

dare to use it” These were the phrases that were, to my eyes, the headlines of every blackened ruin. These were the words that issued from the mouth of every twisted corpse. How I regretted that Man had not heeded the words uttered years ago by so many, and yet so few.

Coming now to what were but forty-eight hours ago the suburbs of the city, the devastation and conglomeration of rubble gradually thinned out and I was able to walk more easily. I could see for miles. Not a building or even a lamp-post or telegraph-pole stood upright. All was shattered. A tree on my right, ornately twisted and deformed, bent double as if with agony, and blackened by the conquering fire, brought to mind the equality of all things before the face of . . . what? What was this power so great that at the touch of a button a whole village, a city, a nation, could be wiped from the face of the earth?

A badly dented tin, blown by the breeze rolled noisily across the ‘street’ and rudely awakened me from my reverie. Attracted and startled by the sound I looked up At first what I saw, and saw quite vividly did not imprint its meaning on my mind. I blinked and shivering with fear and excitement, stared at this sight before my eyes. It was indeed a beautiful sight.

Five yards before me, seated on what can only be described as a throne, was an old man. He looked older than anybody I had ever seen in my life before. His hair, as white as the snow which lay on the ground around him, hung dishevelled and matted down his neck and in front of his face. His arms and hands seemed to be devoid of flesh, they appeared merely as skin stretched roughly over bone; his clothes were tattered and his feet bare. The most astonishing thing about this man however was what lay in his wizened and yet gentle arms. In his tender clasp was a young child, . . . a beautiful child entirely naked, on that bitter day, with golden curls and brilliant blue eyes. Its head was resting on the arm of its guardian and its eyes remained fixed, staring into the void. It was dead.

B. W. DERBYSHIRE, 6cu.

Shops

TO

Soothing sun—morning mist—

Freezing fingers—“goodbye” kissed, shop-ward shifting, VADO. Passing people, hasty hurrying, frozen feet

Groups of girls go ganging by, rolling rowdily on squeaky skates. Screaming mothers, crying kids; fluttering, flustered, females, young—old—jaw-wagging, scandal-spreading, busy-bodying, colossal corpulence bonneted, bearing baskets bulging bags; bantering, bickering, expostulating, gesticulating

“Ubinam gentium sumus?”

Ground—glistening, glittering, ice-gripped, glaciated, gleaming, glinting

Gaffers—gamblers, gamesters, glowing, groggy, giddy, gate-grasping, groping, gasping, gaping, glaring, grunting, gibing

Gammers—grand, glomerating, gabbing, gabbling, garbling, gassing, gleaming, gibbering, glozing, gossip-gluting, gobling and gorging

Godmothers—garrulous, gigantic, gowned, gain-saying, gathering, gnashing, gnawing, gibberish-gifted, graphic-gabbling

Gaggles of girls—galloping, gallivanting, gazing, glancing, gladdening, giggling, gorgeous, glamorous, gaudy, guessing, guileful, guileless, gurgling, gulping

“Gars”, gabies, gorps, goofs, gawks, goblins—gnomes, gadding, galumphing, grimacing, growling, growing, guffawing, garbage-grubbing

Gents—gloved, gamp-ed, genial, gloomy, glum, greedy, gregarious, gutteral-gossip-guzzling, gerrymandering, gliding, grinning, glimpsing, glorifying

Guardians—grumpy, grizzling

Greatcoats—greasy, grey, green

AT

“You-ou!” yells the young one.

“Eeelowluv!” greets the greater in girth.

Gruesome.

Chin-wagging, cheese-wrapping, bacon weighing, “Flitch or Gammon?”, “Ham’s cheaper”.

Head spinning

“Damn the government!” “Poor old pensioners!” “Died on Friday”, “Bread up a penny!” “Shame on Socialists!” “Curse Conservatives!”

“Anything else, luv?”

“Bottle of asprins”.

“One and a penny”.

FROM

Homeward hurrying. Splitting head aching

"Take relief that sure and safe . . ." reading . . .

Denique—asprins swallowing, steps striving—

DOMUM.

T. W. WOODWARD, 6.C.U.

Vendetta

He was an assassin! The vendetta was in his blood! He was not very old, however, but had matured sufficiently to have assimilated that insatiable hostility of his forefathers for their foes. So great was his detestation of his enemies that his nocturnal slumbers were disturbed by visions of them; he saw them rejoicing at his inability to reach them. He would wake up, infuriated beyond reason, mad to attack his insipid, but insidious enemy. This violent hate was of no avail, however, for he was virtually a prisoner, allowed to wander abroad only on limited and specified occasions and then always accompanied by a restraining hand. After each such revival of his old lust he found solace in the anticipation of future freedom, which would allow him to vent his hate and finally demolish his depraved enemy.

He found that as he matured physically his complex developed in equal proportion. It was aggravated by the belief that one of his enemies dwelt within earshot of his own dwelling. As he acquired ever stronger confirmation of this impression, he became incensed to the point of insanity. On several occasions, when he could contain his inflamed feelings no longer, he had found some small relief in giving voice to hearty abuse, which released to some extent his pent-up fever. He was appeased to a greater degree, however, by an inner premonition of the approaching consummation of his most cherished ambition. He did not care if he died for it; he would not allow such intolerable insolence to go unpunished. He realised that his ancestors must have undergone similar experiences and met their inevitable destiny and that he could not hope for any better fate than theirs. The advance of civilisation, however, had relaxed, if not removed, many of the more

vindictive punishments, so he might escape with perhaps a mere public flogging, or the inconvenience of life imprisonment.

And then it happened! It was a delightful spring morning. He was taken out for exercise in the nearby park, for good behaviour had resulted in a relaxation of the rigour of his incarceration. His chance came when his guardian's back was turned. Just as he started to run for his adversary's usual habitat, he spotted him in the distance, strolling along the walks in the park in leisurely, dignified fashion. A mutual glance of intense hatred was exchanged. His opponent with execrable cowardice took to his heels. The chase was on. He had never felt fitter in his life; but he had to reduce the considerable start his enemy had gained by his precipitate flight. Running as he had never done before, he quickly gained ground. The park was soon left behind. They raced down a maze of back streets where the one pursued was obviously much at home. The agility of his lighter opponent was also to the pursuer's disadvantage; but he did not mind so long as his enemy found no refuge, as he was obviously attempting to do. Soon, however, they reached a part of the city with which neither was acquainted, which led them to an electric railway line. In blind haste, with the terrifying premonition of death to spur him on, the fugitive started to cross the dangerous track. Slipping, jumping and at any moment liable to be reduced to a corpse, the coward continued, in a pitiful endeavour to avoid the perils of immediate electrocution or ultimate assassination.

Then the pursuer's turn came to cross the line. Lacking his enemy's dexterity, he again lost ground and several times, through ignorance and haste, narrowly escaped the death he longed to inflict on his intended victim. At last, the other side was reached and half-running, half-falling he tore down the embankment. By his more confident treatment of this obstacle he had almost drawn level. Both escaped death once more as they dashed across a main road regardless of the traffic. Now he had him! He could feel the exhilaration of having death in his hands. Joy in the fulfilment of his life-long passion overwhelmed him.

A door opened and the terror-stricken victim escaped through it. It closed behind him. Baffled, a dejected dog! Rescued, a triumphant cat!

P. T. GUTTERIDGE, 6.M.L.

When I Grow Old

When I grow old, as all men must,
 And ere my flesh returns to dust,
 I shall have time to sit and dream
 And ponder what I might have been.
 How will the parts which I have played
 Appear when nakedly arrayed?
 All shorn of fancy and disguise
 They'll pass again before my eyes.
 Will thoughts and deeds that seem so bad
 Retain their power to make me sad?
 Will deeds of which I often spoke
 Distinguish me from common folk?
 Those things that once depressed or
 flattered
 Are shown by time to scarce have mattered.
 When I grow old I think I'll find
 The bigger things have left my mind;
 But happy thoughts, of simple things,
 Will bring me peace, unknown to kings.

G. L. ORFORD, 5Y.

The Last Flight

Round and round, in ever widening circles,
 swept the hawk, his merciless beak hooked in defiance of the world, his mind filled with the pride of his kind, a breed superior to any other. His keen eyes, searching with remorseless accuracy every square yard of the country that unrolled itself, map-like, before him, scrutinised the ground for any sign of movement.

Suddenly, for no ostensible reason, a frightened rabbit, scared by the stillness that the circling death induced, broke the shelter of the protective brush and made a frantic dash for its burrow. In a second—its prey sighted—the falcon banked and with gaunt wings steeply arched, hurtled into its swoop.

The air rushed wildly past. The drops of moisture on the slate-grey back glinted in the light of the sun, as the hawk, his heart filled with joy of his freedom, and exulting in the mad, reckless abandon of his dive, hurled himself upon the unsmiling, grey earth. Faster and faster he went, like a bullet straight and unswerving, his feathers swept back by the onrushing wind, his cruel arrogant head pushed forward, the inky black of his eyes and feathers contrasting strangely with the brilliant yellow spearlike profile of his beak.

Then, when he must surely dash himself against the unyielding rock, the mighty wings glided upwards, and the indispensable retarding action of the flight feathers came into operation. Within the minutest fraction of time he had brought himself almost to a stop. Immediately the sharp talons stretched out to grasp the momentarily motionless form of the terrified animal; the great bill slashed down with irresistible force to take the life it had claimed.

A shattering crack broke the silence and the falcon fell—a victim to the missile it had imitated. Proud, even in death, it sank to the earth, its glory departed and smashed into a lifeless heap of bones and bloody feathers. The farmer stumped across the field to collect his prey.

P. MARSDEN, 5Y.

The House of Horrors

The bell rope hangs beside the door,
 As it always has since days of yore.
 The wooden door, so old and grey
 Forebodes bad tidings the people say.

With an eerie noise the floor-boards creak,
 While in their nests the mice do squeak!
 The cobwebs hang in strange array
 And start to swing as one finds one's way.

In days of old, when knights were bold,
 Many a banquet there the squire did hold.
 You scarce would think in this same house
 Now all you find is a wandering mouse!

You take your place in the mirrored hall
 Beneath the arm of a robot tall.
 Then as you exhale the etherial air—
 You find yourself in the dentist's chair!

R. G. HEATH, 5Y.

The High Street

What a sight it is to see the hustle and bustle on the High Street on Saturday afternoon, contrasting sharply with its usual, sleepy-eyed, weekday appearance! Folks from the countryside converge on the town to do their weekend shopping, or perhaps to spend an hour or two on the spree. The

shopkeepers endeavour to create a more attractive display of goods, vying with each other in friendly fashion for their customers' favour.

Young couples saunter along, stopping to gaze at the array of goods in the shop windows, while the harassed housewife darts busily to and fro filling her basket with appetising tit-bits for her family's enjoyment. Bored women are transformed into happy, smiling beings when they emerge from shops clutching their bargains. Small children toddle along holding magnificent balloons, which are in constant danger of being exploded by the milling throng.

The florists' shops are a riot of beauty and colour, and in the greengrocers' windows there are luscious mounds of apples, pears and other fruits interspersed with banks of cauliflower, cabbage and an assortment of items guaranteed to make the mouth water. Brisk trade in juicy steaks and tender legs of Welsh lamb is being carried on at the numerous butchers' shops, but the rows of fowl, dejected in their nakedness, remain overlooked, except, perhaps for the odd customer, with a little more cash in his trouser pocket.

Like a slowly-creeping crocodile, the traffic carefully wends its way down the High Street, to the open road and country beyond.

G. HENSHALL, 4Y.

Spring

Joyous Spring is here again,
On the hills and in the glen;
Sweeping winds and rushing streams,
On the rocks the sunlight gleams.

In the forest stand the pines
Tall they are with stately lines;
Oak and ash and beech-nut trees,
Branches dancing in the breeze.

Shady dells where snowdrops grow
In the hollows far below;
Up above the birds wheel by,
Calling out with plaintive cry.

On the hillside far away
The shepherd comes at break of day,
With his faithful sheepdog, Lass,
He strides along the rocky pass.

Joyous Spring is here again,
On the hills and in the glen;
At the end of winter strife,
All the world has come to life.

J. D. TURGOOSE, 4A.

Routine

Life's one mad rush,
I've heard it said;
Seven o'clock,
Jump out of bed;
Feeling cold?
Never mind!
Winter weather
Is unkind.
Hurry up!

You know the rule;
Detention if you're late for school.

Arrive at school,
Out of breath;
Nearly late;
Feel like death.
Getting "impots"?
Never mind;
Fate can sometimes
Be unkind.

Lessons over!
Work is done
Happily back home you come.

G. B. MILLER, 3A.

The Phantom Ship

As night arrives, the clouds close in and blot out the sky, transforming a previously bright and cheerful coastal scene to one of eerie darkness, bringing with it an unpleasant atmosphere of foreboding.

The waves begin to pile up, and the surf, thrown up by the ceaseless, relentless pounding of the waves on the shore, froths and bubbles as if obsessed by some evil monster. The last rays of the sun throw themselves across the waters of the horizon, as if reluctant to depart, and make way for the lesser light of the moon.

Slowly but surely the last rays of the disappearing sun vanish from the horizon. The huge sombre rain clouds sweep swiftly across the sky, only to meet and condense into one huge black blanket, bathing the countryside in eerie darkness. Suddenly the wind lulls leaving behind it an air of absolute silence.

All is still, and the very sea seems to be hushed and expectant. The sea birds have long since taken shelter, as if frightened of something which is soon to come.

At this hour, from time immemorial, the phantom ship which used to traverse the Spanish Main, in search of the great treasures carried by the Spanish galleons, has plied the coast of England for the plunder that never came. Over the horizon appears the topmast of this fated vessel, glistening in awful splendour, with the dreaded "Skull and Crossbones" flag flying topmost. Gradually the tremendous hulk of the ship appears above the horizon, and proceeds in deathly silence towards the port. The masts resemble the rotting bones of those who perished aboard, glistening and sparkling, their huge white sails smeared with the blood of the men who perished aboard.

The waves around have risen, throwing arms of foam up towards heaven, praying for liberation from the hands of this horrible apparition.

On the deck the remaining crew, although mere skeletons, whose bones rattle at every movement, are setting about their work as they have been doing for hundreds of years, preparing the cannon for instantaneous action. Slowly, inexorably, it approaches the harbour bar. Its enormous form looms up in the darkness, and, with gradually increasing speed, moves steadily towards the massive stonework of the bar. A crash seems inevitable; but suddenly a thick mist descends, hiding all from sight; and, when the mist lifts, all trace of the ship is gone. The coast is absolutely deserted. Nothing remains except the stark coastline, and the relentless rise and fall of the waves upon the shore.

J. R. MALLINSON, 2A.

Theopilus Sprockett

Theopilus Sprockett,
Invented a rocket.
And sailed to the moon,
With his lunch in his pocket.

But no more was heard,
Not a whisper, or word,
Of Theopilus Sprockett,
His lunch, or his rocket.

P. J. R. ABEL, 1A.

Thoughts on a Journey to the Labour Exchange

I might be a butcher,
I might be a baker,
I might be a priest . . .
Or a cabinet maker.

I might be a tinker,
Or maybe a tailor,
But what I really want to be . . .
Is a sailor sailing the wide, wide sea.

C. T. PARKES, 1A.

Frost

At the break of dawn this morning,
On my window pane,
Someone had been painting
With pure and fragile crystals
Prehistoric forests
And giant diamond petals.

I. ROXBURGH, 1B.

The Story of the School

AN OPENING CHAPTER.

(January 1887—July 1894).

I am asked by the Editor to write some of my memories of the earliest years of the School and recollecting that I have already done this on the occasion of its 50 years Jubilee, I find myself now yielding to a very strong temptation to look back 70 years and try to recall something of the times and surroundings in which the School opened.

The time was 1887, a Royal Jubilee year, when there was a fascinating Exhibition at Old Trafford (parkland, residential, no industry, no canal) with fairy fountains, a life-size village of Old Manchester, a Blue Hungarian Band, all bringing back nostalgic memories of what must have been a happy period free from anxieties of war, a period of golden sovereigns, of a prosperous Lancashire with the Oldham Limiteds springing up almost like mushrooms. War must have seemed then something for ever past and impossible in the

future, and although the Crimea was still a living memory to many of our older relations (after all it was nearer to us than is the first world-war today), the military instruction we boys received from one of its veterans, Sergeant Mitchell, did not provoke any anxiety in the least and we thought it rather fun.

The surroundings of the School were definitely agricultural. At least three active farms could be seen from the School windows; the ground in front, bordered by Alexandra Road, was subject to the rotation of crops, including wheat. With the exception of a farm, there was no building of any sort between the School and Chorlton-cum-Hardy station. The fields were enclosed by hedges of hawthorn and dogrose. Springbridge Road was a simple country lane, leading to the School across a small rustic bridge of three or four planks and hand rails (possibly the road received its name from this bridge). It crossed a brook, known I think as the Black brook, which must now be finding its way to the Mersey through a culvert under the houses of Brantingham Road, but it was not so black as its name implies, its banks providing opportunity for the collection of botanical specimens to be pressed and dried in albums. There were even shapely trees along its banks which provided shade for spectators of the cricket matches of a local team playing in a field lying half-right to the School. Wilbraham Road was merely a rutty cart-track from Chorlton to Fallowfield, capable of being closed to all traffic by a gate, according to the whim of a local farmer or possibly Lord Egerton.

Such is a very sketchy outline of the period and surroundings of the School during its earliest years, not that we 64 boys, who presented ourselves on the morning of 26th January, 1887, gave a thought to the changes which time was to bring about.

Workmen were still occupied on the premises. There was the smell of new wood and paint, as we were waiting in the old hall for something to happen and watching the occasional appearance of a cap and gown (fearful to one who had never seen them before). We assembled for prayers in the old Drawing School, where the five masters with Dr. Hall in the centre, faced the 64 boys. Four forms, one Science, one Latin and two French forms were assembled and led off to class rooms on the gallery (no rooms on the ground floor were furnished in those early days), the Latin form waiting in idleness the whole morning for its master, Dr. Hall, who was busily occupied with other duties. Not very much to remember of that first day, which ended at noon, as was usual at the commencement of each term.

But what memories come rushing over the teens of years of the subsequent weeks and terms of the eighties and early nineties of last century. Memories of the meeting in the Drawing School to vote whether Association or Rugby football should be played, of the first football kicked out into the six-acre field with nearly all the School pack chasing after it, of the first goal posts used, iron rods with the point in the ground and a triangle at the top, soon replaced by small wooden posts with a piece of pink tape for a crossbar! Memories too of Mr. Sykes, the first secretary of the School, selling single-handed, books and stationery (exercise sheets ten a penny!) to an unruly mob before nine in the morning, of the first cricket professional, old Tom Whatmough, with his frequent advice to "put that theer right leg out an' coot 'em". Whatmough was a great favourite of Dr. Hall and commenced with him the first levelling of the School field. He travelled backwards and forwards daily from Beswick, which was no small journey with the slow transport of those days. Then there was the first bicycle, Mr. Fison arriving one morning on what was then known as a "boneshaker", nowadays referred to as a "penny farthing"; and how envied was the first boy who became possessor of an early "safety", a machine with a cross frame and solid tyred wheels!

Many may be surprised to know that a tennis court was laid out against the south wall of the School for the use of the Masters and that a flock of sheep pastured on the playing field to keep the grass down.

The House System was not in vogue during those early years, so that School sides were confined mostly to Classics versus Moderns and Patriarchs versus the Rest, the Patriarchs being those who entered the School in 1887, but one finds it difficult to say anything about the games, which were played, won and lost, in the same spirit as they are today, their results being the most important thing on earth at the time to the players.

One remembers the opening about 1891 of the woodwork shop in the room half-way down the stairs to the old Dining-room and the advent of Mr. Dorrans. Tuition in this shop was not then part of the School curriculum.

There was no electricity (lighting by electricity was then in its infancy) and when dusk fell the source of illumination was by flat flame gas burners. The Central Hall had three chandeliers which were lighted by means of a taper on a long pole from the gallery.

Punishment usually took the form of detention after School hours plus a horrible business of having to turn in a number of "cubes" based on several figures. The cane was also used for more severe cases, each master having one in his cupboard in his class room. There was one master who initiated us into the manner of making out an I.O.U. This document had to be correctly made out whenever a punishment task was given, and redeemed when the task was handed in on the due date! His career at the School was very short.

An approximate date in Manchester's history is for ever fixed in the mind of the writer by the recollection of Mr. Tristram running a part of Thirlmere into a beaker (so he said) the day after the opening of the wonderful pipe-line.

Shorthand and Spanish were also taught in the School at that time and the Sports were always on breaking-up day at the end of July, immediately after speech-making and the distribution of prizes.

Everyone knows how easy it is to recall innumerable incidents, trivial and otherwise, which go to make up a school life and how boring they can be to readers many years afterwards, so I have tried in a modest way to differentiate between then and now, although I know practically nothing of the "now".

BERNARD MUTH.

Old Hulmeians Notes and News

The Lacrosse section has recently lost two of its veteran members and most loyal supporters with the deaths of Messrs. W. N. Caw and R. Buckland. They were also staunch supporters of the School. Mr. Caw presented a large number of volumes to the School Library last year. His son, Michael, also attended the School, but unhappily became a victim to a fatal illness shortly after leaving. Mr. Buckland came of an exceptional family. His three brothers also attended the School: all four played Lacrosse for England, the North and Lancashire. Mr. Buckland's three sons in turn attended the School and followed the family tradition by becoming prominent members of the School teams. The eldest, John, is now Captain of the Old Hulmeians' First Team.

Many Old Boys will remember Mr. W. A. Brierley, who was Art master at the School between the wars and an outstanding figure on the School stage as producer, scene designer and painter and,

not least, as actor. After the Second World War he removed to Laurence Sheriff School, Rugby, from which he is retiring at the end of next term. He is then going to live at South Lodge, Langford Wood, near Salisbury, Wiltshire, where he will be glad to see any Old Hulmeians happening to pass that way.

As many Old Boys will doubtless know, Mr. W. H. Thomson, who was for many years a History master at the School, has done considerable research on the life of John Byrom, the Manchester hymn-writer and shorthand pioneer. Mr. Thomson established the fact that the poet was born on February 29th, 1692, at what is now the Wellington Inn in the Shambles, Manchester, and not at Kersall Cell in Salford as was previously thought. His discovery has now been permanently attested by a plaque on the walls of the Wellington Inn. This plaque was unveiled on Thursday, December 15th, 1955, by Alderman R. S. Harper, J.P. Mr. Thomson broadcast on the occasion the same evening.

C. N. Fletcher, M.I.Mech.E., F.C.I.S., who was at School from 1908 to 1915, the last three years being spent in the Science VI under the Rev. J. F. Tristram, has now completed twenty-five years as managing director of Edward G. Herbert Ltd., Engineers and Machine Tool Makers, of Levenshulme, Manchester 19, of which he has also been chairman since 1951. We congratulate him very heartily on this achievement and thank him for his continued interest in the School and its activities.

J. H. Cairns gained the degree of Master of Technical Science in Manchester University in December last and has been appointed Assistant Lecturer in Metallurgy in the University of Manchester. We heartily congratulate him both on his success and his appointment.

In the Inter-Varsity Lacrosse Match J. N. Hopwood (B.N.C.), D. G. Robertson (B.N.C.) (Capt.), C. Gee (B.N.C.), played for Oxford and B. E. Reeve (St. John's) and C. S. Smith (Christ's) for Cambridge.

Arrangements have now been made for the Annual Old Hulmeians Golf Competition to be played at Didsbury Golf Club on Ascension Day, Thursday, May 10th.

It will be noticed that elsewhere we are privileged to include an account of his recollections by Mr. Bernard Muth, the first boy to enter the School. It is hoped to include in succeeding numbers of the magazine other accounts of their experiences by members of later generations, the object being not merely to interest present readers, but also to provide the School's future historian with some of the requisite material.

Some Old Hulmeians Foregather

The Editor has received the following interesting letter from F. J. Whelan, who attended the School from 1934 to 1942.

Dear Sir,

You may be interested to hear of a small O.H. Reunion which was held last year in Manchester. It was the result of a discussion which took place almost fifteen years ago between seven Hulmeians in the School Library.

It so happens that on a day in 1941, shortly before the Higher School Certificate Examinations were to begin, Messrs. H. J. Abraham, G. W. Battersby, J. D. Boardman, P. J. Croxford, F. G. Higgins, P. C. Wilkinson and I were sitting around a table in the Library doing nothing in particular, but talking a great deal—a practice to which we were perhaps unduly accustomed. The term was about to end and we were about to part company after a close and happy association of some seven or eight years. In those days of the war nothing was certain and we resolved to meet again on an agreed date, that we might see how the Fates had treated us. For ease of recollection it was decided that the date of our meeting should be the 5th May, 1955, at 5 p.m.—5-5-55 at 5. The rendezvous was to be the Midland Hotel, Manchester, and Wilkinson, with admirable forethought suggested it had better be on the steps of that hotel lest any of us were to be in such financial straits as to be unable to gain admittance—as I have said nothing was certain.

Soon after this arrangement we were scattered all over the world. The war ended, but we never met again. In March, 1955, Abraham was in command of a squadron of fighters in the Fleet Air Arm based on Malta, Battersby and Wilkinson were farming in Bucks. and Notts. respectively, Boardman was building roads and bridges as an engineer in the nether regions of Nigeria, Higgins was Housemaster at Worksop College, Croxford was practising medicine in Wales and I was performing the duties of a Resident Magistrate in the North-East corner of Northern Rhodesia. It was, as Abraham said, going to be nip and tuck if we all made "5-5-55".

At a few minutes to five o'clock on the 5th May, 1955, I was walking from the direction of Albert Square towards the Midland Hotel and as I approached the steps I heard the Town Hall

clock striking five and at the same time saw Battersby and Croxford approaching. We stood on the steps and Wilkinson arrived almost immediately. Abraham joined us a few minutes later, apologizing for his tardiness but declaring that the road between Portsmouth and Manchester had been particularly busy that day. Higgins was the last to arrive, having abandoned his charges at Worksop. Boardman was, unfortunately, unable to leave Nigeria, but was sent a telegram at 5 p.m. by the Hall Porter at the Midland Hotel.

We did not linger on the steps. What did we do? We did nothing in particular, but talked a great deal, this time over an excellent dinner—we sent John Boardman the menu suitably inscribed.

Shortly before dawn on the 6th May, we parted, all of us save Battersby leaving Manchester. I do not know when we shall meet again—perhaps on 7-7-77.

Yours faithfully,
F. J. WHELAN.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS

GILL.—On January 1, to Sylvia (*née* Dalrymple) and Stanley, a son.

BROADY.—On January 25, to Mary Elizabeth and Maurice, a daughter

DIXON.—On January 31, to Adrine (*née* Miller) and Frank, a daughter.

FLETT.—On February 4, to Irene (*née* Barrows), wife of Arthur M. Flett, L.D.S., a son.

CLARKE.—On February 21, to Marjorie, wife of John Lorton Clarke, a son.

MCCULLOCH (Staff).—On March 6, to Mr. and Mrs. R. K. McCulloch, a son.

MARRIAGES

CUSICK—FLANAGAN.—On February 14, Gordon Edward Cusick of Wythenshawe, Manchester, to Brigid Flanagan of Roscommon, Eire.

KOVACH—DEAN.—On February 25, at Altrincham, Ivan George Maynard, B.Sc. (Tech), A.M.C.T., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kovach, of Bowdon, Cheshire, to June Ricia Bradlaugh, younger daughter of Major Charles B. Dean of Roehampton, London and Mrs. J. W. Allen of Littleborough, Lancashire.

DEATHS

MARSON.—On December 8, 1955, at 3, Fairfax Drive, Wilmslow, Dr. Edward Ault Marson.

CAW.—On February 15, 1956, in a nursing home, William Newton Caw, in his 79th year.

BUCKLAND.—On February 25th, 1956, at 523, Wilmslow Road, Withington, Ronald, aged 67 years.

**Edward Ault Marson, M.B., Ch.B.,
F.F.A.R.C.S., D.A.**

We are indebted to Mr. D. Lloyd Griffiths for the following obituary note.

Many Old Boys will have learned with sorrow of the death of "Teddy" Marson, which occurred on December 8th, 1955. He was at School during the first world war, leaving in 1920 to go to Manchester University, where he graduated in Medicine and Surgery in 1925.

After holding resident posts at Ancoats Hospital and at St. Mary's Hospital, he started in general practice in Slade Lane, at the same time developing his skill and his interest in anaesthesia. It was not long before he was appointed visiting anaesthetist to Ancoats Hospital and to the Stockport Infirmary. In 1937 he gave up his general practice to devote his whole time to the giving of anaesthetics and to the study and the teaching of that art. In 1949 he was appointed to the staff of the Manchester Royal Infirmary as a consultant anaesthetist.

A man of modest and unassuming nature, he did a great deal to advance his speciality, especially in the Manchester district. His work in this way was recognized by everyone, for in addition to building up a large private practice as an anaesthetist, he was elected President of the Section of Anaesthesia of the Medical Society of Manchester in 1952. He would always answer a call for help very readily. His gentleness and his tireless care for his patients were an example to everyone. During his last years he had several grave illnesses, and he knew that any day might be his last, but his handicaps and his tenuous hold on life made very little difference to his behaviour and none to his cheerfulness and his unfailing courtesy. He never complained.

Dr. Marson leaves a widow and a daughter, to whom our sympathy goes out.

Old Hulmeians Association

The General Committee continues to spend a great deal of time in an endeavour to increase the membership of the Association, and also to improve its efficiency in serving the existing members.

On the 30th November, 1955, a meeting of recently joined members was held at School and although the numbers attending were somewhat disappointing, it is felt that some good must come from such an occasion.

More recently members of the Committee, together with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor at the School, have completely gone through the membership records. It is now felt that they are completely up to date. Members who from now on fail to receive copies of the School magazine, or advices of Association functions should, first of all consider whether or not they have paid their subscriptions, or whether or not they have recently changed their address, and failed to advise the Secretary.

It seems that at long last a genuine attempt will be made to re-form the Association of Old Hulmeians in London. Any members who are living near to London or know of Old Boys in that area, should advise C. G. Dennis, 15, Silverthorn Gardens, Chingford, London, E.4, and everybody should assist Clive Dennis in his attempts to get this section operating again. It is hoped to hold a meeting in April.

The response to the Central Fund Appeal continues to be most disappointing, but it is hoped that the matter is still in the minds of members of the Association, and that they will be prompted to act in the near future.

The first team of the Lacrosse Section continues to give cause for great satisfaction in that, at the time of writing, they have not lost a match this season, and our best wishes are with them for the remainder of the season.

New fencing has been erected round the Rugby Section's ground and they too are experiencing another progressive season, although the weather recently has proved a handicap to them.

The Motor Section now seems to be operating successfully and held a most enjoyable Dinner Dance at the Woodlands Hotel, Timperley, on the

10th of December, 1955. Their 1956 programme reveals an event for each month in the year except January and August.

The Annual Dance of the Association, held on the 20th of January, 1956, at Longford Hall, was once again a pleasant occasion, and although not quite so many attended this year, the organisers—W. T. Curtis and B. T. Plaskett are to be congratulated. This year, too, the weather was kinder, for it was neither snowing, raining nor freezing.

Our congratulations are due to N. A. Barber who was awarded the M.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List.

It is with regret that we record the deaths of H. H. Nall, W. N. Caw and R. Buckland, all prominent members of the Association, especially concerned with the Lacrosse Section, of which Messrs. Nall and Buckland were Vice-Presidents and Mr. Caw an Honorary Life Member.

Old Hulmeians Lacrosse

With only three League matches remaining, the Section's First Team is firmly entrenched at the top of the First Division of the North of England League with an unbeaten record. The team are also finalists in the N.E.L.A. Senior Flags Competition and will play Old Mancunians at Cale Green, Stockport, on the 24th March in the Flags Final.

There is no doubt that this team is the finest to represent the Club for many seasons and with the defeat of Boardman and Eccles on the 18th February, the way has been opened to the First Division Championship. In the Flags, victories over Boardman and Old Stopfordians have given the team the right to appear in their fourth consecutive Flags Final. As the three previous Finals have all been lost, the Section are hoping that victory will not elude them on this occasion.

The foundation of the team's success this season has been a solid and capable defence, which so far has not conceded more than five goals in any game, and a free scoring young attack, skil-

fully guided by the captaincy of John Buckland, who has had an outstanding season. The strength of the side may be gauged by the fact that no less than ten of the team appeared in the two Lancashire trials and that five members, F. M. McClinton, F. D. Bell, J. R. Winfield, A. E. Marsland and J. Buckland have been selected for the Lancashire team to play Cheshire on March 3rd. John Buckland has been honoured with the Captaincy of the Lancashire team for this match.

The "A" Team has also been enjoying a successful season in the Second Division of the North of England League, but has had a chequered career against the leading teams. Manchester University have been defeated in both matches, whilst South Manchester and Wythenshawe, who have suffered two defeats at the hands of the University, have beaten the "A" Team on both occasions. At the present time the "A" Team are lying second in the League table and should finish as runners-up to South Manchester in the Second Division.

In the Junior Flags the team have had to struggle and after defeating Heaton Mersey Guild in a First Round Replay, the side were beaten by Chorlton by four goals to one in the Second Round. The "A" Team gave a most disappointing display on this occasion and Chorlton fully deserved their victory in a game played under appalling weather conditions.

After a poor start to the season the Extra "A" Team have had a good run of victories, which has placed them in a comfortable position in the Third Division of the League. In the Lancashire Junior Cup, Oldham and Werneth "A" and Rochdale were defeated before the side was beaten by the School in the Semi-Final. The team held their own against the School until the end of the third quarter, when the score was 7—5 in the School's favour, but the deluge came in the closing stages of the game, when the School scored six further goals without reply.

The Section has had the assistance of several University members during the Christmas vacation and C. S. Smith, D. M. Archer and D. W. Archer have all played notable parts in matches during this period. The Section is always pleased to welcome University members, similarly Forces members, home on leave.

The Section's Annual Dance, held on the 11th February, was a well attended and highly successful function.

R. B. H.

RESULTS.

1st TEAM.

1955

Nov. 26 v. Offerion	A W 19—4
Dec. 3 v. Boardman and Eccles	H W 9—4
Dec. 10 v. Old Mancunians	A W 6—5
Dec. 17 v. Ashton	H W 18—4
Dec. 24 v. Heaton Mersey	H W 16—4
Dec. 31 v. Disley	A W 19—3

1956

Jan. 14 v. Urmston	H W 14—1
Jan. 21 v. Boardman and Eccles (N.E.L.A. Senior Flags —Second Round)	A W 9—4
Jan. 28 v. Cheadle	H W 11—1
Feb. 4 v. Mellor	H W 14—4
Feb. 11 v. Old Stopfordians (N.E.L.A. Senior Flags —Semi Final) at Heaton Mersey	W 16—1
Feb. 18 v. Boardman and Eccles	A W 9—4

"A" TEAM.

1955

Nov. 26 v. Heaton Mersey Guild (N.E.L.A. Junior Flags —First Round Replay)	H W 15—4
Dec. 3 v. Manchester University	A W 9—3
Dec. 10 v. Cheadle Hulme	H W 15—3
Dec. 17 v. Old Mancunians "A"	H W 15—6
Dec. 24 v. Chorlton	A W 16—2
Dec. 31 v. Heaton Mersey "A" ...	H W 25—3

1956

Jan. 7 v. Old Grovians	A W 19—8
Jan. 14 v. Urmston "A"	A W 18—0
Jan. 21 v. Chorlton (N.E.L.A. Junior Flags—Second Round)	H L 1—4
Jan. 28 v. Heaton Mersey Guild	A D 7—7
Feb. 4 v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe	H L 4—10
Feb. 11 v. Old Waconians "A"...	A W 10—1
Feb. 18 v. Manchester University	H W 10—8

EXTRA "A" TEAM.

1955

Nov. 26 v. Manchester University "A"	A D 8—8
Dec. 3 v. Oldham and Werneth	H W 5—4
Dec. 10 v. Manchester Grammar School	H D 5—5
Dec. 17 v. Rochdale	A W 12—5
Dec. 24 v. Urmston "B"	H W 13—2
Dec. 31 v. Boardman and Eccles "A"	H W 11—4

1956

Jan. 7 v. Mellor "A"	A W 6—4
Jan. 14 v. Stockport "A"	H W 12—8
Jan. 21 v. Rochdale (Lancashire Junior Cup — Second Round)	H W 13—5
Jan. 28 v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe "A" ...	H L 5—10
Feb. 11 v. William Hulme's Gram- mar School (Lancashire Junior Cup — Semi- Final)	A L 5—13
Feb. 18 v. Oldham and Werneth	A L 6—16

Old Hulmeians Rugby

A better playing record since we last reported has improved the spirit shown by our First XV, and we have lost only one match since the 19th November. The only performance of note, however, was the win by 32—3 against Preston Grasshoppers, when, on a very heavy pitch, we threw the ball about, and confounded our opponents.

The hardest part of the programme is yet to come, and matches against Manchester, Sale, Broughton Park, and Rochdale, will show by how much we have improved. All the injured players

have recovered except Geoff Carter and Bob Benson, and there is more combined play than at the start of the season as a result of a settled team remaining together. Unfortunately, bad weather has prevented the last three matches, and at the moment we are waiting for a thaw with increasing impatience.

Ralph Tredwell has again produced the enthusiasm and the results for which the "A" XV has not been famous in the past, and its record of having won ten matches already is a tribute to a very keen and cheerful skipper. It is now quite an event when the serried ranks of the "A" Team part to allow any replacement, and it is heartening to realise that, although the quality of play is not exceptional, this team is now established. The only severe defeat so far was against the College of Technology, who normally play against opponents of our First Team standard.

The Extra "A" XV has recently established a record by turning out seventeen players, but the Club is not yet old enough in experience to produce a supply of hoary old campaigners who are the backbone of club football. It is encouraging, nevertheless, that they have not been outclassed, and that members are joining us from School in larger numbers.

The calls of National Service and University are still playing havoc with any plans for settled membership, and we find that it is very difficult to regain contact with members who for either reason leave the district and return as comparative strangers.

Our social activities have so far consisted of one Dance with a record attendance of 130 and the occasions after matches when our opponents have been reluctant to depart. Of more serious nature was a visit to Twickenham for the International match against Wales, but an unfortunate cut in allocation of tickets by the Rugby Union caused us to cancel our proposed match in the morning against Chingford R.F.C. We hope, however, to make a visit once a year to the Mecca of the game, and to take a large party from the Club.

Once again we would like to extend a welcome to all Old Hulmeians to Brantingham Road, and to thank our group of supporters who brave the weather and give encouragement to the players.

O. R. DENNIS, *Hon. Joint Secretary.*

RESULTS.

1st XV.

1955

Sept. 17	v. Preston Grasshoppers "A"	H	D	8—8
Oct. 1	v. Old Rochdaliens	A	W	20—6
Oct. 8	v. W.H.G.S.	A	W	14—0
Oct. 15	v. Calder Vale	A	L	3—14
Oct. 22	v. Manchester Toc H	A	L	5—17
Oct. 29	v. Kersal "A"	A	W	44—6
Nov. 5	v. Davenport "A"	H	W	14—11
Nov. 12	v. Fylde "A"	A	L	6—22
Nov. 19	v. Cheadle Hulme	A	L	8—9
Nov. 26	v. Manchester Y.M.C.A.	H	W	8—6
Dec. 3	v. Manchester "A"			Cancelled
Dec. 10	v. Ashton-on-Mersey	H	W	8—5
Dec. 17	v. Prestwich	H	W	16—3
Dec. 24	v. Preston Grasshoppers "A"	A	W	32—3

1956

Jan. 7	v. Cheadle Hulme	H	W	13—6
Jan. 14	v. Fylde "A"	H	L	0—12
Jan. 28	v. Ashton-on-Mersey	A	W	5—0
Feb. 4	v. Old Rochdaliens	H		Cancelled
Feb. 11	v. Manchester Y.M.C.A.			Cancelled
Feb. 18	v. Manchester "A"			Cancelled

1955

"A" XV.

Sept. 10	v. Broughton Pk. "B"	A	W	9—3
Sept. 17	v. Preston Grasshoppers Extra "A"	A	L	6—15
Oct. 1	v. Old Rochdaliens "A"	A	W	11—6
Oct. 8	v. W.H.G.S. "A"	A	W	17—9
Oct. 15	v. Broughton Pk. Ex. "A"			Cancelled
Oct. 22	v. Manchester Toc H "A"	H	L	6—14
Oct. 29	v. Kersal "B"	H	W	9—6
Nov. 5	v. Davenport Extra "A"	A	D	11—11
Nov. 12	v. Fylde Extra "A"	H	L	11—14
Nov. 19	v. Cheadle Hulme "A"	H	W	22—11
Nov. 26	v. M/c. Y.M.C.A. "A"	A	L	0—26
Dec. 3	v. Manchester Extra "A"			Cancelled
Dec. 10	v. College of Technology	A	L	0—33
Dec. 17	v. Prestwich "A"	A	W	12—11
Dec. 24	v. Preston Grasshoppers Extra "A"	H	W	15—6

1956

Jan. 7	v. Cheadle Hulme "A"	A	W	9—6
Jan. 14	v. Fylde Extra "A"	A	L	0—32
Jan. 21	v. College of Technology	H	W	5—3
Jan. 28	v. Ashton-on-Mersey "A"	A	W	11—9
Feb. 4	v. Old Rochdaliens "A"			Cancelled
Feb. 11	v. M/c. Y.M.C.A. "A"			Cancelled
Feb. 18	v. Manchester Extra "A"			Cancelled

EXTRA "A" XV.

1955			
Sept. 10	v. Wilmslow "B"	A D	3—3
Sept. 17	v. Preston Grasshoppers "B"	H L	0—32
Oct. 1	v. Thornton Cleveleys Ex. "A"	H W	16—14
Oct. 8	v. W.H.G.S. Extra "A"	A L	0—5
Oct. 15	v. Broughton Pk. "B"	H	Cancelled
Oct. 22	v. M/c. Toc T Extra "A"	A W	21—3
Oct. 29	v. Metrovick "C"	A	Cancelled
Nov. 5	v. Davenport "B"	H L	9—23
Nov. 12	v. Fylde "B"		Cancelled
Nov. 19	v. Cheadle Hulme "B"	A W	14—6
Nov. 26	v. M/c. Y.M.C.A. Ex "A"	H W	3—0
Dec. 3	v. A School XV	H W	9—6
Dec. 10	v. College of Tech. "A"	H L	0—33
Dec. 17	v. Prestwich "B"	H L	3—6
Dec. 24	v. Preston Grasshoppers "B"	H	Cancelled
1956			
Jan. 7	v. Cheadle Hulme "B"		Cancelled
Jan. 14	v. Fylde "B"	H L	0—34
Jan. 21	v. College of Tech. "A"		Cancelled
Jan. 28	v. Ashton-on-Mersey Ex. "A"	H L	0—15
Feb. 11	v. Wilmslow "B"		Cancelled
Feb. 18	v. Manchester "B"		Cancelled

Old Hulmeians Motor Club

During the winter months interest has been sustained by film shows and a talk on lubrication by Mr. Boon, the chief chemist of Germ Lubricants Ltd., of Salford.

In December, we held our first Dinner Dance at Woodlands Hotel, Timperley. During the evening awards won by members were presented by Mrs. Eric Barnes and aided by gift novelties from petrol, oil and cigarette companies, the evening was proclaimed a great success so that we had no hesitation in booking the 1st of December next for our second Annual Dinner Dance.

The following is our forthcoming programme, subject to any unforeseen circumstances:—

March 18th—Treasure Hunt.

April 8th—Navigation Run.

May 27th—Gymkhana.

June—Race Meeting.

July—Social Run to St. Annes.

September—Driving Tests.

October—Film Shows.

November—Quiz.

December 1st—Second Annual Dinner Dance and presentation of awards.

The Pidd Trophy is to be awarded to the competitor who attains the most points in all the above events.

New members will be welcomed and details can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary: Allan Smith, 39, Athol Road, Manchester 16. Chorlton 6156.

Old Hulmeians at Oxford

Oxford beneath the snow is surprisingly similar to Oxford among the daffodils. The bicycles still swarm along the walls of Radcliffe Square; the Americans still shoulder their way up the Corn in light-blue sweaters; and the cars still stream into town with snow on their boots. Come rain or hail, Oxford is never really under the weather.

Moreover, with the advent of winter's rages comes a resurgence of the primordial lust for buttered toast. Soon after mid-day, one senses—imperceptibly but irresistibly—that in a thousand under-furnished rooms a thousand under-nourished young men are crouched around their gas-fires, toasting-fork in hand. The nation's hope, the flower of her youth.

But, on occasion, sad to relate, one may observe in the other hand an Advanced Textbook of Differential Calculus, or an Anglo-Saxon Primer, for Hilary term is prelims. term.

"And what are you doing?"

"Oh, working, you know."

It isn't even funny any more.

The situation is acute. Even John Baker (B.N.C.) declares he is working harder than last term. His terminology is, of course, strictly comparative, for he found time to row in Torpids and help to put the second boat three bumps higher up the river. His room took on a maritime air around the third week, when the roof began to leak. But even here, a virtue was made of calamity, and washing up the coffee-cups became a vastly simplified process.

On the other hand, Donald Hankey (Oriol) will admit to doing nothing whatsoever, and complains that the Oxford letter has become a mere gossip-column. I must say I agree with him; and I hope that, this term, the gossip-column will be a little more than mere and less than kind.

Sometimes you meet John Ginger (B.N.C.) during his perambulations along Holywell Street. In spite of his black trousers and Stygian hair, I hear he produces the occasional essay. He also writes short stories for 'Isis'—but they have to be obscene to be believed.

Roy Jones (B.N.C.) is the dark horse of the Old Quad. What can he possibly find to do in his room? What possible explanation can there be for his not being in for Sunday breakfast for the last five terms? And why should he win a collection prize? The thick plottens.

Ian Graham-Bryce (Univ.) is a sports editor for 'Cherwell', and justifies this appointment by playing rugger and water-polo for his college. But his greatest triumph is to have 'acquired' a policeman's helmet, which duly decorates his already well-trophied room. For any enthusiasts in this line of kleptomania, he advises the 'tip and run' method.

Walter Essen (Univ.) still rows; Michael Drake (Queen's) is the non-playing secretary of the lacrosse club; and Brian Heap (St. John's) is just non-playing.

Colin Gee (B.N.C.) is the darling boy of University lacrosse. We read of his exploits upon the sporting field almost every week. But it's not the fame that goes to his head. He spends the week-ends showing visiting teams the dignified, academic sobrieties of Oxford life.

How different the record of Dudley Harrop (B.N.C.). Ever since he brought his banjo to College, the cloisters and the Arab quarter have not ceased to resound with the strains of 'Careless Love' and 'The Rock Island Line'. I go out when

he and his quasi-musical companions are having a session. It gets them all in the end, you know.

Having successfully dissected Annie last term, Graham Ellis (Keble) has now moved on to Albert. He never felt very comfortable in the presence of ladies. The maps in his room have been replaced by an excellent set of bones. But he is still a brolly man *par excellence*.

At the same college, Tom Oliver is demonstrating that even a tradition such as Keble's can be broken. He plays lacrosse and fiddles about with chemicals.

That lodgings makyth man is conclusively proved by the example of Neville Hopwood (B.N.C.). Since he has moved into a new set of luxurious rooms on the High, he appears in clean shirts and with a certain indescribable lustre about the old blue raincoat that I remember so well from his school-days. He plays lacrosse, of course, in company with Garry Robertson (B.N.C.), for whom this has been a busy term. Between matches, practices and after-dinner speeches, Garry has been studying heterozygosity and the parasexual reproduction of micro-organisms. Asked his opinion of the Oxford-Cambridge match, he remarked that things were looking up in the Dominions. We all have our off-moments.

So our wheel, like so many others, has come full circle, and it time to bid farewell to this city of dreaming pipes and lost teaspoons.

J. D. S. H.

Old Hulmeians at Cambridge

It's quite true what they say about dons being absent-minded. On the whole, if a don meets you in the street, he will not see you—even if he gave you tea the day before. This is because, though he leads a more leisured life than everyone else, he is always very busy. His expression is vacant: his head is full. He is also by nature a very shy man. He knows this and makes an effort not to be, when, as the occasion demands, he must entertain reluctant undergraduates. When he does entertain, the don displays an extraordinary lavishness and fierce vivacity which astonishes his guests leaving them in amazed and embarrassed silence.

But in other respects, sad to say, the don doesn't live up to his reputation. The great Age of Eccen-

tricks has passed. There might be side-whiskers, untidiness and hobbyhorses, but they are all very inconspicuous oddities in comparison to idiosyncrasy in the grand manner. There's nothing now like the splendid despotism of the original Dick Bentley, Master of Trinity a few centuries ago, who ravaged the college plate and plundered college treasury to build and adorn for himself a magnificent lodge, and who held up to ransom, single-handed as his own advocate, the whole body of Fellows, the University and the Crown, in a protracted lawsuit for more than thirty years. Nothing now like the love of books there was then. The docile Fellow who, about Bentley's time, was set to catalogue entirely alone the whole University Library, has no modern rival in bibliolatriy. He was a steady worker so they left him to it for a few months and were pleased to note that he was so engrossed in his work he often forgot his lunch. Then one day they went to investigate his progress. About a thousand books were done and they wanted to know why. He explained that, well, when he came to a volume unknown to him he felt he ought to read it.

Talking about absent-mindedness reminds us that you will want to hear about Hulmeians in Cambridge. This has been a term of solid prosperous pleasure for us all and we have each—in our quiet way—enjoyed ourselves very much. There's nothing more dull to read about than private pleasure. Anthony Brazendale ought to go on record perhaps as having roared drunkenly with prodigious effect throughout a college production of "The Great Catherine". And some other Hulmeians foregathered in Mike Robinson's rooms and decided to have a dinner with the people from the other place.

G. T. D.

Old Hulmeians at Manchester University

We can only assume that the results of the Christmas Exams. account for the almost total extinction of signs of life amongst those of our brethren who have elected to while away a year or two in this 15th precinct of the City. Alternatively, perhaps the exhausting efforts of Rag Week explain the absence of Mancunian Old Boys from the haunts beloved to their hearts.

Less lamentably in the interests of public information, though no doubt more grievous to the

gentlemen themselves, those Old Hulmeians who earlier elected to wrest glory from the maxim "Lux Gentium Lex" have proved easier to locate, for daily beneath their snow-swept ceilings they are to be seen engaged in desperate combat with the intricacies of legal theory, eager for once to be united in that corporate spirit which is born of apprehension.

However, we have no doubt that once the dreaded die is cast—and the Sessional Exams. enshrouded in the charitable mists of Time, P.T. Mitchell and J. P. Gutteridge will regain their juristic ebullience, J. D. Sanders will resume his five-dimensional super-high-frequency musical experiments, H. G. Rhodes, heavily booted, will once more lustily tramp the T.A. parade-ground and J. Clough will with hitherto unseen alacrity descend the 200 yard drop between the smoky Silence Room and another room, where he will forthwith add to the existing smoke until rival and more natural clouds regather in May.

Certain of our number are reputed to have been seen in exotic disguises light-heartedly, though narrowly, evading arrest during the Rag. A footpad who loudly asserted that he was B. Nutt was much in evidence at the right end of a trumpet, while D. Campbell was seen on the night of February 13th poised in Mexican attire at an alarming height in a tall window-frame. As he has been seen since under a table, we presume he was not contemplating aerial emigration, as his costume might have suggested, but was merely at the wrong end of the fabulous trumpet.

Despite alarming reports in the national press, we have it on the best authority that P. H. N. Webster and B. Linley were in no way associated with the seditious activities in Sackville Street, nor (which is somewhat more difficult to accept) with the escalading expedition at Holme Moss, though we are not prepared to jeopardise what small measure of literary standing we may have by commenting upon our other Tech. comrades.

No doubt History and the Police Gazette will unveil in greater detail many of the mysteries of recent days. In the meantime, may we reiterate our permanent invitation to friends, old, new and from dimly illuminated retreats, Northern and Southern, to visit us at any time and perhaps to gain some small insight onto the allegedly halcyon, but assuredly hectic existence we pursue beneath the invisible but none the less fruitful harbours of Lime Grove.

J. C.

Parents' Association Notes

As we all expected, the School Choir excelled themselves on December 20th in St. Ann's Church, Manchester. The rendering of the unaccompanied carols, created, in all those privileged to be present, that very happy seasonal feeling of goodwill to all men. All those present, and especially the parents of the boys in the School, would wish that our thanks should be made public to both the choir and Mr. Williams. We look forward to the next time.

The Spring term somehow does not get going with the Association till late, and this year our first general meeting at the School was not held until February 29th. Under the chairmanship of the Headmaster, we spent a very interesting and instructive hour with Mr. E. G. Greenwell, the Youth Employment Officer to the Manchester Education Committee. His subject, "Choosing a Career", proved the value and advantages of the Grammar School curriculum and the very wide range of opportunities available to young men as they finish their course. We offer our thanks to Mr. Greenwell, the Headmaster and the catering staff for their "after hour" ministrations.

Our next event will be the Staff and Parents Supper Social at the Fallowfield Hotel on Friday, April 20th. It is on this occasion we like to show our appreciation to the School staff by inviting them to join us for an evening's relaxation and we always have a good time. By the time these notes are read it is more than likely that all the tickets that can be allocated to the parents will have been taken up; but, if you would like to make sure, give the Parents' secretary a ring; he may have some left over.

Later still in the Summer term, late May, most likely, we have the Annual General Meeting and there are also the cricket matches against School and Staff. We need volunteers for the cricket teams, so if you are interested will you please contact any member of the committee? The dates of these last two events will be notified, by circular, through the School and the boys. Would parents please stress to their sons the desirability of the safe and speedy delivery of these circulars? The Committee wish to convey their best wishes for a pleasant Easter Holiday to everyone.

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

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



A SOUND STRUCTURE?

The sea god Poseidon—more commonly known as Neptune—invoked the aid of Apollo in his set task of building the walls of Troy. That 'good looker's' assistance took the form of moving stones or bricks with music from his 'lyre' (and this is truth!).

Perhaps only in ancient mythology could such a feat be possible, for at no age in this world's history could bricks be moved by music or 'made without straw' (old saw): neither can a successful career be assured otherwise than by means of specialised training (and this is serious!).

If your interest in a future career lies in Electrical Engineering, we suggest that you get in touch with 'Ferguson Pailin' to obtain details of opportunities in the business of designing, manufacturing and selling of all types of Switchgear for service in power stations, substations, steelworks, mines, factories, etc. They have most interesting training schemes available, including combined University/Works' courses.

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Full details can be obtained from any Divisional Headquarters of the Board or from the National Coal Board, Hobart House, London, S.W. 1

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