

## The Final Twist

### WORLD PRIZE STORY COMPETITION

Mr. Easten glanced through the conditions for the third time, and wondered if he could write a story that could beat the highly commended standard he had obtained the year before.

"Going in for it again this year?" asked a colleague on the staff.

"Yes, but I'm not expecting any results."

"Have you got a story ready?"

"Yes, but I don't know how to finish it. You see, I've had a shot at writing a 'blood-and-thunder' this year—you know, bodies in the billiards-room and corpses in the conservatory. But the all-important clue is a button—a big, beautiful brass button—that's found on the gravel path outside the vicar's study three days after the deadly deed. Now I've made my detective look pretty dumb already, but even he wouldn't miss a thing like a brass button. Ah well! There's the bell. Who'd be an author?"

Mr. Easten gathered up his books and resigned himself to spending an English period with 3B.

"By the way," his colleague called after him, "we need another essay for the school magazine."

"3B have an English homework tonight."

"Oh, right."

So half an hour later Mr. Easten was saying to a class of fidgety third formers:

"I don't want anything you've read out of a book or anything you happened to see in your neighbour's book. I want your own ideas. Try to make it interesting and see if you can have an unexpected twist to liven up the ending."

Next evening Mr. Easten racked his brain to try to find a solution to his problem about a brass button, but no inspiration came. At last he gave up and decided to mark 3B's essays.

"Hm," he grunted to himself as he read the first essay. "That ending is obvious and the writing is none too good. Who is this anyway? Ashton, I might have known."

He read several more compositions enthusiastically describing hair-raising exploits with crooks, encounters with smugglers, impossible adventures at sea, in the air, underground, and the inevitable space raiders.

"I dashed along the corridor with the three-legged Martians herring after me. They were gaining on me because they could run faster because they had three legs to my two. At last I reached the control cabin and I dashed in quickly, slamming door behind."

Mr. Easten groaned and took the next book from the pile. Morris's at last. This might be better. Ah! Neatly written, well paragraphed. This is better.

"I trained my binoculars on the hole on the opposite side of the stream and waited. At last, I saw two pin-points of light, eyes. It was coming out, but I was disappointed, for the eyes disappeared again. I waited and at long last a brown form crept out of the hole, an otter."

"Yes, much better."

He read through a lot more hair-raising essays, badly written and spelt.

"Now whose is this? Yarwood's, I wish this boy could spell."

"No, it isn't my badge. Mine was shiny brass and this is black."

"But it is yours. You remember in chemistry period yesterday you put some sulfretted hydrogen in the fum cubourd. I found this in the fume cubourd, and sulfretted hydrogen turns brass black."

"So sulphuretted hydrogen turns brass black does it? This boy's taken in something in somebody's lesson, anyway. Wish it was mine . . . But that fact might just be the one I need in my story. Sulphuretted hydrogen fumes could have made the brass button black, yes!—then it would escape notice on the path. Now suppose I scrapped the vicar. I'll make the murderer a chemistry master. Where did I put my story? Ha! That's a good twist, Yarwood, an excellent twist in fact, an excellent twist. . . ."

J. A. WINNINGTON, 4S.

## The Ghost

In Salisbury town, so people say,  
There stands an antique shop,  
Whose steps to guard both night and day,  
A skeleton sits a-top.

Though this may sound a gruesome tale,  
And frightful it may be,  
The wicked are the ones to quail  
For they alone can see.

This sombre guardian of the door,  
In life was happy here,  
And vowed he'd stay for evermore  
His treasures to be near.

So welcome are the honest men  
And naught shall bar their way.  
But woe betide the evil then  
For they will rue this day.

R. A. SIDDALL, 2Y.



## A Village

The tiny village of Halington lies in a small valley sheltered by the gaunt Pennines which rise almost sheer from the small river Tame which flows swiftly down the sharp incline on which the village is built, only to disappear underground as the great awe-inspiring hill that is known locally as "Th' big un" blocks its way.

At the top of the narrow valley a road rises and heads, straight as an arrow, over the rolling moors of gulleys, swamps, peat and heather that, in late spring gives the effect of being a purple carpet of the deepest of hues. It is said by the inhabitants of that village to have been built by the Romans many centuries ago. True it is built in the style of the Roman road builders, stopping not for huge boulders nor deep gulleys, but either moving or filling in these obstructions.

Beside this road has now been built a reservoir which is used by the busy town far, far below the wild moorland country which is such an important factor in its life. On rough days this vast lake is said to be as boisterous as the North Sea in a gale. Beside the wall made to keep the restless waters in captivity lies the house in which lives the reservoir keeper with his faithful dog Bess, who is admired and fondled by all the children of that remote village and, I may say, many grown-ups as well.

The General Stores is the central hub of activity in the small village. Over the door is a faded sign announcing the fact that the owner, Mrs. MacAvill, has a licence to sell postage stamps. The village does not possess a post office, and a rickety 1935 Ford van, affectionately known as "Tin Liz" rattles its painful descent into the distant town with its precious mail by way of an ancient road which too, it is thought, dates from Roman times. The post box where the letters are posted and collected is just outside the stores, and presents a favourable excuse for the few housewives of that remote village for entering the stores for a gossip with the other women they are bound to encounter on that same errand. Invariably a woman will enter and say, "I've come to post a letter so I thought I'd drop in." On entering the shop a strange smell of soap, cardboard, groceries, etc., is inhaled. The shop itself dates from the early eighteenth century and is low, dark and rather small. On the counter is a pair of ancient scales which must be older than the shop, for they are huge brass scales with even larger weights in proportion, and of a pattern which must have been out of date before the century started.

Around the stores lie perhaps two dozen houses of all shapes, sizes and periods, thrown up like so many molehills, so closely that it gives the impression of

being a wood of chimney stacks, fat ones, thin ones, tall ones, squat ones and even, here and there, bulgy ones.

Down by the rushing river there is an old mill which, in former days, had been driven by a water-wheel, but now is driven by a steam engine which hisses merrily through life driving the looms and carders which were brought from the busy towns along the plain below the great moors.

Once every day a lorry takes the strong materials down into civilisation where they will be distributed among the town and country-dwellers who will perhaps never even guess that those hard-wearing garments were made in the little village of Halington high up among the peaceful, silent moors, where there is no busy rush and the only sounds are the rippling call of the Curlew, so in keeping with those lonely, yet beautiful surroundings, and the occasional koc, koc, of a grouse.

S. M. Cox, 1A.

## Going to School

My breakfast is quite ready when I hasten down the stairs.

But somehow I must always run to be in time for prayers.

Nigger to be fed and brushed, the rabbit needs her oats,

My bag to pack and shoes to clean, and we must brush our coats.

Out of the house at ten-past eight, the car won't start first kick,

And I forgot my English book, Oh please do wait a tick.

We're off at last and on the road, but see those lights ahead.

We're there in time. How's that for speed, you sluggards still in bed?

S. M. Cox, 1A.

## Old Hulmeians Notes and News

We are asked by the Public Schools Appointments Bureau of 17, Queen Street, Mayfair, London, W.1, to draw attention to the fact that it can help Old Boys to obtain posts in commerce or industry, after they have performed their National Service, up to the age of 24 or 25.

On Saturday, April 24th, at the Masonic Temple, Manchester, Mr. E. T. Worthington was installed as Master of the Lodge, by the retiring Master, Mr. S. Whittingham, assisted by the Past Masters of and in the Lodge.



We heartily congratulate C. S. Smith on being awarded his Blue for cricket in his first year of residence at Cambridge. Smith also again played in the Lancashire v. Yorkshire match.

F. J. Whelan has been appointed Resident Magistrate at Ndola, Northern Rhodesia.

R. E. Y. Slater has passed the Final Examination of the Chartered Auctioneers and Estate Agents' Institute.

We hope to give a list of Old Hulmeians' University Examination results in next term's magazine. We shall be grateful for any information that will enable us to make this record as complete as possible.

### BIRTHS.

WOOD.—On March 5th, to Eileen (née Jennett), wife of Michael F. Wood, M.A., a son.

MAYER.—On March 20th, to Barbara (née Mercer) and Philip, a daughter.

ADDERLEY.—On March 24th, to Doreen, wife of Geoffrey Adderley, a daughter.

BURT.—On April 17th, to Mary (née Ball) and John, a daughter.

BURKE.—On April 21st, to Clare (née Lynch) and Donald, a son.

DALRYMPLE.—On May 9th, to Sheilagh (née Jones), and James, a son.

MILLS.—On May 11th, to Ione (née Peach) and John, a daughter.

GINEVER.—On June 13th, to Doreen (née Ashworth), wife of Douglas, a son.

### MARRIAGES.

CLARE-BRADBURY.—On February 27th, at Umbali, Southern Rhodesia, Keith Anthony Woolley Clare to Judith Hesling Bradbury.

WOOD-MOSS.—On March 20th, at Oxford, John Gervase Wood, son of Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Wood, to Margaret Patricia Moss, B.A., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Moss.

MCCLINTON-HORROCKS.—On June 5th, at Cheadle Hulme, Frank Michael, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. McClinton, to Barbara, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Horrocks.

NEALE-THOMPSON.—On June 7th, at Didsbury, Gerald Austin, younger son of Mrs. M. B. Neale and the late Mr. F. Neale, to June Olive, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Thompson.

PACHT-FITZGERALD.—On June 19th, in Belmont, Mass., Paul David Pacht to Louise Fitzgerald.

GALLOWAY-GRIBBIN.—On June 19th, at Heaton Moor, Norman Locke, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Galloway, to Margaret Ann, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Gribbin.

### DEATH.

NEILL.—On May 25th, in hospital and of 52, Alness Road, Whalley Range, Denis Arthur, aged 56 years.

### Old Hulmeians Association

The Annual Dinner, held at the Midland Hotel on March 13th, 1954, was attended by only 89 Old Boys and their Guests. Once again it proved to be a most enjoyable function, but it is hard to understand why more members do not attend this function, and the Secretary would appreciate any suggestions to make it more popular.

It must be realised that until the numbers attending are in excess of 120 a loss is bound to materialise.

It is the "A" Team that has brought distinction to the Lacrosse Section in the 1953/54 Season, by winning the Second Division Championship. This is quite a remarkable feat and the Captain, Alan Jones, is to be congratulated on this magnificent performance.

The First Team although disappointed at their failure to win any one of the Senior Trophies, must surely be considered to have had a reasonably successful Season by being Runners-Up in both the First Division and the Senior Flags Competition.

The Annual Golf Tournament, held as usual on Ascension Day, this year at the Didsbury Golf Club, was still once again arranged by Mr. J. A. Barber, to whom our thanks are constantly due for the many good services he does for the Association.

The winners of the Bradbury, Vlies and Merchant Cups were J. Peat, P. M. Warburton and A. T. Moore respectively, and it is quite pleasing to see that one of the Assistant Masters at the School was successful at his first attempt.

The Annual Cricket Match against the School, played on June 16th, 1954, must have been unique in that the Old Boys were captained, on this occasion, by their President, W. W. Land. The weather unfortunately was anything but cricket weather but the game was finished, resulting in a win for the Old Boys.



The School bowled quite well and fielded in their usual energetic manner, but the batting in this match was below their usual standard.

All boys leaving School at the end of this term will be very welcome in the Association as a whole, and particularly in the Lacrosse and Rugby Sections. It should be emphasised that not only members of the School Teams are needed to keep these Old Boys' Teams going, but regular games can be offered to all Old Boys in both games.

E.B.

### Old Hulmeians Lacrosse

For the first time in recent years the First Team have failed to win a trophy and yet they can look back on the closing stages of the past season with every satisfaction. In the replay of the Senior Flags Semi-Final they beat Old Mancunians 11-6, and followed this by drawing a wonderful final with Heaton Mersey 10-10. So little was there between the two sides that it needed an Old Hulmeians' defensive error to let Heaton Mersey scramble the ball home to win the replay 8-7.

In the League, the team finished in second place in the division, the details being as follows :—

Goals							Points
P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.		
20	17	3	0	194	77		34

W. A. Jackson and J. S. Jackson, the two youngest members of the side, have made a promising start to their first season in the First Division.

It has been left to the "A" Team to win the Section's only trophy, the Second Division Championship Shield. Their results were :—

Goals							Points
P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.		
22	21	1	0	269	75		42

More goals were scored and fewer conceded by the side than by any other club in the Division, and for an "A" Team to win this championship is a considerable achievement, one of which the whole Section are very proud.

J. R. L. Hall, defence, has had a very successful season and must surely earn a place on the First Team in the near future.

The Extra "A" Team, whose position in the Third Division at one time caused anxiety, finished the season strongly to obtain fourth place. Their results are as follows :—

Goals							Points
P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.		
20	12	7	1	139	144		25

Their two most promising players are G. Arnold, centre, and M. Insole, attack.

Our bi-annual Easter tour to London was again entirely successful. Some difficulty was experienced in making up the party, but those who made the journey found it most enjoyable. Our opponents were Buckhurst Hill, Purley and Old Dunstonians.

At the Section's Annual General Meeting the following officials were elected for next Season :—  
Chairman, J. A. Barber ; Vice-Chairman, Eric Barnes ; Hon. Secretary, H. A. Whatley ; Hon. Teams' Secretary, N. A. Barber ; Hon. Treasurer, D. B. Flunder ; First Team Captain, S. Gill ; First Team Vice-Captain, J. Buckland ; "A" Team Captain, Alan Jones ; "A" Team Vice-Captain, J. T. Emery ; Extra "A" Team Captain, E. S. Thelwall ; Extra "A" Team Vice-Captain, R. Heywood ; Committee, F. M. McClinton, J. W. N. Glover, R. B. Herbert and J. Winfield.

### RESULTS.

#### FIRST TEAM.

1954.

Mar. 20—v. Old Mancunians— Replay of Semi-Final Senior Flags (at Heaton Mersey).....	W 11—6
27—v. Heaton Mersey— Senior Flags Final (at Cale Green) .....	D 10—10
April 10—v. Heaton Mersey— Senior Flags Final Re- play (at Cale Green) ...	L 7—8
29—v. Old Mancunians .....	H W 8—4

#### "A" TEAM.

1954.

Mar. 13—v. Cheadle "A" .....	A W 20—0
27—v. Cheadle "A" .....	H W 14—6
April 10—v. William Hulme's Grammar School.....	A W 14—10
30—v. Old Mancunians "A"...	H W 1—0

#### EXTRA "A" TEAM.

1954.

Mar. 13—v. Old Stopfordians "A"...	A W 8—5
20—v. Cheadle Hulme "A" ...	H W 1—0
April 10—v. Man. University "A"...	H W 13—8



## Rugby Football

The end of the season was not too encouraging, partly because of fixtures with stronger clubs who showed to us the art of open football.

The overall results were not quite as good as last season, especially the 1st and "A" XV's, whereas the Extra "A" XV produced a very good record.

Once again it is felt that we have too frequently lost the initiative through our failure to tackle effectively. Many of the other aspects of the game have improved greatly this season, although there is still much to be learned by each player before we can hope to rank as a senior club.

The playing record of the 1st XV was :

P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts. for	Pts. agst.
30	16	12	2	346	264

Although still suffering from injuries, the team attempted to maintain the standard set earlier in the season when at full strength.

After skipper Jack Edwards joined the injured list Geoff Carter came in to captain the side and did so with great enthusiasm. He proved himself to be a good leader, both on and off the field, although he often found himself too involved in scrummages to shout his orders to the backs.

The team possesses a very useful and compact set of forwards, who have worked extremely hard this season and who have often outplayed their opponents in the later stages of a match by their almost endless reserve of energy. They have proved to be extremely capable in the open and we have frequently observed close passing movements, which have gained valuable ground and which have often resulted in a try.

Criticism cannot be directed at any one aspect of the forwards' play because, although there has been a general improvement, one thing is obvious and that is the necessity of spending more time training, both in and out of doors, so that each player knows exactly the policy to be adopted under any circumstance. We have now reached the time when this is essential to our progress, and already arrangements are being made for winter training.

The backs are also lacking in experience, but are not without ability. There still exists a tendency to individualism which should not be repressed but encouraged along the right lines to mould the attacking strength into a quick-thinking, forceful unit.

Here again we have seen improvements, but it is regrettable that the better handling movements have resulted only when our forwards have dominated the play. A good back division should be able to seize every opportunity of opening up the play even though on the defence.

The "A" XV had difficulties in forming a regular team as they were frequently called upon to replace the injured players on the 1st XV. Also, as mentioned in the last issue, several players had gone over to the extra "A" XV. However, they tried hard to overcome the difficulties and their efforts were often rewarded.

Unfortunately a bad patch in the early part of the season, when the team lost five games on the run, caused a slight lack of confidence and rather spoilt the playing record.

The playing record of the "A" XV was :

P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts. for	Pts. agst.
28	10	16	2	281	398

The same criticisms apply to the "A" XV as to the 1st XV, except that there is a lot more room for improvement in handling the ball.

We hope, however, that with the influx of players returning from the forces and the new members from school we shall be able to build a stronger and more regular team.

The Extra "A" XV produced one of the best playing records in the history of the club and, as mentioned in previous issues of the Hulmeian, much of its success is due to the leadership of Peter Harrison whose enthusiasm has encouraged each member of the team. Many players who previously felt discouraged when playing for this team are now extremely keen and can be assured of a more enjoyable game.

The playing record of the Extra "A" XV was :

P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts. for	Pts. agst.
22	15	7	0	309	207

Many of their victories were decisive with a high number of points being scored, and we have been able to see for ourselves the potential ability of each player as a 1st or "A" XV player.

Teams were entered for the Seven-a-Side Competitions at Manchester and Toc H at the end of the season. A bye was drawn in the first round at Manchester, but the team was rather heavily beaten in the second round by the Manchester side.



At Toc H the team played extremely well and were unlucky to lose to Alsager T.C. after having beaten Manchester Y.M.C.A. in the first round.

At the Annual General Meeting held on the 24th May elections for the various offices were made and the new committee immediately took steps towards establishing regular training facilities, and to arrange for coaching throughout the season.

We are looking forward to season 1954-55 with many hopes of new members and would take this opportunity to extend a hearty welcome to any school-boys who are leaving school at the end of this year and who are considering joining us at Brantingham Road.

Anyone requiring further information on any matter concerning the club should contact O. R. Dennis, 10 Waltham Road, Manchester, 16.

R.K.S.

## RESULTS.

## 1st XV

		Points			
		For	Agst.		
Mar.	13—v. Crewe & Northwich	H	13	0	W
	20—v. Old Aldwinians ...	A	0	0	D
	27—v. Burnage ...	A	3	14	L
April	3—v. Sale "A" ...	A	0	25	L
	10—v. Kersal "A" ...	A	24	3	W
	17—v. Davenport "A" ...	A	6	3	W
	24—v. Toc H ...	H	Cancelled		

## "A" XV

		Points			
		For	Agst.		
Mar.	13—v. Crewe & Northwich "A" ...	A	17	6	W
	27—v. Burnage "A" ...	H	3	14	L
April	3—v. Sale Ex "A" ...	H	13	9	W
	10—v. Kersal "B" ...	H	19	38	L
	17—v. Davenport Ex "A" ...	H	19	19	D
	24—v. Toc H "A" ...	A	9	14	L

## Ex "A" XV

		Points			
		For	Agst.		
Mar.	13—v. Cheadle Hulme Ex "A" ...	A	9	8	W
	27—v. Burnage Ex "A" ...	A	0	33	L
April	3—v. Sale 2nd Ex "A" ...	A	3	14	L
	10—v. Fylde "B" ...	A	16	10	W
	17—v. Davenport "B" ...	A	Cancelled		
	24—v. Toc H Ex "A" ...	H	Cancelled		

## Old Hulmeians Golf

By the kind permission of the Captain and Council, this year's Competition was held on May 27th on the Didsbury Golf Club's course. More cards were taken out than in any year since the war. Unfortunately, after a very fine afternoon, we had a heavy shower in the evening, but all the competitors were able to finish a round.

The President of the Old Hulmeians Association, Mr. W. W. Land, spent the evening with us and presented the cups to the winners.

The winners were :—

Bradbury Cup : J. Peat, 91—24=67.

Vlies Cup : P. M. Warburton, 80—7=73.

Merchant Cup : A. T. Moore, 87—17=70.

## Old Hulmeians at Oxford

This is the summer of our content. The tempestuous first few weeks of re-orientation in our first term, the cynicism of our second term when we discovered that all was not as we had imagined, these have passed. And, unheeded, the ties of friendship grew stronger, needing only the eight weeks of Trinity to reveal to us a life gay, wonderful and free.

Libraries are deserted, lectures ill-attended ; the dusty scholar must be someone else at some other time. And where does Oxford find expression this term? Pre-eminently upon the river ; the climax of the term being, of course, Eights Week, this year dictatorially reduced to four days' racing. In the gay confusion of reds, blues, greens and whites on the tow-path and amidst the swirling waters and oars on the river we imagined we saw W. R. Esson (University), pulling a sturdy, and by now, experienced oar in a College eight.

The interest of Neville Hopwood (B.N.C.) in racing, of rather a different nature, was short. The stage was set for a Hulme victory in the annual Ellesmere Law Society Punt race, when the inviting waters of the Cherwell became suddenly all too inviting. It was the end of a great race.

The sunshine brings Colin Day (B.N.C.) from his Ivory Tower. Punting and bridge are his preparations for a long vacation attempt on the Swiss Alps. The sudden and indecorous decoration of the B.N.C. new quadrangle late one evening was apparently further preparation.



Howard Baker is the self-styled epitome of Oxford drama, as well befits the President of the Experimental Theatre Club. His interests this term have been all-embracing, ranging from the production of a lively revue to his appearance in the O.U.D.S. open-air production of "The Taming of the Shrew," an appearance, as Gremio, an old fool, richly rewarding to those who had gone along expecting to see a brilliant character portrayal. The illusion that Oxford men, and particularly those from Hulme, are essentially men of dignity was shattered, in the same production, by the propulsion of a custard pie which landed in the face of John Ginger (B.N.C.). He had regained all his usual composure when, with grease paint and custard removed, he described this experience as rather like diving head-first into a vat full of toothpaste.

Not even an embryonic attempt to stir up politically apathetic Oxford—for so the correspondence columns in one great weekly described us—could draw us away from the distractions of summer. Although one or two Hulmeians admitted that they had signed the petition which sought the banning of the hydrogen bomb, they were quick to add that it was only in between visits to the river, the cricket ground or the theatre that they had taken such a significant step, and then only for the sake of peace! Which ambiguity fully reveals the political awareness of Old Hulmeians in Oxford.

If Oxford is the home of lost causes it is equally the home of long-lost friends. It was with the greatest surprise and even greater pleasure that we discovered that Peter Ramsay, who left school when he was 15, going on to Denstone, was up in residence. He is reading History at Hertford College and tells us that he is an inveterate oarsman. Another apparently long-lost friend merely turned out to be Hugh Davidson (B.N.C.), a lost cause, who had cultivated a magnificent red beard over the vacation. He seems equally undaunted by the proximity of Schools and of Junior Proctors.

Michael Green (Merton), who is the proud occupier of a delightful set of rooms overlooking the Fellows' Garden, joined Donald Hankey (Oriol), Neville Hopwood, Gerry Robertson (B.N.C.), who has been elected Treasurer of the Oxford University Lacrosse Club, and Anthony Sedgwick (B.N.C.) in a little celebration when we were fortunate enough to have Mr. Barber in our midst. Anthony Sedgwick, who has a pressing final engagement with the Examiners this term, and is concurrently searching for Chambers from which to overwhelm the legal profession, produced, as usual, the most exotic waistcoat for the occasion. His conversation was equally sparkling.

And so before we could possibly take in all its delights, the summer term is at an end, and we are left with the conflicting thoughts that only a sixteen weeks' Long Vacation can produce in the minds of

prospective railway porters, fruit canners, and market gardeners.

For some of our number, this will be the last "going down", but with Rupert Brooke

"We shall go down with unreluctant tread,  
Rose-browed into the darkness."

J.N.H.

### Old Hulmeians at Cambridge

What can one, what ought one to say after three years at Cambridge? Should one imitate the legendary Oxbridge undergraduate of "Redbrick University" and paint entrancing pictures of "moonlight strolls in romantic quadrangles" *pour encourager les autres*? Perhaps one goes to Quiller-Couch and listens to those lectures which so strikingly tell us how distant is the pre-1914 world: "Think of country vicarages, of Australian or Himalayan outposts, where men have nourished out lives of duty upon the fire of three transient, priceless years. Think of the generations of children to whom their fathers' lives, prosaic enough, could always be re-illuminated if someone let fall the word "Oxford" or "Cambridge," so that they themselves came to surmise an aura about the name as of a land very far off." The first visitor the freshman opens his door to is probably the college representative of the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union, who simply inquires "Have you decided for Christ?"

Perhaps the best, certainly the easiest thing, is not to formulate personal impressions at all, but to cultivate the warm haze of the Cambridge that now only exists in the guide books, and in the long-vacation dreams of old and decaying dons, themselves probably forgotten by all except Bertrand Russell. Then Cambridge is always summer; the punts glide along the river past King's where the choirboys sing in the candlelight—their inconsistency not mine. It is always May, and there are champagne suppers under the Wren Library at Trinity; there are hours of dancing before the punts leave for breakfast at Grantchester. At other times the undergraduates sit at the feet of legendary great ones—when they are not being chased over the roof-tops by chivalrous and sherry-laden proctors. Occasionally they pop into the Senate House for the examination upon which so little depends. This is the world of "Brideshead Revisited" perhaps. (I read that an indulgent aunt gave her nephew a copy before he went to Oxford, and that the one-and-sixpenny Penguin cost his parents a thousand pounds in his first term).

There is also mediaeval Cambridge that exists in the University Regulations, still carried about on a chain by one of the Bulldogs who accompany the Proctor on his way to the University Sermon;



ordinances which still retain the curfew, and the necessity of permission before venturing more than three miles from the Senate House. These do at least provide stories for the freshening of wilting visitors, like the one about the enterprising undergraduate who, looking through the Regulations, found that if he applied to the Proctors, a pint of porter and a ham sandwich would be provided for his examination the next day. And there it was, together with a summons for not wearing buckle shoes and a sword. Cambridge is proud of such feasts of unreason.

But the new Cambridge, the world of Pye's radios and semi-detached houses, the world of bank-clerk's mock-Tudor? What are the new University Buildings?—mostly engineering and scientific laboratories; no sooner is one finished than another steel skeleton begins to crawl out of yet another faculty cupboard. And the first thing that the Appointments Board asks is what class you have got in your Tripos; some colleges are unable to hold May Balls because the undergraduates find it too expensive. The State which pays for us to be there has removed the gas lamps from King's Parade and lights us home with fluorescent lighting. Who seeks a photograph of his college to hang on his wall?—prints showing what it was like 150 years ago are alone acceptable.

The canker that is at the heart of Cambridge is at the heart of England. By shoring up 15th century draughty and hopelessly inconvenient buildings, we confess that we have nothing to offer in our own time. Nationally we cling on to the past (revive it if needs be, as in the Garter Ceremony) because we know we have an inferior and ersatz present. Architecturally, Cambridge colleges stopped believing in the present about the beginning of the last century; even the nineteenth century, which, we are told, believed in the March of Man, built their extensions in revival Gothic. Only the scientists were honest and built their laboratories in Edwardian terra-cotta. Perhaps Cambridge exists to question the *Daily Express* mind ("Be Proud of Britain To-day") and to ask what it means by Progress.

But what can one say? Already the process begins; Cambridge distills itself into the plash of the punt-poles or a candle-lit and panelled room. Cambridge the home of atomic research is forgotten. Long discussions over a gas-fire greedy for shillings becomes perhaps a movement begun in the light of a log-fire. The past of Cambridge is too powerful for our sickly and apocalyptic present.

"These Cambridge generations, Russell's, Keynes' . . . And mine? Oh, mine was Wittgenstein's, no doubt;

Sweet pastoral, too, when someone else explains,  
Although my memories leave the eclogues out."

So Donald Davie. And what do other members of the panel think?

A.B.W.

## Old Hulmeians at Manchester

Another summer term draws to its close and as it does so most of us in the University are brought face to face with the thing we have been dreading all year—examinations. Prelims, Part I or Finals—all are equally terrible, and after Easter frantic efforts have to be made to cram into a few days what should have been a year's work. Students rush hither and thither with piles of books under their arms in an attempt to find a secluded corner in which to pursue their new-found thirst for knowledge. Then the great day of the exam. arrives—usually only too soon—and streams of sad-faced students slowly make their way to the Whitworth and the McDougall, to return a few hours later somewhat slower and with even sadder countenances.

Thus during the summer term most people desert the Union and "caf" in favour of a library or laboratory, and consequently the present writer's search for Old Boys has proved even less fruitful than usual.

Perhaps the most interesting piece of news concerns R. Calderwood who, though not strictly now a student of Owens, is frequently to be seen in the Union which somehow seems to be functioning without him. "Bobbie," as he is known to most of us, now serves the National Union of Students in the capacity of treasurer, and at Easter he was chosen to be one of a delegation of British students invited to visit the U.S.S.R. We understand that the party was extremely well received behind the Iron Curtain and travelled extensively in Russia. Calderwood returned safely.

In our last report it was stated that G. V. Chivers had decided to depart from our midst at the end of this year. This rumour, however, has proved untrue. Chivers finds it impossible to sever his association with Owens (or is it perhaps his association with the Gilbert and Sullivan Society?) and, having completed his researches in history, is spending next year in the Department of Education.

Following the complaint made last term by I. Ainsworth that he had never been mentioned in this report, J. A. Ekserdjian has brought to the notice of the present scribe the fact that he too has escaped our attention recently. We will therefore hasten to say that Ekserdjian continues to read law and carries himself with a dignity that befits his profession and suggests that he is working hard.

In the newly-opened extension to the Arts Building the University has very kindly provided a toy for the students to play with in their spare moments. This



toy takes the form of a self-operating lift, and at least one Old Boy is known to take great delight in going up and down in this new device, although his enthusiasm has noticeably waned since the day the lift broke and trapped its occupants for some hours.

In the Medical School the chief event of the term has been the fire which destroyed the upper floors of the building. This fire, however, was remarkable in that unlike most activities in the University, no Old Boys appear to have played a part in it.

R. I. Hattrick, having spent last term resting in preparation for the tennis season, is now occasionally to be seen at the Firs indulging in the aforesaid game. Most Old Boys, however, seem to have temporarily forsaken the field of athletics.

During the term we have been pleased to entertain G. J. Oldham and B. B. Taylor in our midst when they were on leave from the Army and Royal Air Force respectively.

Of doings at Tech., we have as usual heard very little. G. E. Cusick, now engaged on research, is frequently to be seen in the Ref., while G. B. Lawson has occasionally been seen in the company of a tandem.

At the end of this term the usual large number of Old Boys will be going down for the last time, and to them we extend our best wishes for their future careers. The rest of us will be back in October, when we look forward to welcoming the usual large contingent of freshers from school.

G.L.D.

### Parents' Association Notes

The Annual Supper and Social on March 11th proved to be a most enjoyable affair. A very large proportion of the staff accepted our invitation to be present. This social gathering of parents and staff at the Fallowfield Hotel is becoming quite an occasion.

The cricket match against the school staff on June 2nd was a very pleasant though undecided event. The staff knocked up a very substantial score that

did not leave us time to catch up, nor them sufficient time to take all our wickets, and the draw was a fair result. How we shall fare against the school remains to be seen, but we shall do our best.

The Annual General Meeting took place on May 19th in the school hall. Three of our old committee members were not offering themselves for re-election—Mrs. Tredwell, Mr. Lilley and Mr. Selman. Our very good wishes and thanks go with them. In their places we welcome Dr. Culbert and Messrs. Temple, Mitchell and Robinson. We are sure their support and interest will strengthen our Association. All the other serving members of the committee and the officers were re-elected for the ensuing year.

Already two of our "major high-spots" are booked and tentatively organized. The September meeting addressed by the Headmaster in the school hall on Wednesday, September 22nd, is one which we all keenly anticipate. The subject this year is "From the Primary School to the University."

The other "high-spot" is the Annual Supper and Dance at the Fallowfield Hotel, this year on Thursday, October 28th. Tickets will be available for this dance at the September meeting, or may be reserved before that date from any member of the committee. A further notice about these events will be given nearer the time, but it is felt that you might like to note them now.

It is fitting that at the close of a school year we, as an association, should put on record our thanks to the teaching and administrative staff for the care which has been given to our sons and this we most sincerely do.

We trust everyone will have a most enjoyable holiday, and to those members whose sons are leaving, we wish the very best of good fortune.

In closing may we make once more an appeal to parents who are as yet non-active and invite you most warmly to take part in the affairs of our association.

S. V. HICKLING,  
*Hon. Secretary.*

6 Lydgate Road,  
Droylsden.  
Phone : DRO 1005.

### William Hulme's Grammar School Entertainments Account

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" Balance at Cash	...	1	10 6	" Bank Cheque and Commission	...	1	0 0
" Receipts, Tuesday night plays	...	20	10 8	" Bank Balance	...	115	13 0
" Receipts, Christmas play	...	137	2 6	" Cash	...	0	19 2
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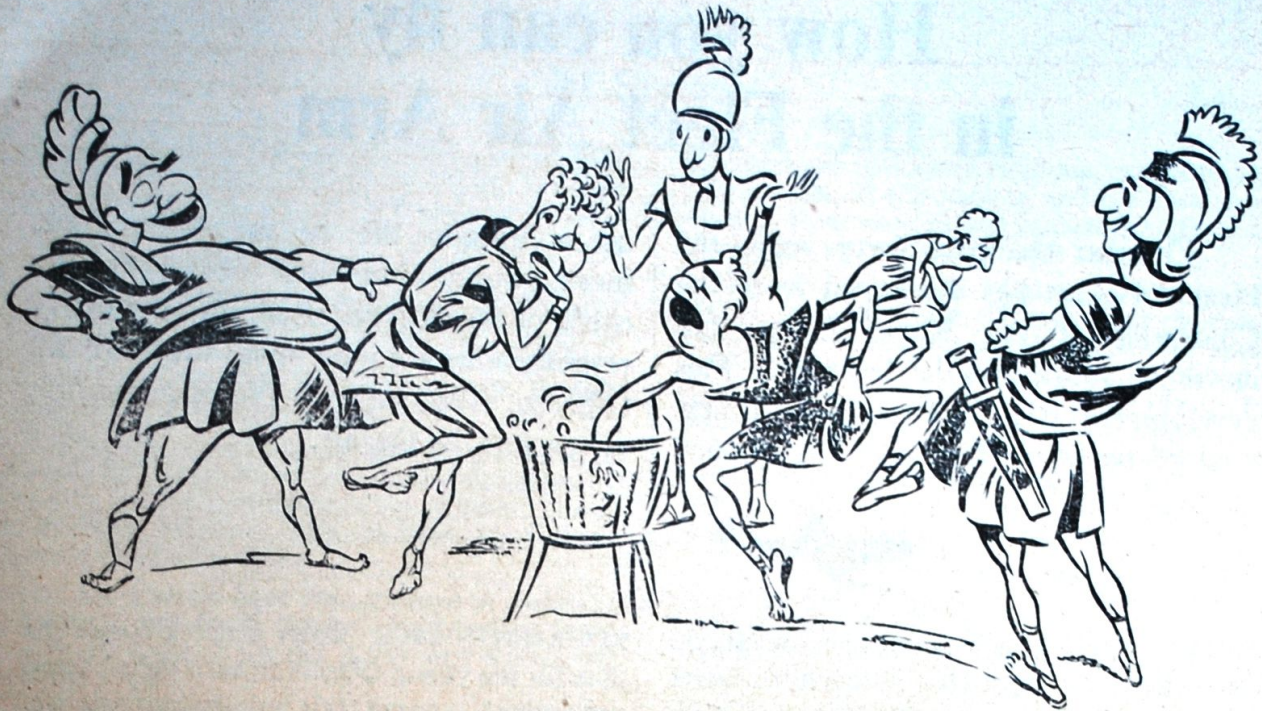
These men lead a life that is crammed full of incident, responsibility — and enjoyment. There is plenty of sport, ample leave, expeditions ashore in places ranging from Gibraltar to Japan, plus the convivial life of a Wardroom Mess.

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## FORTI ET FIDELI NIHIL DIFFICILE

The ancients believed that the ability to endure pain was a sure indication of manhood and the capacity for leadership. The early Romans advanced from the Spartan habit of weathering their newborn on the open hillside to that of having their young men each plunge a hand into a glowing brazier to prove themselves worthy of their chosen calling.

Such a rough and ready yardstick of individual worth does not apply in these more enlightened times and the modern young man is judged by the somewhat different standards of aptitude, interest and the desire to make the most of his opportunities.

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