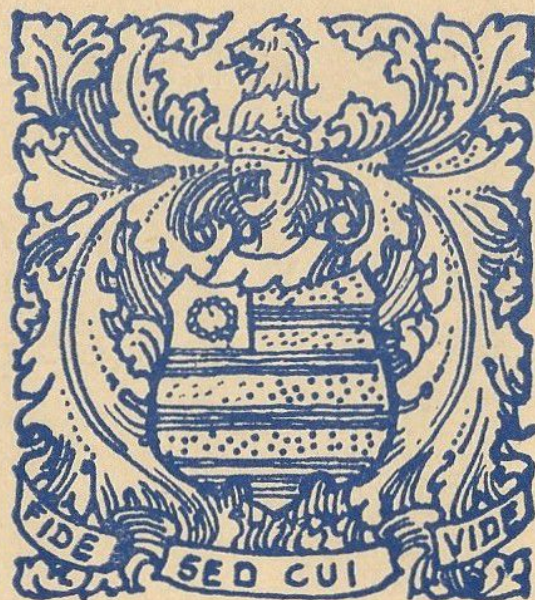


# THE HULMEIAN



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# The HULMEIAN

The Magazine of William Hulme's Grammar School

VOL. XV

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### School Notes and News

It was with profound shock and with a sense of personal loss that the School heard of the sudden death of Mr. W. Taylor, the School Bursar, on May 11th. He served the School with loyalty and devotion, giving unstintingly of his professional skill, his warmth and generosity, his complete integrity. Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Taylor, with whom he fully shared his service to the School.

We were delighted to welcome back Mr. D. M. Williams at half-term; he has made an excellent recovery from his operation at Christmas. At the beginning of this term we welcomed back Mr. K. Hoskinson and hope that he will soon have fully recovered from his accident.

The Lent Term ended on a high note with the victories of the 1st XII in the final of the North

of England Junior Flags and the Under 13 XII in the final for the Centurion Trophy.

On the last day of term, nearly the whole school voluntarily abstained from school dinner, the money thus saved, nearly £40, being given to the Freedom from Hunger Campaign.

One notable event of the term was the 50 mile walk from Manchester to Blackpool, organised by R. H. Roberts, and successfully completed by four boys and Mr. C. E. Bryans.

During the Easter holidays, the annual School trip to Paris took place under the direction of Mr. Collings and Mr. Timm. Another party of boys, led by Mr. Haynes and accompanied by several other members of staff, hiked in Yorkshire. Mr. Travers took a party of Sixth Form geographers to East Anglia, and Mr. Phillips and Mr. Haynes led a party on the Norfolk Broads.



By the decision of the School Governors, the Preparatory Department will close in July, 1964. The "Prep." has occupied its present position, on the corner of Alexandra Road and Wilbraham Road, since 1918; before then it was part of the main School, being housed in what is now Room 7.

Current Affairs lectures during the Lent term included the following: *Music Since 1920*, by Mr. Johnson; *Painting*, by Mr. Malpass; *The Purposes of History*, by Mr. John; *Manchester's Architecture*, by Mr. Archer; *Industrial Design* by Mr. Wainwright; *Crime and Punishment*, by Professor Cohen; *Migration within the Commonwealth*, by Mrs. Cusworth; *Germany in the '60s*, by Mrs. Northcott.

We congratulate the editors of *Crucible* on the latest issue.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Lidunian*, *Ulula*, *The Savilian*, *The Wallaseyan* and *Britannia Magazine*.

Future events include the following:—

The Whit holiday begins at 4 p.m. on Thursday, May 30th; School opens again on Tuesday, June 11th, at 9-15 a.m.

The C.C.F. Inspection will be on Thursday, July 11th.

The Athletic Sports will be on Saturday, July 13th.

Speech Day will be on Thursday, July 18th, when the Guest of Honour will be Sir Harry Platt, Bt., F.R.C.S.

Next term will begin on Friday, September 13th at 10-45 a.m.

## Obituary

### MR. W. TAYLOR

Mr. Taylor came to the School as Assistant Secretary in 1951, and two years later he succeeded Mr. J. A. Barber as School Secretary and Bursar. To follow the almost legendary figure of Mr. Barber could not have been easy, and those of us who were in daily contact with Mr. Taylor in his early days were impressed by his determination not simply to live under the shadow of his great predecessor, but to make his own contribution to the full life of the School.

How well he succeeded can be seen today in the close and happy relationships that exist between the School as an institution, and the individuals—staff, parents, boys, old boys and domestic staff—who make up the School as a society. For the Bursar of a school such as ours is no remote administrator dealing with statistics: his concern is with the people who are the school.

No one who had any dealings with Bill Taylor could help being impressed by his essential kindness and courtesy; his professional knowledge was always at the disposal of those who sought it, but, above all, he always had time for a friendly word and a joke. Whatever crisis might develop, he would meet it with a monumental calm that immediately reduced it to its proper proportions. Much of his most valuable work was done behind the scenes, often long after the last boy had left the premises. His work for the Old Boys' Association, for the Old Hulmeians' Lodge and for the Parents' Association will long be remembered.

In all that he did at the School, Mr. Taylor had the whole-hearted help and support of his wife. We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Taylor, and trust that she may be comforted by the knowledge that our memories of Bill Taylor will always be of a man of integrity, devotion and kindness. We, and the world, are the poorer for his passing.

## The House Play Competition

### GASKELL

Jeans, gin bottles and bibles ushered in the 1963 House Play cycle with Gaskell's brave production of Beverley Cross's *One More River*. The splendid set (reminiscent of the Theatre Workshop) economically suggested one of those anonymous areas of a ship where a landlubberly cast and audience can feel at ease. This was important, for the same place had to serve successively as agitator's soap-box, illicit drinking rendezvous, courtroom, execution platform and focus for the "moment of truth".

The producer, N. B. Pearson, rightly insisted on a naturalistic approach. The racy dialogue of deck hands, the easy disposition of seamen and their bric-à-brac were quite fluidly maintained with some success.

Severely cut from a full three-acter, the play's ultimate point was woolly. Tension crackled in the early altercations between the Bo'sun—admirably realised in a pungent performance by D. Marsden—and the fo'castle lawyers, gingered into activity by a startlingly splenetic R. I. G. Morgan and tempered by J. O. Freeman's calm "Chippy". After the central dispatch of Officer Sewell, to whom P. A. Royse gave a nice degree of despotic arrogance (his immaculate white ducks were the sole visual indication of the tropical setting), the play faltered and seemed to become but a routine palindrome indicating a return to a social *status quo*.

Nevertheless, the boldness of choice and the enthusiasm of the players added up to a spirited and enjoyable production.



## DALTON

Ben Jonson's two masterpieces are *Volpone* and *The Alchemist*. Neither play is held together by a reasoned and continuously unfolding plot so much as by a skilful co-ordination of characters who, in their combination, add up to Jonson's estimated sum of man himself. In *Volpone* we have a study of cupidity in the exploitation by the 'Fox' himself of avarice and self-deception. The key to production, therefore, is that of careful integration of parts—a quality seldom seen on the professional stage.

In confining their production to the first of the play's five acts, Dalton were in fact giving us a view of one side of Jonson's coin—that which displayed the apparent success of *Volpone*'s and parasite Mosca's design to mulct their neighbours. Although this gives us an unbalanced view of Jonson's overall intention, it at least offers the opportunity for an hour's entertainment of sparkling farce overlaying a richly comic situation, granted adroit and polished presentation.

Unfortunately, we were granted nothing of the sort. The players were straight-waistcoated in their iambic pentameters which, although generally audible, were delivered with such pedantic thoroughness, each contemporary joke given with such full solemnity, that the sensation of poetry was numbed. Speech was not the only offender. The changes of tempo within the act itself were not displayed. The treatment of each entry of the neighbours was stereotyped, the lack of variation of pace and reaction, remarkable.

For Dalton, this is obviously a lean acting year, yet, by means of a careful examination of the basic requirements of production of even this difficult choice, the essentially entertaining quality of the act could have been reasonably successfully communicated. W. Liversedge was commendably at ease as *Volpone* while vertical, though missing many opportunities while prone, apart from a successfully bronchial cough. D. Whaite's parasite, Mosca, after initial ponderousness, gradually achieved a recognisable irony, although the vital mercurial element was quite absent.

Of the birds of prey, H. Heap's Corbaccio was the most successful, with an enjoyable study of the undisguised rapacity of an old man. His posture was frighteningly like that of a giant-size praying mantis.

The set must not escape notice. The "sumptuous hangings" reference did not go unremarked by the observant audience. Advance publicity indicated 17th century Venice. We were treated to 18th century Mrs. Siddons and french window. Much is made of *Volpone*'s bed which could be used as a stage within a stage, but it should have been anticipated that inexperienced actors may have found a grand, four-poster *littore matrimoniale* complete with rich muffling hangings difficult to cope with. I should dearly like to know the function of the miniature Punch and Judy apparatus

which was pointed at so frequently, but which was tucked away in a corner.

These anachronisms, self-imposed difficulties and obscurities could have been avoided. But then, the play could have been given a modern setting. Producer D. Altaras fought a valiant rearguard action and, if the choice was a rash one, it will have produced fruit if some have been stimulated to discover the richness and to tackle the practical difficulties of Jonson for themselves.

## BYROM

I offer the genealogy of Byrom's play as a thesis topic to any member of the audience. My suspicion is that Byrom's production of *Buffalmacco's Jest* is probably by M. Jagendorf (as advertised) out of Boccaccio through A. J. B. Hilton. The hand of an international troika is evident: Italianate setting and plot; a Prussian heavy handed humour, and a British determination to make the best of both worlds.

The curtain revealed a sound set with clean lines and harmonious character. The temptation to elaborate had been sublimated. Lush hangings, apparently velvet, simulated a sun soaked church; simple drapes achieved a secure sense of period. The costumes, similarly, were well chosen, indicating the Italian Renaissance by colour and line rather than by fussy detail. The headgear was the true scene-stealer however. An alternative title could well have been "A Florentine Ceremony of Hats".

The relevance of this soon became apparent. A group of layabouts led by Buffalmacco, played with great verve by J. G. P. Morgan, adopt a succession of ideas to cozen a painter, Andrea Tafi. It was through the muffling of this portrait by R. W. Wetton that the play's spring was pitched so low. Hindered by featureless dialogue, Wetton was unable to project the character of a wife-dominated buffoon. Nevertheless, the thin plot scarcely worried the audience, who responded to the well-timed opening slapstick in which D. G. Cowan justified his team-selection by unerring aim in basket-throwing. Small details, too, caught the eye, especially the apprentices' confident pipe-play. C. R. Fairclough egged on with gusto, radiating good humour, while P. C. Allen, whose stage-Italian accent was reminiscent of a certain Eccles, revealed welcome *savoir faire*. The latter will be a clown worth following.

Other characters assisted, notably a disreputable, "defrocked" doctor, B. G. Gazzard, whose unethical line of remedies was resoundingly seasoned with sprigs of dog Latin. He was assisted by J. N. Jones in strenuous but vain attempts to plumb the depths of a quarter flask of bianco. It may be observed that the wine flowed like water. P. S. Booth and I. M. K. Lowe made appearances quick heeled and pert respectively.



In the central episodes concerning the actual cheating of Tafi (as in Welshman it sounded), the spirit of the earlier merry romp suddenly evaporated. Cues were muffled, grouping stiffened, poses drooped. The play was unfortunately allowed to speak for itself, and the creaking of the plot was only stayed by the excellent authority of Morgan whose good-humoured drive forced the production through its final exhausted lap.

#### FRASER

Fraser presented *By Which We Live*, a post-war play by Michael Clarke, set in the final days of the pre-Mao Tse Tung China. An atheist English doctor and a Roman Catholic priest are prisoners in the hands of a Communist regiment led by an improbable Europeanised colonel. The central situation arises from the problem of choosing between being dead or red. Both prefer death, but friction is generated by the priest's pose of "I am prepared" which is received with cynical disbelief by the doctor. Matters are further complicated by the Colonel who plays cat and mouse by using personal knowledge of the doctor's background. The doctor is shot, the priest seeming to prefer life at the last moment, for he too has personal knowledge. He goes the doctor's way, however, but without the privilege of fore-knowledge.

It is a static play to watch, and emphasis is required on the cut and thrust of the fluctuating statements of personal position. The colonel may be seen as a catalyst through whose remorseless logic the captives are forced into reasoning-out palatable alternatives. The moral seems to indicate that this is the way of life.

A. Horwich played the Peking and Cambridge educated colonel with commendable deliberation. He was unhurried and presented his "problem in ultimate logic" calmly, if not sufficiently inexorably. When he learns not to throw away lines upstage he will be a promising addition to the School stage. M. D. Rayburn's Dr. Brackly was a pugnacious creation and allowed little quarter to the placid priest of R. W. Warburton. The situation between them had Graham Greene-ish possibilities and Rayburn communicated the sense of frustration arising from a wasted life with dash, switching nicely to a truculent dignity as he was led out to pay his final atonement.

Warburton was a self-possessed southerner figure of a priest whose "I know I am Right" was well contained in a quietly determined and inflexible performance. He alone of the major characters properly exploited the positive value of non-movement.

The set was a successful one, conveying oriental economy by the simple textures of a canvas lean-to (with an effective black roof) and light tea chests. With extracts from Bach's *Toccata in D Minor* (by courtesy of Stokowski) and Wordsworth's *Ode to Immortality* (intoned by D.

Latham) thrown in for good measure, Rayburn's production was a well-considered one. It was carefully presented and praiseworthy in its offering of a play of greater substance than that of the average production.

#### WHITWORTH

Whitworth's choice *Five Days* was written by Henry Zeiger, an American, in 1956. It shows a sequence of five days in the course of a war between "Yellows" and "Blues". The sides' identities, as their manoeuvre-like titles imply, are unexplained, as are their aims for fighting, and are therefore unimportant. What is important is that the fluctuation of battle's fortune is seen through the relationship between a prisoner and his escort. This pair remains on the stage 'for the duration' and the play's point is made through the transition of their relationship from "This is not a man; this is the enemy", to a degree of *rapprochement* and, finally, to a fatal reversion of the original roles. War, it is saying, is a powerful conditioner enabling one to distinguish between humanity and the enemy. It is, therefore, anti-human: the play pacific.

Although not exactly containing an original moral, the play offers interesting practical problems. The passing of time and miles must be made smoothly and economically. Producers I. T. Wheatley and D. A. Ranson intelligently used lighting and simple portable properties (door and frame for house, three steps for hill etc.) for this purpose. Once the audience had tired of its own tiresome lack of imagination (and incidentally, lack of knowledge of standard procedure in the Chinese Imperial Theatre for at least the last millennium) it accepted the production's conventions quite easily, aided by some superb sound effects.

A. G. Broome, the prisoner, was coolly assured in gesture and voice and did much to make P. P. Sutherst's stage debut such a successful one. As escort and later victim, his was a most creditable performance, atoning for lack of tonal variety by sensible positioning. A. A. Jackson and M. Sykes (left over from an early *Macbeth* production?) contrasted well as man and wife with definite civilian views of the war. D. Thomas and R. G. Edwards were fair copies of military academy subalterns. M. R. Heilbron's drummer was a soldierly interlocution delivering his twenty-four hourly communiqués with appropriate mordancy. A. C. Mitchell and R. Gee, two rankers, gave occasional dash to proceedings.

Had the audience seen the dress rehearsal and thus been relieved of its excitement over the obviously unusual, the ease of direction would have been far more obvious. As it was, the challenge of the play had been briskly accepted, and we were rewarded by seeing a welcome new wave to add to our modest pool.



## HEYWOOD

With a flourish of programmes, Heywood A.D. & O.S. wound up the House Play proceedings with Clive Eaton's *No Fixed Abode*, a three-acter set in a "doss-house". The play carries little burden of plot in its examination of four "dossers" in a dormitory, from arrival to departure, twelve hours later.

The characters are well defined and involve: Grandpa ("I'm just out of hospital"), self-centred and family forgotten; the ingenuous Lofty, a father separated from his household by circumstances; ex-soldier Corp, whose misfortune is an extra-sensitive reaction to injustice; and an anti-socialite, Tich ("just out of nick"), whose meanness of mind provides the play's ground.

Authority, also, is represented by occasional appearances of the "Gov'nor".

What definite action sequence there is, springs from the stealing of a new pair of boots which leads to a midnight fight and a reprimand. This in itself includes neither motive nor "message", but through the conversational fabric, dimensioned individuals emerge, not through enforced eloquence but by situation and circumstance on the lower reaches of the social scale.

The principal means of communication are silence and repetition. The author has obviously observed barrack-room life with sympathetic precision. The flavour of futility has been well preserved. The merging of black and white standards of judgement into a variable grey is expressed convincingly as a result. Constant statement and re-statement of conversational motifs and the re-iteration of question are punctuated by pregnant pauses as the threadbare phrases are mentally reshuffled for the next assault on the *status quo*—which itself can never quite be pinned down. The significance, in institutional life, of regulated heat, light and sound is never far from their minds as the periodic crises of either maintaining self-respect or displacing the communal equilibrium occur.

Such a play offers a tremendous challenge to the players and, before the curtain's rise, one may have been excused for having misgivings over the choice. In the event, doubts were dispelled most efficiently. The cohesion of teamwork was of a higher order than any preceding play this season.

The deliberate movements of this detritus of society, the timing, the significance invested in commonplace objects (who would have conceived of such a wealth of worlds contained in Grandpa's boots, or Tich's potato?) combined to give a smoothly geared production.

For once, it really would be invidious to single out, immediately, one actor in such a team. But since one must be mentioned first, P. D. Roylance's playing of Grandpa was certainly the most outstanding of the entire season. His silent entrance was an object-lesson in effectively underplaying naturalistic observation. The simplest action was

permeated with that mysterious quality of character: emptying pockets; eating filthy morsels, and making unscheduled exits. His long-winding, pointless and impossible schemes for busking, for obtaining, therefore, identity, were delicately underlined with pathos. Altogether this was an outstanding piece of finely detailed and observed characterisation.

That Roylance did not overshadow the rest of the cast says much for the team.

Corp, a bow-shouldered man, wrecked by his irrepressible Galahad instincts, was sensitively accounted for by C. B. Holmes, still soldiering on amid the debris of newspaper scraps and frayed emotions. T. C. Cunliffe well realised Lofty's position as ineffectual peace-maker, coal carrier, stove mender and general duties man with wide-eyed acceptance of life's unnecessary complications.

A pleasing debut by R. C. Back took good care of the shifty Tich. Each gesture was one of contempt for his fellows, each syllable intoned with calculating gall. This characterisation showed a nicety of degree and, like the others, carefully avoided caricature.

J. D. Shuttleworth's Gov'nor was the epitome of an unsympathetic establishment, a mirror of the world's "take it or leave it" principle. His appearances were most effectively uncompromising. Producer R. Hughes, along with the cast, merits high praise for an intelligent and accomplished presentation which gave us a most stimulating evening.

#### In conclusion:

The House Play Competition is, by definition, a haphazard affair. Theoretically, by virtue of the curtain of secrecy which the Houses necessarily impose, it would be possible to have a sextet of drawing-room farces or kitchen-sink sketches. That there is variety to the extent to which we have become accustomed is something of a minor miracle.

This year's balance was fortuitously agreeable: an excerpt from a seventeenth-century classic; a Renaissance adaptation; two views of war's effects, and two pictures of the effect of authority upon the underdog.

The general standard of choice was ambitious, and for those aspects of production which failed to match up to initial optimism, there are the consolations of experience and the knowledge that the aim, at least, was high.

Many scenes persist in the memory: the struggles, in near inarticulate expression, for justice by Marsden and Holmes; Broome's stylisation of the eternal soldier; Gazzard's parody of Latinistic learning; Liversedge's assumed ailments; Warburton's calm priest; the far from cheery matutinal greetings in the doss house. Such a random selection serves to indicate the histrionic and production strength in depth which the school possesses. Unfortunately, in some ways it is a largely submerged nine-tenths.



As yet, a fully public recognition of and support for this strength in depth cannot be given. Only on the histrionic side, and that to a limited extent, is this talent for pure drama biennially revealed to a mature audience. The production skills have no outlet other than that of a single performance before an enthusiastic but not necessarily discerning (and therefore not truly encouraging) audience, mainly of juniors.

The effect of a public performance of, say, the two best plays would be satisfying for an evening audience and, especially, afford a valuable stimulus for the genuinely amateur aspect of the School stage.

The reviewer has found ample stimulation in the 1963 season and believes that the sharing of this experience, on a wider scale, would be of benefit to the undeniably virile interest in serious theatre that exists on the School stage.

House Drama Competition results—

1. Heywood 75 points; 2. Fraser 70 points; 3. Whitworth 65 points; 4. Byrom 60 points; 5. Dalton 55 points; 6. Gaskell 50 points.

### **The Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice"**

Perhaps the most difficult part of the producer's task is choosing the play to be performed. This is especially the case where a junior form is to act the piece. Rather than selecting a conventional Robin Hood or Pirate play with parts for all and plenty of action, if a minimum of significance, Mr. Haynes boldly decided on the Trial Scene from *The Merchant of Venice* for 1c to perform. His courage in undertaking something so exacting was well justified by the success he achieved. The performance suitably began with a short extract from an earlier scene which introduced us to some of the main characters, and gave us a foretaste of what was to come.

The stage was realistically set for the trial, with the Duke enthroned in majesty in the centre of a raised platform, flanked by his senators and assessors. In appropriately sonorous tones the Duke, played with authority and conviction by J. R. Banks, opened the proceedings. Poor Antonio's case seemed lost to the ruthless Shylock (H. J. Davies) till Portia (T. J. Beasant) entered and saved the day. Davies played the part of Shylock admirably; his diction was clear, though a little hurried; his modulation of voice and gestures were significant and meaningful. Perhaps he could have been a little more crushed by his overthrow. Portia was clear and dignified, despite one unlucky fumble for words, and made a most pleasing impression. D. L. Jones as Antonio was a joy to listen to, though he did not fully convey the helpless defeatism the character reveals. B. Norman adequately played the part of Bassanio. R. A. Houghton acted Gratiano with vehemence and conviction; but experience will teach him to vary

and moderate his gestures. H. Burnside doubled the parts of Clerk of the Court and, in the absence of C. Salmon, Salarnio. G. F. Yeomans was a lively Nerissa, though a little too femininely garbed.

It is a first form performance we have been criticising, not a sixth form's. The measure of their attainment can be assessed by the high standard we have applied. It was a most enjoyable occasion for all present—a goodly number of juniors, a mere handful of middle school and seniors. Those who have not the time to spare to watch juniors perform on some occasions miss something well worth while. This was one of them.

### **The Staff Stage Play**

Anyone who has ever had anything to do with the stage at school knows that, however chaotic things may be, the Stage Staff, with unfailing cheerfulness and zest, will make them even more chaotic. This is equally true of their own productions—they have an extraordinary knack of taking a comparatively harmless-looking script and treating it with complete disrespect, letting the wind of change howl through it with refreshing vigour.

This year they produced *Ali the Barber*, very loosely based upon a well-known story of a somewhat similar name. Their relentless publicity campaign started soon after Christmas and resulted in a fair-sized audience on Tuesday, April 30th. The play is written in rhymed couplets—and here, one felt, lay the principal weakness of the production; near-doggerel, relieved by some ingenious rhyming, needs a much more positive style of delivery to sweep and punch it along. R. P. Trevitt as the Barber, G. R. Cocker as Al Baloni and D. Assar as the barber's son were all audible but all were rather too reserved, and consequently, during the longer passages of dialogue there was a tendency for the interest to slacken. Fortunately the producer had taken care that there was plenty of action, often of a Goonish inconsequence—an intrusive cyclist, a Spies for Peace pamphleteer, a Lollipop man, James Bond, and (perhaps left over from "MacDeath") a Porter, played with superb gravity and timing by P. A. Royse. D. Howard played the part of the Chorus in a pleasantly relaxed style, while P. E. Beverley imparted the right flavour of eastern promise to the part of the slave-girl whose quick-wittedness thwarted the robber-band.

J. Lowrey was suitably unpleasant as Ali's brother who met a sticky end in the treasure-cave (he incidentally, was one who gave his lines some "bite"); M. Mack, brilliantly made-up as Ali's wife, kept her face heavily veiled throughout. The traditional forty thieves were slightly below strength, but were suitably uncouth in word and gesture. In the last scene they underwent a startling metamorphosis, re-appearing as a troupe of sinuous



twisting-girls. The entertainment was not spoilt by the unmannerly interruption of an elderly gentleman in the front row who appeared to think that he was back at the Windmill Theatre. Finally, for collectors of the Freudian slip there was one delightful line: "My wish is but a sinful—I mean simple—one".

Altogether a very lively entertainment showing good team-work, comic invention and some very hard work.

### Stage Notes

We congratulate G. R. Cocker on his appointment as Assistant Stage Manager, and A. D. Molyneux who became Assistant Chief Electrician last term.

The House play season produced a very varied, highly original and well presented collection of sets. Each year the producers' demands become more ambitious and it is a credit to the various members of the Stage Staff who stage-manage the productions that they cope so admirably.

Last term began with an extra hazard because the radiator below the extension burst. Even Mr. Foulds was bewildered by the speed with which the semi-permanent structure was dismantled. As with many such cases, however, it was easier to take apart than to re-assemble. The problem of what to do with the component pieces while repairs were carried out was partially solved by R. P. Trevitt who incorporated some of them into the Gaskell play *One More River* which had a nautical setting. P. Royse was responsible for the lighting of this play, as he was for Dalton's production, *Volpone*. For this play M. Mack produced a very convincing four-poster bed. Whitworth's play *Five Days* was a departure from the normal style of setting and presented R. D. A. Mitchell and A. D. Molyneux with some novel problems of scenery and lighting.

J. W. Bennett and J. Wilson effectively created an outdoor atmosphere for the Byrom play. P. A. Holland succeeded in giving the normally undistinguished box-set of curtains a fresh look and this play was well lit by P. Jandera. G. Jones and J. M. Peake are to be congratulated on their contribution to Heywood's award-winning production of *No Fixed Abode*—a play set in a common lodging house.

After this the Easter Concert made a pleasant interlude needing only rostra and curtains. The Stage Staff felt they could not let the season close without a really light-hearted play and so produced *Ali The Barber* which was quite well received.

And now the stage is strangely clean and tidy. Even though there is little work to do we shall probably go on meeting through force of habit and because of the friendships developed between the members of our slightly mad clan. Our thanks,

as always, go to Mr. Bonnick who puts up with us, Mr. McCulloch who helps us with our electrical problems, Mr. Barnett who provides the artistic touch and, most important, Mr. Foulds who faithfully brews our coffee for us.

### The Easter Concert

The Easter concert must be considered a triumph over difficulties serious enough to justify its cancellation: protracted inclemency of the weather had limited opportunities for rehearsal, and indisposition and accident had reduced the ranks of both performers and those who could have guided them; in spite of all, a most enjoyable evening of music was presented.

Each half of the programme was opened by the orchestra, conducted by D. S. Gee. They are to be congratulated upon catching the spirit of Beethoven in the first movement of his First Symphony, though they were less successful in their performance of Rossini's Overture (*The Thievish Magpie*)—a piece difficult enough under ideal conditions!

Interesting contributions in the field of chamber music were presented by S. M. Lomax, R. E. Cox, G. Roberts, F. J. Kenworthy, I. Heywood and D. S. Gee, and T. C. Cunliffe's madrigal group performed harmoniously. Pride of place must, however, go to the choir whose rendering of Elgar's *As Torrents in Summer* earned a well-deserved encore, and whose vigorous and happy performance of Diack's *Sing a Song of Sixpence* brought this pleasant programme to a close.

### C.C.F. Notes

On the 2nd and 3rd of March, a Field Weekend was held at Crowden Ranges. For part of the night there were exercises in patrol work, to which was added the hazard of snow lying deep in the drifts. Although it was very cold, the weather was fine, especially on the Sunday. This was no small contribution to the success of the weekend. There is to be a similar weekend this term.

Field Day last term was held on 20th March when all the bad weather had cleared. Overall it was a successful day.

'A' Company: Signals had their customary exercise in field communications; reports of its success varied in enthusiasm depending on whether one heard the officers' or the cadets' view. One considerable achievement was, however, that communication was made and maintained over a distance of more than three-quarters of a mile.

The results of the Classification Tests held in February were good, and A. H. Anderson and M. R. Heilbron are to be congratulated on qualifying as Assistant Instructors.

The rest of 'A' Company took part in compass exercises morning and afternoon. In the morning,



patrols were exercised and in the afternoon there was practice in clearing a valley of enemy posts.

**'B' Company:** In the morning there was revision of selection of fire positions and of section formations, and in the afternoon the cadets put into practice all they had learnt about Platoon in Attack. Many of the cadets had their dearest wishes answered because they attacked an enemy formed by the NCOs of their Company. We are happy to report that the NCOs returned unharmed.

The day's training was done well, everyone playing his part enthusiastically and efficiently.

**'C' Company:** Most of the work covered was new, and the recruits responded well, showing promise for next year when they will take their Part I examination. In the morning they were instructed and practised in Fire and Movement, and introduced to "section in attack". In the afternoon they watched a demonstration given by the NCOs on "Sections in attack."

The salute at this year's Annual Inspection will be taken by Brigadier N. W. Routledge, O.B.E., T.D. The parade will be on the morning of the 11th of July.

Annual Camp, this year, is to be held at Stoney Castle, Pirbright, from the 18th—26th of July. There is some rumour that the Guards stationed there had heard of this and that this was the reason for the walk-out.

#### Promotions:—

**To Sgt.** Cpls. Anderson, Armstrong, Heilbron, Royse.

**To Cpl.** L/Cpls. Ashcroft, Assar, Brisbane, Gravelle, Campbell, Jackson, Kennedy. N. M., Merriman, D. J.

**To L/Cpl.** Cdts. Barnes, Hoyle, Liversedge, Molyneux.

### The Donner Union

After the promise of the previous term, the Lent term was somewhat disappointing. Last minute hitches interfered with every one of our joint meetings, and the general sense of frustration spread to some of our speakers. Nevertheless there was a great deal of enjoyment to be had and some good sense to be heard. We have every hope for the future in a society most of whose members will be back next year.

The theme of our House debates was once again political. R. W. Wetton and J. A. Cowan succeeded by 8 votes to 4 with 6 abstentions in persuading the House that Great Britain did not need Polaris. They were challenged by P. W. Norris and D. E. B. Pollard, the latter having changed sides at the eleventh hour to untangle one of the hitches mentioned above. He had no such excuse the week after, however, when with P. H. Burgoyne he insisted that Democracy had failed. R. J. Q. Gristwood, summoning all his powers of rhetoric to the defence of his country, proclaimed how the

"flowers of fascism and communism withereth before the sickle of democracy", and, encouraged by G. Hibbert, the House believed him to the tune of 15 votes to 12 with 5 abstentions. At the beginning of the year, B. G. Gazzard, last term's deputy chairman, led a discussion on the *Corridors of Power*—the main article in which was an attack upon the civil service. Later, R. W. Wetton (who was elected to succeed him in the Chair) took advantage of a recent holiday to describe to us something of South Africa's way of life, and to dwell especially upon the Apartheid issue.

The four meetings with other schools proved enjoyable as always, and we must thank Mrs. Taylor for providing tea and biscuits on two occasions. The theme of these debates was consistently educational. At Withington Girls' School we were invited, along with Manchester High and Grammar Schools, to a sumptuous tea and a very amusing debate upon whether the present tendency towards sixth-form specialisation is to be deplored. B. G. Gazzard, successfully proposing, contributed to not a little of the amusement. Earlier, when Whalley Range had visited us to discuss the merits of co-education, F. J. Kenworthy (against it) and R. E. M. Lee were our main speakers. The former convinced an interested House by 30 votes to 25 with a few abstentions. When we went to Manchester High School, the Public School System was summarily abolished—by 27 votes to 13 with 4 abstentions, the mark of victory for B. G. Gazzard over R. W. Wetton. But perhaps the most entertaining meeting was the joint play-reading with Withington Girls' School of J. M. Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*, the main parts being read by Miss Lynne Lloyd and A. G. Broome.

Finally, we must again thank P. C. Allen for his industry as our advertising manager.

### The Leonardo da Vinci Society

There were three meetings last term. Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Jecny supplied the tea and biscuits (the highlight of each evening), while R. A. Charlton, S. K. Foster, and J. A. Ireland supplied the talk. All the meetings seemed to be widely enjoyed, and we trust that not a little instruction was blended with our amusement.

Owing to the last minute indisposition of I. J. Marsland, Charlton was thrown upon his own devices in tracing the history of jazz to us on 1st February. He included a brief appendix on modern jazz which Marsland was to have covered, and illustrated his talk with many records, his own and the United States Embassy's.

In March, Foster read a paper on speleology, which he first of all spelled for us. There were slides to show us and examples of equipment and rocks to hand round, but this still left plenty of room for the lecture and discussion. The speaker



concentrated upon the mental and social aspect of rock-climbing, as well as the physical.

Finally, in the same month, Ireland entertained us with an informative talk on Pipe Organs. He concentrated on the organ's mechanical structure, (handing round various stops and pedals), and on the music that it is called upon to play (demonstrating by way of piano and tape recorder).

Forthcoming papers are to be delivered by A. J. B. Hilton, M. H. Homer, S. M. Lomax, A. A. Lockett and A. Maclean.

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## The Christian Fellowship

Only a few meetings were held last term and these were poorly attended, partly owing to clashes with other activities. Mrs. Edith Howarth spoke to a group on her work as a Probation Officer, Mr. Bigland from Liverpool spoke to us after the showing of a Moral Re-armament film produced by Brazilian dock-workers. A joint meeting was held with Whalley Range High School, the topic for discussion being *Evolution and Genesis*. We are grateful to those who have given generously of their time to come to School as speakers for meetings, but now feel that in view of the attendances we ought to concentrate our activities on a Friday dinner-time meeting each week. This meeting will be held for discussion of prepared topics at 1-15 p.m. in Room 3.

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## The Science Society

At our first meeting this term we were pleased to welcome back Dr. Mendoza, who has spoken to the Society many times before. This time he chose as his subject *Some Early Rivals of the Steam Engine*. His talk ranged widely from engines designed on the Caloric Theory, which did not work, to an alarming engine powered by gunpowder.

On the afternoon of February 14th, the first part of the entrance examination, twenty members of the Society visited the factory of the British Oxygen Company at Worsley. We were shown over the plant for the manufacture of acetylene, and the extraction of oxygen from the atmosphere.

Mr. Anderson, from the Central Electricity Board, came to talk to us on *Automatic Data Logging*, on the 28th February. With him he brought a large amount of very expensive equipment which entertained the audience by typing out the room temperature at five-minute intervals throughout the lecture.

On the afternoon of the second part of the entrance examination, the Society visited the Christie Hospital and Holt Radium Institute, where we were shown methods of treating cancer

with radiation and introduced to some of the research undertaken there.

On the 21st March, Mr. Whittaker of the Manchester Astronomical Society should have spoken to us on *The Birth of the Planets*. This promised to be a most interesting talk, but unfortunately it had to be postponed to a more suitable date next year.

Several visits are being arranged for the period after the G.C.E. examinations.

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## The Model Railway Society

Progress on the construction of the layout last term was good considering that the term was rather short. Two new baseboards were built, and it is hoped to start laying track on the final board of the layout early this term.

The division of the society into sections, mentioned last term, has proved successful after minor modifications. Scenery has progressed very rapidly, on occasions to the consternation of the trackwork section, who consider that, except on the prototype, the track should be laid first and the countryside built around it. The electrification of the layout is nearly complete, a fact which is heralded by a mass of wires leading from the switch panel to various points on the layout, in a manner confusing to all but the electricians.

Construction of the station buildings has been started and some open wagons completed. It has been decided to make the signals removable for storage, to reduce the risk of damage.

Work has been started on the construction of a set of shelves for storing the boards in room 21 as the whole layout cannot be stored in its present accommodation without considerable difficulty. Consternation was also caused when it was found that this accommodation contained a number of small, light-brown beetles which have an apparently insatiable appetite for plaster and other scenic materials on the layout.

Two British Railways films, *Blue Pullman* and *Wash and Brush Up*, were shown last term. The society is indebted to Dr. Jecny for the use of the projector and to Mr. Manning for his patience throughout the term.

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## The Chess Club

Last term the chess team was again successful, drawing only two matches and winning the rest.

During the Easter holidays the following boys from the Chess Club played in the Manchester Junior Chess Congress: J. B. Sheridan who won first prize in the top section to become Joint Manchester Junior Champion; G. N. Henderson won 1st prize in the 2nd section; O. A. Jackson won 1st prize in the U.2 section; D. Taylor came joint 2nd in the VI section, D. Vaughan coming joint 4th in the same section; S. P. Pope won 2nd prize in the W.3 section.



The scores in the South Manchester League are as follows:

- v. Stretford Grammar School—Won  $4\frac{1}{2}$ — $2\frac{1}{2}$ .
- v. Wythenshawe Tech. School—Won 5—2.
- v. Altrincham G.S.—Drew  $3\frac{1}{2}$ — $3\frac{1}{2}$ .

Other Fixtures:

- v. North Manchester G.S.—Drew  $3\frac{1}{2}$ — $3\frac{1}{2}$ .
- v. Poundswick G.S.—Won 5—2.

Again our thanks go to Mrs. Taylor for providing refreshments for home matches and to Mr. Gardener for his continued help and encouragement.

### The Badminton Club

Since the last report nine matches have been played; four were won and five were lost. We had victories over Burnage (16-2), Chorlton (10-8), Moseley Hall (10-8) and Central (9-3), but lost to the Parents (10-8 and 11-7), Manchester (11-7) and Altrincham (11-7 and 10-8). So the Club ended the season with its best-ever results, Won 8, Lost 8. If there had not been some lapses at the end of the season and a stronger Parents' team than was expected, the results would have been better.

The regular team players were M. Brown, D. J. Merriman, N. M. Kennedy, J. D. Whaite and M. H. Homer (captain). Only M. Brown and D. J. Merriman (first pair) played together throughout the season, but the second and third pairs were frequently changed because of injury and unavailability. All the above players were awarded School Colours, and the following also played: I. G. Kennedy, H. F. Lyon, P. W. Norris, G. Roberts, and P. G. Wood.

Attendance at the Club has been good throughout the season and it is hoped that it will continue next season so that a regular team can be produced.

Finally our thanks are due to Mr. Ogden for his support and encouragement, to Mrs. Taylor for providing cups of tea on match days, and lastly to the Parents who have been most generous to us.

### The Table Tennis Club

After the completion of the qualifying tournament, the Club has returned to normal activities. There have been two matches, against Manchester Grammar School and Burnage Grammar School. Further fixtures have been arranged for this term, including one with the Masters.

Our thanks go to Mr. T. Smith who kindly repainted the tables for us.

Match Results:

- v. Manchester G.S. (At Home) W 8—7.
- v. Burnage G.S. (Away) W 9—6.

H. F. Lyon, P. Burgoyne, T. Cottrill, P. Horwich, L. Entwistle, M. D. Rayburn, O. A. Jackson, and E. Rigg have all played on the team.

### The Outdoor Society

The activities of the Outdoor Society were severely curtailed during the Lent Term by bad weather; in fact only two outings were arranged—a hike round Kinder Scout and a camping weekend in Grasmere during the Easter Holidays. The response for these events was poor considering the numbers interested in the early stages of the Club. It is to be hoped that the numbers will increase when the weather gets warmer.

#### THE DERBYSHIRE HIKE

Before he left us, Mr. Furniss successfully arranged and led the hike in the Peak District. One very sunny Sunday morning a small group set off from Hayfield for the Peak. A short walk brought us to the top of Kinder Stones. It was decided to stop here and have lunch with the sheep, but the break was shortened by the force and coldness of the very strong wind. We set off again and soon met the first of the transistorised groups from the excursion train at Edale. These were only a few of many as yet hidden.

The Edale valley was clearly visible but the Yorkshire towns were fortunately masked by haze. We turned northwards toward Kinder Edge and found what might have been a miniature glacier—no doubt the geographers would call it the remnants of last winter's snow, still piled high. One delight of the trip was the peat base, which was frozen solid, and so for once it was possible to walk across what are normally deep black pools of peaty mud.

Eventually we came to Kinder Edge itself with its eternal wind. The wind was now against us and, as if in spite, it seemed to increase. By the time the summit was reached, a high gale was blowing. A short stop for refreshment here froze everyone except one stalwart who decided to change his shirt.

The walk back to Hayfield was peaceful except for a few stragglers from the excursion train with their transistors still working overtime. Back in the bus, the sun went in and it started to rain—we were going to Manchester.

#### THE LAKE DISTRICT WEEKEND

The Thursday morning of Easter Week saw a Ribblesdale bus conductor patiently loading about half a ton of equipment into the back of his bus. Four hours later he patiently unloaded it at Grasmere, promising to throw out any forgotten belongings on the way back. This rather large quantity of baggage was to sustain seven people for four days.

The Lake District, now fine, had just finished having several weeks of rain and snow almost non-stop. Everything was fresh-looking but sodden. The farmer's wife at the camp site thought that we were mad but still let us camp there. The view from the south end of Grasmere is superb. Helm Crag and Seat Sandal seem to rise out of



the lake, and in the spring sunshine the world was at peace. It had to end. Four "experts" began erecting a marquee (they called it a tent) with more rigging than a galleon. After many attempts, it eventually did stay up. In preparation for more rain, drains were dug above the camping ground to guide the water away. The marquee owners erected fortifications worthy of the Romans.

The first full day dawned hazy but with promise of sun to come. Everyone joined in the ridge walk from Helm Crag to Harrison Stickle. It turned like summer so that on the way back a discerning observer could see seven gentlemen relaxing in the sun by Stickle Tarn. However, we had to be back before sundown, so through Easdale Bogs the gentlemen plodded, to Grasmere for food and drink.

The second day it rained—heavily—all day. Scafell Pike was the objective, but low cloud, driving rain and a high wind down Rossett Ghyll turned everyone against the idea. We returned to the Dungeon Ghyll Hotel for hot drinks. Some went to Ambleside and had baked beans, the others went to Elterwater. By the time everyone was back in Grasmere it had stopped raining.

The third day was cloudy, and all but three stayed in bed. The three set off for Helvellyn and were rewarded with fine views westward. What the rest did all day is unknown.

School was due to start so the marquee owners demolished their canvas masterpiece, filled in the fortifications and set off for the bus. The sun shone all the way home.

## Lacrosse

### FIRST XII

The team played outstandingly well throughout the term and their constant endeavour was rewarded in the final game of the season when they defeated South Manchester and Wythenshawe "A" in the Final of the North of England Junior Flags Competition. This was the first time a school side had won the Competition since its inauguration in 1902, and all concerned have good reason to be proud of their achievement.

Three games were lost, all to Cheadle Hulme School; this was, perhaps, a little disappointing, but their side was extremely competent and skilful and we were in no way disgraced by losing to such a fine team.

The attack, well directed by I. G. Kennedy, has undoubtedly been the stronger half of the team, and in all the Flags games has showed passing and handling vastly superior to that of far more experienced opposition. The defence was never able to contain the Cheadle Hulme attack but for the most part was sound, if not brilliant. N. M. Kennedy in goal has been a tower of strength and his exhortations have often inspired the defence to greater heights.

## RESULTS

v. Rochdale 'A' H W 12—3

Defying both fog and snow the School played their opening fixture of the season, and after conceding an early goal were rarely troubled. The attack played better as the game progressed, and it was good to see their willingness to fight for the ball on a bleak afternoon when most other sportsmen were sitting by the warmth of the fireside.

v. Leeds University H W 8—0

In only the second fixture, the team played well and showed considerable promise for the rest of the season. Some precision passing by the attack, especially in the final quarter, opened up the Leeds defence, and McQueen, who had a good game, scored five goals. An innocuous Leeds attack gave our defence a very easy game.

v. Stockport Grammar School H W 22—2

This was another easy victory. Having scored nine goals in the first quarter, the attack played havoc throughout the game with an unsteady Stockport defence. Kennedy I. G. and Beaumont established themselves as sharp-shooters, while Dawson forced cleverly from defence.

v. Mellor 'A' H W 17—2  
(1st Round N.E.L.A. Junior Flags)

Hard running, fast, accurate passing, and tremendous enthusiasm enabled us to consolidate an early lead and finally to demoralise the opposition. The attack played probably their best game of the season and all of them figured in the scoring. The game served above all to give confidence to the team for the Second Round of the Competition.

v. Manchester University H D 8—8

Playing against a 1st Division team proved both encouraging and helpful, for we had yet to be tested by really strong opponents. Because of the bad state of the ground the play was generally scrappy, and the stamina more than the skill of the players was called upon. The defence was suspect on the slippery ground but fortunately Manchester did not utilise our errors to the full. McQueen scored three of our goals.

v. Cheadle Hulme School A L 3—7

In a fairly evenly contested match, both sides missed many easy chances. We never really settled down and refused to keep the ball moving, which is the only way of opening a tight defence. Bentley scored all three goals and Shuttleworth and Stott played outstandingly in defence. The deficit would have been greater but for the goalkeeping of N. M. Kennedy, however, and tighter marking of the opposition attack was evidently required.



v. Rochdale H W 11—2  
(2nd Round N.E.L.A. Junior Flags)

The two hours before the match were spent in removing patches of ice from the pitch but this had no effect on the team's energy. They chased the ball tirelessly and maintained constant pressure on the Rochdale goal. I. G. Kennedy, Jackson, Blake and Beaumont all worked very hard and scored some fine goals. The defence, too, had improved, and Oliver played a sound game.

v. Stockport Grammar School A W 9—3

After an early setback Stockport packed all their players into the goalmouth and prevented any attempts at fast, open lacrosse. The game thus developed into a dour struggle for possession and the few goals that came were little relief in an uninspiring game.

v. Cheadle Hulme School A L 8—13

The attack played much better than in the first game against Cheadle Hulme while the defence played much too openly. Guthrie, playing in place of N. M. Kennedy who was ill, had a fine game, and Beaumont, Kennedy and Blake showed much more assurance than in the first encounter. The game was, in fact, fairly even until the third quarter when defensive lapses allowed Cheadle Hulme to create a substantial lead.

v. Old Hulmeians 'A' A W 15—4  
(Semi-Final N.E.L.A. Junior Flags)

An early three goal lead was lost in the space of a few moments before the School eventually increased their pace and took complete control of the game. The highlight of the game was the shooting of Beaumont who scored six goals with unerring accuracy; Jackson's fitness at centre proved too much for his opposite number who was led off with cramp and the return of McQueen saw the attack playing with greater cohesion. Stott and Shuttleworth again proved their ability in defence.

v. Cheadle Hulme School H L 5—14

Cheadle Hulme proved themselves vastly superior and more adaptable to the conditions; their attack gave our defence no rest and emphasised our lack of covering. Our own attack seemed unable to find the direct approach to goal and much fruitless passing frequently lost us possession. Jackson's goal was the one bright moment in a match where we were thoroughly beaten.

v. Manchester Grammar School A W 6—2

Although never in danger of losing, the school were given a hard fight. The opposition packed their goalmouth and thwarted many individualistic efforts by the attack; the defence, therefore, did

more than their accustomed amount of forcing, and enjoyed the opportunity to show their mettle in attack. The duels between I. G. Kennedy and Ritchie, the opposition captain, were hard fought and spirited.

v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe "A"  
At Cheadle C.C. W 9—8  
(Final N.E.L.A. Junior Flags Competition)

One goal down in the first minute of the game, the school fought back with great determination and gradually built up a lead. At the end of the third quarter they were leading 8—4, but the opposition recovered and levelled the scores. However, in the dying seconds of the game, with tension mounting, McQueen broke through a disorganised defence to score the winning goal. Each member of the team played his heart out and their combined efforts resulted in a brilliant victory. Goals were scored by Jackson (3), Blake (2), Beaumont, McQueen and Dawson.

Colours were re-awarded to: R. H. Dakin (capt.), I. G. Kennedy (vice-capt.), C. W. Beaumont, N. M. Kennedy, J. D. Shuttleworth, and awarded to: P. N. Bentley, J. Blake, I. N. Dawson, A. A. Jackson, I. D. McQueen, L. Oliver, D. R. Stott.

The following represented Lancashire Schoolboys against Cheshire: C. W. Beaumont, R. H. Dakin, I. N. Dawson, I. G. Kennedy, N. M. Kennedy, J. D. Shuttleworth.

## SECOND XII

The season was greatly curtailed by adverse weather conditions. Inevitably practice also became very difficult and the quality of play in the few matches that did take place was not very high. The defence was on many occasions far too open, hesitant and listless; the attack lacked the experience and co-ordination required to penetrate the defences of M.G.S. 1st Team and Cheadle Hulme.

After a promising start of three consecutive victories, we unfortunately lost to M.G.S. 1st Team in the second round of the Lancashire Junior Cup. It was only after suffering, almost passively, a disastrous first quarter that the team came to life. Then, they fought back to within one goal of the M.G.S. score and finished a hard-fought game only three goals down. Having lost this cup-match, there was a long spell when the weather made it impossible to play. Interest and enthusiasm flagged and we were only able to hold a poor Leeds University "A" team to a draw, in very slippery conditions, before losing twice to Cheadle Hulme.



## RESULTS

v. Old Stopfordians "A" .....	W	7—5
v. Old Hulmeians Extra "A" .....	W	15—11
v. Liverpool University .....	W	12—5
v. M.G.S. 1st .....	L	7—10
v. Leeds University "A" .....	D	5—5
v. Cheadle Hulme School .....	L	6—7
v. Cheadle Hulme School .....	L	3—9

P.7 W.3 L.3 D.1 Goals for: 55 Goals Against 52

Colours were re-awarded to: A. G. Mitchell, R. I. G. Morgan and J. S. Torkington (capt.), and awarded to: G. Casale, K. J. Collins, P. J. Derlien, P. A. Guthrie, J. Oldham, J. S. Street and P. F. Veitch. P. C. Allen, B. Ball, M. Brown, G. J. Cooper, M. H. Homer, J. K. Irving, P. D. Kerr, D. R. Latham, P. A. Merriman, C. A. Nowotarski, J. A. Thornhill and P. L. Worthing also played.

## UNDER 15 XII

The team was well led by W. J. Condon, and a number of players showed promise. The defence was sturdy and marking and checking were good, but the standard of handling was weak. In attack the approach work was often splendid, but finishing was very weak. Too much depended upon a couple of players for the necessary penetration. The matches with Cheadle Hulme School provided exciting games. We won the first comfortably, but lost the last two by one goal on each occasion.

The following boys played for the side: G. Brister, K. Lodge, D. Buckley, A. D. Dickson, T. R. Dean, G. Stansfield, M. J. Slater, S. Clarke, K. McMurtrie, P. D. Hanson, N. G. Wright, W. J. Condon (Capt.), J. Higginbottom and D. Chambers.

G. Brister, K. Lodge, D. Buckley, K. McMurtrie, W. J. Condon and P. D. Hanson played for Lancashire Under 15 against Cheshire and five of these players were selected for North Colts XII to play South of England Colts at Leicester in May.

## RESULTS

v. Audenshaw G.S. ....	H	W	11—2
v. Stockport G.S. 2nd XII .....	H	W	8—4
v. Cheadle Hulme School .....	A	W	7—4
v. Stockport G.S. 2nd XII .....	H	W	14—0
v. Cheadle Hulme School .....	H	L	3—4
v. Cheadle Hulme School .....	H	L	6—7
v. Manchester G.S. ....	A	W	14—3
v. S. M/c. & Wythenshawe Jun. ....	A	L	9—5

## UNDER 14 XII

A successful though short season, in which the greatest interest lay in the three matches against Cheadle Hulme School; it was perhaps unfortunate

that the match we lost should be a Cup match and the two that we won friendlies.

The standard of play was good, particularly as regards handling and passing. The ability to take the ball when marked is spreading, and the main lessons now to be learned by both attack and defence are in tactics: the team's present shortcomings in this respect were evident in the match against the older and better-scheming Manchester Grammar School side. But tactics are learned by experience, and there is no reason to suppose that this present side will not develop into a strong all-round team.

Team: P. S. Richardson (capt.), K. W. Nightingale (vice-capt.), W. P. Cavanah, I. G. Cundey, M. L. Ford, D. P. Gaskell, J. N. S. Hancock, C. Knott, A. J. McGlue, J. J. McMullen, P. Mercer, D. G. Cowan. Also played: J. D. Tonks (4), N. J. Burnside (3), S. C. Harrold (2), N. D. Kenyon (1).

## RESULTS

v. Cheadle Hulme School .....	Lost	6—12
(First Round, Juniors' & Schools' Cup)		
v. Stockport G.S. U.15 .....	Won	9—2
v. Heaton Mersey Juniors .....	Won	16—1
v. Cheadle Hulme School .....	Won	7—5
v. Brownley Green U.15 .....	Won	21—1
v. Cheadle Hulme School .....	Won	7—5
v. Manchester G.S. U.15 .....	Lost	5—9

Played 7; Won 5; Lost 2; Goals for 71, against 35.

## U.13 LACROSSE

An enthusiastic Junior School side started their careers representing the School with a most successful season. Eight matches were played; six won; one drawn; one lost. Goals for 74; Goals against 34.

The season started with a match against Stockport G.S. U.15 2nd on a bone hard ground encrusted with frozen snow. Our opponents were too big and strong and although W.H.G.S. opened the scoring with a fine goal in the first minute Stockport soon took command and the game was lost 15—3.

The second game was played away at Reddish Vale and won 16—0. This result did not give as much pleasure as might be expected as the opponents were very weak and the attack found no resistance and could shoot at will.

The third game was played at home against Brownley Green and won 10—1. Although this game was won so convincingly our opponents were a very keen side who played hard throughout and if they could have finished their attacks they might have made the score look much more balanced.

The first round of the Centurion's Cup against Peel Moat produced a hard fought game which



came near to defeat in the last quarter. Peel Moat opened the score early in the first quarter and we equalised immediately. This was then repeated so that both teams stood at two goals each for the first change over. In the next two quarters our attack found their form and all contributed to a lead of 8—4 when the last quarter started. Peel Moat then took possession and pushed three goals through in quick succession, our defence making foolish lapses in their excitement. Fortunately the final whistle went before another goal could be scored and we won 8—7.

The next game was played at home against Cheadle Hulme and won 15—4. This was a peculiar game in that the losers appeared to play the better lacrosse; much of the game being played in our half and Cheadle constantly threatened our goal and handled well. It was only the quite outstanding goal keeping of J. P. Ketley which kept the score in our favour. Cheadle probably made their major mistake in putting nine of their men into attack so that when they lost possession our attack was free to shoot at will. Luck was with us and some near impossible shots from very odd angles found the net. All members of the attack had their moments, R. J. Finnigan, W. A. Veitch, M. H. Partington and M. D. Mitchell all obtaining a number of goals.

Two days later we met Cheadle Hulme again for the semi-final of the Centurion's Cup, played at Cheadle Hulme and won 4—2. This was an entirely different game; over-excitement and competition nerves led to much poor handling and little co-ordination in attack. Cheadle were two up at the end of the first quarter but allowed us to equalise by half-time; G. E. Maule and W. A. Veitch putting in two good goals. Cheadle's defence was much better organised in this match but again Maule and Finnigan found openings and we moved ahead. A hectic last quarter was played with much scratching about on the ground but our defence held out and no further goals were scored.

The seventh game was played at home against Heaton Mersey U.14s and drawn 4—4. This was easily the most exciting and hard fought game of the season and was made by the enthusiastic support and encouragement given by the School. The team, on average a good foot smaller than their opponents, responded to the support of the 1st XII and Prefects and fought like tigers for possession, so that after being 4—1 down at half-time the last two quarters were a frenzied effort by the defence, ably led by K. Dodd, to deny the opposition any further goals and by the attack to push through more goals. Particularly to be commended for getting up and playing on after being floored by full blooded blows were R. D. M. Lind and Finnigan who kept the game going to such good effect that the three goals were got and one of the opponents collapsed with exhaustion in the changing room after the match.

In case the above be misunderstood, it should be stated that the blows were accidental; Heaton Mersey played a very honest game and deserve praise for not biting back at the terrier-like tactics of Finnigan and Co.

The last match was the finals of the Centurion's Cup, played at Parkway Cricket Club against Brownley Green and won 14—1.

This was a match where the defence had little to do and the attack kept possession and put in some very good goals. It was particularly satisfying to see goals coming as a result of team-work where Finnigan and Veitch fed the ball into the centre and Maule (6) or Mitchell (4) put the ball in. Additional goals came from Partington and G. S. Simpson, and M. L. Derlien, D. J. Fletcher and Lind were outstanding in defence.

After the match the cup was presented to the Captain, G. E. Maule, by Mr. Field from M.G.S. It was a disappointment that D. K. Anderson, who captained the team for all other matches, was a few days over age for the Centurion's Cup competition. Both captains should be congratulated on an excellent season.

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## HOUSE LACROSSE

The weather last term was the worst we have experienced for many years, and House Lacrosse was very hard-hit. It became impossible even to start the league, as the term went by with no let-up from frost. The games we did play were mostly practices, though we did manage to play one or two inter-House games.

Even the House Knock-Out competition was threatened at one time, and only by playing the finals after school were we able to reach a conclusion. In the junior final, Dalton were worthy winners over Whitworth by seven goals to four. A more careful positional use of available talent might have seen a different result, but as it was, Dalton had little real difficulty in keeping their noses in front.

The Senior final disproved the widely held theory that Gaskell always go to pieces in a final, and they won at the expense of Byrom by six goals to two after a rather ordinary game.

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## Cross-Country Running

This season has been a bad one when looked at from the point of view of results: one win from eight matches with the Seniors, four losses from four matches with the Juniors. However, a number of the matches were only narrowly lost, and there was only one crushing defeat.

Once again, fixtures began soon after the Christmas holidays, and they were all against teams which had already had a term's training and ex-



perience. Just as the team was beginning to run as a team, the season ended.

G. J. Norman ran consistently well, and D. W. Peak improved steadily, finally winning the Senior House race. The rest of the team had a rather indifferent season, and injuries took away several team members. The one Senior win was a convincing one against Derby School, Bury, with the School providing five of the first six home.

Among the Juniors, A. D. Koffman had a good season, and D. J. Whaite has showed great promise, and as he has two more years on the U-16 team, should develop into a strong runner.

In the Northern Schools Championships, the Seniors ran well, especially Peak and Norman, but the U-16 and U-14 teams showed their lack of training and experience.

The House Championships proved to be a two-horse affair. In the Senior race Dalton had first and second, but Gaskell, with their fitter-than-average prefects managed to get within a point of them. In the Junior race, Gaskell provided the surprise winner, but eventually Dalton took the Crucible Cup by a 15 point margin.

Colours for 1963 were re-awarded to M. V. Tidmas (capt.), G. J. Norman and B. S. Searle, and were awarded to D. W. Peak, P. S. Booth, P. A. Holland, R. P. Nunn and P. G. Grossman.

## House Notes

### BYROM

The Lent Term proved to be quite successful for the House. The main event was the House Lacrosse Knockouts in which we fared very well. The Senior Team, captained by A. G. Mitchell, won through to the final by beating Fraser 7-1 in the first round and Whitworth 9-6 in the second. In the final they faced the favourites, Gaskell, and finally went down 6-2 after a valiant attempt. The Junior Team, under the leadership of D. S. Buckley, comfortably defeated Heywood 11-0 in the first round. They then met Dalton who, as in the Rugby final, proved superior, this time by 8-3.

Once again the House was well represented on the School Teams: 1st XII: J. Blake, I. D. McQueen, D. R. Stott; 2nd XII: P. C. Allen, B. Ball, M. H. Homer, J. K. Irving, P. D. Kerr, P. A. Merriman, A. G. Mitchell, J. S. Street; U.15 XII: D. S. Buckley, A. D. R. Dickson, J. M. Higginbottom, G. Stansfield; U.14 XII: K. W. Nightingale (vice-captain), D. G. Cowan, M. L. Ford, C. Knott.

The Cross-Country Championship is an event in which we do not usually excel. However since we had two experienced runners in G. J. Norman (captain) and P. S. Booth, we had hopes of doing well. We were not disappointed as, thanks to some good running by the Senior Team, we finished third.

At the beginning of the term the House Play Competition was held, and the House finished fourth with a play called *Buffalmacco's Jest*, which was produced by A. J. B. Hilton. P. C. Allen, B. G. Gazzard and J. G. P. Morgan gave notable performances.

On a somewhat lighter note, we did very well in the Manchester to Blackpool Walk. R. W. Wetton finished first and P. A. Merriman arrived there eventually!

Finally the following appointments have been made for the Summer Term: Captain of Senior Cricket: B. Ball; Captain of Junior Cricket: R. Entwistle; Captain of Tennis: M. H. Homer; Captain of Athletics: C. Porter. We look forward to a successful term.

### DALTON

House Lacrosse this year was marred by the bad winter, and consequently no House league was possible. L. Oliver was appointed captain of the Senior Knock-Out team, but unfortunately we were drawn against the favourites, Gaskell, in the first round and after an even first half we were eventually beaten. The Juniors started favourites in their Knock-Outs. W. J. Condon was appointed captain and we easily disposed of Fraser in the first round. We met Byrom, perhaps our nearest rivals, in the second round and in a good game we showed our best form. We then met Whitworth in the final, full of confidence which nearly proved fatal. But after a shaky start we recovered, and won a hard fought final.

M. V. Tidmas, the School cross-country captain, led our House team to victory in the cross-country race. Both the Seniors and the Juniors won their events. D. W. Peak was the individual winner with M. V. Tidmas second. This victory was earned through the hard training of the runners by Tidmas, and the whole team must be congratulated on their devotion to training.

D. M. Altaras produced the House play *The Fox* by Ben Jonson, and after much work had been put in in rehearsal by him and the cast we unfortunately only managed to finish fifth.

The House was represented on School Lacrosse teams by L. Oliver, P. N. Bentley 1st XII; J. Oldham, P. F. Veitch, P. J. Derlien 2nd XII; M. G. W. Ray 3rd XII; W. J. Condon, P. D. Hanson, M. J. Slater, H. Bond, N. B. Wright U.15 XII; J. J. McMullen U.14. XII and on the School cross-country teams by M. V. Tidmas (Capt.), D. W. Peak, C. F. Cusick.

This term M. V. Tidmas has been appointed captain of House athletics and we hope to do better in this event than in recent years. J. D. Whaite has been made captain of House tennis and we wish them both every success.

We congratulate D. M. Altaras and J. D. Whaite on their appointment as House Prefects.



## FRASER

The most notable success of the term was, rather unexpectedly, in the House Play Competition. After occupying last position since the competition started, this year broke all records with the House being placed second. The play was of a war episode entitled *By Which We Live* and was produced by M. D. Rayburn. Two of the reasons for its success were undoubtedly that this year the cast was smaller and that the rehearsals were started much earlier. This achievement has broken the ice and will give future actors in the House some inspiration and something to aim at and surpass.

The greatest disappointment of the term was in the House Cross-Country Running Championship. Fraser began the term as strong favourites for retaining the cup. But when the day of the race arrived the two School Team members were absent from the senior team, and one of the stronger members of the junior team was also missing. The House was consequently placed fourth.

House Lacrosse was severely affected by the bad winter and the House League had to be cancelled. Cross-Country Running, however, continued as usual and the House was well represented on the School Teams. On the Senior team R. A. Charlton and P. A. Holland ran regularly and A. S. Burgess and F. W. Boardman also ran. On the Junior Team D. J. Whaite and R. A. Fox ran regularly.

E. C. Comyn-Platt has been appointed Captain of House Cricket, A. S. Burgess Captain of House Athletics and B. G. Buzza Captain of Tennis.

## GASKELL

During last term Gaskell succeeded in winning the Senior Lacrosse Knock-Out Competition. Although they took a long time to settle down they emerged victorious from all three rounds, beating Dalton 8—1, Heywood 5—1, and Byrom 6—2. The Juniors came close to entering the final when they were narrowly beaten, 2—1 by Whitworth in the second round. Our hopes of winning the House Lacrosse League or the Six-a-Side Competition were thwarted by the arctic weather that dogged us throughout the season.

This year the House did very well to come second in the annual Cross-Country race. Dalton just snatched victory with a very narrow margin of points. P. Hollinshead deserved special congratulation for taking first place in the Junior Race.

The results of the House Play Competition came as a disappointment to most of us who saw and enjoyed the Gaskell production of *One More River*. Our sole consolation for being awarded the last place must lie in the assurance that all the plays this year have been of a very high standard.

Again last term the House was very well represented on School teams. 1st XII Colours were

re-awarded to C. W. Beaumont, I. G. Kennedy (vice-capt.), N. M. Kennedy, and awarded to I. N. Dawson. 2nd XII Colours were re-awarded to R. I. G. Morgan and J. S. Torkington (capt.). G. J. Cooper, C. A. Nowotarski and D. L. Worthing also played. Under 15 XII Colours were awarded to G. B. Brister. Under 14 Colours to I. G. Cundey, D. P. Gaskell, J. N. S. Hancock and J. D. Tonks. In Cross-country running, Senior Colours were awarded to P. W. Grossman and R. P. Nunn and Junior Colours to A. D. Koffman.

We also congratulate C. W. Beaumont, I. G. Kennedy, N. M. Kennedy and I. N. Dawson on being selected to play for Lancashire Schoolboys.

## HEYWOOD

The highlight of the Lent Term was our success in the House Drama Competition. The choice of Clive Exton's *No Fixed Abode* was an ambitious and difficult one, and we must congratulate the producer, R. Hughes, and the cast on the success of the production. This is the third year in succession that the House has won the trophy and one can only hope that this run will be continued next year.

Lacrosse this term was greatly affected by the inclement weather and when the House Knock-Outs came round many players were painfully short of match practice. The Junior team was defeated in the first round by Byrom. In the Senior Competition the House drew a bye in the first round. In the second round we were defeated by a very strong Gaskell side who went on deservedly to win the "Flags". Every member of the Senior XII is, however, to be congratulated on the spirited performance which the team gave.

The Cross-Country Championships were very disappointing, the House finishing last. The one redeeming feature was the running of the Juniors, especially I. Harlow, J. D. Seddon and P. H. Woodhead.

The House was only thinly represented on the School Lacrosse Teams this season. 1st XII colours were gained by J. D. Shuttleworth, who was also selected to play for Lancashire Schoolboys. 2nd XII colours were awarded to K. J. Collins. J. A. Thornhill appeared quite frequently on the 2nd XII whilst B. L. Andrew, A. J. Mather and O. A. Jackson performed for the 3rd XII. The House had no regular representatives on the Junior teams, though T. R. L. Dean (U.15) and S. C. Harrold all appeared on various occasions.

P. H. Woodhead, R. C. Back and I. Harlow ran for the school on the U.16 Cross Country team.

The summer term is a busy one, especially for the Senior members of the House, many of whom are engaged in examinations. It is also, however, a term in which there are numerous House Competitions, and it is hoped that members of the



House will channel their surplus energies into these activities. Everyone is reminded that success in the Athletic Sports can only be obtained as a result of a combined and concerted effort to gain as many "standards" as possible.

### WHITWORTH

As far as gaining trophies is concerned, the House did not have a successful term, but nevertheless a fine spirit prevailed throughout.

I. T. Wheatley and D. A. Ranson must be congratulated for their interpretation and production of a most difficult play entitled *Five Days*. It was both courageous and adventurous to perform a modern American play of this type, but unfortunately it was not fully appreciated by all the audience.

In the Lacrosse Knock-Outs, the Seniors, having drawn a bye in the first round, were beaten by Byrom in the second, after a hard fought contest.

The Juniors, under the able captaincy of K. B. Lodge, unexpectedly beat Gaskell in the second round having drawn a bye in the first, and they went on with great spirit to fight a hard battle in the final, and did very well to hold a Dalton side composed almost wholly of School team players to so narrow a margin.

R. H. Dakin played Lacrosse for Lancashire and also captained the 1st XII. A. A. Jackson played on the 1st XII.

M. Brown played for a time on the 2nd XII. K. B. Lodge and S. Clarke played on the U.15 XII and A. J. McGlue played on the U.14.

In the House Cross-country Competition, the Seniors did not do very well, but the Juniors obtained second place.

B. S. Searle ran for the School Senior team and N. H. Searle and R. G. Edwards ran for the Junior team.

We must offer our congratulations to: R. H. Dakin who has been appointed Captain of School Athletics, H. F. Lyon who has been appointed Captain of the 1st XI at cricket, and M. Brown who has been appointed Captain of School Tennis.

It must be many years since this or any other House last provided the Head of School and the Captains of Rugby, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis and Athletics in the same year.

### Yorkshire Dales—Easter 1963

A cheer arose as the coach arrived on Thursday morning, and forty happy hostellers clambered in. After so much preparation, anticipation and excitement, the holiday was at last under way.

Party 'B' and Mr. Manning were dropped off outside the White Scar Caves, and missed a very bumpy ride to Hawes, where Party 'A' under Mr.

Haynes, Mr. Blight and Mr. Simpson, set out on an arduous walk to Keld where we were to stay for two nights. On the way we stopped at Hardrow Force, which presented a beautiful spectacle, cascading down and forming rainbows with the fine spray. The rest of the walk along the Buttertubs Pass was very hot and thirsty work, and we all arrived thankful for a drink and a night's rest.

On Friday morning we took a leisurely walk up to Tan Hill, the highest pub. in England, which Mr. Haynes seemed to be in a hurry to reach. During the afternoon we sunbathed in the glorious sunshine and paddled in the river. That night we all wrote home about the marvellous weather, but we were soon cursing it.

On Saturday we started out on a 16 mile walk to the Hostel in Dentdale. Now, instead of fierce, blazing heat, it was pouring all the way. We were soaked to the skin when we reached Hardrow and the Green Dragon Inn, but no sooner had we entered the inn than we were thrown out, as some boys had been drinking their own pop. Luckily there was a church next door where we took refuge and had lunch. There we were met by Mr. Manning and his sore-footed party, who were walking from Dentdale to Keld, and exchanged strong views on the weather and the Green Dragon.

Throughout this walk Daniell set the pace and Mr. Haynes dragged on behind. As a result Daniell and a few others had to wait half an hour outside a farm in the pouring rain, before Mr. Haynes arrived and got permission to shelter and rest in the barn.

Further on, we ran into mist and lost sight of Mr. Blight, Daniell and the others, but we all arrived safely at Dentdale, only to find no hot water. Nevertheless the beds were comfortable and we were all thankful for that.

Next day we played on the river and went fossil-hunting around the old black marble mines near the viaduct. In the evening Mr. Blight walked 12 miles to church, an act for which we all admired him.

On Monday morning we walked over numerous hills and through many marshes to the White Scar Caves.

At last we were only separated from the caves by the River Greta. Unfortunately, though, there was no bridge and the stepping-stones were under water owing to the recent rain. Gabbay leaned over a fence to see how deep the water was, but the fence snapped and he suddenly found himself in two feet of water with his legs high in the air.

After having dried and changed he was told that we would have to wade across and get wet again. So wade we did. It was a sight not to be missed, to see Mr. Blight and Mr. Simpson wading across in their bare feet.

Somehow we all arrived at the caves and enjoyed very much seeing the interesting formations. The bus arrived two hours late, so we filled in the time borrowing money and playing cricket.



When we picked up Party 'B' in Hawes, there was much to be said and many notes to compare, but we all agreed that we had had a wonderful five days, and we were all grateful to Mr. Haynes for arranging it so well.

J. A. GABBAY, 2Y.

### The Fifty Mile Walk

After reading about President Kennedy's successful attempt to toughen-up his staff at the White House, a group from the Lower Sixth Form decided to attempt a fifty mile walk to Blackpool. After lengthy debate, we decided to limit the number taking part to fifteen. This was because transport had to be provided for those who fell by the wayside.

We received the enthusiastic support of the Headmaster, who was present with a considerable crowd of staff and parents at our departure.

Thus it was that at midnight on Saturday, the ninth of March, as the town hall clock could be faintly heard striking above the surprisingly loud roar of the Piccadilly traffic, we set out in very high spirits down Market Street.

When we saw dawn break the next morning, some of the exuberance and general joyfulness had evaporated; all that was audible was the dull tramping of boots and the occasional, stifled gasps of increasing agony as we plodded on through the damply depressing scenery of Lancashire.

Mr. Boustead, Thomas and Molyneux, who had bravely consented to drive all night and most of the following day, conveyed the marchers' baggage and patrolled our route along the A6, raising morale whenever they came in sight.

No-one gave up until the other side of Chorley was reached, over the half-way mark; but soon those who stopped for too long a rest, too early, "seized up" and were unable to continue.

Undoubtedly the most tedious and daunting section was from Preston, along a road which ran absolutely straight for miles with little variety, through Lytham-St. Annes, ending eventually at the North Pier at Blackpool. By this time a strong wind and driving rain were adding to the general discomfort, and several walkers stopped in St. Annes for a cup of tea before starting on the final stretch: unfortunately Trevitt had to retire at this point, only eight miles from the end.

I. T. Campbell and R. W. Wetton arrived in Blackpool first, encouraged by the Headmaster; they had taken about 15 hours to complete their march. The next to arrive were Mr. Bryans and M. R. Heilbron, and no-one else was in sight: much later, however, P. Merriman, who had struggled much of the way on his own, enduring blistered feet (which later received unfair publicity in an evening newspaper!), reached the Pier,

triumphant. He had received moral support over the last few miles from Mrs. Pearson who walked with him after she had seen that he was beginning to labour.

In retrospect, despite feet which felt as if they had been bastinadoed and flayed, some pulled muscles and general fatigue, we were all satisfied that this endurance test (it was not a record-breaking attempt) was worth while, and an experience both useful and memorable.

R. H. ROBERTS, 6ML.

### That Was a Week That Was or Beyond The Binge

During the Easter holidays, Mr. Travers launched a programme of practical geography for sixth-formers which he hopes will help to rid the teaching of geomorphology of its fusty dependence on Davisian principles, and that of human geography of its tendency to rely upon raw demographic facts. And not least, it would increase the attraction of the subject as one in which the "sheer plod" of learning goes hand in hand with the "gash gold vermillion" of sheer enjoyment.

Our recent lecture tour of Norfolk certainly fulfilled both functions of a good geography holiday. We bade a happy farewell to Manchester and conurbation on the 4th April, and after a long coach journey, we were lodged in luxury at a co-educational boarding school equipped with all mod. cons. (including waitresses), and Norwich ("a fine city" with many assorted amusements for the modern geographer off duty) was but a few minutes away.

But there was also much work to be done. For four days a tight schedule had been arranged. We inspected Norwich's chief buildings, and were shown round some of her main industrial concerns—for example, the famous Norvic shoe factory—as well as her livestock market which is one of the biggest in the country. A boat took us through some of the Broads, while the coach was able to take us as far north as the coast where marsh-walking and a boat trip took us to Blakeney Point Research Station, and the Great Ouse at the Denver Sluice (where a River Board Officer conducted a short tour of the drainage installations); and then as far west as Thetford Chase, where a commissioner lectured us upon his forest; and Thetford itself where the Town Clerk explained some of the problems facing new towns, and showed us around newly built industrial estates.

The most absorbing exercise, however, was that in which our party of 28 split into small groups, each to survey an area within a radius of five miles around the town of Wymondham. This included the mapping of land utilisation, and the



investigation of individual farms to discover patterns in the cultivation of the area. In Wymondham itself a group of us interviewed solicitors, doctors, employment officers, business men, factory owners, the police, the vicar and the Clerk to the Council as well as the common people as they walked about the street, all in an effort to form a geographical picture of the town. The final report, when it is completed, will be displayed at the G.F.S.U. exhibition this summer, to speak for itself of our industry and enthusiasm.

It only remains to thank Mr. Travers and his wife for an enjoyable and instructive holiday.

A. J. B. HILTON, 6MU.

### The Norfolk Broads 1963

For this year's Broads trip the weather was really fine, and when we set off from Thorpe in the four large white cruisers, the Ace, Ten, Knave and Princess, the sun was shining quite brightly.

A certain sixth former was the first to take a dip. We were coming in to moor one afternoon and the sixth former (a prominent member of the Stage Staff) jumped off the cruiser to haul in the bows; when the front began to swing out, he was a little stubborn and would not release his hold on the rope. Consequently the bows hauled him in and he became rather wet! But a boy from the Youth Club was the record-holder for this year, as he took no fewer than six wettings in the course of the whole trip!

Every time the wind was favourable, we took the opportunity to sail the dinghies which each cruiser tows astern. The sailing was especially good on Wroxham Broad where there was quite a strong wind.

While moored at Loddon, a party in a rowing boat discovered a narrow channel, leading out from the mooring. After rowing along this for a short time, it was found that the channel was blocked by a rotting lock, and around this lock, swimming in the dirty, stagnant water, were shoals of rudd. For a few hours the party vainly endeavoured to catch one of these fish. As the cruisers were leaving in a short time, the "anglers" were forced to leave the lock feeling rather dejected. But on the way back, a rudd swam of its own accord into the net which was trailing behind the boat! So after all their trouble, they had to wait until a fish gave itself up!

On leaving Loddon, Mr. Phillips (Admiral of the Fleet) took up a remarkable pose for some keen cameramen. While standing on one leg, he hooked a lifebelt around his neck, held the anchor in one hand, and a fishing net in the other! (He added that all this publicity was making him big-headed! No comment!)

There were no collisions (strangely enough), but certainly a very near thing when we were cruising

in Breyden Water and a yacht tacked right across the bows of a cruiser, avoiding a collision by mere inches!

There are many legends of ghosts that supposedly inhabit the Broads, and certain dates when the apparitions appear. One of these was April 8th, when it is said that a phantom murder is re-enacted in the form of a man being thrown to his death from Acle Bridge into the dark waters below, his strangled cry echoing eerily through the still night air. Fortunately we arrived a day late for this spectacle, but even so, there were still some of us who lay cowering under the bed clothes in our bunks!

In fairness to the cook we must mention that the food was quite good, the mashed potatoes being his speciality. The menu for supper on the last night aboard was "Cidona", soup and chips; in spite of this, everyone survived. It had been a most enjoyable holiday—most of us are booking for next year!

R. FINNIGAN, 2C.

### Easter Visit To Paris

When I walked through Paris on the first morning of our stay there I thought what a poor little city London was by comparison with it. I had freedom, peace and calm. Everything in Paris is in the grand manner: noble, majestic, mighty and dignified.

The French are mathematical; Paris is a city of shapeliness and design which made an instant appeal to me. Take the Etoile. Twelve avenues radiate from the Arc de Triomphe like the points of a star. Then the Champs-Élysées, world famous avenue of shops and cafés, which links the Place de l'Etoile with the Place de la Concorde. What road could be more suited to a historic procession?

Nearby flows the tranquil River Seine. We boarded a "Bateau-mouche" one grey morning and moved into mid-stream. I remember vividly the twin towers of Notre-Dame which soared above all the surrounding buildings. The walls of the cathedral dropped sheer into the calm water below. The Thames, cluttered with dirty barges, is drab by comparison; there were few vessels on the Seine and it was so much cleaner.

Paris, they tell us, is the city of fashion but I did not notice any particularly outstanding women. However, the shops excel in a fabulous display of silverware, antiques, objets d'art, jewelry and everything that might take one's fancy. Mr. Collings took us down the Rue de Passy and I quickly realized that there is no shopping street like it in England. Their confections are delicious to the eye and the smell of the food is inviting. Whilst on the subject of food I must say that I find the French diet boring, with the same breakfast every



day and less variety for all their main meals. I find English food more substantial too.

From the first church that one enters it is obvious that France is a Roman Catholic country. In Notre-Dame, the Sacré Coeur and the Sainte-Chapelle there were many candles and people queuing up to dip their hands in the Holy Water. There were excellent views from the tops of all these buildings, providing material for many interesting photographs, but the best of all was the Sacré Coeur which stands on a hill. There are many steps leading up to it and a miniature funicular which carries the aged, the infirm and the lazy.

Nearby, below the Basilica, the artists of Montmartre set up their easels and display their colourful washes of the surrounding vistas. Some looked ill-fed, unclean and not too happy, but they were all very engrossed in their work. Anabel sketched me and earned herself five francs. There were many good shops there but everything was very expensive, especially the soft drinks. The Moulin Rouge, situated close to Montmartre was unimpressive from the outside and not worth a second look.

We visited the Louvre which overlooks the Tuileries. As I am not artistic I thought it overrated and could not pay attention to the uninteresting guide. We saw the celebrated *Mona Lisa*; her tiny mouth resembled that of the Virgin in the Leonardo Cartoon, but her eyes were crafty.

A very impressive building is the "Invalides" celebrated for the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte which is housed in its chapel. It is an enormous casket made of dark red stone, sunk in a well directly above which is the dome. Surrounding the tomb is a narrow paved walk and at intervals figures of angels stand guard. Above is a balustrade which we leaned over to look down on to the tomb. Overlooking the scene is a big altar with a large statue of the Virgin Mary.

One day we made a coach trip to Versailles and La Malmaison. The Palace of Versailles, which Louis XIV had built, is set in immense grounds and ornamental gardens. There are countless rooms of antique furnishings, described to us by an excellent guide. It would have taken days to do everything carefully. We then moved off to La Malmaison, the abode of Napoleon and his wife Josephine. This provided a complete contrast to the Palace of Versailles. It was small and compact but very richly furnished. We took a walk in the gardens at the back and then returned to the school, the Ecole Pascal, where we stayed during our visit.

The French people generally seemed to lack the "joie de vivre" for which they are noted. They were very serious and the old women were sedate. I saw no children in the city and no dogs either; this latter might be a virtue, for at least the pavements were clean,

A. R. CLARK, 3Y.

## Projection

To ramble on  
Away life flows  
Outstreams a torrent tumbling down.  
Portray the stream!  
Stem the swishing water  
And show the life of men whose lives are sapped  
By sitting still, themselves to tap.

To strike the rock,  
Hard, sharp:  
Letting their knowledge be marked for eternity  
Their thoughts portrayed on bits of rag,  
The splish imprisoned  
For the virgin tomorrow—  
Which will be as always:  
Primed and painted  
Cast, imprinted,  
Harried, sullied, chaffed, tainted . . .  
Until the stream of yesterday,  
Handed down,  
Slime-cleans the tile  
And stabilises  
Bringing continuity.

R. E. M. LEE, 6ML.

## The Proof

Again I looked at my watch. Twelve minutes had passed. Why was the Professor in there so long? In three minutes I, too, would have to go down into the dark, forbidding, smelly vault. What would I find? I shuddered to think of the many repulsive things that could have delayed the Professor. I wondered why I had ever consented to accompany my friend on this revolting expedition. Horrible tales have been told of those who dared to trespass on the domains of the dead.

The Professor had always had eccentric ideas in which only he believed. His latest was no more feasible than any of its predecessors, but, as always, the Professor had complete faith in it. After two years of research, he had proved to his own satisfaction that a famous and supposedly respectable aristocrat of the early nineteenth century was, in fact, a notorious and highly successful murderer, who had claimed over twenty victims, and had terrorised the upper classes, from whom he exclusively chose his prey. Only one thing was known that might help to identify the murderer: as far as was known, whenever he committed a crime, he wore a thick black ring on each finger.

To prove his theory, the Professor had gained permission to open the aristocrat's family vault. Never thinking that I would be called upon to do so, I had foolishly agreed that if the Professor had not re-appeared within fifteen minutes, I would follow him.



Thus, I hardly dared to look at my watch again, but sixteen minutes had passed. I thought of running away and fetching someone else, but that would have taken time, and my friend had relied on me to keep my promise.

I checked that my torch was working. For some reason I cannot explain, I crept up to the entrance to the vault. I flashed my torch around the large room below. It was stacked with coffins, but I could see nothing else. Then, looking closer, I saw a hole in the wall directly below me.

No sight has ever scared me more. I knew that for my friend's sake, I had to go into the darkness and face whatever had delayed him, for I was sure he was being detained against his will. Alternatively I could shut the vault and flee, miles away, even to another country, but I knew that I could not face the nagging of my conscience for the rest of my life.

So I slowly climbed down the steps and turned to face the passage. I stood motionless with fear, for a few yards away, lying on the ground, was a torch, its beam resting on the wall of another room. Somehow I managed to direct my own torch into the room. The beam pointed straight to the Professor, lying still on the floor. Forgetting all my fears, I ran to him. He was dead. There was no sign of any external wound. I rose, and the light from my torch illuminated a grinning face, hideous in its mask of death, lying in a coffin with no lid. Lowering my torch I saw a hand and also five bands of black, glinting on his fingers. I turned and fled.

The Professor was right, but he proved it at the cost of his own life, and provided the murderer with his last victim.

N. C. HECKFORD, 3A.

### November

The time of fruits,  
Fruits mature and mellow,  
Of fallen leaves,  
Leaves golden, red and yellow,  
The time of dry,  
Dry rustling leaves,  
Rustling beneath children's kicking feet,  
Is gone.

The time of fogs,  
Fogs, thick and shrouding,  
Of blackened trees,  
Trees stark, unyielding,  
Unyielding stand,  
Grotesque through fog.  
Yellow street-lights shine dimly through  
Dense Fog.

The time of dark,  
Dark hoary morning,

Of ever grey skies,  
Gloomy, sunless dawning.  
Once rustling leaves,  
Now wet and sodden,  
Squelch and suck and slide beneath my shoes.  
November.

J. MCKAY, 4L.

### A Frightening Experience

I was walking along the streets of Paris, heading for the Eiffel Tower. The atmosphere was hot and sticky; everybody was looking at the sky, hoping the storm-clouds would blow away. This was my last day in Paris, so in spite of the weather, I was determined to ascend the Tower. Soon, I reached the booking-office and bought my ticket. I climbed the steps and waited for the lift to come down. During that time, I looked at the steel rope which pulled the lifts, and began to imagine all sorts of things which might happen.

At last the lift came down and I boarded it; then it started on its long journey to the top. I was by a window and, as we went up, I felt rather sick. Suddenly the lift started slowing down, then it stopped, and started falling. This was where the lift changed direction from ascending at an angle to ascending vertically. My stomach was heaving, but a voice said, *N'ayez pas peur* (Don't be afraid). I felt better, and a few minutes later the lift reached the second floor. Here, if you wanted to go to the top, you had to change lifts. I decided to look around the floor, but there was nothing to see, so I boarded the next lift which was going to the top. Again, I stood by the window. There was a breath-taking view—almost immediately below was the River Seine, then the Palais de Chaillot with its magnificent lawns. They gradually became smaller and smaller as the lift gained height. Soon the lift reached the top and I stepped over the gap between the lift and the floor.

Then I heard a rattling sound as I walked up the remaining stairs. I suddenly realised that the storm had burst. As I ran to the top of the stairs, the spots of rain which were hitting the tin roofs sounded like machine-gun fire. The sky had completely clouded over, and nothing could be seen. Then there was a blinding flash. It was lightning! There was panic as screaming women rushed down the stairs, all trying to get on the lifts. Only one went down. Everybody watched it enviously, wishing they were on it. Then there was another flash, and their attention was diverted from the lift towards their own safety. The lift had stopped, suspended by the steel rope half-way between the floors. There was only one way down and that was by using the steps. That would be a nerve-racking experience on a fine day, but on a day like this, with a storm, it would be suicidal even



to attempt it. The noise was terrifying. There were children crying, women screaming and men shouting to tell them to be quiet. I could not bear it any longer so I walked to the top of the stairs again, sat down and stared into the sky.

Great spots of rain, the size of a sixpence, were hitting the platform and rolling over the edge. Everywhere was saturated, the souvenir shops had closed down and the seats were deserted. Then the thundering started again with a deafening noise. There was a few seconds' silence before the lightning flashed across the sky again. I was frightened it might strike the tower. It was horrifyingly eerie, for suddenly day had become night. I longed to be down in the street again with my feet on solid earth. The tower seemed to shudder more violently with each blinding flash and roll of thunder. Any moment, I expected to be hurtling through space.

I thought this nightmare was never going to end, but, in the distance, I saw a slight break in the cloud. I felt more hopeful, the rain was not falling so quickly now and after another hour, the sun was shining again. Before long, the lifts were working and we soon reached the bottom of the tower.

D. J. BLEZARD, 3Y.

### A Welsh Line

Two years ago, when my parents and I were spending our summer holidays at Abersoch on the Llyn Peninsula, we decided to go on an excursion to the Vale of Ffestiniog by the Ffestiniog Railway.

This railway was founded in 1807, when it was used mainly for carrying slate from the mountains. Since January, 1865, the Ffestiniog Railway has been in regular service carrying passengers from Blaenau Ffestiniog to Portmadoc and although through the years it has had many difficulties, the railway has a thriving holiday trade today.

When my parents and I arrived at the station we were surprised to see such a small engine and a narrow gauge line. The carriages were wooden; the first class had glass windows and padded seats, the second had wooden seats and windows, but the third class had only wooden seats. Part of the track had been temporarily suspended so we could travel only seven and a half miles from Portmadoc to Tan-y-Bwlch instead of the full thirteen and a quarter mile journey from Portmadoc to Blaenau Ffestiniog.

All the passengers took their seats while the porter came and locked the carriage doors, much to the amusement of the people inside, and with a ceremonial blast of the engine we were off. When we left Portmadoc we could see to the south the Glaslyn and Dwyryd estuaries and Harlech Castle in the distance with the grandeur of Snowdon

twelve miles to the north. After passing through Boston Lodge Halt we came into the heart of the Welsh countryside, which is heavily wooded, and it was grand to see the sun shining on the different shades of green.

Later, we passed through Penrhyndeudraeth where the line runs close to the edge of the hill and, looking down some two hundred feet, we saw the village which seemed to be very miniature in size from such a height.

Leaving Penrhyndeudraeth we came into the Vale of Ffestiniog, which has to be seen to be believed. While everyone was admiring the beautiful scenery, the train suddenly stopped! What had happened? Why did we stop? The very polite guard came walking along the track, calmly explaining to the passengers that the engine had run dry and the driver was walking a mile up the track to get some water. Some forty-five minutes later the tired driver came into view cheered on by the passengers. After the engine had been given some water, we were able to proceed on our way to Tan-y-Bwlch which was our destination. On stepping out of this most unusual train we were greeted by the station-mistress attired in her Welsh national costume.

This was a very picturesque spot with one or two cottages, a café where you can buy light refreshments, and a shop which sold souvenirs. Through a clearing in the trees I saw the lake Llyn Mair, which was so beautiful in its setting that it looked like a picture postcard as it was surrounded on two sides by small mountains and on the other two by thickly-wooded forests.

We were allowed to stay here for about fifteen minutes and everybody was very reluctant to go, but the porter had blown his whistle so we had to board the train. The guard locked the doors and with a wave from the stationmistress we were off down-hill to Portmadoc. We thoroughly enjoyed this excursion so that when we arrived at Portmadoc we took photographs of the engine, *Fairlie's Patent*.

P. NEILSON, 1C.

### Might Is Right

When one thinks of might, a picture comes to mind of a dictator or tyrant cruelly using his position of supreme power. People like Hitler, Mussolini and Franco are thought of as examples with just such a mighty position. "Is Might Right?" would be a fairer way of phrasing the title of this complex question.

There are not many cases in life where might alone is right. Physical, muscular might of a boxer is of no use to him unless he is capable of using that in an advantageous and sensible way. Surely the forces of brute force and legal pounding,



which promoters and commentators refer to as the 'noble art of self-defence', screened on the television show how power of an individual can be used blindly, often resulting in concussion or even death to the loser. "A fine sport. Only the mighty can succeed," said Battling Bill Booth today, speaking from his wheelchair. This is the sort of statement in the 'press' which makes me wonder why people take part in this 'noble art'. Perhaps it is the money or perhaps the power and fame one receives if, in fact, one wins.

I am not saying that all might is wrong. Far from it: many wrongs have been righted by the might and perseverance of people. "The pen is mightier than the sword" is a saying we all know well, but whether it holds true in our democracy could be debated; in a democracy where the voice of the people is all important and yet where sometimes only thirty members of the House of Commons turn up for debates on economics and defence.

I am sure Bismark would have agreed wholeheartedly with the title of this essay. A man who spoke of accomplishing things by "blood and iron", by brute force, an idea today which we are told is wrong and corrupt, but an idea which made Germany. On the other hand we have the near collapse of Germany under that misguided genius, Hitler, under whose oratory Germany rose, but under whose vehemence and greed it crumbled and was defeated.

Of the two, Bismark and Hitler, Bismark is regarded by most as a fine statesman and an architect of Germany, while Hitler is regarded as insane and a demolisher of Germany. Bismark may have been a cunning statesman, but he was just as ruthless and wicked; as many breakages of agreement and atrocities occurred under Bismark as under Hitler, but they are forgotten and far distant. Both used their might the same way; one succeeded, one failed.

Coming down to the personal level, might and power may be found in our School and homes, although in most schools some liberty and freedom of speech is given to pupils. Masters may use their power in a manner uncongenial to the pupils but a certain amount of force and discipline are needed for schooling, whether it be for horses or for boys.

We possess quite a frightening amount of power if we wish to use it. Most people have the strength to combat diseases; the power to study and play hard and the perseverance to accomplish tasks. Many people have power over others. Whether this power be physical, psychological or moral and spiritual there is still some force which separate the mighty from the 'littluns' and this can be used for good or evil purposes. One thing is certain: that "Might is Right" is a debatable issue.

I. HARTLEY, 5A.

## Speleology

Geologically, Britain is somewhat unusual. This is because, in spite of its small size, it is made up of rocks representing the whole spectrum of geological history from the early precambrian rocks of Scotland and Wales deposited thousands of millions of years ago to the pleistocene deposits which have been laid down during the history of man. Rocks are sometimes deposited as sand on sea shores or river deltas, and these later become consolidated, giving rise to gritstones which form a conspicuous feature of many rock-climbers' areas of this country. Muds and clays deposited in shallow lakes and estuaries similarly change to plates and shales with the passage of time. Of particular interest however are the limestones.

During much of our history, and particularly in a period of about 75 million years ago, known as the Carboniferous Period, much of Britain was covered over by a shallow sea, rather similar to the present-day North Sea, though somewhat warmer. Out of this sea, the shells of countless dead sea animals (*foraminifera*) were slowly deposited and these were later consolidated by the pressure of their own weight to form limestone. In later periods, earth movements caused these rocks to be raised to form the limestone uplands of Durness, the Pennines, Mendips and parts of Wales and Devon. Now, why have we singled out the limestone rocks for special consideration? This is because, unlike the other rocks mentioned, limestone will dissolve in the slightly acid waters of mountain streams. For this reason, the surface streams, on reaching limestone country, sink and dissolve their way through the ground below giving rise to underground cave systems. Often several miles in extent, these subterranean passages and chambers represent a set of climatic and geographical circumstances which find no parallel above ground. Caves have their own meteorology and hydrology, their own characteristic geological formations and even their own unique forms of animal and plant life.

The study of caves is known as speleology (Gr. *speleos*. hole). In its wider meaning, speleology not only includes the study of natural caverns, but much valuable work has also been done by speleologists at archaeological 'digs' and in the study of the history of abandoned lead and copper mines; anything, in fact, which could be described as a 'hole in the ground'.

The speleologist is often asked "What do you find down there?" and this is not an easy question to answer. For some it is the sense of awe, inspired by vast underground vaults, silent as a tomb and blacker than the darkest night. For others it is the unparalleled beauty of calcite formations, or perhaps the feel of nailed boots on hard rock. Above all, it is the sense of mystery as one follows a splashing stream along its subterranean course, wondering what lies around the next corner.



In a small number of cases it is possible to explore caves simply by walking from the entrance to the far end, and indeed there is a well known cavern in Italy which has a major highway running through it which enables motor vehicles to pass from one side of the mountain to the other. Even more spectacular, the Postumia Grotto in Yugoslavia boasts an underground railway, post office and dancing hall! Of course, these are the exceptions rather than the rule and by and large the explorer must overcome a number of obstacles on his way through the 'Netherworld'.

Frequently, the roof of a cave passage will lower quite suddenly to within a foot of the ground and one must wriggle forwards on the stomach until such a time as it is once again possible to stand upright. A well known example is the 'Curtain' of Giant's Hole, near Castleton, where, for a short distance the explorer and a moderate stream share the same 10" of headroom! Further into this same cave a crawl of similar dimensions, but fortunately without the stream, must be followed for over two hundred yards before one is able to stand up again in a lofty rift chamber whose roof is so high that it cannot be seen, even with the aid of powerful miners' lamps!

The speleologist is often halted in his tracks when the horizontal passage which he is following suddenly plunges down to a lower level. Such vertical drops, or 'pitches' are frequently smooth-walled and unclimbable, and in order to reach the lower level of the system a flexible ladder is uncoiled so that one end hangs down the pitch and the other end is tied with ropes to a suitable rock projection. Until recently, such ladders were made with rope sides and wooden rungs, but it is now becoming common practice to construct ladders using narrow gauge ( $\frac{1}{8}$ "— $\frac{3}{16}$ " diameter) galvanised running wire rope in place of the much heavier and more easily rotted hemp ropes and with rungs made from light aluminium alloy tubing. When descending deep pitches, several sections of ladder, each some 30 ft. in length, may be joined together so that the resulting ladder reaches the shaft foot.

In a dry cave such pitches may be encountered with little prior warning of their existence, but if one is following a stream on its underground course, then a dull droning noise in the distance betrays the presence of the pitch. As one proceeds, the sound gradually increases to a loud roar and the whole cave seems to vibrate beneath one's feet. Finally, the sound reaches deafening proportions and one is standing on the edge of an underground waterfall which plunges into the depths below, cascading from ledge to ledge. A descent of the pitch under these conditions would be a hazardous and dampening experience. By hanging the ladder away from the main flow of water it is often possible to achieve a relatively comfortable descent but it is rarely feasible to avoid a complete drenching!

As in most other fields, techniques of cave exploration have improved with time. I have already mentioned Giant's Hole in connection with the notorious 'Curtain'. This obstacle was considered unsurmountable by the earlier potholers, but when it was finally passed at the beginning of this century, the passage was found to end at a point several hundred feet further on where the roof came down below the stream surface, and nearby a high level dry passage wound over the stream passage to end at a point where the roof plunged beneath the surface of a static pool. It was not until 1952 that members of the British Speleological Association commenced the construction of a series of concrete dams across the front of this pool. Two years later the dams were complete, and by a concerted effort the water was conveyed from the pool and into the dam. After five hours of bailing, all the water had been removed from the pool and the party were able to pass through for the first time into an extensive series some two miles in length. More recently, the use of electric pumps has replaced the laborious bailing techniques and given an added impetus to cave exploration. It is interesting to note that the cave we have just been discussing has now been found to end in a large elongated lake or canal. The roof is well out of sight or reach and the lake has been plumbed to over 80 ft. without the bottom having been reached. Such an obstacle is beyond the resources of present day speleologists or cave divers and it will be interesting to see if the next generation of cavers can overcome it.

Thus, so far, I have attempted to describe in broad outline some of the attractions to be found in caves and some of the challenges to be met. This July, a team of British Speleologists will be visiting part of the high mountainous region of Austria known as the Tennen Mountains, or Tennengebirge. It is known that extensive shafts and cave passages lie beneath these mountains, much larger than any in this country, and often containing large ice-formations and glaciers, though these have never been fully mapped or explored. Our work will consist of the accurate mapping of the surface and the caves and a study of their geological structure and other scientific features.

In a later article in the magazine, which will be written on our return, I hope to give an account of our actual explorations in these caverns and of any obstacles which had to be overcome. Although we do not envisage a 'Journey to the centre of the earth' we shall, nevertheless be amply rewarded in the knowledge of having entered regions never before seen by man, and I suspect we shall not escape our fair share of exciting moments as we follow the freezing waters of the Tennengebirge on their tumultuous course into the heart of the mountains.

S. K. FOSTER, M6S.



## Zooliloquy

"Here they come, soon as the place is open, hundreds of the screaming little brats, and there'll soon be more of 'em. There'll be no rest now till closing time. Oh, well, let's get started.—'Scuse me, please, 'scuse me—git art of it, you little—'scuse me, madam.—'Ere, get away from that cage.—Yes, madam, I know 'e was only looking, but tiger'll 'ave 'im in that cage before ye' can say 'Jack Robinson', and then who gets blamed, eh?—Well, I'll put 'im in wi' tiger an' 'ave done with it, if ye' like.—And ye' know what you can do too, madam.—Flippin' mothers! Nearly as bad as their little darlin's, they are. Anyway, let's get this gorilla's cage clean before it comes in. Darn sight cleaner in 'ere than it is outside, isn't it? If y'ask me, kids should be in 'ere and gorillas out there. We'd 'ave far less trouble.—'Ere, you lot, which little comedian said, 'Look at that gorilla with a coat on?'—I'll come and sort you out in a moment. Go on, git art out it!—Kids today! No respect for their elders, that's their trouble. Not like when I was a boy. Now, let's get this cage cleaned up.

"Oh, no! The flippin' elephant ride next. Oh, well, let's get it over with.—Come on, Rajah. I know you 'ate it as much as I do, but we gotta do it.—All right, come on you lot. Not too many. It's an elephant, not a Leyland lorry. Right, let's go.—'Ere, who's firin' a pea shooter? You again. Get off! I don't care if you've paid or not, get off! That's better.

"That's over with anyway. Not as bad as usual, but that's not saying much. If I 'ad me way, kids wouldn't be allowed in zoos. Or else kept in zoos permanently. Just think of it. 'Eaven.—Get off me toe!—Not as sorry as me. Git art of it!—What's the matter, madam? Your son's fallen into t' lake. Never mind, it's not deep.—I'm not gettin' me feet wet, gettin' 'im out of the mud. Go and get 'im yerself.—Sauce.—'Ere can't yer read? Don't feed the bears. I don't care if they look 'ungry, they're not as 'ungry as I am. Never mind throwing me a peanut! I'll give you a belt round the earhole in a minute.—What's the matter with you?—Well, you shouldn't 'ave let it get 'old of your camera.

"I've got time for a cup o' tea now. I need one, an' all, after dealing with all these kids. I ask ye, who'd be a zoo keeper on August Bank Holiday?"

F. A. GREEN, 3Y.

## Adventure Today

Adventure?—What does one understand by such a word? It is easier to answer thus: many people seem aware of a lack of 'adventure' and praise certain activities or professions which provide for this deficiency by offering a so-called 'life of adventure'—for example, camping, soldiering, hunting and so on. It would appear that these

people have developed an idea of life today as being too 'easy'. This, of course, arises out of a resentment of the monotony of routine and the consequent want of an inner satisfaction, which can come only from sort of strife, whether physical, intellectual or spiritual. Most people never aspire to develop sufficient capacity to think beyond the 'physical'. This finds verification in their frustration and hesitation if asked to define the extent to which they want or do not want an 'easy' life. Take, for example, camping: any average camper would make himself as comfortable as possible, granted certain exceptions: "Should I take matches? Of course. But they didn't have them in the olden days. Yes, but 'they' lived in pre-historic times, didn't they? Oh yeah. How about blankets, tinned foods . . ." One can go on indefinitely. The amount of physical—if I may now freely use the term—adventures you have depends entirely upon yourself. You can become a tramp and go to live in Derbyshire, without any equipment or food supply, but you'll have to thrive on rabbits and sleep under rocks! I summarise thus: there can be little limitation to the amount of adventure you can have, provided you really want it. People unfortunately cannot isolate a desire for adventure from a desire for change. Exceptions are numerous; a more 'sensible' approach is adopted by some in that, they commit themselves to accepting a completely new form of life in a new set of surroundings amongst new people—I refer to emigration. But even this 'escape' cannot last, and settles inevitably into routine.

Intellectual and spiritual adventure (the two seem to naturally come together). I feel safe in saying that a vast number are unaware, or do not wish to be aware, of the significance of this type of adventure. Before proceeding any further, I find it essential to return to the meaning, as I understand it, of wanting adventure; expressly then, it is the desire for an inner satisfaction which seems the resultant only of some strife. Physical strife can offer no lasting satisfaction and we must resort therefore to pursuit of the other types.

What do I mean by intellectual adventure?—an answer very difficult to express fully and correctly. Certainly it is not attempting a harder maths problem, but it is, to some extent, trying to appreciate and understand more fully a piece of music, or literature, or art, and so on. It is rather more the endeavour to understand one's Self, which is very difficult—and therefore demands an effort, and offers a challenge. To understand anything one must needs have a point of comparison. No such point is available as far as the human Self is concerned; the human anatomy can be understood, but not the Self, for, of no mundane existence, other than our own, can we conceive which can suffer those experiences which we suffer. I refer to the experience of moral restraints. To discover the birth and nature of these is again impossible and for the same reason. The problem



now facing us, that of our Selves, is a tremendous one; to tackle it we require a much greater strength. This strength we can find in the combination of the intellectual with a spiritual endeavour.

The solution of the problem may lie in one of three possibilities: the first to forget the existence of the problem and retreat completely from these realms of thought; the second, to invent a point of comparison, and the third, to accept and adopt someone else's point of comparison. The first is not really a solution and may be at once dismissed as not being such; the weaker members of our circle of adventurers would retire here (I will substitute 'weakened' for 'weaker' later). The second alternative requires extensive debate, but in short: the individual (if he has enough strength) will invent an ideal (now substituted for 'point of comparison') whose nature is dependent on the individual's feelings, circumstances, and other similar considerations peculiar to the individual. This should give rise to the emergence of various, different patterns of behaviour, but it is not so—at least not very much so. The reason involves the consideration of the third alternative, which stipulates the choice of someone whose ideal may be universally accepted. Such a 'someone' must essentially be unbiased and not affected by his circumstances, status, and so on—his ideal will then be in the same context i.e. "out of this world". This explains the phenomena of the second possibility i.e. such ideals have for so long been adopted (indeed existed even before their identification with these 'someones' as religions), that moral tendencies have now been so schooled as not to be fundamentally different from each other.

In the pursuit of such adventure, we have not devoted much discussion to those who do not wish to take part fully, or at all; these people cannot be overlooked. They are intellectually lazy, so much so, that they will not question the system of behaviour they have adopted. Good and bad are to them no more than those ideals dictated by their era, country or circumstances. And how this fact is used by those desirous of control or prolonged control over them! To weaken the weak! How is it done?—When do the weak begin to find strength?—When they are alone, when they have nothing to do, when they have both time and opportunity to go adventuring on the most interesting and complex exploration possible—each's Self. To weaken them?—simple. Give them no time to think, offer for their lazy mentalities some easier track to follow. Don't give them good music, but something easier to understand—music that appeals to the emotions and not the intellect; increase the amount of this music. He may have time to think when he comes home: put a T.V. in the house (with enough of the right programmes on; increase their number, decreasing their quality); better have a radio, as well, in case his eyes get tired. Literature?—no, not the type that kindles

true thought but that easier to understand, more fun—say, sex; and so on . . . Every one could be so poor that they cannot afford either the health or the time to think. But such a population becomes angry easily and riotous and revolutionary—and therefore difficult to harness. Or, an emergency (War) can be created or maintained so that the people have to move as a mass in the name of a suitable deity (State), with one purpose (Victory).

However, the stronger of us have now determined their code of behaviour for themselves, although this code may differ little from some religion or other. But there is a satisfaction in knowing that you have not passively accepted someone else's ideals. Of course, this is not the only satisfaction—the real strife comes in living by your ideal. You cannot live by an ideal when people of limitless influence, power and executive, deliberately, or at least knowingly, create the grounds for you to violate the limitations imposed by the ideal; or when they make it easier for you to violate the ideal than not, and then, you yourself, out of shame, justify yourself by saying "Everybody does it".

To descend now from elevated ideals and to take a specific case in very brief outline. Christianity. To be fundamentally Christian one must obey the Commandments. These impose moral and certain other limits, which are freely and increasingly broken. These also demand that you be brotherly, "love thy neighbour". Nowadays, everything is done by something or other called the State—it looks after your parents, your health, your children, only partly at present, but no doubt fully in the future. Superficially a good thing, but it also robs a man of responsibility which deprives him of making any effort for a single purpose which was individually his own; no effort requires no strength. Neighbours live together in their hundreds of thousands today, and yet brotherhood is not there. Community is not there, civilisation is gone and replaced by a uniting and alienating State. Brotherhood is easier stimulated when people mutually need and rely on each other, not when an abstract State supports them.

Let us be clear of our problem: we want to be Christian and have to accept certain responsibilities (family, social etc.), but we are being deprived of these responsibilities slowly and subtly. I have already indicated some specific ways in which this is taking place, but I think it worthwhile, although risky, to hazard a classification of this 'trend': Responsibilities and the way they affect an individual, will bring out his personality, his character and his individuality; any trend, therefore, in the opposite direction will remove responsibilities and hence result in the—to invent a word—'deindividualisation' of the individual. Our next problem, of course, lies in the solution of this problem.

The discussion of a 'solution' cannot be justifiably included under the title *Adventure Today*, and I feel this, therefore, to be a suitable note to end this enquiry. Suffice to say the theoretical



'solution' will be mainly a decentralisation and exhibit other anarchist tendencies, which will necessarily impose a greater responsibility on a greater number of individuals.

Z. J. QURESHI, 5Y.

### Old Hulmeians Notes and News

We were delighted to receive the following London University result:

P. Marsden—B.Sc. (Special) in Physiology, with First Class Honours, 1962.

The Editor appeals to Old Boys now at the University to notify him of their examination results.

We hear that P. Draper, Imperial College, London, has been selected as a member of an expedition going to the island of Jan Mayen, 370 miles North of Iceland, in the summer.

Another Old Hulmeian who has visited Iceland on several occasions recently is D. Maughan. Last summer he and his wife visited Mrs. Maughan's family, taking their baby daughter with them. Maughan is now working with I.B.M. (International Business Machines) near Winchester, and is a member of a group concerned with using computers to aid and check the design of new machines.

J. M. Crook is now training at the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield. F. Cosgrove is studying at the School of Architecture in Oxford. J. Davis, having left Birmingham University last summer, is now teaching Geography at Newbury, Berkshire.

Anthony Powell is designing the sets for *Capriccio* at Glyndebourne and the sets and costumes for *La Belle Hélène* at Sadler's Wells. Earlier this year he flew to New York for the opening of *The School for Scandal*, for which he had been the designer.

We congratulate Eric Barnes on his election to the presidency of the English Lacrosse Union.

D. W. Homer was recently elected Councillor for the Longford ward of Stretford.

C. A. Burnside, B.A.(Com.), F.S.F., was elected vice-chairman of the Institute of Shipping and Forwarding Agents.

M. Lord, having recovered from his leg injury, has been playing Rugger for Bedford this season and was in the team which beat the Wasps in the final of the Oxford "Sevens". He has been appointed assistant director of the Cambridge University farm.

In the Inter-Varsity Lacrosse match the Oxford team included R. M. F. Linford (B.N.C.) who captained the side; G. N. Sheldon (B.N.C.); C. P. Langford (B.N.C.); and J. G. Lee (Wadham). The Cambridge team, which won 10-2, included A. F. Thomas (Fitzwilliam House); M. F. Billcliff (Caius) and I. W. Goodall (Peter House). Goal scorers included Thomas (3) for Cambridge, and Lee and Langford for Oxford.

### Births, Marriages and Deaths

#### BIRTHS

LOGUE—On August 24th, 1962, to Sally and Lindsay, a son.

GOODDIE—On January 25th, to Sheila and Howard, a son.

WOOD—On February 11th, to Evelyn and Donald, a son.

RAINFORD—On February 12th, to Kathleen and Tony, a daughter.

HILTON—On March 5th, to Joan and David, a son.

SCHLAPP—On April 11th, to Eileen and Don, a son.

JONES—On April 13th, to Cicely and Granville, a daughter.

GIBSON—On April 26th, to Pat and Bob a son.

#### MARRIAGES

SHAW—WOODCOCK—On April 6th, Peter Grenville to Irene Pamela.

BARNES—TILLER—On April 15th, John Baudains to Jennifer Joan.

RICHARDS—WALTON—On April 17th, Paul to Patricia.

MACDONALD—BATTY—On April 24th, Garry to Pauline Ann.

#### DEATHS

WRIGHT—On February 27th, in hospital and of 1a Highbury Rd., Alexandra Park, Joseph Harold Wright.

CRAWFORD—On March 9th, in hospital and of 39 Mosley Road, Timperley, Arthur Frederick Crawford, aged 57.

ALLMAN—On March 23rd, at 2 Highfield Parkway, Bramhall, John Herbert Allman.

TAYLOR—On May 11th, at 93 Springbridge Rd., William, aged 46 years.

### Old Hulmeians Association

The Lacrosse Section and Rugby Section both survived the severest winter on record reasonably well, but whereas Rugby fixtures were lost for ever, the Lacrosse Section were obliged to play well into May to complete their league commitments. The Lacrosse Section's offer to assist Mr. J. Peat and Mr. C. Byrans in coaching and refereeing at School on Saturday mornings was accepted, but the weather prevented the plan being implemented to the full. In return, the School provided players for Old Boys teams on many occasions. This increased co-operation between the School and its Old Boys is to be greatly commended.

The Annual Dinner Dance at Abney Hall on 8th February, 1963, attracted a capacity attendance and it is regretted that some late applicants



## THE HULMEIAN

for tickets had to be refused. This function was a very happy occasion and a financial success, and the thanks of the Association are due to H. A. Whatley and his fellow organisers.

The Annual Dinner at the Midland Hotel on 9th March, 1963, was also successful both socially and financially, but this occasion is worthy of a better attendance.

The Annual Cricket Match against the School will be played on 6th July, 1963. Any Old Boy wishing to play should contact Mr. A. M. Blight at the School.

Mr. H. H. Vlies in his will left £50 to the Association to be put in the Central Fund. This gesture is typical of the man.

It is with regret that the death of J. H. (Joe) Wright is recorded. Only a few weeks before his death, he was on the Memorial Ground supporting the Lacrosse Section.

Another School year is nearing its close, and all boys who are leaving will be most welcome in the Association.

Hon. Sec., E. Barnes, "The Hollies", Gatley Rd., Gatley.

### Old Hulmeians Lacrosse

The season winds wearily to a close. The first team, effort-spent to beat the ice and frost, languish below the leaders of their division. In contrast, the 'A' team hope to celebrate the runners-up position in the 2nd division with dinner and a night *On The Town*, Leonard Bernstein's New American Musical. The Extra 'A' and 'B' teams anxiously play and wait. They wait for results of other matches which decide whether they are promoted as they deserve to be.

The success of our new fourth team has only been grasped because of the fine club spirit and the number of our older players who have been "persuaded" to extend their playing careers in the lower ranks. Even so, the School have our thanks for supplying assistance when we most needed it.

A. E. Marsland and G. H. Stockdale were members of the North team that restored flagging prestige by defeating the South 11—6 at Hurlingham on 20th April. A. E. Marsland is also skipper-elect for the first team next season.

G. B. Lawson, F. M. McClinton, G. H. Stockdale and A. E. Marsland played for Lancashire against Cheshire, and J. L. Williams for Lancashire against Yorkshire.

Looking forward, pre-season practices are held at the School on Wednesday evenings in September. A warm welcome awaits those brave enough to renew old acquaintances or settle old scores. We need more players, good, bad or indifferent. A good game is assured and also, we think, a good time.

Hon. Sec., G. B. Lawson, 294 Mauldeth Rd. West, Manchester 21. Tel.: CHO 1927.

### RESULTS

#### FIRST TEAM

Jan. 26	v. Boardman & Eccles ...	H W 13—2
Feb. 2	v. Old Mancunians .....	H W 12—2
Feb. 9	v. Manchester Univ. ....	A Postponed
Feb. 16	v. Old Waconians .....	A W 8—3
Feb. 23	v. Mellor .....	N.G. L 3—10
(Semi Final Senior Flags)		
Mar. 9	v. S. M/c. & Wythenshawe	H L 8—9
Mar. 23	v. Mellor .....	A L 8—10
Mar. 30	v. Cheadle .....	H W 12—3
Apl. 20	v. Boardman & Eccles ...	H W 7—1
Apl. 27	v. Manchester Univ. ....	A W 12—1

#### 'A' TEAM

Jan. 26	v. Chorlton .....	H W 9—2
Feb. 2	v. Mellor 'A' .....	A Postponed
Feb. 9	v. Ashton .....	H Postponed
Feb. 16	v. Oxford Univ. ....	A Cancelled
Feb. 23	v. Mellor 'A' .....	H W 10—8
Mar. 9	v. Wm. Hulme's G.S. ...	N.G. L 4—15
(Semi Final Junior Flags)		
Mar. 16	v. Heaton Mersey 'A' ...	A W 21—0
Mar. 23	v. Leeds Univ. ....	A W 1—0
Mar. 30	v. Wm. Hulme's G.S. 2nd	Cancelled
Apl. 6	v. Rochdale .....	A L 6—9
Apl. 20	v. Old Waconians 'A' ...	A L 6—8
Apl. 27	v. Old Grovians .....	A W 10—5

#### EXTRA 'A' TEAM

Jan. 26	v. Sheffield Univ. ....	A Postponed
Feb. 2	v. Rochdale 'A' .....	H W 9—7
Lancashire Junior Cup After Extra Time		
Feb. 9	v. Old Stopfordians 'A' ...	A Postponed
Feb. 16	v. Urmston 'A' .....	H Postponed
Feb. 23	v. Manchester G.S. ...	N.G. W 3—1
(Semi Final Junior Cup)		
Mar. 9	v. Manchester G.S. ....	H L 9—15
Mar. 16	v. Oldham & Werneth ...	H L 10—13
Mar. 23	v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe 'B' .....	N.G. L 3—10
(Junior Cup Final)		
Mar. 30	v. Wm. Hulme's G.S. 3rd	Cancelled
Apl. 6	v. Urmston 'A' .....	H W 22—2

#### "B" TEAM

Jan. 26	v. Boardman & Eccles 'A'	A Postponed
Feb. 2	v. Offerton 'A' .....	A Cancelled
Feb. 9	v. Stockport 'B' .....	H Postponed
Feb. 16	v. Boardman & Eccles 'A'	A Postponed
Feb. 23	v. Liverpool Univ. ....	H W 7—1
Mar. 9	v. Boardman & Eccles ...	A W 9—7
Mar. 16	v. Heaton Mersey 'B' .....	A W 9—2
Mar. 23	v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe 'C' .....	H W 13—2
Mar. 30	v. Wm. Hulme's G.S. 4th	Cancelled
Apl. 27	v. Stockport 'B' .....	A W 8—5



## Old Hulmeians Rugby

The Rugby section have completed their fixtures for the 1962/63 season and the full results are as follows:

	P	W	L	D	PTS.	A
1st XV	25	13	9	3	191	158
'A' XV	24	5	19	0	111	282
Extra 'A' XV	19	8	10	1	142	280
Griffins XV	13	5	8	0	90	209

Upon restarting the season after the winter deep freeze, the first team took some time to return to the December form.

The game with Cheadle Hulme was narrowly lost 0—3, our one defensive error of the game allowing them to score, and to rub salt into the wound we missed a penalty kick in front of the posts.

A weakened team travelled to London on our annual pilgrimage; there we were defeated by a strong Esher 'A' XV—but our players were privileged to see one of the best post-war internationals at Twickenham in the England v. Scotland Calcutta Cup Match.

Form returned to the team at Prestwich with an easy 8—3 victory, followed by a narrow defeat by one point at the hands of the Manchester Y.M.C.A.

The team then completed their second victories of the season, over Calder Vale 8—5 and the Old Aldwinians 6—0. For these games the team was strengthened by the return of P. Wood, S. Wood and R. Shufflebottom, who were home on vacation from their various Universities. The improvement continued with a fine drawn game against Sale 'A', and we were unlucky to draw our final fixture with Toc H, having what seemed a perfectly good push-over try disallowed.

This season the Club entered the Manchester and the Toc H Sevens, but alas, not with the success of last season. We were defeated by Heaton Moor in the first round at Manchester and by Dukinfield in the second round at Toc H.

With regard to the Second XV, the best thing that can be said is that the season is now ended and we hope for more enthusiasm and better results next season.

The long winter rest appeared to inspire the Extra 'A' XV to Herculean efforts, and they completed the season with four victories in five games.

Once again the 'Griffins' enjoyed their outings, but on occasions were unable to field a full side, a factor which gave the opponents a decided advantage. We look forward to having new blood from School to support our 'Griffins' in the future.

During the close season work is to be carried out both on the ground and in the clubhouse, which will be open every Monday evening.

Hon. Sec., F. M. Burton, 5 Edenhall Ave., Levens-hulme, Manchester 19.

## Results in detail:

## FIRST XV

1963						
Mar.	9	v. Cheadle Hulme	.....	A L	0—3	
	16	v. Esher 'A'	.....	A L	0—9	
	23	v. Prestwich	.....	A W	8—3	
	30	v. Manchester Y.M.C.A.	.....	A L	13—14	
Apl.	6	v. Calder Vale	.....	A W	8—5	
	13	v. Old Aldwinians	.....	H W	6—0	
	15	v. Sale 'A'	.....	A D	3—3	
	20	v. Toc H	.....	A D	3—3	

## 'A' XV

Mar.	9	v. Cheadle Hulme	.....	H L	0—3	
	16	v. Esher 3rd	.....	A L	0—46	
	23	v. Prestwich	.....	H W	6—0	
	30	v. Manchester Y.M.C.A.	.....	H L	3—11	
Apl.	6	v. Calder Vale	.....	H L	0—6	
	13	v. Old Aldwinians	.....	A L	3—6	
	20	v. Toc H	.....	H L	0—9	

## EXTRA 'A' XV

Mar.	9	v. Cheadle Hulme	.....	A W	8—3	
	23	v. Prestwich	.....	A W	25—3	
	30	v. Manchester Y.M.C.A.	.....	A W	5—3	
Apl.	6	v. Calder Vale	.....	A L	9—25	
	20	v. Toc H	.....	H W	15—12	

## GRIFFINS XV

Mar.	23	v. Prestwich Colts	.....	H L	3—16	
	30	v. Y.M.C.A.	.....	H L	0—40	
Apl.	13	v. Old Aldwinians	.....	H W	8—5	

## Old Hulmeians Motor Club

We are very pleased that our search for a suitable venue to hold driving tests, etc. has reached such a happy conclusion. The Headmaster has very kindly consented to the Club using the School quadrangle, and we hope to hold our first event sometime in July. The Headmaster has also agreed that we may invite all senior boys who hold full driving licences (not provisional), to take part, and we look forward to seeing a good representation from the Senior School. Details will be published nearer the time.

Our final indoor event of the winter was a very pleasant evening spent at the Clubhouse on February 21st, in company with Duncan Measor, ex-motoring correspondent and now chief Sub-Editor of the *Manchester Evening News*.

March 24th saw us out of doors once again to compete in the Spring Rally run by the motoring section of ICICALS, the social club of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd. We have a very happy relationship with them, and exchange invitations to our respective events. On this occasion we succeeded in securing a fifth place by way of Stanley



Foulds' Sunbeam Rapier, navigated by Gordon Davies, with John Williams as observer and time-keeper.

On April 7th we provided a team of eight to marshal one hill on the Derbyshire Trial; this provided a very pleasant day in the fresh air, with considerable physical exercise extracting the cars from various predicaments.

On April 10th we succeeded in securing first place in an Evening Rally run by ICICALS, the winner being Gordon Davies with Stanley Foulds as navigator.

On April 21st we held our own Spring Rally, in ideal weather conditions, with 21 cars taking part. The organisers had put a great deal of effort into their preparations, but felt well rewarded by the attendance. The first three places were taken by representatives of I.C.I., obviously determined to repay our success of April 10th. First O.H.M.C. finisher was Graham Cooke in fourth place. Derek Boothman was in fifth place, and Christopher Templar who has only recently left school, took a very creditable sixth place navigated by Gareth Morgan who has not yet left School!

In the endless search for the truth, our spies recently paid a visit to the Jaguar works at Coventry, and came away very impressed. On arrival they were ushered into a truly enormous lounge, beautifully furnished, where was found a vast array of literature to while away the next few minutes, ranging from an obscure (and presumably agricultural) magazine called *The Muck Shifter* to such mundane things as *The Autocar* and *Motor* via various foreign publications. At one end of the room were three striking examples of Jaguar history—an S.S.1, a 1937 Model, and a current Mark 10, the last having succeeded in breaking a small hole in the floor just before our spies arrived on the scene. After a few minutes' wait to allow the atmosphere to sink in, they were led to a small and sumptuous theatre, their cameras being impounded on the way there "in case you happen to be reps from Aston Martin". They then saw a 30 minute film of the initial stages in the production of a Jag, such as machining cylinder heads, grinding crankshafts etc., after which a senior apprentice took them on a tour of the works, where things began to be really interesting.

Their first impression of the works was that it was rather like an enormously overgrown garage, and appropriately disorderly, but as their tour progressed they began to appreciate the sense behind it all. Their inspection of the engine assembly track revealed a varied collection of engines in different stages of assembly and in no apparent order, 2.4, 3.4, and 3.8 Jaguar engines being interspersed with an occasional Daimler 2½ litre V8. On completion the engines are bench-tested for three hours, and then proceed to the vehicle assembly line. Here the engine and transmission is set up on a giant trolley, together with sub-frames etc.,

and the body dropped on. The car then proceeds down the line to have all the other parts added, and eventually stands on its own feet, ready for final fitting out of windows, trimming and upholstery etc. On completion of this operation the car goes out for a 30 mile test run on the road, and is returned to the Service Department for any adjustments necessary.

Our spies were particularly impressed by the amount of inspection carried out, there being one inspector to every nine operators, and also by the care taken to avoid damage to paintwork etc. They were also pleasantly surprised by the degree of hand work done in the assembly of the cars. Each one is made to suit the wishes of a particular customer, and there is no such thing as a "standard" car, there being so many variants of equipment and degrees of engine tune available. The tour ended in the final inspection department, and here was found the one thing they had been looking for—the E type assembly line. Production of these fabulous machines is about 40 per week, and the sight of nearly a week's production under one roof made our spies feel that perhaps they might be given a sample, but alas . . .

Total production is about 550 per week, including the E type and the V8 Daimler Saloon. By use of the Daimler works for initial machining work etc., it is hoped to increase production to 800 per week by the end of this year, and our spies repeat that each one is made for a particular customer.

After being entertained to an excellent afternoon tea, our spies reluctantly left the works and collected their cameras once again. They came away with the impression that the Jaguar, in all its forms, is a very fine motor car, offering incredible value for money.

Plans are afoot for extending our contact with members of the Senior School, and School leavers, and it is hoped that a great many of those who park their Minis and M.G.'s in Springbridge Road will soon be taking an active part in our events. In the meantime, anyone interested in Motor Sport in any way is cordially invited to contact either of the Joint Honorary Secretaries: Dr. Stanley B. Foulds, 131 Gatley Rd., Gatley, Tel.: GAT 2887, or John L. Williams, 7 Kings Avenue, Gatley, Tel.: GAT 4666.

### Old Hulmeians' Lodge, No. 7062

On Saturday, 27th April, 1963, Brother William Allman was installed Master of the Lodge for the forthcoming year at the Masonic Temple, Manchester. On this occasion the number of members and visitors was the highest for a number of years.

Mrs. J. E. Peters, the wife of the Immediate Past Master, wishes to express her thanks to all the ladies who supported the coffee morning in aid of the School Building Fund Appeal.



## Association of Old Hulmeians in London

When our Hot Pot Supper was fixed for February 22nd, rather earlier in the season than in other years, we had not expected the near Arctic conditions that stayed with us so long this year. A few of our regular faces were missing, presumably preferring to stay in hibernation, but amongst our "first-timers" we were glad to see Graham Wood and Kevin Corcoran, as well as Tim Olsen on one of his fleeting trips from Leeds. John Temperley left his medical studies for the night. We hear, by the way, that R. Williamson is also to be seen around the Middlesex Hospital.

By the time these notes appear in print, we shall have played our lacrosse match with the London Old Waconians, but at the moment we are looking forward to the usual social evening as guests of the Kenton Cricket Club where Alan Wilkinson, Norman Galloway and now Joe Gilbert are with Ivor Smith who annually organises this game for us.

Whilst on the topic of lacrosse, a few congratulations are offered; to Eric Waddington for the storming game he played in the Flags Final (Purley v. Cambridge); to George Arnold who Captained the South in their match against the North at Hurlingham, and to two more Hulmeians, A. F. Thomas and Douglas Hague, who gained their South badges on that occasion.

Once again we have been invited to Farnham Royal for a cricket match against the Association of Lancastrians in London. To avoid the main holiday period, this has been fixed for Sunday 26th May. We could use a few more offers to turn out for this very friendly game, but all who prefer to watch can make this a most enjoyable outing with their ladies and families.

The selection of a date for the Dinner entailed some hopeful crystal-gazing to avoid election time if possible. The crystal was not particularly informative about the Parliamentary activities, but Friday, the 15th November has been selected for our Dinner at the House of Commons. You are asked to make a note of this date for we are, of course, limited to numbers and places are now being reserved on request. Further particulars about the cricket match, the Dinner or any of our activities from the hon. sec., G. W. Creasey, 145 Copse Hill, West Wimbledon, S.W.20 (WIMbleton 6778).

## Cambridge in the Early Summer

You ask me where to seek out the Hulmeian if you come to Cambridge? As if this were possible! We are few in number, yet have many varying amusements and pursuits. We are known then for our lack of social contact with one another, for our rough manners and crude accents,

for our loyalties to Manchester and the hills of the North.

And out of these hills came one Thomas, of Disley fame, the green-shirted terror of the sports field. By the golf course you may find him: perhaps, if you are lucky, you will catch sight of the happy peasant burning up the course, drawing strength, like Proteus, from the hills that first bore him. Fitzbillies' will be the loss when he withdraws.

Where is Rogerson?—a ghost, a mere name! We hear much of him, but no-one as yet has pinned him down. And so he floats on, a wraith, a mystery. But here comes Dave Swain, laughing-boy from Trinity: he went south into Italy during the summer to Firenze, Venezia, Roma; now he steers west, to Newnham, like Columbus in search of new land. Does he comment on the architectural splendour of that antique building, one Pot-house, famous for the "Little Rose" against which it stands? Here, perhaps you will find Ian Goodall and Don Paton—Ian a real find for the lacrosse team and an addict of the billiards table. Don Paton, too, may be found cue in hand, unless today is Demolition Sunday for the Cambridge Volunteer Army. Today a whole forest will be removed by dynamite under MacPaton's shrewd guidance—but whose throne now stands in danger?

As Thomas the golf-course, and Paton the trees of Cambridge country, so John Wilde burns up the books of Sidgwick Avenue. Here is a diplomat if I ever saw one! Seek him in the libraries and in the forecourts; try his rooms, try the lecture-halls, and if you still return empty handed, why man!—he's gone down.

Here, too, live Lucas and Sargen. Names, mere names—where are they at this hour? And Beatty, the Diogenes of Caths who lived in a shack by the railway-yard?—like so many, a wraith, a spectre.

There is a statue of Isaac Newton in Trinity College; he stands for all of us, for that unknown student who seeks, and seeks again. Search him out! Does the apple still fall? The news rings out, two centuries later, not that "the sun does not move" nor that "the apple falls", but Chris Mark is made President of Trinity Lacrosse Club. Yes, indeed, these are new times and strange signs appear in the sky. Martin Billcliff will row in the Mays in the Caius 6th Boat—new times indeed!

And Spring makes Cambridge very beautiful. King's "Cathedral" soars higher to the skies on summer days; books remain a dream, and summer frocks sway into a reality. Water ripples gently beneath the Fen Causeway, and blossom drifts by from the meadows. How high do we strive?—as the green poplar trees—so high? All Nature moves, and shall we refuse the urge of Spring?



And now the golf-course bids farewell to the happy peasant, the billiard cues lie untouched against the table, the air is still over the meadows. Maybe we shall give you some good exam results, and by our work make you think we soared to the very sky in summer days. It is a small army, but a good one.

M.B.

### Old Hulmeians at Oxford

Oxford letters generally begin with a reference to the problem of tracking down Old Hulmeians. Once again this is the leading problem. Some understandably, under the shadow of a certain event in June, have become library recluses although Nemesis appears to have little or no fears for R. M. F. Linford—who is seen either with lacrosse stick or tennis-racket—with a regularity which one can only describe as alarming. But what has happened to Parkinson—the other victim of time? Unseen, he is not forgotten, and we offer our sympathy to him and to all others in like distress.

From the dizzy heights of the post-graduate world, Kelsall and Pitty exhibit a tolerant attitude to the buzzings of us flies—but what can one possibly say to a man with a first?

What happens in New College?—This is a question which puzzles many an undergraduate mind, and Eldridge, our man in New College, is rarely seen, and on those memorable occasions he moves at great speed on a bicycle. He is giving nothing away.

Sheldon and Henshall are both at Jesus—but this is all we know. Do they ever see each other, and if they do, do they speak? We, the pivots of the brown world, have little information as to their activities, except that these appear to involve as little physical exertion as possible. (It is the summer term: no one in his right mind moves at all unless under great compulsion).

If one were able to buttonhole the peripatetic Lynch, fix him with an accusing eye and boldly say, "the point is, Lynch, what are you, in fact, doing?"—this would be entirely inefficacious in upsetting his *sang-froid*. His answer, always at hand, should such a contingency arise (a contingency which would unnerve a lesser man) is prompt and firm—"Loafin', scratchin', eatin', sleepin', talkin', and other time-wasting activities"—A man of principles!

What of Bateman, what of Chadd? You may well ask. Little or nothing has come into our hands concerning these characters. They are seen. They simulate the active life. What can one say in the face of such laudable manifestations?

Brasenose remains the centre of the Oxford Old Hulmeians microcosm. Langford, it has been estimated, is potentially capable of indulging in every

sport known to man. Johnson has been a cynic, I fear, and reads geological books: *Facilis descensus Averno* . . ." Robinson tried to sell me a card for something Liberal on one occasion. I didn't buy one—but my spies tell me that others did—clearly a man to be watched.

Parker is secretary of a lacrosse team. Is he a "brain"?—will he get a first?—Such are the questions which cast over Oxford the incandescent glow of controversy. Lee tells me that he refuses to be influenced by what he considers the degenerate environment of Wadham. I fear the worst. Fowler has been seen on a bicycle: Gillam has the good fortune to enjoy the cuisine at Trinity. All are involved in chasing hairs to split: and all, but all, are gloriously content—at least, I hope, they are.

N.W.

### Old Hulmeians at Bristol University

I am told that this article is making history. Either there have never been enough Old Boys at Bristol to warrant anything being written about them or, as is much more probable, past generations have been lazy, illiterate or both. These historic notes should prove that one Old Boy, at least, is not illiterate.

For the life of us, we cannot understand why the place is not, or does not appear to be, popular with Hulmeians. Bristolians boast with justification that there is no finer city south and west of Cheltenham, and all the University students agree with them. So this report of life in the city of Long John Silver and mad drivers is by way of an appeal. Here are a few unsolicited testimonials of satisfied customers—in fact, *all* the satisfied customers:

Sam Scully. 5 ft. 9 ins. 12 stones. "I like it." Sam has been here for two years and is "studying" classics. Says he thinks he will get a good degree. Is secretary of the lacrosse team which came a poor second in the Second Division of the Southern League—plays for them, too. Despite a certain incident over the Cambridge fixture, on which Sam refuses to comment, he remains a valuable member of the lacrosse fraternity. Spends hours in the refectory doing nothing in particular.

Mike Kerr. 6 ft. 1 in. 13½ stones (at least). "I like it." This is a character your reporter sees little of, but the stories he has heard are nobody's business. He does physics or chemistry or something and is well into his third year. It may be hard to believe for those who knew the Olympian Mike of old, but he has not so much as looked at a shot or a high-jump pit since he has been down here. He is presumed to be a complete physical wreck. A reliable source says that this rather sad



figure is seldom seen without at least one cigarette in his hand.

Peter Collins. 5 ft. 11 ins. 10½ stones. No testimonial from him, as your correspondent has never had the good fortune to meet him. Sam says he's got a First, so no testimonial is really needed. Peter, who was once in Heywood House, is now doing research in Physics. He is a founder-member of the Lacrosse Club and (here I quote Sam again) "whenever we're in London the fellow dashes into the nearest theatre and we never see him again".

David E. C. Robinson. 5 ft. 11 ins. 12 stones. "I like it." David provided me with a dossier on himself, full of the most incredible facts. The only ones he has allowed me to quote are that he is in the second year studying electrical engineering. However, discreet prying has revealed that he is President of the Art Club and is often to be seen scraping and scratching on some vast mural or other. When he is not doing that, squash is his next love and smashing china his other. This he apparently decorates his wall with at Wills Hall, where he has the good fortune to be in residence.

Lastly, there is Kaiserman. He is the only fresher in the contingent and is trying to understand the geography course (he remembers, with irony, the occasion in 1B when the infamous Scully beat him to the Geography Prize—because Mr. Gatley liked his handwriting better!). Now handwriting is of no significance and Kaiserman is in as much of a fog as ever. He tells me he is acquiring a conscience over the remarkable list of achievements and capabilities sent to the University last year, to reinforce his application for entrance; between drags on his Benson and Hedges Extra Special Filter he gasped "Think I'm going down the nick".

But you need not all follow this unfortunate example. There is a great deal in Bristol to attract the Hulmeian; it is, of course, one of the pleasantest large cities in Britain, bubbling with life and vitality. The University is an intimate part of the city—not an imposition, as it appears to be in many northern towns (Bristolians actually enjoy the annual Rag battles). There are many wonderful places to visit, less than an hour away—Cheddar, Wye Valley, Mendips, Cotswolds, Weston, Bath and so on—this for the fresh-air types; culturally speaking, there is never a week without a good concert or play somewhere in the city, and the place is teeming with jazz clubs. Is it that Mancunians, steeped in the clog of the North, never dream of going to a Southern University? Do they still believe in the old fallacy that Southerners are snobs, that they would not be in place anywhere south of Wolverhampton? These fears are quite groundless, as we who are down here have discovered.

Any freshers coming up this year will be very welcome to contact D. Kaiserman at Churchill Hall (assuming that the powers-that-be have no other ideas regarding his future). D.K.

## Old Hulmeians at Keele

This is the first letter written to the *Hulmeian* from Keele concerning the activities of Old Boys here. As the institution was not born until 1949, and as, in the whole of its short life, there have been only two Hulmeians here anyway, that is not very surprising.

Contrary to popular misconceptions, we do not have lectures conducted in German, we do not live beside a canal, and neither of us takes a general course for our degrees. Geoff Field is taking his finals this year in Chemistry and Physics; while Mike Dyer is coming to the end of his first principal year reading History and Political Institutions. Both of us have completed our Foundation year course (which precedes the three principal years), and have found it a most stimulating experience.

The two of us live in the same part of the campus, i.e. in Home Farm on part of the demesne land of the Sneyds, whose ancestors came over during the Conquest. Geoff is aristocratic because his room has a veranda which overlooks Keele Hall; while Mike lives at the top of a six-storey building which enables one to gaze over the trees by the lakes on to the rolling hills of the pastured countryside. In an environment such as this, so soft and relaxing, it is the ideal site for an academic community. Three miles away, down in the valley, the great conurbation of Stoke-on-Trent is out of sight.

During his time here, Geoff has been the Captain of the Cross-Country Club, and has led them many times. He says that the conditions for such an activity here are ideal, and that when the worry of finals gets too much, a quick five-mile stint over the fields is better than aspirin! Mike's extra-mural interests are of a different character. He enjoys debating, and last year came second in the University Public Speaking Competition—but he finds interior decorating in some of the poorer areas of the "Potts" more exhilarating.

This summer Geoff Field will be making history by becoming the first O.H. to graduate at Keele. We all wish him the best in his exams, and future career. M.C.D.

## Parents' Association Notes

The Supper Dance on March 7th at the Embassy Rooms, Sale, was a most enjoyable evening and we were very pleased to welcome 37 members of the Staff and their wives and friends as our guests.

Our speaker for the talk on Wednesday, March 27th, was Mr. J. Walmsley and his subject, *The Nuptse Himalayan Expedition 1961*, which was illustrated by colour slides, was most interesting and informative. Some parents had already heard Mr. Walmsley give his talk on an earlier occasion



and their interest was so stimulated that they came along to hear him again. The meeting was very well attended.

Tennis matches are being arranged for May 28th, June 20th and July 9th and Cricket matches for June 13th and June 26th. If you wish to play in any of these matches please send your names as soon as possible. The 9th July Tennis is a mixed doubles Open Evening with the Staff.

An additional item staged this year was the Cheese and Wine Evening which took place on Friday, May 3rd, in the School Dining Hall. This event was most successful and greatly enjoyed by all present; the attendance was around 200 persons. During the evening the Barbecue Film with sound effects was shown at half hourly intervals in one of the classrooms whilst many side shows and background music were provided in the Dining Hall. Towards the end of the evening Coffee, Sandwiches and Rolls were available and they were very much appreciated.

We should like to thank Mr. Bird for his kind permission to use the Dining Hall, and the Parents and Staff for their help in organising this event.

Parents will already know that the Cheese and Wine Evening was organised to aid the 75th Anniversary Appeal and we hope that those who have not already responded will do so now. Details can be obtained from Mr. W. N. Brewood, 67 Ashton Lane, Sale, Cheshire. Telephone SALE 5280, who is one of our representatives on the Appeals Committee.

Among the future events I would like to remind Parents of the Annual Dinner-Dance at the Embassy Rooms, Sale, on Thursday, November 14th and the Christmas Party Dance on Friday, December 20th at the School.

Our Chairman, Mr. Ron Swift, resigned at the Annual General Meeting this year and it is a very sad farewell as we have been a very happy Committee under his guidance. Mr. Swift has served on the Committee for many years, and we thank him for his untiring efforts for the Association. We know that both he and Mrs. Swift will continue to support us for many years to come.

Two members of the Committee did not seek re-election this year, namely, Mrs. Merriman and Mr. Jackson, and we would like to thank them both for the help they have given to us. Mrs. Merriman has served on the Committee for many years.

I, too, resigned at the Annual General Meeting and I would like to thank all Parents and Staff for their assistance in my year of Office.

On the 16th May, Mr. R. Swift opened the Annual General Meeting with a tribute to the late Mr. W. Taylor which was as follows:

"We meet this evening under the cloud of the death of Mr. Taylor, the School Bursar.

Not only has the School lost a truly loyal servant, but we mourn the loss of a sincere friend because Bill Taylor gave unselfishly of his leisure time to the interests of our Association, as well as the Old Hulmeians.

Our Association has enjoyed great success over the last decade, and much of this was due to Bill's ever helpful co-operation, both at our annual functions such as the Christmas Dance, and at our special events; for example, the Easter Fair, the Barbecue and Hot-Pot Suppers. In fact, Bill Taylor was our link with the School, and his passing leaves a tragic gap in that vital chain.

Our sincere thoughts are with Mrs. Taylor in her personal loss, and we extend to her our heartfelt sympathy.

I would ask you now to join in a silent tribute to a great friend of our Association".

During the business of the meeting the following were elected as your Officers and Committee for the ensuing year:

*President:* Mr. R. C. Swift.

*Vice-Presidents:* Mrs. E. G. Gazzard and Mr. F. J. Allen.

*Chairman:* Mrs. G. C. Allen.

*Vice-Chairman:* Mr. H. B. Shires.

*Hon. Secretary:* Mr. E. J. Giles.

*Hon. Treasurer:* Mr. R. E. Hoyle.

*Committee:* Mr. J. Blezzard, Mr. W. N. Brewood, Mr. G. Edwards, Mr. A. S. Fortune, Mrs. C. P. Guthrie, Mr. E. V. McGlue, Mr. J. McMullen, Mrs. A. L. Wolfendale.

Our other Vice-Presidents are Mrs. L. Stockdale, Mr. S. V. Hickling, Mr. H. W. N. White and Mr. J. Whitfield.

Towards the end of the proceedings, Mr. R. C. Swift presented the Headmaster with a 16 mm. Cine Projector with Sound Effects and Screen, which had been purchased from the balance of profits on the Ox Roasting Barbecue. Also, he presented a cheque for £80 out of the profits of the Cheese and Wine Evening held on the 3rd May. Both of these presentations were made to commemorate the special efforts made by the Parents' Association during the School's 75th Anniversary Year.

In conclusion, may we offer our very best wishes to all boys leaving the School in July? We hope their Parents will continue to support the Association and become Associate Members.

To Mr. Bird and all members of the Staff we wish a very happy Summer vacation.

Hon. Sec: Mr. F. J. Allen, 24 Westfield Road, Manchester 21. Tel.: CHO 1032.