

fishing boats winking as if trying to divert our attention from the accident.

Of course, we searched for him, but in vain, for the night was too dark, and the swell too high. At last we had to admit that poor Joe, who had worked so hard and happily for his boat, was gone.

Two days later, in the "Mermaid and Anchor," while we were talking over what would happen to Joe's wife, children and the "Gratitude," a sudden freezing blast struck everyone round the bar. As if fired by the same spring, we all turned round. There, framed in the open doorway, was Joe, his face cut and bruised, covered in blood and his left arm hanging limply at his side. We looked, transfixed by wonder and horror. Joe took a feeble step towards us, and collapsed on the floor.

We gave him a shot of brandy and sent for the doctor, who treated his injuries, set his broken arm and put him to bed. A month later Joe was well again and was taking his boat out with the fleet, but he had lost something: his face lost its determined look, which was replaced by something else—fear. Also he began to seem slightly insane. For instance, whenever he was asked about the accident he replied that "he had sold his soul to the devil for his life." This frightened people at first, but later, when they saw it was his only fault, they laughed it off, and thought he was joking with them.

Two years after the accident, Joe's trawling, which had been going well so far, slackened off, and he fell heavily into debt. One night, in the pub, when we were talking over the coming night's fishing, Joe suddenly said, amid a moment's quiet, that he had been paying for his deliverance, but that tonight was the "final payment." We looked at him. His face was pale and drawn and fear showed even more clearly in his eyes: his very expression made me afraid of I knew not what. Someone laughed, uneasily, and we tried to renew our discussion, but Joe had broken it up and quietly, one by one, we all left to make an early start for the night's fishing.

The sea was rougher than it had been for months: the sky was angry and inflamed, and the waves ran before us as if we were in a school of whales, diving and surfacing as they were: the sickly moon lit up the dancing crests of the sea.

We stopped our engines in the drift and started to put out our nets. Aboard "Gratitude" I could see Joe, and what I saw made me shiver involuntarily, for Joe was cowering down and seemed to be muttering deliriously as if he expected something to happen. Next moment I saw something which I can only put down to a freak of the

elements. A streak of forked lightning lit up what must have been a cloud, in the shape of a huge, weird horned head, which seemed to laugh with flashes of lightning. A mixture of thunder, the sea and the shriek of the wind sent a horrible mocking laugh over the waters. Joe stepped back, cowering and shaking. The clanking winch spewed miles of net into the raging sea. Joe's foot caught in the net and he was flicked away into the boiling foam. An arm could be seen, outlined against the spume but then it was gone, and, suddenly, all was still; the swell suddenly lessened to a lap against the side of the boats and the dawn broke through the dark clouds in feeble rays.

A week later, high on the north shore, I found what I knew I would some time find; Joe's battered body. Yet, as I looked at him, rolled up and down by a repentant sea, I saw again that old determined look of his, which I had not seen since before his first accident two years ago, and his face was serene.

He had been granted two more years of life, two unhappy years, but he had paid for them—in full.

C. C. BROWN, 5A.

### Eventide

The sun goes down beneath the trees,  
The night owl stirs amongst the leaves,  
Work-weary men their footsteps bend,  
To home and hearth and journey's end.

The darkness falls and makes a bed,  
With earth as pillow for its head,  
The twinkling stars peep out and shine,  
Whilst moonbeams through the clouds incline.

Sweet sleep now lulls the weary brain,  
Relieves the mind from stress and strain,  
And gives new strength for work and play,  
To live the re-awakening day.

D. S. ARMSTRONG, 5A.

### The Last Chance

What a ghastly night it was! The rain beat down incessantly and the wind shrieked down the road, sending the rain in the gutters flying up like sea-spray. Tony Williams wondered if he would ever walk along that road again, for that dark night saw him struggling down the highway to the bridge that spanned the river. He had decided to put an end to his troubles by going to the bridge, and not returning.



A week ago he had been discharged from his job, and when he returned home he had gathered together all his spare cash and had gone to the dog racing in the hope that he might win something. He had not, he had lost everything and also put himself into debt. His old father was in no financial position to help him, so Tony had decided to try and find another job. When he had had no luck, he thought he might as well end it all.

He stood on top of the bridge and looked down at the dark waters swirling past. The river was quite swollen by the rains and as the water rushed under the bridge Tony heard it rumbling and roaring. He prepared himself for the jump, but out of the corner of his eye he saw someone approaching. He leaned over the parapet pretending to be deep in thought. Had the man seen him? Apparently not, for the man hurried past with a "Filthy evening, ain't it?" and was gone before Tony could reply, which he was too shaken to do, anyway.

He tensed himself once more for the jump, but this time he heard a voice say, "Don't jump, lad."

Turning, he saw a small man wearing a shabby raincoat and with a trilby on his head.

"Don't jump," he repeated. "I suppose that's what you're standin' 'ere for?"

Miserably, Tony told him his story about his monetary difficulties.

"Never mind," the stranger said, "I know a firm that requires a new clerk, because the other clerk has been embezzling the firm's money. I expect you'll be able to start tomorrow." Tony was at once excited, but then cautious.

"You're sure they'll have me?"

"I should think so. With your experience you'd be the very man for 'em. If you present yourself at the office first thing tomorrow morning, they'll welcome you with open arms. Here's the firm's address."

Thanking him gratefully, Tony hurried away from the bridge, but he had not gone far when he thought he heard a noise behind him. Looking back, he noticed that the stranger had disappeared, and then he stiffened as he looked down at the water. Something was just disappearing under the bridge.

It was the stranger's hat.

A. N. S. GUTHRIE, 5A.

### A Tropical Valley

I came over the ridge, tired and sleepy, with the hot tropical sun on my back. I lifted my head in order to survey my new surroundings and was amazed at the blaze of colour in this little niche in the savannah. I stopped to obtain a clearer view.

I saw before me a small valley through which a gentle stream meandered. Round this stream there was a knot of jungle which, farther out, gave way to single trees and then to luxuriant grass. In both the forest and the grass many wild flowers were waving, forming a multi-coloured pattern of growing vegetation.

I walked down the sloping side of the valley, encountering many and varied forms of animal life. A jackal slunk past, followed by some small rodents. A snake wound its sinuous way to my left, evidently stalking a gorgeous peacock, who stood entranced before the reptile's hypnotic stare.

Soon I came to the trees, which thickened as I progressed until I was surrounded by almost virgin jungle, through which no sunlight could pass. I was in the world of twilight; I heard strange rustles; terrifying screeches came from the treetops, so I was feeling not a little afraid, when suddenly I came to the bank of the stream.

The water was bathed in sunlight, which here penetrated the leafy roof. I viewed it like an oasis in the desert, for the water was gurgling exactly as it does in England, and I could see my haggard, but joyous face reflected in the gleaming water, just as it had done many years ago when I was a child. This sight heartened me for my journey through the jungle which I still had to traverse.

This now seemed far less threatening, and I even stopped for a minute to cast an appraising glance over the gorgeous orchids which grew profusely among the creeper-ridden trees. I started once more and soon came to the edge of the jungle. I again ploughed through the long grass with its ever-moving drama of primitive life, and at length came to the valley wall which I climbed without difficulty. At the summit I turned and indulged in one last look at this glorious panorama that I would remember all my life.

C. R. L. MARK, 4Y.

### Darkness

It was winter. The trees stood bare and forlorn against the sombre evening sky; they stood like sentinels on the crest of the hill, their naked boughs eerily swaying in the chill breeze. The wan, frosty moon, half concealed by a wisp of cloud, shed its pale beams all around bestowing a fairy-like lustre on the peaceful scene.

Down in the valley, shrouded in mist, lay the small village; its lights, glimmering through the bare but still noble and statuesque copper-beeches, looked warm and welcoming, offering a



glowing fire and a comfortable armchair to the cold and weary. But outside, the black, covetous darkness which steals away the brightness and gaiety of the sunlight, was wrapping itself around like a black, transparent shawl.

Soon the lights would gradually go out, one by one, until the whole village was silent, dark and sleeping and the only sound to be heard would be that of the wind among the tall trees on the hill, as they stood, bleak and cheerless, silhouetted against the wintry sky.

R. A. LLOYD, 4A.

### The Open Door

The driver of the small saloon car peered anxiously through the semi-circle which the windscreen wiper had cleared away from the snow-caked windscreen. In front of him he could see nothing but the swirling snow. Having just narrowly missed going into a ditch, he decided that it was no use going any further. He remembered seeing two large, stone gate posts a little further back.

Turning up his coat collar and pulling his hat well down, he retraced his tracks till he came to the entrance of a drive which ran between two rows of trees. Through the driving snow he could just make out the outline of a large house. Half running and half walking, he stumbled his way up the steps to the door. He gave a loud knock on it, and, to his surprise it creaked open. Hesitantly he entered. Before him was a long hall.

Gazing round he noticed light showing under the door. He walked towards it and pushed it open. There sitting before a poor fire was an elderly couple.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," he said. "My car is stuck and I wondered if you could let me stay the night here, or at least till this snow stops."

"You can stop by all means," replied the man. "We've got plenty of spare rooms, but I'm afraid we can't offer you very much food because of the rationing. By the way, my name's Edward Scott and this is my wife Margaret."

"Pleased to meet you. My name is William Lucas." As they shook hands William felt a shiver run down his spine.

He ate a meal of bread and cheese, and then was shown to his room by Edward.

"And don't forget to close the black-out curtains before you light the lamp," Edward said, as he shut the door.

William drew the curtains and got into bed. He heard the clock strike twelve and he heard also, not as loud but quite distinct, an air-raid siren wailing in the distance. He sat up; his mind seemed to be hazy. Suddenly there was a heavy thud, and he found himself lying on a pile of rubble. He stood up, a little dazed, and looked around him. He thought he must have been asleep, so he set off back to his car and spent the rest of the night in it.

In the morning the snow had stopped, and William found the main road. In the nearest village he went to the police station and enquired whether there was a house with an elderly couple living in it, just off the main road.

To his surprise the policeman said, "There was a large house there, but it was bombed during an air-raid and the two occupants, Edward and Margaret, and an unidentified visitor were killed. It was exactly ten years ago last night and there was a blizzard blowing. Some people say that every year they come back, but I don't believe it, do you?"

William said nothing.

P. J. BRISBOURNE, 2Y.

### Old Hulmeians Notes and News

Readers of these notes may remember that this time last year we gave a brief account of the distinguished career of the late Dr. Colin Campbell. We have recently received a memoir of him by D. W. Woodhead, who collaborated with him in much of his work, giving a full account of his considerable research activities and achievements. The monograph is reprinted from the July, 1954, number of the *Journal of the Chemical Society*.

The older generation of Hulmeians will be interested to learn that Mr. E. G. W. Hewlett, who began his teaching career at the School as long ago as 1890 and retired in July, 1924, enjoyed his 90th birthday on October 9th last.

They will learn with regret, however, that Mr. W. H. Brierley, Art Master at the School in the inter-war period, has recently had to undergo a serious emergency operation. He will long be remembered for his varied and adventurous productions on the School stage, whereon he scored so many personal triumphs as a performer. We understand he is making a good recovery.

Mr. W. H. Thomson, in his retirement, continues his indefatigable researches into the activities of John Byrom and his family. His latest production is a leatherette bound volume on "Bonnie Prince Charlie in Manchester," material for which he has found in the diary of "Bepsey" Byrom, the daughter of the Jacobite author of "Christians Awake" and shorthand pioneer. The



diary reveals how her hopes of a successful Jacobite rising waxed and waned, how Bonnie Prince Charlie established himself in Manchester on Friday, November 29th, amid general, if at first timorous and hesitant rejoicing. Before the end of the year, however, all was lost and her diary came to an abrupt end. One notices that despite all the excitement the washing was regularly done on Monday. Mr. Thomson's industry has explained every reference and elucidated every obscurity. He has assembled a remarkable collection of maps and illustrations of Manchester in 1745 and of Byromiana of various types, including the Rev. John Byrom's cavalier sentiments, discreetly expressed on wine glasses in his own cryptic shorthand. His daughter, anticipating the French revolutionary women, wove hers into garters, where no doubt they were equally effectively concealed. The book is obtainable from Mr. Thomson at 18, Waltham Road, Manchester 16, price 7/6, plus postage 6d., or through a bookseller, 10/6 net.

We record elsewhere the deaths of H. L. Palmer, L. H. Nesbitt and F. M. Saxelby. Colonel H. L. Palmer was killed instantly when his car, in which he was travelling alone, was struck on a wet night when visibility was poor, by an electric train on an occupation crossing quite near his home at Formby. He was sales manager to William P. Hartley Ltd., preserve manufacturers.

Mr. L. H. Nesbitt, who served in the R.A.F. in World War I and was a keen member of the Old Hulmeians Lacrosse Club and Whalley Range Cricket Club, was a familiar figure at School and Old Boys' functions. On many occasions he refereed School lacrosse matches. His three sons all attended the School.

The name of F. M. Saxelby is the first on the first School prize list. He appears also to have been the first Hulmeian to obtain an award at the older Universities, for he was granted a Sizarship at St. John's College, Cambridge. Circumstances, however, prevented his taking this up and he proceeded from School to Manchester University as Dalton Mathematical Entrance Scholar and later Senior Scholar. He obtained First Class Honours at B.Sc. and was Shuttleworth prizeman. Later he obtained M.Sc. (Manchester) and B.A. (London) External. He was a Mathematical Lecturer at Salford Technical College, before going as Head of the Mathematical Department to Belfast Royal Technical College. Finally he became Head of the Mathematical Department of Battersea Polytechnic and Lecturer at London University. His chief claim to fame was his pioneer work in taking Practical Mathematics to an advanced stage. Before the Grammar Schools were including the Calculus in their Sixth

Form Syllabuses, he had introduced the subject into his Technical Classes. His "Course in Practical Mathematics," first published in 1905, ran through many editions and was translated into several languages. He also wrote more elementary books on Practical Mathematics and Arithmetic and Mensuration. After his retirement in 1933 he became a member of the Royal Institution and served on its Library Committee.

We acknowledge elsewhere in this issue with great gratitude the very generous gifts of two Old Hulmeians to the School Library. Mr. C. S. Youatt informs us that sixty years ago he was joint librarian of the then very small School library. His engineering firm at Stockport includes no fewer than six Old Hulmeians on its staff. We wonder if any other firm can equal, or surpass this number. We have also received a large collection of books from Mr. W. N. Caw, including the plays of his brother-in-law, Stanley Houghton, the famous Manchester dramatist. We were very glad to see Mr. Caw at School recently in the company of Mr. B. Muth, the first boy to enter the School, who is now represented at the School by a grandson.

Lieut.-Colonel J. G. Rickards, T.D., has been appointed to the command of the 360th H.A.A. Regt., R.A. (Cheshire) T.A. as from November 1st, 1954.

We congratulate M. J. Delany, M.Sc. (Manchester) on his appointment to an Assistant Lectureship in the Department of Zoology at Glasgow University. Delany has just returned from the United States, where he has been doing research at the University of Florida. D. M. Archer, who has just obtained his B.Sc. with First Class Honours, at Aberystwyth, has been appointed to a demonstratorship in the same department of Glasgow University.

G. L. Davies has been appointed to a Lectureship in Geography at Trinity College, Dublin.

A. B. Wilkinson, having obtained a First Class Honours degree in both parts of the English Tripos at Cambridge, has been awarded an Honorary Scholarship.

D. Gosling has been awarded a Travelling Scholarship in Architecture by the Institute of Builders.

G. R. Macleod has been awarded a Bachelor Research Scholarship at Christ's College, Cambridge.

University Examination Results:—

Oxford University.—Honours School of Jurisprudence: A. W. Sedgwick (B.N.C.).

Cambridge University.—English Tripos, Part II, Class I: A. B. Wilkinson (St. Catharine's).



Class II, Division II: J. F. Wyatt (St. John's). History Tripos, Part II, Class II, Division I: M. E. Coops (St. John's). Class II, Division II: D. Hood (Peterhouse). Natural Science Tripos, Part I, Class III: B. E. Reeve (St. John's). Third Examination in Estate Management: H. R. Goodie.

Manchester University.—M.D.: N. W. Preston, W. L. Tonge. B.A. (Com.): A. W. Crowe. L.L.B. (Hons.): J. H. Ekserdjian. B.A. (Hons. French), Class II, Division 2: G. Lea. (Hons. Modern Languages), Class II, Division 2: B. Hawthorne. B.Sc. (Hons. Physics), Class I: B. Rowson. Class II, Division 1: J. V. Evans. (Ordinary), Division I: N. A. Warhurst; Division 2: M. J. Cowburn. (Engineering), Class I: I. F. Smith. B.Sc. (Technology) (Hons. Municipal Engineering), Class II, Division 1: D. Langan. (Hons. Applied Chemistry), Class II, Division 1: J. F. Cairns. (Ordinary Applied Chemistry), Division 2: G. B. Lawson.

University of Wales (Aberystwyth).—B.Sc. (Zoology), Class I: D. M. Archer.

Birmingham University.—B.Sc. (Mining Engineering): D. W. Hannaford.

Durham University.—B.Com.: E. J. Dellow (King's).

### BIRTHS.

MAIR.—On June 24th, to Margaret and Richard Mair, a son.

WRIGLEY.—On July 3rd, to Doreen (née Lees) and Alan Wrigley, a son.

NUTTALL.—On July 5th, to Anne (née Roe) and Donald Nuttall, a daughter.

SLADE.—On July 7th, to Rita wife of the Rev. J. H. P. Slade, a daughter.

RATLIFF.—On August 8th, to Jean (née Harrison) and Tony Ratliff, a son.

PEAT (Staff).—On August 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Peat, a son.

DAKIN.—On August 19th, to Margaret and Tom Dakin, a son.

CARMICHAEL.—On August 22nd, to Nancy (née Hunter) and Angus Carmichael, a daughter.

BROOM.—On August 31st, to Enid (née Gardner) and Colin, a son.

KETTLEWELL.—On August 31st, to Lorna Mary (née Spittle) and John, a son.

CROUCHLEY.—On September 16th, to Maureen (née Bryon) and Robert, a son.

BATTERSBY.—On October 12th, to Erica (née Scott) wife of G. W. Battersby, a son.

ROBERTS.—On October 28th, to Beryl (née Whitelegg) and Elwyn Roberts, a daughter.

THRELFALL.—On November 30th, to Rachael (née Moore) and Malcolm, a son.

### MARRIAGES.

BAIRD—CRICHTON.—On June 3rd, at Glasgow, William Gordon Glen Baird, D.P.A., son of Mrs. S. P. Baird and the late Mr. W. Baird, to Morag Thorburn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Crichton.

UNSWORTH—OWEN.—On June 26th, at Whalley Range, Joseph Charles, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Unsworth, to Marjorie Olive, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Owen.

WILKINSON—WARD.—On June 26th, at Crumpsall, Alan, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Wilkinson, to Irene, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Ward.

PARTINGTON—NADEN.—On July 10th, at Heaton Moor, David Wallace, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Partington, to Pamela Fleur, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Naden.

BENSON—WHEELOCK.—On July 17th, at Brooklands, William Robert, only son of Mr. W. N. and the late Mrs. Benson, and Hilary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Wheelock.

CARSON—WILSHAW.—On July 31st, at Burnage, Frederick Peter (Sub-Lieut. (A) R.N.V.R.), elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Carson, to Freda Jean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Wilshaw.

OGDEN—WHITE.—On August 14th, at Cawsend, Cornwall, David Ogden (Instructor-Lieutenant R.N.), only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Ogden, to Janet Ansell, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. White.

OLDHAM—SPEED.—On August 14th, at North Scarle, Lincoln, Geoffrey John Oldham, B.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Oldham, to June Rose Speed, B.A., elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Speed, of North Scarle.

JONES—FOX.—On September 2nd, at Stockport, Granville, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Jones, to Cicely Mary, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Fox.

COUSINS—BURGOYNE.—On September 4th, at Cheadle, Michael Charles, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Cousins, to Dorothy Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Burgoyne.

LAWSON—CHAMBERLAIN.—On October 23rd, at Chorlton, George Barry, B.Sc. (Tech.), only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Lawson, to Doreen, only child of Mrs. and the late Mr. S. J. Chamberlain.

### DEATHS.

NESBITT.—On October 1st, at 11, St. Austell's Road, Manchester 16, Leslie Houghton, aged 54 years.

PALMER.—On October 16th, at Formby, as the result of an accident, Colonel H. L. Palmer.

SAXELBY.—On November 12th, at Buxton, Frank Moulton Saxelby, M.Sc., B.A., M.R.I., aged 81 years.



### Old Hulmeians Association

It is regrettable that only 72 members attended the 35th Annual General Meeting held at the School on 15th September, 1954, when so many important items were on the agenda.

Sidney Whittingham, the new President, will be well known to every member and it is only fitting that his long years of unstinted service should be so recognised.

The most disturbing item reported at the Annual General Meeting was the financial result, which was the worst presented for many years. It is likely that the playing sections may have to recommend an increased subscription for their members. The Sections are working on this problem at the moment and endeavouring to keep any increase to a minimum, particularly to boys who have recently left School.

The Annual General Meeting authorised the creation of a Central Fund, about which members will be told more in the not too distant future. A special Committee has been formed to consider this Fund and their findings will be made known to the General Committee before the end of the year.

It used to be a practice from time to time to distribute a copy of the Association's Rules and Standing Orders to all members, but this has not been done for obvious reasons for nearly twenty years. The Rules have, however, been brought up to date and amended where necessary. Thanks to the generosity of J. M. Walker, who is printing them at no cost to the Association, it should be possible to send a copy to each member of the Association within the next few weeks.

A movement is afoot to re-start the Motor Section which will be remembered by only a few members of the Association, but there was a time when this Section organised many enjoyable outings, enabling members to bring their wives and lady friends with them.

The Annual Dance will again be held at the Longford Hall on January 21st, 1955, and the Annual Dinner at the Midland Hotel on March 12th, 1955. Both these functions in the past have always been most enjoyable and it is hoped that members will make an effort to swell the numbers.

E. B.

### Old Hulmeians Lacrosse

During the summer, a lacrosse team from Virginia University, U.S.A., visited this country and the Section provided many players for the

teams which played against them. The Lancashire County side in a most exciting game inflicted the tourists' only defeat by 5 goals to 4.

The American tactics resulted in a good deal of mid-field play and this added to the spectators' interest in the games. The attendance at all the games was excellent and the Section hopes that many who enjoyed watching these games may support our three teams. All the teams are worth watching and yet our supporters are far less numerous than those of less successful clubs.

The First Team have started the season slowly and have already lost two matches. The first was to the League Champions, Heaton Mersey, and a keen game ended in the now usual close result. The second, to Cheadle, was something of a shock, and an overhaul of tactics has been necessary. If the improvement in play shown against Old Mancunians can be maintained, however, the prospects for the remainder of the season are bright.

The annual match with Oxford University was played on November 13th and was rated as the most enjoyable of those arranged so far. We are indebted to the Oxford club and to Old Hulmeians at Oxford for their hospitality.

The "A" team, with G. B. Lawson in goal, have made a good start to their season, having lost only to their closest rivals for the Second Division Championship, Urmston, by 5 goals to 6. Competition for places in the team is strong, and this season may at last see it successful in the Junior Flags competition.

The Extra "A" Team have welcomed the return of M. Hazell, D. Watkins and J. Winfield and with D. H. Tredwell in goal and R. K. Gibson on defence playing well, the side is a formidable one. They have played attractive lacrosse, and with not too many changes should improve on the excellent start they have made to the season. In addition, they must surely provide several players for the senior teams in the near future.

The results to date are as follows:—

#### FIRST TEAM.

##### RESULTS.

1954.

Sept. 25.—v. Cheadle Hulme ....	A W 8—3
Oct. 2.—v. Disley .....	H W 1—0
Oct. 9.—v. Heaton Mersey .....	A L 10—11
Oct. 16.—v. Ashton .....	H W 19—1
Oct. 23.—v. Cheadle .....	A L 5—6
Oct. 30.—v. Offerton .....	H W 11—1
Nov. 6.—v. Old Mancunians ..	H W 10—6
Nov. 13.—v. Oxford University ..	A W 16—0



**"A" TEAM.**

1954.

Sept. 25.—v. Heaton Mersey "A"	H W 15—3
Oct. 2.—v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe	A W 12—4
Oct. 9.—v. Stockport	H W 8—4
Oct. 16.—v. Oldham	A W 19—5
Oct. 23.—v. Urmston	H L 5—6
Oct. 30.—v. Manchester University	A W 11—3
Nov. 6.—v. Old Mancunians "A"	
First Round, N.E.L.A. Junior Flags	A W 16—5

**EXTRA "A" TEAM.**

1954.

Sept. 25.—v. Manchester Grammar School	H W 14—9
Oct. 2.—v. Ashton "A"	A W 10—4
Oct. 9.—v. Cheadle "A"	H W 11—5
Oct. 16.—v. Rochdale	A W 10—4
Oct. 23.—v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe "A"	H D 6—6
Oct. 30.—v. Mellor "A"	A L 5—8
Nov. 6.—v. Boardman and Eccles "A"	H Postponed.
Nov. 13.—v. Heaton Mersey Guild "A"	
First Round, Lancashire Junior Cup	H W 1—0

**Old Hulmeians Rugby**

There was much activity at Brantingham Road when the playing season opened and members directed their efforts into improving the training facilities. With thanks to Bill Lee and others who assisted, we now have excellent flood-lighting on a section of the ground, thus enabling mid-week training to continue throughout the winter and most of our players are taking full advantage of this valuable asset.

At this point we should also like to thank Mr. Watts, who joined the School staff earlier this year, for his assistance at several of our training sessions and whose coaching has resulted in a marked improvement in the playing standard, especially of the backs.

Many members have assisted in the decoration of the clubhouse and as the work nears completion we can see that the final result promises to be very pleasing.

The 1st XV started the season with a heavy defeat by an exceptionally strong Fylde "A" XV but, by persisting in the basic principles of open football, results have been achieved which give far greater encouragement. In previous seasons the strength of the team has lain in the pack, but, with constant practice, the backs have become far more confident and effective.

The finest achievement so far has been the defeat of Broughton Park "A" XV when, under adverse conditions, the team scored 14 points to the visitors' 11. This was an exciting game with the lead changing hands several times but, by keeping the play as open as possible, victory was gained in the closing stages of the match.

It is difficult to single out any one individual in a team which has concentrated on team work, but we feel that some mention must be made of the half-backs. Geoff Carter and John Harrison, who have developed an excellent understanding, a feature which has been used to great advantage by the "threes."

Unfortunately the "A" XV are not enjoying quite the same success, as the team lacks an experienced hooker. However, we have seen the potentiality of this team on several occasions and it is worth noting that the captain has been complimented on the style of rugby played. At Davenport, under ideal conditions, the team played well and again showed the true value of open football.

It is felt that with a regular pack this team could equal the playing record of the 1952/3 season. Here again the team has worked hard and credit is due to scrum-half, Alan Totten, who has put in some good work behind the pack and, although not always getting his fair share, has frequently gathered the loose ball to break away and score.

The Extra "A" XV has again produced an excellent record. The most inspiring result was the win over Broughton Park "B" as it was the first time the team had achieved this feat since the war.

It is a pity that we still experience difficulty in turning out a regular, full side as there is an excellent spirit amongst the keener members of the team.

Thanks go again to skipper Peter Harrison for his untiring efforts in building up the playing strength of the team.



The main drawback is, unfortunately, a shortage of playing members as the figure of 43 full playing members is too low to maintain three regular teams. However, we have been pleased to welcome several players who left School in July and would extend a welcome to anyone leaving School in the near future, who is interested in playing for the "Old Boys."

A hot-pot supper was held at the clubhouse on November 1st and we were pleased to see several of our non-playing members, but we would still like to see still more of them at our social functions.

## RESULTS TO DATE.

## 1st XV.

Sept. 4.—v. Fylde "A" .....	A	L	0—54
Sept. 18.—v. Wilmslow "A" .....	A	L	3—6
Sept. 25.—v. Kersal "A" .....	H	W	64—0
Oct. 2.—v. Calder Vale .....	H	W	10—8
Oct. 9.—v. Davenport "A" .....	H	W	16—13
Oct. 16.—v. Broughton Park "A" .....	H	W	14—11
Oct. 23.—v. Oldham Borough .....	H	L	0—5
Oct. 30.—v. Kersal "A" .....	A	abandoned.	
Nov. 6.—v. Old Rochdaliens .....	A	W	12—0
Nov. 13.—v. Toc H. ....	H	D	6—6

## "A" XV.

Sept. 4.—v. Fylde Ex. "A" .....	H	L	6—27
Sept. 11.—v. Ashton-on-Mersey .....	H	W	14—13
Sept. 18.—v. Wilmslow Ex. "A" .....	H	W	20—13
Sept. 25.—v. Kersal "B" .....	A	W	16—0
Oct. 2.—v. Sedgeley Park .....	H	W	12—0
Oct. 9.—v. Davenport Ex. "A" .....	A	W	19—3
Oct. 16.—v. Broughton Park Ex. "A" .....	A	L	8—15
Oct. 23.—v. Oldham "A" .....	A	L	0—16
Oct. 30.—v. Kersal "B" .....	H	W	18—0
Nov. 6.—v. Old Rochdaliens "A" .....	H	L	3—11
Nov. 13.—v. Toc H "A" .....	A	L	3—20

## EX. "A" XV.

Sept. 4.—v. Fylde "B" .....	cancelled.		
Sept. 18.—v. Wilmslow "B" .....	A	W	5—3
Oct. 9.—v. Davenport "B" .....	H	W	20—8
Oct. 16.—v. Broughton Park "B" .....	H	W	9—3
Oct. 23.—v. Oldham Ex. "A" .....	H	W	15—0
Oct. 30.—v. Preston G'hoppers "B" .....	cancelled.		
Nov. 6.—v. Old Rochdaliens "B" .....	cancelled.		
Nov. 13.—v. Toc H Ex. "A" .....	H	W	6—3

## Old Hulmeians at Oxford

A mellow autumn has withered into winter. Crumpets and toast are more acceptable than they were three weeks ago. We succumb more readily to the everlasting temptation of another cup of coffee. Let us not give the impression that we are unduly troubled by the metamorphosis of the natural and social scene. Crumpets and coffee are essentially delectable, the inevitable endearments of Oxford life. It is so easy, writing in the sixth week of term, to be pessimistic. Essays lie unwritten, tutors rest unsatisfied, cheque books are redundant, the useless evidence of former financial glory. It is wrong, in this state of mental dissatisfaction, to forget the achievements of the first half of term. This has been a good term. A night club has been opened in the cellars of the Union Society, thanks to the inspiration of the President and the munificence of Lady Docker; "left-bank" decadence has been further accelerated by the provision by "Long John" (no one in Oxford is more respected) of a continental-type café, serving the very latest addition to the connoisseur's list—"café expresso."

The indefinable something which appeared, for the first fortnight, to be missing from the Oxford atmosphere eventually turned out to be A. W. Sedgwick, formerly of Brasenose College, who is now reading for the Bar Finals in London. The gap has, however, been adequately filled by the appearance of four Old Hulmeian freshmen. J. M. F. Drake, whom many will remember, left School in 1950, proceeding to King Edward's School, Sheffield. He has now arrived at Queen's. His musical enthusiasm, which is still strong, is satisfied each Sunday evening when he lends himself to the Brasenose Choir.

Brian Heap (St. John's) has joined the select body of those members of the University who are prepared vigorously to deny, at breakfast, lunch and dinner, that lacrosse is a game played only at the more genteel Ladies' Colleges throughout the country. Although R. E. Jones (B.N.C.) has not had the opportunity to be so vociferous in his denials, an unsuccessful argument with the 'flu occupying him for quite a period, he was nevertheless delighted to represent the University in the annual fixture against the Oxford University Women's Lacrosse Club, a game more important in its consequences than in its result.

I. J. Graham-Bryce (Univ.) has been noticed, on occasion, in the Union cellars, attempting to stabilise the confused rhythm of the University Jazz Band, with an ever-ready foot. So far he does not appear to have succeeded.



The gyrations of the new amuse, delight: but, what of the sedate aberrations of the more wise? For H. Davidson (B.N.C.) this has been a term of decision. He has finally decided that he ought to dispense with the magnificent red beard that has served him so well for nigh on eight months. He has also decided that he will not work this term.

Colin Day (B.N.C.), on the other hand, decided to work "quite hard" this term. There is, however, no substance in the rumour that he has come to a "bed and breakfast" arrangement with the owners of the University Laboratories. He still finds time to don a kilt on Tuesdays.

J. N. Hopwood (B.N.C.) has still not recovered from, and is not really sure that he wants to recover from, the realisation that the office of Secretary of the Gray's Inn Society in Oxford places at his disposal large quantities of free sherry. He has made many new friends.

For J. G. Wood (B.N.C.) it was an easy step from medical success to matrimonial bliss. Or was it the other way round? We have never really discovered.

Howard Baker (B.N.C.) is President of the Experimental Theatre Club. Need one say more?

Donald Hankey (Oriol) invited the present writer to tea and therefore deserves a mention in this letter. W. R. Esson (Univ.), Michael Green (Merton), and J. W. Ginger (B.N.C.) failed to invite him to tea and therefore they neither deserve, nor obtain a mention. As Joad would have put it, "It depends upon what you mean by mention."

We are assured that it is injury and not age that causes D. G. Robertson (B.N.C.) to move with the aid of a walking-stick. The fact that the stick first appeared at the end of a week's intensive coaching by Mr. Barber, who intends that Oxford shall defeat Cambridge at Lacrosse in February, is merely coincidental.

Finally, congratulations to C. Gee, J. D. S. Harrop and J. S. Baker on their success at B.N.C. May we say dispassionately that they are coming to an excellent college?

J. N. H.

### Old Hulmeians at Cambridge

There are many who advocate that the Michaelmas term is the most enjoyable of all. True, it has nothing to emulate the sense of relief and post-exam. gaiety of May Week; but Tripos is

as yet a mere cloud on a distant horizon, and there is the hilarity of Nov. 5th (this year particularly riotous) and Poppy Day (this year unhappily dampened by the gods who organise the weather). The miseries of cold and fog have arrived a term earlier than unusual, and in no uncertain way; but for Hulmeians this has been offset by an unusually large intake of Freshmen, to give us probably a record number of Old Boys in residence.

B. Seddon (Clare) has come up from Bangor to join the select band who hibernate winter and summer, away from the light of day and from the company of fellow Hulmeians. His work on pollen analysis keeps him imprisoned in the botany laboratories most of the time, but he is an enthusiastic member of the Mountaineering Club, bemoans the lack of mountains to climb, and yearns nostalgically for North Wales. E. Wilcock (Selwyn) reminds everyone insistently that, since the birth of our new sister, New Hall, with its sixteen undergraduates, his is no longer the youngest Cambridge college. He reads History and frequents numerous history societies, but he also rows and, as a result, no doubt, of his Army service in Egypt, has developed a sudden interest in the United Nations' Association. The unknowns have been puzzled this term by strange noises in Trumpington Street. The culprit, it has been necessary to explain, is G. T. Denton, practising the violin armed with which he invades Peterhouse musical circles. He also arms himself with a 'crosse every weekend to play for the "Eagles." When duties permit he reads history. K. H. Harper is also at Peterhouse and also plays lacrosse for the "Eagles," but, spurning abstract knowledge, he is acquainting himself with the more practical subject of engineering. J. M. M. Robinson (Trinity) has abandoned exploring the blue and once more has his feet on terra firma. He is a Natural Scientist, plays rugger and bridge, and has very decided views about the films shown at the "Rex"; views founded, one suspects, on not infrequent visits to that favourite haunt of those in search of "cultural background." Less dominant physically, but certainly not figuratively, on the rugger field is M. C. Dickins (Fitzwilliam), who has left the Army to read modern languages.

Of that Hulmeian clique who have almost become permanent fixtures amongst the decaying ruins, G. R. Macleod (Christ's) has been seen even less than last year. He is doing research in nuclear physics and, one gathered from a single brief conversation, is grappling with a thesis. He maintains regretfully that this is positively his last year, but one doubts whether such things can happen. Buried somewhere in the heart of the chemistry laboratories is J. P. Chilton (Clare) who,



to use his own words, "works like a nigger nowadays" and finds time for only an occasional game of squash with Reeve. D. M. Schlapp (Pembroke) finds time to wield his violin in chamber music ensembles in spite of the demands of radio-physics research. A. B. Wilkinson (St. Catharine's) is to be found at almost any hour, not in the laboratories, but in the University Library, his research being non-scientific, something to do with the novel-reading habits of the Victorians, we are horrified to discover.

B. E. Reeve (St. John's), now in his third but, he hastily adds, not his last year, glumly foresees the necessity for some work in the near future (he reads chemical engineering); this does not prevent him, however, from captaining the University Lacrosse team—from goal instead of upfield, this season—and playing rugger and squash as well. We are relieved to hear he has abandoned his inhuman habit of rising at 7-30 to indulge in a pre-breakfast run. Perhaps less admirably, he has severed his active connections with the Liberals. W. G. Cartwright (Trinity), also a third-year engineer, has reached the heights of fame on the river, where he coxes the First and Third first boat.

Of the four second-year Hulmeians, C. R. Burgess (Selwyn) reads law, rows bow for his college first boat, belongs to an exclusive dramatic group called the "Mitre" players, and is an active canvasser for the Conservatives. At the time of writing he has not yet had any effect on his colleagues. Of one of the Christ's trio, D. W. S. Latham, very little has been seen, and one might have assumed him to be working rather hard had not he given the assurance in conversation—although without qualifying the statement—that he is "generally enjoying himself." We have reason to believe that C. S. Smith is the School's first full-blue. Ungratefully, he has spent this term desecrating the hallowed Fenner's turf, on which he gained his distinction, by sticking a javelin into it. He is a prolific goal-scorer for the 'Varsity Lacrosse side and a keen Jazz Club enthusiast. On the rare occasions he has been found in his "digs" it has been exhibits for the college art exhibition which have tied him to his desk, not Architecture, as those who do not know him might suspect. K. Hoskinson wishes he could find time to read some English. He has been guilty of the heresy of deserting the traditional Hulmeian game of lacrosse—except for occasional gentlemanly college games with various local ladies' teams which he admits are more in the nature of social functions. Instead he can usually be found somewhere in the vicinity of a college rugger scrum, mutilating Bach on the chapel organ, or singing in one of three choirs. He fiercely denies the

rumour that he was seen in single combat with a bareheaded member of the constabulary on Guy Fawkes's night.

We extend our best wishes to those Scholarship candidates who are coming up from School in the near future. We hope they will swell our numbers even further than at present. Finally, any past or present members or friends of the School are warmly invited to call on us if they happen to be in our part of the country; even those from "the other place" are assured of a cordial welcome.

K. H.

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### Old Hulmeians at Manchester University

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Old readers of this column, will notice a change of correspondent. G. L. D., who has served us so faithfully for so long, has deserted the green fields of England for the even greener and relatively tax free land of Ireland. He takes up a post at Trinity College, Dublin; we wish him luck.

With the coming of a new Session at Manchester, many fresh faces are to be seen; in spite of this, little contact has been made with Old Boys, who have recently left School. It is reported that several Freshers are carrying on the Hulme tradition; P. Marlton, H. W. Morrell, D. S. Norbury and J. D. Sanders have been tirelessly playing lacrosse, under the able guidance of G. MacDonald who is captain of the 1st XII. No information has been gathered as to their courses.

That venerable Old Boy, G. V. Chivers, has been heard in the hinterland of Burlington Street. He claims that he went down some seasons ago and refuses to divulge his occupation. At all events he looks prosperous.

The School is well represented in the Medical Faculty. W. M. Gould is working for that most difficult examination, 2nd M.B. J. M. Beazley, G. Beaumont and W. R. Lee have recently made their appearance in the endless corridors of the Royal Infirmary. They report that they are enjoying life to the full, whatever that may mean.

Meanwhile, S. B. Foulds, E. A. G. Hamilton, D. D. Hilton and A. J. Ralston have realised, a little late, they say, that 3rd M.B. follows 2nd M.B. But, ever optimistic, they press on, not quite regardless.



That distinguished Old Boy and Old Owensian, R. Calderwood, lately returned from Soviet Russia, gave a lecture on his experiences there a few weeks ago. Those who heard him, in the Union, say that he was well received.

G. E. Cusick, who became engaged a short time ago, says that this will probably be his last term at Owens. His chief claim to fame at the moment is a small green motor-car, which he drives with what is popularly known as elan.

I. Ainsworth made one of his all too rare appearances in Caf. the other day. He studies French. One would have thought that such an occupation would have put years on the most seasoned student. On the contrary, Ainsworth looks as young as ever, if not younger.

The lanky figure of D. Shearman has been seen in and out of the Union. He has an executive position on the staff of the bi-monthly news sheet, *News Bulletin*.

R. I. Hattrick studies in his spare time; he also says that he has taken up hockey. R. B. Pilling is in the Department of Pharmacy following in his brother's footsteps. F. R. Bishop is grappling with Law.

Nothing, absolutely nothing, is known of doings at Tech. Perhaps some kind gentleman will provide information for inclusion in the Spring edition of the magazine.

We end this column with an invitation to any Old Boy who cares to brave the traffic of Oxford Road to share a cup of coffee in Caf. There is usually a familiar face to be seen there at lunch time during term and in the vacation, too.

And so to Christmas—and the Rag.

E. A. G. H.

### Parents' Association Notes

We have to report a very high proportion of new subscribing members from the parents of new entrants to the School. We were very glad to see most of them early in the term when the Headmaster spoke on the subject, "From Primary School to University."

This meeting was as usual excellent in every way and we are indebted to Mr. Bird for a most clear and instructive address. Our thanks too, go to the School secretary, Mr. Taylor, and also to Mrs. Bland and her staff for the very efficient and

pleasant way in which the refreshments were served. It has perhaps been remiss of us in not publicly acknowledging the services of the catering staff, but it is undoubtedly true that without the "coffee and biscuits" on these occasions, much of the pleasant atmosphere would be missed.

The Parents' Supper Dance at the Fallowfield Hotel on October 28th was a really first rate evening. This dance has become a highlight in our activities and a date that we all anticipate with pleasure. Our special thanks on this occasion go to the sub-committee, comprising Mrs. Stockdale, Mrs. Heath, Mr. Archer, Mr. Palmer and Doctors Culbert and Cooke.

We were glad to have with us Mr. and Mrs. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Barber and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, from the School and we hope that perhaps on future occasions we may have the pleasure of more of the staff. We should like also to thank Mrs. Bird for so charmingly presenting the prizes during the evening. It is also fitting here, to pay compliments to the dance trio at the "Fallowfield" for their much appreciated endeavours. We shall be repeating this date next year.

With regard to forthcoming events in the Spring Term, we shall be having the usual Parents' February Meeting in the School Hall.

Details of this meeting will be given early in the new term. As regards the Parents'/Staff Social which we shall hold once again at the "Fallowfield" on Friday, March 25th, you are particularly asked to contact any member of the committee for ticket reservation. We can only act on a "first come first served" principle. For the information of new members, it is on this occasion we invite the Senior School masters and their ladies and the Preparatory School mistresses to a social and supper and everyone has a very enjoyable time. It is an evening not to be missed and an opportunity of socially mixing which occurs only once annually.

Generally, our Association appears to be gaining in strength and reputation and if you are not actively one of us, you are missing a lot of good companionship and we shall be glad to have you in our numbers.

We hope to see you all some time during the next term and in the meantime and on behalf of the committee, a very merry Christmas to everyone, Parents, Boys and Staff, and a most happy and prosperous New Year.

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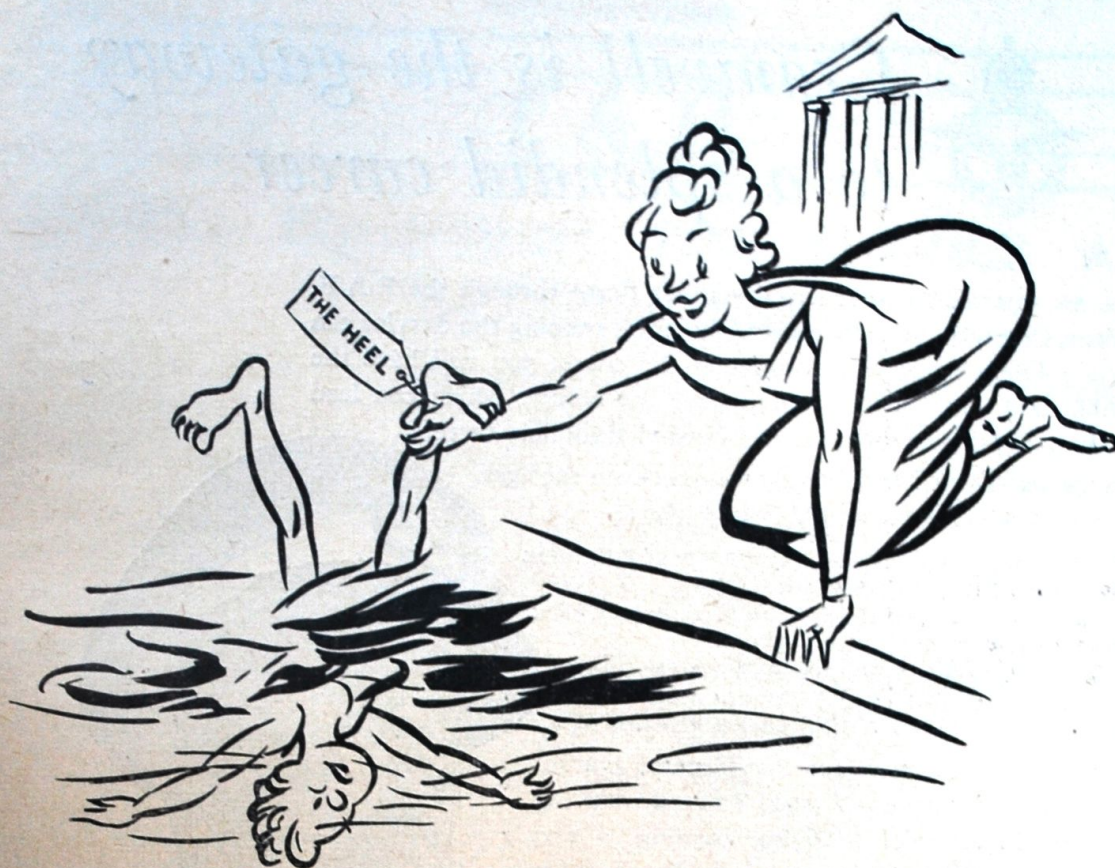
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