed with the idea of acquiring a marvellous tan, and the number of hours spent outdoors rose accordingly, and somewhat painfully, from one or two to seven or eight a day.

The social life in Tübingen tends to centre almost exclusively round university functions, as one might expect, when a quiet old-world town of a mere forty thousand inhabitants, is suddenly invaded by ten thousand students. Apart from quiet pastimes such as lazily punting on the Neckar, the great centre of attraction for us proved to be a smoke-filled jazz cellar. This admirable institution, run by students, for students, provided an evening's usually excellent jazz, in a low-roofed cellar, where beer is drunk straight out of the bottle and a crowd of dancers strive vainly to stay on the entirely inadequate floor space. In fact, it could hardly be said that life in Tübingen was all work and no play, rather the opposite, and, after a very enjoyable time, two sunburned Old Hulmeians returned to England looking very out of place under leaden-grey skies; but glad to be home. One can have more than enough sausage and sauerkraut washed down by very fizzy German beer. English cooking really isn't as bad as all that.

J.W. and R.P.

Association of Old Hulmeians in London

For the second year running, we were able to hold our Annual Dinner at the House of Commons. On this occasion, Friday, 27th October, we were indebted to Sir Robert Cary, Bart, M.P., for sponsoring the function and for his stimulating speech when proposing the toast to the School, to which the Headmaster replied giving a comprehensive picture of both the present day standing and the plans for the future.

Our President, H. H. G. Redshaw presided and Canon Woolnough, Chairman of the School Board of Governors, honoured us with his first visit to the London Association. The company included several more from a distance. We were delighted to have with us Allman, Peters, Bland, Lloyd Griffiths and Charnley from Manchester and from Bridgnorth in Shropshire, and W. L. Coulter who can recall early days before the First World War, when the London Association met for a Hot Pot Supper at the *Cheshire Cheese* in Fleet Street. The oak panelled room at the House of Commons is just the right size for our party and the alcoves at both ends give access to the Terrace with its

fine views of the river. In this setting and with the excellent standard of the meal it is not surprising, but none-the-less pleasing to be able to record that the attendance was the largest so far for any meeting of this Association.

We are hoping to hold our Dinner there again this year and members are asked to note that the date will probably be Friday, 2nd November.

For our Annual General Meeting last November, we returned to the *Shakespeare's Head*. As in past years, it was preceded by a supper. This too was well supported and we were particularly glad to welcome several newcomers to London, including P. Constantine, K. W. Crawford, I. Cunningham, L. Curry, M. J. B. Smith and T. Venables.

Plans for 1962 are well in hand. Apart from the Dinner already mentioned, members are asked to note that the Spring Meeting will be our Hot Pot Supper at the *Shakespeare's Head* on Friday, 6th April.

The lacrosse match will again be a Monday evening game at Kenton on the 7th May and the cricket match on Sunday, 1st July at Slough.

The Association of Lancastrians in London arranges a series of meetings throughout the year and as we are affiliating with that Association, our members will be welcomed, with their ladies, at any of their functions. More details will be given at the Hot Pot Supper.

Anyone wanting more information or willing to turn out for either of the above mentioned matches, is invited to contact the Hon. Sec. G. W. Creasey, 145 Copse Hill, West Wimbledon, S.W.20. WIMBLEDON 6778.

Parents' Association Notes

Our Annual Dinner Dance was held at the Embassy Rooms, Sale, on October 12th last term. It was, as usual, a most enjoyable function and we were pleased to welcome many first form parents.

The Christmas Party Dance was held during a spell of extremely bad weather, but those 220 parents who braved the fog and ice had a most enjoyable and lively evening to reward them. I think I should make special mention this year of Father Christmas's entrance on a sleigh drawn by a very talented 'cow' and accompanied by an entourage of 'enchanted' fairies, clowns and milkmaids. I think we should congratulate all members of the Committee who took part in this amusing

interlude. Mrs. Taylor's refreshments were as delicious as usual.

As you receive this copy of *The Hulmeian* the March Social at the Embassy will be almost upon us. We welcome the Staff as our guests upon this occasion and if any Parents are without tickets, please apply at once to any Committee member.

On the 28th March, the Chief Constable of the City of Manchester, Mr. J. A. McKay, M.A., has kindly consented to come along and talk to Parents of the Association. Mr. McKay is a most entertaining speaker and we hope we shall have an excellent attendance on this evening, so please make a note of this date. More details will be sent to you later.

As you will all know, this is the 75th Anniversary Year of the School and many celebrations will be

taking place. Our first effort will be a Barbecue to be held at the School on April 28th. You will see a full-page advertisement in this magazine giving you details of this event. Further details will be distributed to you all at a later date.

A Fathers' Badminton Match is fixed for March 20th, against the School, and a Chess Match for May 1st. If there are any Fathers who would like to play in these matches, I should be very pleased to hear from them.

Our Annual General Meeting will be held on May 16th, and we would urge members to attend this important meeting of our Association, when many important matters are discussed. Do please make an effort to come along.

Betty Gazzard, Hon. Secretary, 19 Plumbley Drive, Manchester 16. CHO 7683.