

T. W. Woodward, A. P. H. Perry, D. W. Lomas and J. V. M. Rubin are playing for the Second XV team, of which B. Cartwright is the captain. A. F. Warrell was captain of the Third XV team until he was promoted to the Second XV side.

B. W. Wilson is also playing for the Third XV.

M. R. Hall has been awarded his Under XV colours and A. Deegan plays for the Under 13 side.

P. D. B. Collins is captain of the Senior House side; D. W. Ogden captains the Junior House.

In spite of this representation on School team sides, a weaker side than originally intended had to be entered in the Senior Knock-out competition owing to injuries to various players. It was not surprising therefore, that we were beaten by a strong Whitworth side in the first round.

The Junior side had a more notable success in their competition. Having beaten Whitworth and Byrom in the first and second rounds, respectively, they met Dalton House in the final. Unfortunately, the paths to success ended here, and they were beaten 12-0 by a much superior Dalton side.

#### WHITWORTH HOUSE

*Head of House*—N. V. Barber.

*School Prefects*—N. V. Barber, M. J. Booth, F. Cosgrove.

*House Prefects*—R. G. Heaton, I. W. Rodger, A. M. Fish, E. R. Birch, J. Hewitt.

We were proud to learn when we returned to school that four of our members, N. V. Barber, T. R. Bateson, C. B. Lowe and I. H. McShane, had been awarded State Scholarships, while N. V. Barber had been chosen as Head Boy. We resumed House activities immediately and our first concern was to retain the Inter-House Swimming trophy. This we did, thanks to an excellent number of entries, especially among the juniors, and an all-round team of powerful swimmers, I. M. Lawless, N. V. Barber, J. B. Kershaw and J. L. Smith, were especially prominent, Lawless though still a junior, returning faster times than his senior counterparts.

We now turned our attentions to the Inter-House Rugby Knock-out Shield. Aply captained by N. V. Barber, and strengthened by the addition of school team players, M. J. Booth, P. M. Bagguley and A. M. Fish, we achieved a well-deserved victory over Heywood, but failed against a better team, when

beaten by Byrom. House games, however, are proceeding well, the Senior XV, captained by Cosgrove, has sustained few losses, and while the Junior XV has not been as successful, its members are keen and we hope for better results later in the season.

The House under the auspices of Mr. Dudman, and F. Cosgrove, is planning to produce a section of *Henry IV*. With such distinguished actors as D. D. A. Lamb and F. Cosgrove, we hope to produce good entertainment. If we sustain the efforts which have been evident so far in the term, we should reach the Christmas holidays well satisfied.

#### The Hulme Lads' Club

Mr. Harry Hough, M.B.E., Secretary of the Club for forty years, and an active worker for more than half a century, died suddenly in August, and this is certainly the most severe loss the Club has suffered in its long history.

Mr. Hough had devoted most of his life to the Club, and such examples of completely unselfish service are rare. It is impossible to calculate the value of his friendship and example to the thousands of boys who have been members, boys who were always loyal to him, and of whom he was always very proud. He was an Old Hulmeian, and did a great deal to develop the close connection between the Club, the School, and the Old Hulmeians. We are very glad that he was able to continue his active work for the Club right to the end of his life, and that he ran the annual Whitsuntide Camp with all his usual energy and enthusiasm.

A Memorial Service was held at the Club on Sunday, September 30th, and was conducted by Rev. J. H. P. Slade, an Old Hulmeian who has himself been a keen worker there.

The best tribute to Mr. Hough will be the continued support of the Club, and there may be Old Boys of his generation who would like to pay this tribute by becoming subscribers.

The Annual School Collection for the Club is now being made, and we shall welcome the help of all Old Hulmeians.



### Diastole

I think that autumn has a yellow song,  
vast, vague and infinite;  
Like the sound of winds brushing the long  
barren moors; or recondite  
As the distant whistle on a rainy night  
Breaks the barriers of a crowded dream.

The thick yellow fog draws lazily along  
the street and pours through the pane,  
Or the mist cramps its valley with a strong  
stifling hand, till the rain  
Confuses it, and its former domain  
Appears brown when washed in the stream.

Or the night may be crowned with a circle  
of stars whilst the dull frost  
Paints the ground; and the bare purple  
branches of desolate trees  
Stand out in the light of the vanishing moon  
Like almost forgotten memories seem  
To be drowned in the depths of an uninhabited  
room.

In autumn life withers and dies  
And the flower is consumed in the fire,  
The canker invades the green leaf as it lies  
By the side of the brown in a blackening pyre.  
Autumn is the time when the statesmen make war  
To bolster their desolate cause,  
When the frost bites at your gloveless hand  
And small tempers forget the laws.  
When the sight of bare trees and unprompted decay  
And wild desolation draws  
You to think of the Earth waste and wild,  
And that it may end in the sadness of  
Autumn and not in the freshness of Spring,  
For our pale yellow moon has gone out, and  
the grey storm clouds cover the sky.

G. A. M. WOOD, 6 iii a.

### Restaurant Car Nostalgia

Deep down in the water a fat fish grins contentedly and slowly rises to the surface as the roar overhead recedes into the distance. This is a very special fish, known to all railwaymen by the affectionate name of King Turbot. His title is well deserved, for he is the sole survivor of the original

batch of turbot placed in Bushey Water Troughs by the General Manager of the London and North Western Railway in 1903.

At this time it was extremely difficult to keep fish fresh until a junior clerk at Euston had the idea of letting fish for consumption in dining cars swim about in the water troughs, and be caught by a scoop in the kitchen car. The scheme was at once adopted at great expense and proved popular and successful. Experiments were carried out to determine which type of fish was best suited to life in a railway water trough. Only the turbot survived the searching tests, and so the long-standing connexion between the turbot and the railway was forged.

In a Restaurant Car at luncheon or dinner you may be offered plaice or halibut, but the turbot remains the railway fish par excellence. The cry 'Grilled turbot, sir?' has echoed down the corridors of our dining cars for many years. Hundreds of Turbot have been scooped up, grilled and eaten, but King Turbot still survives. He knows the times of the trains—and avoids them, while special excursions give him an opportunity to exercise his cunning in avoiding the scoops lowered by countless dining car conductors.

Spare a thought for him as your train thunders over Bushey Troughs, and when you are offered Grilled Turbot in a Dining Car, remember that you are being offered a share in a great heritage. May King Turbot long avoid the 'Royal Scot' and the 'Mancunian', for who knows, he may still be there when the railway has faded from the British scene. And in that case the letters B.T.C. would mean British Turbot Commission, and he would be its Chairman.

J. E. O. SCREEN, 6 iii a.

### The Time Factor

Every one in and around Bleckley knew and loved old Simon the clockmaker. His small, bent figure was a familiar sight throughout the cobbled streets of the village, his back weighed down by huge numbers of repaired clocks which he delivered to their owners. He was always surrounded by crowds of happy children, to whom he would tell stories as he made his deliveries, and whose merry shrieks of laughter would echo in the encircling hills whenever some clock would inadvertently 'cuckoo' or 'chime'. Whenever anything mechanical



went wrong or ceased to work in the neighbourhood, whether it was a woman's musical box or a child's toy, the word that would go round would always be, 'Take it to old Simon's, he'll mend it'. He had become one of the village's characters, a living legend whose mechanical fame had spread for many miles around, and whose wise and kindly disposition made him loved by everyone.

Therefore when he was found dead one morning, brutally murdered, the news came as a very great shock to the villagers and caused much grief. When the police made their investigations they came up against a blank wall. No motive could be found and no suspicions formed as to the identity of the murderer. The question was who could have wanted to harm Simon. Was the assailant someone with a harboured grudge against the old man? As far as any of the villagers knew, and the majority of them had known the old man all their lives, he had never committed an unkind or spiteful deed against anyone.

Therefore Ben Jones felt that he could rest assured. He laughed inwardly at the British system of law and its methods of detection. His position was secure; having killed the old man in a fit of anger and fear after Simon had found him rifling the till in his office, he made sure, when his temper had subsided, of leaving no traces in the workshop which could lead to his being associated with the murder, even removing his bill and its check from Simon's account book, and carefully removing his finger-prints from the room by wiping all the objects he had touched. He knew Simon would not be found till next morning when his house-keeper arrived. Therefore, the night after that of the murder, having received with well-affected dismay the news of the death, he settled down to sleep, peacefully, and with a conscience that had long since given up the struggle of paining its owner. The clock struck twelve just as his eyes closed.

What it was which had woken him, whether it was the screech of an owl or the death agonies of some hunted animal, he did not know, but all was silent now. It was between one and two in the morning and outside everything was still, but for the top-most branches of a tree which made weird, moving silhouettes on his wall in the harsh moonlight. He shifted his position in bed, turned over, and was about to return to sleep, when he heard a queer sound; a ticking noise. Over there, there it was again, 'Tick-tick-tick-tick', near the window. He decided it was merely a curtain caught in a draught and flapping against the window-pane, and tried to sleep, dismissing it from his mind. But sleep was now impossible, again the noise returned

and with it another, similar ticking on the opposite side of the room. Annoyed this time, for his sleeping hours were never regular, Jones climbed from his bed and lit a candle, with the intention of removing the cause of the infuriating noise. But its wavering light revealed nothing, nothing to promote the mysterious sounds, nothing stirred in the room. However the ticking seemed to have ceased for the moment and so Jones snuffed his candle and returned to bed. As soon as he was snuggled in the deep warmth of his blankets, he heard again the 'Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick', regular, rhythmical, incessant, but this time it was not from one or two places, but from five, six or seven! Here, there, by the far wall, the ceiling, the floor, mechanically came the 'Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick', regular, mechanical ticking; like clock-work. Thoughts, frightening thoughts, real fear, gripped Jones's heart with its icy steel fingers. Still the tick came incessantly, 'Tick-tick-tick-tick'. He buried his head in the bed-clothes; but even there the regular beat reached him, seeming to come from even the very structure of the bed. 'Tick-tick-tick-tick'. Like so many clocks. Like Simon as he went on his rounds of the village. Outside, a rabbit gave its last, long shrill scream as it succumbed to the ravaging of the fox. Jones gave a low moan and sank even deeper beneath the bed-clothes. But the touch of the coverlets seemed to him like cold, clammy hands on his cold, sweating body. He rallied all his remaining strength.

Like everyone else, he had heard that any form of light is death to the supernatural, and so, with shaking fingers, spilling half his matches on the floor, he lit every candle in the room, quaking as he did so, with fear. But even their flickering flames seemed to gutter in time to the interminable, steady 'Tick-tick-tick-tick', that seemed to fly thick and fast, to flutter about from every point of the room. He screamed aloud and fell to the floor. The shadows thrown on the walls by the candles assumed weird shapes and movements, little old men, clocks, watches, small clocks, big clocks, grand-father clocks, huge pendulums, all swinging and swaying to the intolerable 'Tick-tick-tick-tick-tick-tick'. In his imagination he fancied to hear the cackle of old men, a 'cuckooing' and 'chiming' of clocks, the crying of sad children and the horrible shrieking of damnation. His nerve shattered completely, he ran screaming from the room, his house and into the village where he sobbed out his story to an astonished and embarrassed police-constable, night-shirted and bed-capped, who, though now wide awake, still blinked furiously to clear his eyes as he said, "Anything you say may be taken down in evidence . . . . .".



All through the hearing of the trial Jones pleaded guilty and breathed a visible sigh of relief as the judge passed the words of condemnation and he was led away under escort. Jones had no next of kin and the next day the village council met to decide what was to happen to the house and its contents. As they opened the door of the house and stepped inside there was a sudden hush. Ears and eyes strained; nothing could be heard but an audible sound of ticking from up the stairs, and many people, remembering Jones's story of that night, turned pale. In the silence one man, the village carpenter, spoke, "This house is condemned with Jones", he said. "That noise you hear is the death-watch beetle at work in its timbers".

C. C. BROWN, 6M.U.

### Yells

The howls from grinding, groaning, gyrating larynx,  
grate on the ears,

The purple veil of mist is rent,  
Whilst circumspect clouds trundle past,  
On wheelbarrows of fate.

This being so,  
We stop our ears,  
Short only of death.

The clang of an aesthetic ash-can is a balm to our  
wounded minds,

In the course of which, we cry 'Apples',  
And peel our heads in discreet distaste.  
Metropolitan awareness (the hum of—) is at  
our backs,

We cannot escape,  
Even though we incarcerate ourselves in pentagonal  
spheres, of misery.

We drift from device to vice,  
The roar of tortured tonsils spins in our brain,  
We hear nought but the plastic disc,  
Ground to extinction,

On a turntable of perpetual threepences.  
Hirsute youth, (the) chews his unrelenting  
gum, and lights his post-prandial cigar,  
Whilst the celluloid monster, bigger and better,  
retells

An orgy  
of untruth.  
So we stand balanced on our senses,  
Clinging to sensual sensations of hate or love,  
Which last mentioned, has become  
lust mentioned.

NOTE TO READERS—For the most dramatic effect, this poem should be read in an upper room

of a tonsorial parlour. The reader should note the word 'Apples', which should be screamed in a fit of agony. Agony may be obtained by placing a pin in the region of the gluteal muscles. The passage as a whole should be read 'Adagio Sostenuto' with sporadic flushes of 'Agitato'.

D. D. A. LAMB, 6M.L.

### An Unforgettable Character

A few years ago I spent my holidays on the beautiful Isle of Islay. One day my brother and I ventured to climb one of the lofty mountains thereabouts, and when we returned to the hotel, my father said that he had met an old school friend of his, whom he would like us to meet. We went to our bedroom, washed, and then went into the lounge, where I was to meet a man I shall never forget for the rest of my life.

My father and his friend stood up. The middle-aged man beside my father came over to us, and shook our hands warmly. He was a small man, wearing a very bold yellow-checked sports jacket, and an equally bright pair of green trousers; his face was kindly, and his curly, greying hair shone in the glow of the setting sun which was streaming in through the window. We sat down, and we were then formally introduced to this man. He was a Scottish minister who had a church in Paris, where he welcomed many Scots who visited that city. I did not believe it. How could this little man in the bookmaker's jacket possibly be a minister? He neither dressed, looked, spoke or acted like a clerk in holy orders.

We had dinner in the hotel, and then the minister went to his brother's house, where he was staying for his short vacation. I was not particularly impressed by this man, but then my father began to tell us the life history of Donald Caskie.

My father first met the Rev. D. Caskie when they were both attending a little village school in the Highlands. Donald was the son of a crofter who had little money. He was an excellent pupil at school, top of his class in all subjects, on the football team, and he could fight with the best of them. When my father left school, he lost direct contact with Donald, but he learnt that Donald had gone to Glasgow University to become a minister, and,



having gained his degrees, he had moved his roots from Scotland, and that he was now in a church in Paris. The true story of this man's courage and tenacity during the war is an example to all.

When the Nazis invaded France in the Second World War, they allowed Donald to carry on his preaching, but when he began to preach about the wrongness of war, and the loathsome Nazis, he was literally dragged from his church and flung into prison. This injustice did not stop Donald. He preached in prison, and became such a nuisance to his captors that he was moved from prison to prison. During this period of his life, he was in a total of six prisons, and the only personal possessions which he managed to keep were his Bible and his kilt, symbols of his faith and his country. He escaped from his first prison, and made his way to Marseilles where he joined a resistance group. He became their leader, and it was due to his efforts that many prisoners of war managed to escape. But unfortunately, he was betrayed, captured, and sentenced to death. He was in a death cell for nearly a month, but the Nazis then transferred him to another jail, and he was put in solitary confinement, with his Bible and kilt. After six months he was moved to another prison where he began to preach to the men, and keep up their morale.

When the war ended Donald returned to his church, and that is where he is to this day.

The following day Donald called for us at the hotel and took us fishing. He was an expert fisherman, and he taught me many of the little things that go into catching a good sized trout.

When we left Islay, Donald saw us away on the boat, and I can still remember him with his loud jacket and trousers. The Rev. Donald Caskie is the most unforgettable character that I have ever met.

H. R. MACCALLUM, 6L.S.

### The Edwardian

The Teddy Boy has such strange ways,  
While rocking round the clocks;  
His weapon is a razor-blade,  
His trade-mark yellow socks.

He rocks around the theatre aisles,  
He loves the juke-box song;  
Wears velvet collars, slim-jim ties,  
With jackets far too long.

You see him lounging with his 'coke',  
Armed with a rusty chain;  
No murmur stirs his crew-cut head,  
Save laughter quite inane.

B. JOHNSON, 4A.

### Surrender!

The fort of Ticonderoda was being besieged by powerful alien forces, who were bombarding the stalwart castle with great vigour.

The battle had been in progress for many hours, but still the forces inside the ancient keep held out against the menacing cannon shot, fired by the highly disciplined red-coat soldiers.

This army had advanced across Canada, leaving in its wake devastation, destruction and heartbroken families. The only garrison brave enough to withstand the conquerors was Ticonderoda. This had annoyed the red-coat commander so, with implacable vindictiveness, he attacked. The soldiers of Ticonderoda were being slaughtered by the rain of shells until they could hardly hold out any longer.

Suddenly, the bombardment ceased and a smart, young cavalry officer rode up to the drawbridge with a white flag, offering peace. The commandant, however, refused the terms on the grounds that it only meant opening the gates to massacre, as had happened previously, so the fighting continued.

After more bloodshed, the few civilians who had sought refuge in the keep, pleaded with the commandant to surrender, but only after much pleading and threatening by the now irate mob, did the commandant open the gates.

A short time later the victorious troops entered, and straight away began to kill the weary and blood-bespattered defenders. Before these killings became serious, however, a voice shouted, "Johnny, come for your dinner at once," and a little, bad-tempered hand knocked a full battalion of toy soldiers across the floor.

A. NUGENT, 4A.

### The Thatcher

The rustling of the straw blended happily with the peaceful surroundings of the small Sussex hamlet. I was walking through the hamlet, when the rustling made me look up; and there on a cottage roof was a man thatching.



His hands were gnarled, his face creased through hard work, and his bronzed flesh shone in the strong sun-light. Though he was old in years, his eyes were keen and as wide awake as a bird of prey's.

His clothes were well worn, and had seen better days; but they served as good protection in winter and as cool clothing in the hot summer. His open-neck shirt, old corduroy trousers, the strong sinewy arms and weather-beaten countenance, built, in my mind, a picture of a man born and bred in the country.

The heavy country-ladder, leaning against the cottage, was made of two straight saplings and good hard oak rungs. For him, no heavy tool-box, but only a flat spade, a sharp-edged chopper and a large ball of twine; these few were his only necessities in his craft of thatching.

His craft has been carried down for centuries from father to son. First he gathered some straw and soaked it, to make it pliable, in an old hip-bath filled with cold water. After a few minutes he lifted it out onto his spade and carried it up the rough ladder onto the half-finished roof. His deft fingers gathered the straw into a neat bundle and laid it onto the bottom layer of the straw. Expertly he wrapped the twine round it and drove in hazel twigs to keep the thatch tight and secure. This process was repeated until the thatch was finished.

This expert of a fast diminishing craft looked happy, contented and interested in his work. How different his approach to the daily task compared to that of most artisans labouring in the big industrial cities.

A. L. THORNELEY, 4A.

### Smells

Our sense of smell has so developed through the centuries and has now reached such a peak, that one of its most remarkable properties is the power to cast the mind back to almost any situation.

For instance, the smell of chips. This brings to mind an entire vista of human life. A vista of Lancashire towns, of rows and rows of terraced houses, each with four damp little rooms with cream wall-paper and oilcloth, and back-yards with dustbins and rickety chicken-coops, rows of them punctuated with grim mills, and horrible little brick chapels, and public houses. Of damp newspapers, wet stone steps leading to the grimy glamour of the exterior of picture-houses, and

Saturday nights, and bottled beer, and comparatively clean collars, and trams wailing up and down long, shabby streets, and the gas-light gleaming on the wet cobbles. A vista of countless thousands of conflicting humans, conflicting with each other, with their surroundings, with the weather, and with authority in general; of patching-up, and makings-do, of joy and sorrow, and wistful thinking.

Then, by way of contrast, there is the smell of a musty book. This brings to mind an important view of the twentieth century. It is of a race of people getting 'swollen-headed'—that is, thinking they know quite enough to build a new civilisation by themselves, intoxicated by material and corporeal success, rushing forward, erecting great symbols of worldly wealth and power, standing back to admire their work, and finding that they have missed that vital something. We shall have to go back if we are to find it.

There is no time, of course, to browse among the recollections of some nineteenth-century country parson, exploring all his paths of thought, and pondering over his conclusions; we must be off, hurrying to make new 'buses, and electrify more railway lines, so that we can all hurry off to work earlier, and make lots more tin watches that nobody wants, but if we could all go to work still faster, we could paint some advertisements to make someone think he does want one, and that would pay for all the new 'buses, and . . . . .

. . . . And the book stands in the corner of the library, and the parson's recollections gather dust—but we shall come back to find it.

Then there is the smell of wood-smoke, which to even the most unimaginative minds, conjures up a vision of Autumn, 'when beeches drip in browns and duns', and each blade of grass is capped with a crystal crown, and when, on a certain night, after many preliminary arrangements the foiling of the plans of Guy Fawkes is celebrated. Bonfires are built and are burnt. But sandwiched in between these two blunt statements is a period of pure delight. After many feverish blowings and pokings, and much anxiety on the part of all concerned, the fire condescends to burn. Then follows the delight. The heat seeps into our damp bones, and dries them through and through. The savage blades of flame pierce the dank black evening sky, and showers of sparks rise, and fall in a careless feathery crescendo. Treacle and parkin are handed round, and we are secure in our communion round the fire, gazing into the intense depths. Occasionally, we look over our shoulders out into the foreboding night, but with the flames driving far the gloom and terror, we feel safe. Some of us have come back, and some of us have found the vital something at last.

M. J. LYNCH, 3A.



## Lost, Stolen or Strayed

"Lost, stolen or strayed, valuable Saluki puppy. Golden-brown in colour, with white paws and a black tip on its tail. Answers to 'Prince'. All information to 'The Manor House', Cherrybank Road, Higher Coddleton. Reward."

Little Johnnie Gibson stared wistfully at the neatly-written notice in the corner of the Post Office window. He and his wealthy parents had just come to live in Higher Coddleton, a pretty little Cotswold village. His father had given him a beautiful Saluki puppy as a compensation for leaving his friends in London, and he had named it Prince. But yesterday, he had been playing with Prince on the lawn when his mother called him into the house. He left the puppy chasing a ball, but when he got back, five minutes later—Prince had disappeared!

Johnnie had run round the garden, peering under every bush and shrub, but had not found him. So he told his parents and they had helped him to search the house and garden. Being unsuccessful, they had decided to go into the village on their bicycles, to look further and make enquiries.

Arriving there, they had asked old George Finch, who had come to the village in the First World War and had been there ever since; the policeman; Joe Brown, the butcher, who stood outside his shop most of the day; and Miss Smith, the postmistress. None of them had seen Prince, but Miss Smith offered to put a card in the window, which offer Mr. Gibson had accepted, and the policeman had said he would keep a lookout for Prince. Then, as nothing else could be done, for it was getting dark, they went home and had another look around the house and garden.

Next morning, immediately after breakfast, Mr. Gibson had gone out with Johnnie in the car to look for Prince, but they came back at lunch time without him. This afternoon, Johnnie had wandered down to the village to look at the notice in the Post Office window.

Just as he was turning to go home, he felt a tap on his shoulder and looked round to see the policeman standing behind him.

"Well, me lad?" said the policeman. "Have you found your dog yet?"

"No, not yet, sir," replied Johnnie sadly.

"I hope you find him soon," said the kindly policeman, and slowly walked away to have a chat with George Finch.

Arriving home, Johnnie went up to his bedroom to get a book. Coming down the back stairs, he slipped and fell down the last few steps, hitting the cellar door, which flew open. Almost immediately, Johnnie was covered in coal dust from a furry tornado which leapt all over him. It was Prince! He had been locked in the cellar by Mrs. Gibson's 'help' when she had been getting coal on the previous afternoon.

A common or garden mongrel would have barked for his master's aid; but a proud Saluki—Never!  
C. H. TEMPLAR, 2Y.

## A Well-spent Half-hour

The nicest half-hour I spend in the week is the extra half-hour in bed on a Sunday morning. I awake with eyes that are still heavy with sleep. "Oh! for a peaceful lie in," I think to myself. What bliss to stay warm and snug for a while longer. Any minute now my mother will call up to me that it is time to rouse myself, because I have to go to school. Suddenly it dawns on me that today is Sunday. What a wonderful discovery! The one real holiday of the week has begun. I spring up to a sitting posture, and rub the sleep out of my eyes. I am miraculously full of energy.

I feel I must do something, so I begin to sing loud and lustily, only to be quietened by a shout from my somewhat irritated father, who is suffering from the agonies of Sunday morning tea making. To comfort myself I grab for my mouth organ and hymn book and commence to play a tune. The reason I use my hymn book is that I can follow the air from it. Providing I am on the right notes, which is not very often, it sounds very effective to me. What it sounds like to other people I do not know, but I enjoy myself. I cease this musical interlude when my father, not in too bad a temper, hands me a cup of tea, a ginger biscuit and a copy of the *Empire News*. I automatically turn to the back page. I am not very interested in how Duncan Webb catches the criminal of the week, and hence gets an exclusive interview. I read every article on the back page, and this takes up most of my half-hour. I decide I will lie down again, because the minutes of the clock ticking away on the mantel-



piece seem to go slower as I watch them, but the moment eventually comes for me to get up, get dressed and go to church with my father.

When we arrive at church the first hymn is 779, the hymn I tried to play in bed. I recognised it quite plainly, but there was no confirmation to be seen on my father's face. D. B. GRAHAM, 2B.

### My Dog 'Ruff'

My dog's a Wire Haired Terrier,  
He's fond of games and fun,  
You'll never find a merrier,  
He's quite the gayest one.

He'll romp and run from morn till night,  
He never seems to tire,  
He'll chase the birds, with dogs he'll fight,  
He's really a live wire.

But as the day draws to a close,  
And on the rug he lies,  
Into my hand he'll put his nose,  
And gently shuts his eyes.

C. H. HOLMES, 1B.

### Winter

Oh! Winter is a pleasant time,  
Snow lies upon the ground,  
And on the days when it is fine,  
We play with joyful sound.

The robin sits upon the bough,  
In scarlet waistcoat proud,  
The snowman stands erect, and now  
The children cheer out loud.

The fir trees tall reach to the sky,  
Their branches white with frost,  
And when the wind goes rushing by,  
The snowflakes down are tossed.

Oh! Winter is a pleasant time,  
For people young and old,  
There's snowflights, parties, pantomime,  
And log fires when it's cold.

R. ARMSTRONG, 1B.

### Old Hulmeians Notes and News

Elsewhere in this magazine we record with regret the passing of several eminent Old Hulmeians, each of whom, in widely differing spheres, was an outstanding personality. Tributes to Mr. Stanley Best and Mr. H. R. Classen follow these notes; an appreciation of Mr. H. Hough is included in the Hulme Lads' Club Report.

We also include a tribute to Mr. K. G. Fison, a former member of the staff, who retired from the school in July, 1917. The elder generation of Old Hulmeians will be glad to learn that his contemporaries, Mr. C. E. Kelsey (his brother-in-law) and Mr. E. G. W. Hewlett (who kindly wrote this tribute) still maintain a lively interest in the school.

Recent publications include *Pott's Paraplegia* (O.U.P.) in which D. Ll. Griffiths and H. J. Seddon (Old Hulmeians) have collaborated with R. Roaf; a translation by G. R. Lamb of *A History of Education in Antiquity* by H. I. Marrou, Professor of Early Christian History at the Sorbonne (Sheed and Ward); *Castlerosse* by Leonard Mosley (Arthur Barker).

W. C. Harris has been appointed a Vice-President of the Phoenix and Allied Assurance Companies.

Two plays by H. Kershaw, *Flash Point* and *The Hollow Crown* have been presented on I.T.V.

A. Godson was selected to play for the Lancashire County Rugby XV against Yorkshire.

Dr. J. Wilks has been awarded an Official Fellowship at Pembroke College, Oxford, as Metropolitan-Vickers Research Fellow in Physics.

### UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION RESULTS

#### OXFORD UNIVERSITY—

Honours School of Natural Science, Class I: A. C. Day (B.N.C.).

Honours School of English, Class II: J. W. Ginger (B.N.C.).

Bachelor of Civil Law, Class III: A. W. Sedgwick (B.N.C.).

#### CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY—

Historical Tripos, Part I, Class II, Division 1: G. T. Denton (Peterhouse), E. Willcock (Selwyn).

Natural Science Tripos, Part I, Class II, Division 2: J. M. M. Robinson (Trinity).



English Tripos, Part II, Class II, Division 1: D. W. S. Latham (Christ's); Class II, Division 2: K. Hoskinson (Christ's).

Law Tripos, Part II, Class III: R. Burgess (Selwyn).

Chemical Engineering Tripos, Class II, Division 2: B. E. Reeve (St. John's).

Modern and Medieval Languages Tripos, Part I, French Class II, Division 2, German Class II, Division 1: G. N. Leah (Jesus).

#### MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY—

Ph.D.: D. W. Bowett, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.), of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law, Lecturer at the University of Manchester; F. M. Broadhurst.

B.A. Hons. School of French, Class II, Division 1: B. Nutt.

B.A. Hons. School of Architecture, Class I: D. Gosling; Ordinary: J. M. Smethurst.

B.Sc. Hons. School of Physics, Class II, Division 1: J. Hazlehurst; Class II, Division 2: P. R. Higginson; Ordinary, Division 2: J. Hood, J. D. Phillipson.

M.B., B.S.: A. J. Ralston, S. B. Foulds.

B.Sc. (Tech.), Hons. School of Electrical Engineering, Class II, Division 1: B. D. Lindley.

B.Sc. (Tech.), Hons. School of Applied Chemistry, Division II: P. H. N. Webster.

B.Sc. (Tech.), Hons. School of Textile Chemistry, Class II, Division 2: D. H. Ogden.

B.A. (Admin.): B. Doherty.

Graduate Certificate in Education: D. Bate, J. N. McManus.

As the result of these and other examinations G. T. Denton has been awarded a Senior Scholarship and K. H. Harper a Senior Exhibition at Peterhouse, Cambridge. C. S. Smith has been awarded a Special Prize for Building Construction and Materials at Cambridge University. A. J. Ralston has been awarded a Medical Clinical Prize at Manchester University.

### Births, Marriages and Deaths

#### BIRTHS

WATKINS.—On June 25, to Anne (née Cropper) and Peter, a son.

OLDHAM.—On June 26, to Hazel (née Gosling) and Geoffrey, a daughter.

WILDE.—On June 26, to Norah (née Dawber) and John Peter, a daughter.

STARK.—On July 16, to Jeanne (née Fieldsend) and Neville, a daughter.

CHEADLE.—On August 11, to Dorothy (née Elcomb) and David, a daughter.

THURSBY.—On August 14, to Elsie (née Wyles) and Norman, a son.

BOWKER.—On August 27, to Sylvia (née Jones) and Kenneth, a daughter.

LITTLE.—On September 2, to Freda (née Smith) and Jack, a son.

VITKOVITCH.—On September 12, to Nancy and Branimir Vitkovitch, a daughter.

STANDRING.—On October 6, to Audrey (née Probert) and Peter, a son.

GALLOWAY.—On October 22, to Rita and Malcolm, a daughter.

CHAMBERS.—On October 23, to Mary (née Podmore) and Ralph James, a son.

BENSON.—On November 2, to Dr. Anne (née Hollins) and Dr. Alan, a daughter.

ERSKINE.—On November 3, to Sheelagh (née McMullin) and Donald, a son.

BENSON.—On November 6, to Hilary (née Wheelock) and Bob, a son.

MAMELOK.—On November 17, to Patricia (née Richards) and Bobby, a son.

#### MARRIAGES

CARNIE—SALMON.—On June 16, Dr. Peter W. Carnie, M.B., B.S., B.D.S., to Marguerite D. Salmon.

PEARSON—GIBSON.—On July 13, George Neville Pearson, to Jean Gardiner Gibson.

CLARKE—JARVIS.—On July 21, Gerald Hastings Clarke to Barbara Ruth Jarvis.

NORRIS—YEOMAN.—On July 26, Brian Darbyshire Norris to Audrey Yvonne Elizabeth Yeoman.

GOODDIE—MORGAN.—On July 28, Howard R. Gooddie, B.A., A.A.I., to Sheila Morgan.

BOWCOTT—PORTEOUS.—On July 31, Ernest Bowcott to Agnes Walker Porteous.



BROOKES—BENTON.—On August 1, John Neville Brookes to June Benton.

CLEWS—MADDEN.—On August 4, David John Clews to Eileen Madden.

MORRIS—BRADLEY.—On August 4, Geoffrey Morris to Pauline Bradley.

WILLIAMS—MITCHELL.—On August 9, John Lambert Williams to Rosemary Mitchell.

APPLEBY—MURRAY.—On August 11, John Wallace Appleby to Jean Yvonne Murray.

CROSS—WOODWARD.—On August 11, Noel Ian Cross to Patricia Woodward.

MEAD—HOLLINSHEAD.—On August 11, Bruce Mead to Kathleen Winfred Hollinshead.

SUNDERLAND—BATES.—On September 6, Harold Maxwell Sunderland to Cynthia Mary Bates.

JACQUISS—RAWSTHORN.—On September 15, Donald Bryan Jacquiss to Helen Margaret Rawsthorn.

BELL—WILLIAMS.—On September 22, Allan Mason to Marion Elizabeth Williams.

MACPHERSON—SPAIN.—On September 22, Duncan Macpherson to Sheila Spain.

PEERS—JEVON.—On September 29, Basil Edgar Peers to Mary Frances Jevon.

YATES—ALLSOP.—On October 20, Harry Yates to Yulene Allsop.

## DEATHS

CLASSEN.—On Friday, July 27, at the Cottage Hospital, Penrith, H. R. (Dolph) Classen, the beloved husband of the late Blanche Classen.

HOUGH.—On August 14, at his residence, 54, Alness Road, Manchester 16, Harry Hough, M.B.E., a director of Herald and Walker Limited, and Secretary of Procter Gymnasium and Hulme Lads' Club.

BEST.—On October 19, at his home, 43, South-down Crescent, Cheadle Hulme, Stanley Robert Best, dearly loved husband of Ethel Margaret and father of John.

## Mr. H. R. Classen

Old Hulmeians of all ages will regret to learn of the death on the 27th July last of H. R. (Dolph) Classen. Classen was among the first boys who attended the school when it opened in 1887, and he retained to the end of his life a great affection for the school, and an abiding interest in its progress and in succeeding generations of masters and boys.

Classen left the school in 1896 to enter his family's shipping business and during the next twelve years he travelled extensively in Europe and South America before settling down in Whalley Range in which district he remained to the end of his life.

In 1903 he married Miss Blanche Leroy and the long period of nearly 53 years of happily married life which followed was clouded only by the death in 1929 at the early age of 21 of their only son Geoffrey, himself an old boy. Mrs. Classen died in May of last year and though Classen made brave efforts in his changed life he was never quite the same. However, he retained the excellent good health he had enjoyed all his life to within a few weeks of his death in his seventy-ninth year whilst on holiday in the Lake District. His funeral at Southern Cemetery was attended by over 100 of his many friends, a large proportion of whom were old boys, ranging in age from his earliest contemporaries of 1887 to those who had left only in very recent years.

Throughout his life Classen retained a great devotion to the games he had played at school and his enthusiasm and his wish to help the Association to obtain proper facilities for winter games after the 1914-18 War were largely responsible for the purchase of land in King's Road, Alexandra Park, which in 1923 became the joint playing fields of the Old Hulmeians Association and the Whalley Range Cricket and Lawn Tennis Club. In 1926 Classen became President of the Old Hulmeians Association and for many years after that date he continued to attend the Association's Annual Dinners.

All who knew Classen appreciated at once his great kindness, his generosity both in his home and his outside life and his devotion to the interests of all from the school with whom he came in contact. His personal interest in young people, by whom he was always happy to be surrounded, was boundless, and though in his last few months his memory for names somewhat failed him, his memory for individuals and faces never did.



The high esteem in which Classen was held personally by all who knew him, and the realisation of how much so many owed to him, was strongly evidenced in April 1951 when, at the entrance to the playing fields in King's Road 'The Classen Gateway' was erected in honour of his wife and himself by his many friends in the Association and the Whalley Range Club. 'The Classen Gateway' will long continue to bear witness to the affection and respect in which countless old boys and others held him, and his memory will long be retained by all who had the privilege of knowing him.

R. ASTIN.

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### Mr. S. R. Best

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Stanley Best died on October the 19th, 1956. He was one of the most distinguished Old Hulmeians, and there was certainly no more popular member of our Association. It is hard indeed to imagine general meetings or dinners without him, and the loss to the School Governors and to the University is incalculable.

He was one of the senior Old Boys. He was at the School from September, 1897 to July, 1905. If he was to be believed, his early academic career was undistinguished, for his favourite story of his schooldays concerned an extra writing class run by Mr. 'Cocky' Brice, of which class Best was a regular member. This was not typical, for on leaving School he went to Manchester University where he graduated with honours in chemistry in 1908 and proceeded to the degree of M.Sc. the following year.

He started as a chemist with the Clayton Aniline Company, and he described himself as a Consulting Chemist to the end of his days, though for many of his latter years his widespread business interests had had associations other than chemical. It is not, however, as a chemist or as a business man that we shall remember him, but as a pillar of the Old Hulmeians Association and of the University of Manchester. He loved the Association. He seldom missed any of its social activities, and was a very successful president in 1949 and 1950. In the last few years he had served as a Governor of the School, and he made no secret of the fact that he considered that appointment the greatest honour ever given to him, and the one which he most wanted and was most pleased to have. He was a

helpful member of the School Committee, his particular knowledge of the maintenance and construction of buildings being especially useful, and his advice on all matters was given cheerfully and in an unusually friendly way.

After the School, the University was his second love. He was always an active member of Convocation, which is the representative body of the graduates, and in 1940 he became a member of the Court of Governors of the University as a representative of Convocation. He was Chairman of Convocation from 1952 to 1954, and had become a member of the Council of the University in May, 1945. He served on the Museum Committee, the Committee of the Ellis Llwyd Jones Hall, the Athletics Committee of Council and, again to his undisguised pleasure, as the University's lay representative on the Council of the Manchester Medical Society. He was enormously popular in the University; people liked pleasing him, and committee meetings were friendly affairs when he was present.

We shall remember him as a cheerful, red-cheeked, rotund individual, who loved working for other people and who never took himself too seriously. His self-rolled, rather shaggy cigarettes, his corduroy suit and his enormous bow-ties, specially cut for him in material carrying club or university colours, were characteristic of a man who mixed wisdom with modesty, experience with optimism and stalwart loyalty with everything. We share a great loss with his widow and his son.

D. LL. GRIFFITHS.

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### Old Hulmeians Association

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Although the numbers attending the Thirty-Seventh Annual General Meeting, held at School on the 12th of September, were slightly larger than usual at seventy-nine, they were depressingly low when one considers the important decisions taken at these meetings.

The Treasurer, unfortunately, had to report a loss on the year's workings and later in the meeting it was proposed, seconded and carried by a large majority, that the Annual Ordinary Members subscription should be increased to £1. It is acknowledged and appreciated that to a large extent the playing sections are subsidised by the Ordinary Members subscription.



Now, however, it is practically certain that an eighty-four year lease will be negotiated for the Rugby Section's ground, and already a special sub-committee has been set up to consider the type of building to be erected on this ground in the light of the new circumstances. Provided sufficient financial assistance is forthcoming, it is hoped to erect a building which could serve as a Club House for all Old Hulmeians, be they players, ex-players or non-players.

Donations to the Central Fund are still very few and far between and it is hoped that members will include something towards this Fund whenever they pay their subscriptions.

The Annual Cricket Match against the School on the 27th of June, 1956, resulted in a handsome win for the School.

The London Association now appears to be functioning satisfactorily, and a Dinner was held at the Berners Hotel on the 20th of October, 1956. The Association was happily represented by its President and the Headmaster.

The Annual Dance will be held at Longford Hall on the 25th of January, 1957, and the Annual Dinner at the Midland Hotel on the 9th of March, 1957. Please make a note of these dates and come along in full force.

H. S. Wihl has accepted nomination as an Honorary Life Member of the Association.

We regret to report the recent deaths of S. R. Best who also had within the last few weeks accepted Honorary Life Membership of the Association, H. R. Classen, a former President of the Association and for many years President of the Whalley Range Cricket and Lawn Tennis Club, and K. G. Fison who gave very long service to the School at the beginning of the century.

It is gratefully recorded that the late H. H. Nall bequeathed £100 on his death to the Lacrosse Section.

### Old Hulmeians Lacrosse

The Section First Team has once again started the new Lacrosse season in promising fashion and has an unbeaten record to date. The side leads the First Division of the North of England League and is hopeful of repeating last season's successes.

John Buckland is Captain of the team again, but the side shows some changes from last year. H. A. Whatley is now giving the 'A' Team the benefit of his experience, whilst A. E. Marsland has not as yet been available this season. In their places both G. B. Appleby and I. R. Duncan have been in good form, whilst M. W. Barber has also played well when called on to the side as a reserve.

The 'A' Team, though a promising combination, has failed in its more difficult matches against strong opposition though the easier games have been won convincingly.

Unfortunately J. T. Emery, the Captain, has been unable to play this season, but M. W. Barber the Vice-Captain, has led the side well and N. A. Barber has been in good form in goal. On defence the former Extra 'A' team stalwarts P. W. Carnie and R. Mark have proved a tower of strength, whilst N. C. Cuthbert at centre and D. A. Hilton on attack have played consistently well.

The Extra 'A' team has not a particularly good record to date this season, but the side is now improving thanks to the good efforts of new members such as B. Hawthorn, A. Roberts and D. Rolls. N. R. Coe has had a most successful season as leader of the attack, which, under his tuition, is now improving steadily and will become better as the season proceeds.

During the early part of July an American University side—Washington and Lee—visited this country and played matches against representative sides both in the North and South of England. Four members of the Club played for the Lancashire team which lost 3-2 to the Americans in a most exciting struggle, whilst F. M. McClinton was a member of the England side which defeated Washington and Lee by 5 goals to 4 at Cale Green.

### RESULTS

#### FIRST TEAM

1956

Sept. 29 v. Ashton .....	H	W	12—5
Oct. 6 v. Boardman and Eccles	A	W	10—1
Oct. 13 v. Old Mancunians .....	H	W	10—3
Oct. 20 v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe .....	A	W	7—5
Oct. 27 v. Old Waconians .....	H	W	11—3
Nov. 3 v. Urmston .....	H	W	11—0
Nov. 10 v. Heaton Mersy .....	A	W	6—3
Nov. 17 v. Cambridge University	A	W	9—7



## 'A' TEAM

1956

Sept. 29	v. Old Mancunians 'A'...	A	W	17—2
Oct. 6	v. Cheadle 'A' .....	H	W	16—4
Oct. 13	v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe 'A'...	A	W	5—3
Oct. 20	v. Heaton Mersey Guild	H	L	3—11
Oct. 27	v. Old Waconians 'A' ...	A	W	18—1
Nov. 3	v. Stockport .....	A	L	4—7
Nov. 10	v. Old Mancunians 'A'...	H	W	18—4

(1st Round N.E.L.A. Junior Flags).

## EXTRA 'A' TEAM

1956

Sept. 29	v. Stockport 'A' .....	H	L	3—19
Oct. 6	v. Rochdale .....	A	L	1—7
Oct. 13	v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe 'B' ...	H	W	7—6
Oct. 20	v. Heaton Mersey 'A' ...	A	L	2—13
Oct. 27	v. Offerton 'A' .....	H	W	16—0
Nov. 10	v. Oldham and Werneth	H	L	7—9
Nov. 17	v. Manchester G.S. ....	H	W	8—1

(1st Round Lancs. and Junior Cup).

## Old Hulmeians Rugby

We have to report yet another improvement in the health of the section, in that we are now running a regular and full third team, and it is pleasing to see an influx of a dozen or more boys from school. Changing accommodation, heretofore primitive, is now grossly inadequate, and moves are afoot to provide permanent buildings, and it is hoped that further extensions will eventually lead to a home for all sections of the Association.

On the playing side, we have had a reasonably successful start to the season, although the tougher fixtures are yet to be met, among these being the 'A' teams of the senior clubs. Metrovick and Fleetwood were played and beaten for the first time, but technical ability and experience are still insufficient to overcome the guile of strong Preston 'A' and Wilmslow 'A' sides.

The new Captain, Geoffrey Carter, has set a splendid example in getting down to first principles on Monday evening floodlit training nights, and the policy of keeping a young and active first fifteen has been vindicated. No less than five of the forwards were at school last year, and we particularly welcome such promising material as K. Hinson, J. W. Howat, T. D. Culbert, P. Bee and J. D. E. Rayman. Others who are improving the standard are John Harrison at stand-off half, and Peter Woollam, who unfortunately has recently suffered an injury. Bill Lee has turned himself into a hooker, and as pack leader will, we hope, prevail on all eight forwards to do the right thing at the same time.

We had a very enjoyable game against the school, when the ball was thrown about continuously on both sides, although it was not always caught. It was very pleasant to play a game with few petty infringements of the rules, adamantly controlled by Mr. Clews.

The 'A' team has been led once again by Ralph Tredwell, whom we have been sorry to lose by reason of his migration to London on business. He deserves the thanks of the club for his unstinting endeavour for the public good. Although the team has won only three games, it is young and enthusiastic, but is having difficulty in coping with a stronger fixture list, Metrovick 'A', Old Rochdallians, and Kersal 'A' having been played for the first time.

The Extra 'A' team has the appearance at last of being a team rather than a collection of people who may or may not turn up, and we are hoping that before very long a fourth team will be started, when a very much wider list of better fixtures will become open to us.

The Manchester Referees Society has been enriched this season by W. R. Benson, whose unfortunate injury has prevented him from playing, and he is doing good work in informing the bigger clubs that we exist.

A good deal of work is being performed on the ground and clubhouse by the faithful ground committee. This group includes Bill Lee, Gordon Russon, and George Hilton, while catering, although in its infancy as an activity, is supplying a much needed want for people who like to stay and chatter after the game.

Our social events include Hot Pots and a Dance on 15th December, at which we hope to see many Old Boys and their friends.



1956	1st XV			
Sept. 8 v. Manchester Toc H ...	H	L	5—18	
Sept. 15 v. Metrovick .....	A	W	20—0	
Sept. 22 v. Old Aldwinians .....	H	W	6—3	
Sept. 29 v. Preston Grasshoppers	A	L	0—6	
Oct. 6 v. Manchester Y.M.C.A.	H	W	16—5	
Oct. 13 v. Old Bedians .....	H	W	6—3	
Oct. 20 v. Fleetwood .....	H	W	5—3	
Oct. 27 v. Wilmslow 'A' .....	A	L	9—17	
Nov. 3 v. William Hulme's G.S.	A	W	16—14	

1956	'A' XV			
Sept. 8 v. Manchester Toc H 'A'	A	L	3—31	
Sept. 15 v. Metrovick 'A' .....	A	L	0—35	
Sept. 22 v. Kersal 'A' .....	H	W	30—5	
Sept. 29 v. Old Rochdaliens .....	H	L	3—52	
Oct. 6 v. M/c. Y.M.C.A. 'A'	A	L	3—23	
Oct. 13 v. Old Bedians 'A' .....	A	W	48—0	
Oct. 20 v. Kersal 'A' .....	A	L	6—8	
Oct. 27 v. Wilmslow Ex. 'A' ...	H	L	3—13	
Nov. 3 v. W.H.G.S. 2nd .....	A	W	19—0	

1956	Ex. 'A' XV			
Sept. 8 v. M/c. Toc H Ex. 'A'	H	L	0—36	
Sept. 15 v. Metrovick 'B' .....	A	D	0—0	
Sept. 22 v. Kersal 'B' .....	A	L	3—24	
Sept. 29 v. Old Rochdaliens 'A'	A	L	6—32	
Oct. 6 v. M/c. Y.M.C.A. Ex. 'A'	H	W	5—3	
Oct. 13 v. Br'ghton Pk. Colts ...	H	L	3—17	
Oct. 20 v. Kersal 'B' .....	H	W	29—6	
Oct. 27 v. Wilmslow 'B' .....	A	L	0—17	
Nov. 3 v. W.H.G.S. 3rd .....	A	W	11—9	

### Old Hulmeians Motor Club

Fresh from our return from holidays on Britain's inadequate road system, and with added experience of dodging 'that other silly ass,' we assembled at The Armoury at Stockport on September 12th to hold a series of Driving Tests. These consisted of a number of runs requiring acceleration, braking and parking against the watch. A large number of friends and members, and a goodly portion of the local residents including the mobile police showing

a benign interest, watched some startling, breath-taking evolutions between pylons, marker drums, etc.

Space is too limited to describe everyone's antics, but it is sufficient to say that the event was well attended, and enjoyed by both competitors and spectators. The best performance was put up by a visitor, R. D. Bailey (M.G. T.D.), while the most successful member was R. J. Bloor (Fiat 600).

On the 13th October, a number of members and friends attended the Lancashire and Cheshire Car Club Race Meeting at Oulton Park. Once again, Rod. and Warwick Bloor were driving their Lotus. In addition, several members helped in the running of the Meeting.

We held our first Film Show of the season at School on the 18th of October. This consisted of a series of films showing local motoring events, which were taken by Bernard Thompson (O.H.). These were of a varied nature, showing Trials, Rallies and racing at Oulton Park, and the evening came to a close all too soon.

This is the first season for which the Pidd Trophy has been put up for competition since the Section resumed its activities, and it should be explained that it is awarded to the member who gains the most points, both in attendance and competition, and so everyone has an equal chance of winning the premier award for the season.

Our membership is growing steadily, and details of our future programme are included in the Association Fixture List. At least one event each month has been arranged for the forthcoming season and any Old Boy is invited to come along to any of our events and see for himself what we have to offer.

Further details may be obtained from the Hon. Sec.:—Allan Smith, 39, Athol Road, Manchester 16. Telephone CHO 6156.

### Old Hulmeians at Oxford University

Much the same as ever, Oxford waits under the early morning scrolls of November mist, always waiting to be woken up, to be heralded to some glorious revelation of its mystery that will never occur; amusing herself with the new, fondly cherishing the outmoded.



For instance, they tried to introduce *à la cartism* at the 'T-wn and G-wn.' But a general rebellion by the Table d'Hotists has firmly reinstated the 2/9d. usual, for another decade or so.

And that's where I saw John Baker and Colin Gee—two mellowed miscreants come to smother their disappointments in spaghetti and chips. John rowed every afternoon last year, and looks like doing the same this one. Colin has now risen to the revered station of Secretary to the University Lacrosse Club, and dedicates his days to pursuing the flying ball.

Keith Harding had the temerity to assert, the other day, that he had enjoyed his National Service, rampaging in Russian around Bodmin Moor. He goes to the right lectures, subscribes to an obscure system of thought, and some sort of energetic thing.

Graham Ellis is different—perhaps the most different of us all. For, although a medico, he retains a trace of the deeper human sympathies, and his illustrations of Frankensteinish monsters are the best I have seen this side of 'Beowulf'.

Michael Blackburn, unfortunately at Keble, has now been taken on as full-time tea-chest-bass with the Rainy City Exiles. He seems happy under the yoke of Roman law, lacrosse and clarinets.

Brian Knowles and David Bamber have come to Brasenose to perpetuate the fine Hulmeian tradition already established by generations of Old Boys who, rather surprised at having pulled off one Hulme Close, have rapidly had to switch their aspirations from Cantab. to Oxon., the latter cultivates rowing muscles and umbrellas; the other plays lacrosse and watches the world pedal by from his room above the High.

Fair fortune has fallen John Rayman in the shape of a luxurious room in the new wing of Wadham. Rugger is his sport and classics his drudgery.

Ian Graham-Bryce is still around, keeping cheerful despite his recent loss of a few thousands in consolidated chewing gum. His medical studies are standing at par.

Dudley Harrop, cardjack and incipient beard, commonly annoys us with his sackbutt thing, and has met up with a group of musicians who only encourage him.

So, what hope is there for us?

J.D.S.H.

## Old Hulmeians at Cambridge University

If it is easy to laugh off work on King's Backs bridge in high summer, though the Dies Irae may not yet have come and one's account stand woe-fully in need of auditing, the blissful autumn of the October term, with its virgin expanse rolling away with no break till a dim-described June, is a positive golden age of purring, glowing gas-fires replete with shillings; work, space, and time even, are forgotten, and life revolves round muddy rugger, the tang of an arctic shower and the ruddy warmth of a lazy, cosy room. Life indeed becomes the spare moments between scalding cups of coffee and crumpets for tea!

Upon ferreting and winking precious gobbets of first-term doings from the Old Hulmeians here (a diplomat's task!) it was horrifying to find the grain separating into work, while the chaff seemed to be the crumbs left over from the desk. The monster work had already, it seemed, cast its apocalyptic shadow on the wall, no companion for the leisurely rumblings of the coffee percolator, symbol of utter domesticity. The last straw was to find one's host busy buttering Schiller or Gray's Anatomy instead of the pikelets! My enjoyable occupation has been to condemn and blue-pencil anything savouring of the academic. I humbly apologize for any intrusions herein: it will be a telling testimony to the plague, should your correspondent thus fall himself a victim.

Speculative figures this term were B. Seddon (Clare) and Jim Delany (Fitzwilliam): Brian Seddon dabbles in letter-writing to distinguished dailies, and is notable for the fact that his country seat is probably in Huntingdonshire. At the least, it crouches in the shadow of a remote Ladies' Institution. Delany, boasting a *chez nous* this side (just) of Ely, claims to detect the noble pile of King's College Chapel when the wind blows fair. An old established Fitzbilly figure is Charles Dickens, who reads books in foreign tongues when not pursuing his full-time study of Rugby. Charles, his French accent barely discernible except to a purist, captains Fitzwilliam's First XV, while Kenneth Harper (Peterhouse) potters about in boats with big men in a big way. Stroking Peterhouse First VIII aside, he tub-thumps most worthily in a religious cause: both of which feats proving, surely, Kenneth's ambidexterity. Audaciously, he 'works for Tripos'. Unquote. Another shameless upholder of the latter heterodoxy is Geoffrey Denton (Peterhouse) whose assumption of the legal wig but eggs one on to see sinister similarities in his new subject, his election to captaincy of the Eagles, and his wine-bibbing at the University Wine Society.



Gordon Leah (Jesus) does splendid teas out in the North-East—the snow-ploughs prevent you getting cut off; in view of this, his astonishingly consistent turn-out for the Eagles can only mean a thaw has set in, or the spirit of 'Laccers' is indomitable. Anthony Dyson (Emmanuel) has demonstrated to the evident satisfaction of the Varsity First XII that not even two years foiling the I.R.A. has quenched his taste for Lacrosse. Even Colin Smith (Grand Old Man of Christ's Hulmeian contingent since Macleod forfeited the title after a gallant seven-year stand) takes his exercise in out-running at least one of his Lacrosse opposite numbers! He is said to do a bit of etching in his spare time, but reserves exhibiting the product of his muse to strictly spare-time visitors. Eric Wilcox (Selwyn) can most days be found haunting—chiefly teachers' training colleges. He says this is a misprint for hunting: being a recent addict to golf, his story is he's looking for the Ball that Got Away! Alchemical may be a misnomer for the activities of Michael Robinson (Trinity) towards part two of the Physics Tripos. It would be similarly unjust to see an obvious connection between his 'sweet Science' and the Hell-Fire Club, with whom, to my certain knowledge, he has no connection. In fact, he is retiring to winter-sport himself in Zürich next autumn to do his doctorate as well as being Assistant to the Professor of Mineralogy there. Keith Hoskinson (Christ's) having scaled his particular Everest—Tripos—lives a lowland life in the watermeadows towards Saffron Walden: I can deny rumours that he writes Lallans verse in the Cambridge dialect or possesses a season-ticket to Hughes Hall, his fourth-year Alma Mater in Education. Keith, robustly agile in Rugger, Lacrosse and, not least, Choral Ballet, often enjoys a glass of Club sherry with Tony Brazendale, whose dubious claim to fame is a tawny beard which at least has the decency to match his guitar, making him a formidable figure in his obscure skiffle-group set.

A.H.B.

### Old Hulmeians at Manchester University

The first impact of the Michaelmas term upon the legion of Old Boys who return to our territories, is the absence of air conditioning and of familiar faces. Internal liaison makes it difficult to positively ascertain whether or not our former confederates have abandoned us for rival concerns, as is the

case with Barrie Linley, whose satanic beard will no more terrify Tech. charladies on dark Saturday nights.

But more definitely, our legal representatives, in colourful *obiter dicta*, deny that the absence of Barry Nutt is in any way connected with the recent visit to our City of one Liberace. Mike Smethurst's annotated observation that it was fortunate that this 'wunnerful personality' did not, in the end, visit the Union, is understood to be at present *sub judice* on the opposite Atlantic shore, case pending.

This seems to be the opportune moment to record that Dave Sanders, fresh from the Middle Temple and Le Vieux Carre (alternate week ends) categorically refutes allegations that rock'n roll, or something like that, has contaminated us. Mr. Sanders was ever a purist. His loyalty to the folk-songs of Lappland is outmatched only by Geoff Rhodes' fervent support for the 3-speed box and the McDougall Panzer brigade. Both dabble a little in current juristic developments which has in the past lent a measure of tone to Jimmy Clough's militant efforts to goad his reactionary legal association to glory. As yet no one member has found the fame he promised, save in the City Police dossiers. His grisly warning in the terse tradition of the American movie is "Wait till Rag". Nobody knows what this connotes, but whatever Rag may bring, J. P. Gutteridge remains immersed in case-law, preferring to trust in the established *status quo* and impervious to the Sturm und Drang evoked by the looming of Part II in his battle-hardened brethren.

There is a feeling in certain quarters that the freshers' conference should be abolished. J. K. Phillipson and Jimmy Hood patronized this affair and have not been seen since. Some attribute this to the timely discovery by the organizers, of the two gentlemen's motive for attending. Nevertheless, it will be entered in our books as a sad loss of personnel.

On the other hand, the grapevine and a certain amount of skullduggery did reveal that certain Old Boys came through the event unscathed—a tribute to early training and to our martyrs, so perhaps there is something to be said for the quaintness of old world introductions to the intellectual life. To date, the pleasure of meeting I. E. McShane and G. F. Turnbull, up to read Engineering, has been denied to us. But even assuming E. W. Dickinson frequents the Law School only to read the crime series, he won't be able to avoid us (we read them too), and no doubt J. W. Howat will by now have been so indoctrinated in the medical wards that he will shun us anyway. Still, rivalry is a healthy thing.



One thing in particular we must not omit to say is that it is hoped to submit certain architectural suggestions to H. M. Cummings at a later stage in his career. His, at least, is an honourable profession and if the wild-eyed calculations of Don Pilkington, B. H. Blakeley, Dave Wilde and P. D. Kyffin are to result in one gigantic explosion, we of the wool-sack are determined to be atomized in befittingly dignified surroundings.

It's only fair to say that not for similar suspicions have we refrained from meeting W. A. Baker these past three years. It is simply that we don't know just which part of the pharmaceutical ant-hill he inhabits. But with Bill Gould, our words have been frozen on our lips—it's very hard to engage him in conversation when he's permanently trotting, *au pas gymnastique*, smiling blandly, in and out of the mortuary (for that's what it is, whatever they tell you).

There is scant information about other Old Boys. Discreet questions bring mutterings along the vague lines of "working hard". This is general enough to be quite satisfactory for official purposes so why not for ours? Between coffees, it must be said that the truth is borne out by the earnest conduct of Ralph Swindells, Dave Norbury and Warwick Morell, though of course, one never can know exactly what thoughts those glazed expressions veil.

For those interested in current fashion, G. V. Penketh still wears a toga. For the less soigné, he still floors unsuspecting and wholly innocent spectators at the gym in five easy lessons. We sympathise on learning that this remarkably rapid parallel effect can only be produced on people wearing Japanese pyjamas, which admittedly reduces the scope of the fun. Such persons are getting harder and harder to find.

On a point of information, does Bob Shaw know that by bicycling in Lime Grove he is contravening sub-section (iv)? His apparent assumption that a cloud of gaseous tobacco will keep away the forces of law and order is based solely on physiological grounds. The mere supplying of gas-masks to Deans (rumour has it), could render him liable to onerous penalties. Because of old connections, we exact no fee for this measured advice.

Happily we report that Bob Bishop and Ian Hattrick, albeit bowler-hatted and pin-striped, still attend our functions. Of course we don't believe that Old Boys of the foreign legion of the South,

Bletchley and two stations east and west still wear this garb in these democratic days, but should we be mistaken and they still do, we are nevertheless always happy to welcome them to our own mystery-steeped and academic river, though we must state that we intend to keep its name permanently anglicised—for that is part of our tradition.  
J.C.

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## Old Hulmeians at University College of North Wales, Bangor

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### 'GOREU DAWN DEALL'

For the benefit of those who haven't taken the trouble to learn Welsh (and who can blame them?) the above means 'Understanding is the best gift' and is the motto of the University College of North Wales, Bangor. Those of us here who are Old Boys feel that the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Manchester, however excellent their merits, have dominated the Hulmeian for long enough, or to phrase it in another way we feel our exploits are also worth a mention.

W. Cartwright who has finished his Agriculture course is vainly trying to convince all and sundry that he is working at Agricultural Zoology, when you have only to open your eyes (a useful practice here anyway) to see him playing basketball, or peering anxiously over a poor Bridge hand.

Also enjoying a long stay is R. Hall whose voice will still be remembered by some members of the Corps. He is in the last year of the Agriculture course, but has so far escaped the attention of the writer, except when his face was viewed at close quarters during a friendly skirmish on November 5th.

C. E. Bryans can be seen wandering around College in a semi-studious daze on most days of the week and has not bothered to shave of recent months, though some of us feel he is seriously endeavouring to grow a beard. He has already excelled himself in the sports field by breaking the cross-country record and has participated in most of the Rags, official or otherwise.



Also from Dalton is M. Royle, spending his time working at his Intermediate subjects, playing an occasional game of Rugby and spending two afternoons a week trying to row an oversize boat on the Menai Straits.

Few of you will remember G. Hardman, who was fortunate enough to leave in the third forms but a trip to Bangor will readily renew the acquaintance since he claims his financial status will not support a visit back to Manchester to see you. He is studying (the most dreaded word we know) Botany, Zoology and Chemistry as well as trying to become a competent Bridge player between trips to the rugger field.

Also an early leaver was W. A. Robinson of Whitworth who went to live in Chester and has since played cricket for Flintshire colts during the last three seasons (a closer guard should have been kept on him in School). At College he studies Chemistry, runs with (or behind) C. E. Bryans in the cross-country team and has been elected Vice-President of the Jazz Appreciation Society for the present session.

There is a possibility that A. C. Morris spends his time hiding behind numerous large text-books in the best Hulme tradition, but the writer strongly doubts the authenticity of this wicked rumour.

He also plays rugby, listens contentedly to the weird sounds of the Straits Jazz-men and has even been seen at a College Hop.

P. A. Gabbott's name, along with that of C. E. Bryans, has been connected with large white footprints traversing St. Mary's College quadrangle on the day of the Governors' meeting, though no one can think why! In the sports field he has managed to play for the Basketball team and has been touch-judge for the College Rugger XV for lack of anything better to do.

P.A.G.

### Association of Old Hulmeians in London

Before 1939 the Annual Dinner in London was the principal, if not the only, event that the London Association held. Now, after eighteen years, the

Dinner has been revived and on Saturday, 27th October, 1956, twenty-nine of us met at the Berners Hotel.

We were honoured by the presence of three guests from Manchester, including the President of the Association, Mr. A. H. Allman and the Headmaster. Our only regret was that no more Old Boys from Manchester were able to manage the journey.

We had, too, during the evening, very short visits from three other members, including C. S. Smith, from Cambridge.

Mr. Allman proposed the toast of the Association of Old Hulmeians in London, to which our Chairman, Mr. R. H. Pearson, replied, and the Headmaster responded to the toast 'The School', which had been proposed by Mr. O. A. Rayfield, who was a master at the school in the early 1930's. James Mark proposed the toast to the guests, to which O. R. Dennis replied.

This is the third main function that the newly re-formed Association has held and once again we were delighted to meet Old Boys whom we had not seen for twenty years or more. The span of years between our oldest and youngest members was also quite impressive, as our Chairman, Mr. R. H. Pearson started at School in 1887, whilst our youngest left sixty-six years later in 1953.

The Annual General Meeting of the London Association was held on the 24th September and was attended by fourteen members. R. H. Pearson was elected Chairman, T. Short, Hon. Treasurer and C. G. Dennis, Hon. Secretary, and the Committee of these three officers plus J. C. Edwards, H. S. Kiernan and R. H. Pear was elected. In addition we appointed a very active sub-committee which is already making detailed arrangements for quarterly functions of considerable variety.

We have now a list of seventy-one Old Boys who have expressed an interest in the new Association and we have already seen thirty-nine of these at one of our functions. Any others interested should get in touch with the Secretary at the Town Hall, Chingford, E.4.

21st November, 1956.



## Parents' Association

### EASTER FAIR

The Parents' Association proposes to hold an Easter Fair on Saturday, April 6th, next year, as a main event towards raising £2,000 with which to provide at the School two tennis courts and possibly an extension to the Sports Pavilion and also a gymnasium at the Preparatory School.

The initial effort is to be a Dance held at the School on Wednesday, December 19th. In addition a number of smaller efforts will be made by District Groups.

The Fair will take place at the School where a number of sideshows, events and attractions will be held in the grounds and in both the New and the Old Halls, which the Headmaster has agreed should be at the Committee's disposal.

The Committee are arranging the following main stalls and would welcome contributions to be sold thereat:—

**Grocery, Bottle, Cake, One Shilling Parcel, Drapery and Bathroom requisites, Gardening, Sweets, ices and soft drinks, Easter, Flower.**

In addition various sideshows will be provided.

A number of District Committees, which have been formed, will be responsible for arranging local efforts such as Jumble Sales and Dances and will assist the Committee in running the main events. Details of the District Committee representatives have been circulated to parents.

The Joint Secretaries to the main Fair Committee are as under:—

Mr. Whitfield, 4 Emdon Drive, Chorlton, Manchester 21.

Telephone Numbers.  
CHOrlton 6935 (Home)  
URMston 2227 (Business)

Mr. N. W. Butters, 21 Norman Road, Rusholme, Manchester.

Telephone Numbers.  
RUSHolme 9413 (Home)  
CENTral 3355 (Office)

All parents are requested to make a point of attending the Fair and so helping to make the day a success.

In the meantime they are asked to offer what assistance they can with the arranging and running of the Fair and with the district events. It is suggested that for this purpose parents should approach either the Joint Secretaries to the Fair Committee or their respective District Committee representatives. It will be appreciated that there are many ways in which this assistance can be given. A parent should not hesitate to approach his representative or a Joint Secretary if he feels that he may be able to make some contribution either in the form of suggestions, or actual assistance. It is hoped, for example, that parents may be able to provide, or use their influence in persuading manufacturers to provide, goods for sale at the stalls.

Tickets for the dance, which is to be held at the School on Wednesday, the 19th December, have been printed and can be obtained from any member of the Main Committee of the Parents' Association, the Secretary of the Dance Committee, the Joint Secretaries of the Fair Committee, District representatives or at the School.

The Secretary of the Dance Committee is as under:—

Mr. Sunman, 7 Westfield Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester 21.

Telephone Number.  
CHOrlton 2548

It is hoped that all parents not only will give this dance some publicity, but make an effort to sell tickets and that as many as possible will attend, together with any friends. It is thus that all the 400 tickets which have been printed will be sold and an enjoyable evening ensured for everybody.



### Parents' Association Notes

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It is right that the Easter Fair should receive the maximum publicity, but the other activities of the immediate past and of the near future should not be forgotten.

We all enjoyed the Headmasters' talk on Tuesday, September 25th, in the Hall and the evening was undoubtedly an unqualified success.

All who were fortunate enough to have tickets for the supper dance at the Fallowfield Hotel on Friday, October 19th, must agree that they had very full value for money. Our thanks are due to all who assisted.

Next term, the Spring Lecture is on Wednesday, February 20th, at 7-30 p.m. in the School. The speaker will be the Rev. Eric Saxon and his subject, 'A good home'. The Headmaster will take the chair, and as usual we anticipate a very pleasant evening.

The Parents' Supper Social will be held on Friday, March 22nd, at the Fallowfield Hotel. It is on this occasion that the Association invites the Staff and their ladies to relax with us for an evening's enjoyment and we always have a good time. Please make a note of these dates.

Finally may I once again, on behalf of the Committee, extend the warmest seasonal greetings to all our members, to the School Staff, and to the boys.

S. V. HICKLING, Hon. Secretary.

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



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