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School Notes and News

As will be apparent from frequent references in this magazine, School activities this term have been much impeded by the outbreak of influenza. Fortunately the attack has been neither as severe nor as widespread as that of 'Asian Flu' at the beginning of the previous School year. Coming in the term when epidemics are not altogether unexpected and when the year's activities are well launched, its effects have not proved so devastating. It has nevertheless been most unwelcome.

Reorganisation in the dining-room has made the serving of dinners more expeditious and has thus enabled the time of afternoon School opening to be advanced to 1.45 p.m. The advantage of an earlier closure has been apparent on the all too frequent occasions this term when the weather has been extremely foggy. Boys who travel by public transport have been able to avoid the peak rush-hour traffic. It is hoped, too, more boys will be

able to play their part in after-school activities and that the House plays will receive better support.

We were glad that the weather was much more genial than usual when the Founder's Day Service took place on Tuesday, January 27th. The address by the Right Reverend R. Nelson, M.A., the Lord Bishop of Middleton, matched the occasion and was exceptionally inspiring.

We were very pleased to see Mr. I. H. Watts, M.A., at School again when he came to lecture to the Upper Sixths on *Ghana*, where, since leaving the School staff, he has been a lecturer on Geography at Kumasi University College. The next Tuesday he was followed by Mr. C. A. A. Hughes, LL.B. (O.H.), who lectured on *Life in the South Pacific*, illustrating his talk with some slides of incredible colour and richness and some most interesting specimens. Other *Current Affairs* lectures have been delivered by Mr. D. L. Niddrie, M.Sc., on *South African Problems*, Mr. E. A. G. Holloway on *International Currency*, Miss W. M. D. Wilson, M.A., on *Spain, the Country and its*

People, up to the time of going to press. We hope to hear Mr. A. S. Rogers, M.A., on *The Commonwealth and Communism*, and Mr. C. T. Pertwee on *N.A.T.O.*, before the end of the term, as well as lectures supplied by the School staff.

D. Paton has been selected to tour Canada this summer under the W. H. Rhodes Canada Educational Trusts scheme.

We have to thank Miss Hewlett for very generously and graciously returning to the School the cup presented to her late brother, Mr. E. G. W. Hewlett, M.A., on his retirement from the School staff thirty-three years ago. The cup will be awarded each term to the victorious House in the House League.

The Preparatory School is most grateful to those boys who, on leaving the department last summer, gave cups, library books, record tokens and contributions to the School Fund. A record-player has been bought and is proving most useful.

P. I. Bowler, F. A. Kynaston, D. A. Price and A. Rutherford have been appointed School Prefects this term.

During the Easter holidays Mr. Collings and Mr. Corlett are taking a party of twenty-four boys to Paris.

The Athletic Sports next term will take place on Wednesday, May 6th.

Midsummer Term will begin on Tuesday, April 21st at 9-15 a.m.

The Whitsuntide holidays will extend from Friday, May 15th at 12-30 p.m. to Tuesday, May 26th, at 9-15 a.m.

Midsummer Term will end on Thursday, July 16th, after Speech Day, when the speaker will be Mr. Eric Newton, M.A. (O.H.), Slade Professor of Fine Arts at the University of Oxford.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of *The Altrinchamian*, *The Crosbeian*, *The Denstonian*, *The Gryphon*, *The Savilian*, *The Waconian* and the magazine of the King's School, Macclesfield; also, with special interest, *The Wish Stream* (the journal of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst) and the magazine of the Priory School, Jamaica.

The Gondoliers

It is often said that it is impossible to have a poor performance of *Hamlet*, since most audiences have become so familiar with at least certain parts of the play, that the average production serves not so much to communicate new experiences, but to prompt our own private reflections.

Such attitudes provide the justification for School performances from an audience's point of view. The more familiar the work, the greater the likelihood of our approval. The actors become, as it were, animated presences who are recalling the piece to our minds: we are indulgent towards any deficiencies because of our familiarity with the original work.

Such an attitude is reasonable within limits. But it is not good for an audience to 'patronise' and 'make allowances': our powers of discrimination can so easily be weakened by this self-flattery. Unfortunately, similar dangers underlie our reputed national fondness for the 'amateur' performer. Does not this come from our fundamental distrust of the arts and of their demands upon us? We come to hypocritical terms with them by colouring our approval with condescension—we can take music and drama and poetry more in our stride if they can be presented to us as a game, a pastime; and if the execution has obvious weaknesses, so much the better for our complacency.

We are being honest with ourselves and fair to the interests of art, if we can even in part free ourselves from some of these assumptions and see with a fresh eye the unique performance in front of us.

The quality of performance varied considerably. As usual, a native talent for comedy and a sincere effort to please carried the evening most successfully. The more robust passages were effective, the romantic ones not so. Dialogue and situation came over well. Real musical skill appeared only rarely.

The Gondoliers is one of the sunniest of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. It has some surprisingly normal characters; and the 'character' parts are by no means grotesque. It has more good humour than many, and is reasonably free from both mawkishness and urgent 'jollification' which mar some of their works.

The Venice of the story, home of gondoliers and flower girls, loses all its artistic and commercial splendours, and is reduced to an idyllic village, washed and warmed by sun and sea. The setting showed a pre-Raphaelite opulence of colour. Gothic and Romanesque arches stood side by side, adorned with tumbling flowers. There was a most convincing perspective of receding roofs. The throne room of Baratania, in Act II, had Byzantine splendour, with arches of green and yellow, and a dais of red and gold.

The music could be described in similar terms: it has little subtlety, and, in its characteristic jaunty lilt, it has the attraction of strong primary colours. It has an easy, luxurious flow, breaking out constantly into tunes which, like *Take a pair of sparkling eyes*, are simply made and can be sung with a full, open voice.

The first act is interesting in this respect. From the beginning the music is continuous for an unusually long time before dialogue begins. These good-humoured choral exchanges called for lavishness of voice and flowing lines of movement on the stage. The audience must be captivated with warmth and gaiety. Unfortunately the *Roses white and roses red* chorus was stiff and solemn.

The two gondoliers acted together well, as cronies in love and fellow-sufferers in misfortune. They sang an entertaining duet on their first entry, and with superb condescension chose their wives from among the girls by the homely expedient of blind-man's buff. The duet at the end of Act I, *They all shall equal be*, was sung with enjoyment free from awkwardness.

R. E. H. Hollands as Marco had a steady singing voice, but it is rather inflexible in tone, and of limited range. J. S. Gallagher as Guiseppe had a pleasing stage personality, an impressive face, and a voice which is flexible and melodious. He caressed his phrases. In dialogue he phrased his speeches intelligently, and some of the most relaxed acting of the evening came from his speech 'Republicans heart and soul, we hold all men to be equal'.

In Act II they both appeared pathetic and disconsolate in their new surroundings. Gallagher sang a sprightly, well-enunciated patter song on the duties of the day. It was here, too, that Hollands faced his severest test, in *Take a pair of sparkling eyes*. He took it steadily and smoothly, and almost overcame the obstacle of the final high note. The orchestral pizzicato was good here, and at this point, as elsewhere, the firm piano of J. E. Ellis was notable.

The devoted wives were formidably played by M. H. Homer (Tessa) and I. T. Campbell (Jianetta). Both attracted the eye, especially Homer with his well-fitting wig and eloquent glances, and both succeeded in playing the coquette. Homer's voice is fresh and unsophisticated, and his songs and dialogue were delivered with spirit, as in such roguish contributions as *They've often been convicted* (though one does not these days admire Gilbert for the irresponsible levity of such puns). Campbell gave a pert, mischievous performance. He sang with moderate success: in vocal tone he was not quite up to the part's requirements. His *Kind Sir* song needed to be much more melting, more persuasive. He could have made more use of facial expression here.

All four lovers contributed to the success of *A regular Royal Queen*. Mr. Williams worked up a light, lively rhythm here, and from both singers and orchestra this was one of the most enjoyable items of the evening.

So far the characters have been surprisingly normal in behaviour by usual Gilbertian standards.

The dashing gondoliers and their admirers in the chorus belong to the rosy, idyllic world of musical comedy. The arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Plaza-Toro, with their daughter and drummer ('our suite') introduced the more characteristic mood of satirical fantasy.

The part of the Duke is not long, but it is very interesting. It is an accurate, mocking forecast of what is becoming a familiar myth in our own time—the newly-poor aristocrat adding to his income by hiring out the prestige of his title for commercial and publicity purposes. Gilbert animates this conception—*The Duke of Plaza-Toro, Limited*—with rich comic invention.

D. J. Dixon was quite at home in the part of the fruity-voiced Duke, and he acted with a wide variety of condescending aristocratic mannerisms. His candid remarks were put over very well. His first success was *In enterprise of martial kind*, which he carried with gusto, but was not very well supported by the others. In Act II he was particularly superior in demonstrating the finer points of Royal deportment to the ex-gondoliers. This was carried out with a flourish and confidence which deserve high praise. His diction was very clear, and his voice, in both speech and song, was fully expressive. His interpretation of *I am a courtier* was a great success.

The Duchess is one of the long-suffering females of advancing years much favoured by Gilbert. We were not disappointed in expecting a most satisfying performance from W. D. Yale. He was in character all the time, composed and dignified. He gained considerable effect by economical means—a slight nod, a superior gesture. In repartee he was a good foil for the Duke. His singing voice has a dark, melancholy timbre, and it is always musical. His diction is precise. All these qualities made *On the day that I was wedded* the most experienced and most enjoyable song of the whole evening.

Gilbert likes to present pompous officialdom in a ridiculous light—both by exaggerating its self-importance and by showing that the official has his full share of human weakness. Such a part is that of the Grand Inquisitor. This part needs confidence and amplitude, and R. Sleight's performance was most successful in this respect. He moved ponderously, and his expressive face showed subtle nuances from stateliness to leering flirtation. He showed surprising maturity in putting over all the traditional business associated with this part. His enunciation and timing were admirable.

He has two formidable songs. It is no adverse criticism to say that he found them too exacting. He has a sonorous voice, and is not afraid to use it. But these songs are pitched well below his present vocal range, and there were some inevitable distortions of tone, though not of interpretation.

As usual in Victorian fiction, the story is loosely composed around the tribulations of youthful lovers. But in *The Gondoliers* this theme is treated in the most colourless fashion. There is none of the engaging lightness in which Yum Yum and Nanki-Poo are presented, and the mood is solemn—lugubrious even. One sympathised with C. H. Templar as Casilda and D. Wallace as Luis in having to cope with such feebly animated puppets. The audience, relaxing from the prompt response which the obvious comic scenes call for, must be won over to a more exalted mood.

Templar had many qualities which his part demanded. He looked cold, aloof, remote, and his dress was worn with dignity. But it was hard to believe that this chaste exterior could conceal a passionate breast. He elocuted well but lacked expression: lines like 'O Rapture!' need some conviction to make them tolerable. Wallace was similarly handicapped, but his speaking voice was strong and he moved confidently.

These parts, in which sentiments of woe are dominant, can be quite enjoyable to act if they are given a confident and positive treatment—a heroic dimension. And there were occasions where humour might legitimately have been more fully exploited.

Their singing gave little impression of enjoyment. Their duet *There was a time* has considerable tenderness and was quite affecting, but it was too strained to be successful.

In the family scenes they provided a foil to the more ebullient Duke and Duchess. The family consultations in Act I gave them all some good material for comedy which was well put over.

The story of the opera is mainly concerned with the puzzling question of who is the true heir of Barataria. Grand opera treatment, with delicate orchestral accompaniment, was given to the swift denouement. J. H. Boardman as Inez, in a brief but effective appearance, contributed a throaty and compelling recitative.

The members of the chorus came and went, assembled and grouped themselves, with the usual automatic regularity. The altos were disappointing—often shrill in tone and thin in volume. At the beginning they looked too earnest—a few smiles would have given more charm to *Roses white and roses red*. Their sighs were more like strangled gasps.

The arrival of the men always brought more life into the chorus scenes. They sang with good tone, and gave confidence to the girls. Though they came into prominence only rarely, V. H. Lucas, D. F. Robinson and P. F. Veitch made pleasing impressions.

The chorus improved as the evening progressed, and played a good part in creating the colourful, lively mood of *Thank you, gallant gondoliers*.

At the end of the first scene, after Mozartian recitative, the chorus were well grouped to wave goodbye to the two gondoliers as they embarked on their smoothly constructed craft, the *Xebeque*. The sadness of parting, as indicated by the solemn chords, was not quite reached by the singing. In Act II the fast waltz was executed with high spirits but it seemed more fitted to the village green than the Court. The encore at double speed was chaotic.

The orchestra had a wealth of melodious, rhythmic music to interpret, and it is pleasing to report that they did their job well. The strings had a confident tone and they played rhythmically together. The opening sequence of Act I is a good example of the variety of pace and mood with which the orchestra had constantly to cope: the broad tunefulness of *Roses white and roses red* was well balanced by Antonio's (V. H. Lucas) sprightly *For the merriest fellows are we*. This was followed by the lush, caressing *At a Summer's nooning*, which soon gives place to the bustling rhythm of the blind-man's buff matchmaking.

Mr. Williams was tireless in keeping singers and players up to their task, tactful and persuasive with the occasional fault.

Such a colourful production was the result of an admirable group effort. Mr. Williams and all concerned in its preparation and performance could feel happy that they left the audience, to quote the last line, with 'feelings of pleasure'.

The Michaelmas Term Form Plays

The House Play Competition has not killed the long-established tradition of Form Plays. This season a happy compromise has emerged. Junior Forms presented four plays before Christmas. If this happens in future years the Juniors will no doubt learn useful lessons for the high standard being reached in the House Plays; and they will at the same time develop their talents in readiness for future House Plays.

The season was gallantly begun by 1B with *The Man in the Bowler Hat*, 'a terribly exciting affair' written by A. A. Milne.

Though trivial in theme, this play is probably too 'grown up' in some of its external demands to be convincingly played by boys. There is the incongruity of tiny boys in a modern domestic setting imitating the behaviour of their elders.

In this play there are three pairs of characters: the dull; the romantic; the wicked. To be effective they must be played in exaggerated stylised fashion: for the play depends entirely on the interplay of these three moods. But the dull pair were often too lively, the romantic too jolly, and the wicked too tame.

John, the husband, was attractively played by J. D. King. He tried hard to be grown up, and understood what his part required, masking his cowardice beneath a man of the world's boastfulness. His voice was expressive, but he was over-eager, too aggressive, and must learn to stand still. A. G. Broome as Mary looked well, and was at times charmingly feminine, as in the soulful delivery of 'He is so handsome', on the arrival of the romantic hero.

Their opening conversation did not have the uninspired monotony which was called for. More skilful use of pause was needed here. They were at their best in the mingled fear and excitement when lovers pursued by gangsters burst in.

The hero and heroine were not dashing enough. A. Steel as the hero could have been more commanding and mysterious: instead he was smiling and boyish, even when tied up and threatened with dire penalties. The heroine (J. P. de la Perrelle) was quite charmingly played, but was not fully audible. Their embraces were not convincing and should not have been held for so long.

With the arrival of two stage villains the play developed into a cross-talk act which lasted until the final curtain—a variety performance depending on the verbal humour of Spoonerisms (the Rujah's Raby) and (a reliable laughter-raiser) the names of London's railway stations. Such exchanges can easily become tedious if they are not put over with lightness and speed.

The villains could have been much more sinister. The Chief (J. S. Street) spoke clearly and entered threateningly. His assistant (T. J. Wales) must stand still on the stage. Their movements, intended to be swift and decisive, were too sluggish.

What of the Man with the Bowler Hat? S. J. Bertenshaw had little to do but look imperturbable, and to bring down the curtain on his only line. As this brought the surprising information that we had been watching a fragment of a rehearsal, he should have prepared the audience by some suitable pause or gesture before speaking.

It is not a very rewarding piece in itself, and calls for considerable initiative from the actor, which naturally could not be expected in this production. However, the small cast tried hard and kept us entertained.

Who comes o'er the Sea?, we are told, was written according to a promising pattern: no feminine characters; a good deal of incident; speaking parts for a large number of boys. It was most successfully presented by 3L.

The story is both serious and amusing. Its dialogue is vigorous. It tells of Bonnie Prince Charlie's attempted return to England in 1751; his betrayal and capture; and his audacious escape.

The play was put over most enjoyably, owing to the painstaking production of Mr. Lowe, backed up by an enthusiastic cast. Each boy knew what he had to do, and there was a splendid confidence throughout. The speaking was especially clear.

It was always good to watch. Bright and appropriate costumes had been devised, and the two settings were pleasing. There was first the convivial interior of an inn, but particularly striking was the scene of the ship's deck, with its helm, mast, stout timbered sides, and realistic sound effects of wind and sea.

D. Marsden gave a serious, dignified performance as the Prince. His movements were natural, and his voice had firmness and authority. He could, perhaps, have announced his true identity with a more royal flourish at the end of the first scene. His loyal companion, Stanway, was played with fine-tempered devotion by M. J. Langton. His quarrel with the young Peter Davies, who is sceptical about Charles' cause, was excellently vehement. This last part was vividly played by R. W. Warburton. Both were unyielding and passionate. It is good to see violent action on the stage which is both controlled and realistic.

There were some amusing local characters who readily welcomed the Prince. The Innkeeper, garrulous but hospitable, was jovially played by A. S. Burgess. He raised his voice too much and swayed and leaned back rather a lot. J. E. C. Lewis as Parson Davies kept up a plausible Welsh accent, and was suitably fussy. His speeches would have come over better with more careful timing, and he could have practised some parsonical gestures.

A jolly group of sailors created the opening mood of the poem—smugglers with hearts of gold, and always ready to drink a loyal toast to 'the King across the Water'. D. M. Altaras as Silas was notable here, and S. R. Ebbage with his 'Hang me, if smuggling don't make grog taste all the better!' The sailors had some good, expressive lines, like 'Orders is: all men down to Dead Men's Cove', and they put them across well. Their leader, Captain Storm (J. D. Shuttleworth) had a commanding bearing and an impressive voice.

The Hanoverian Captain, as we might expect, was outwitted, but C. R. Holmes gave a smart, forceful performance. The schemes by which he and his men were outwitted were speedy and exciting.

This took us to the scene on board ship which reunited the loyal party and Prince Charlie, now bound once more for France. There was a fine slow curtain, to the singing by J. M. Peake of *Will you no come back again?*—'excellently well sung', as Parson Davies remarked in the first scene. This curtain, with the outline of the ship in fading light, and the dwindling notes of the song, was the closing felicity in a most successful production.

Under the direction of Mr. Haynes, 1c presented *Robin Hood and the Pedlar*. This was a slight piece, made up of short, undeveloped episodes. It gave the impression of hasty or unskilful adaptation from a ballad.

It brought in most members of the form, and individually they gave eager performances. But the total effect was blurred by many small faults. First, grouping. With such large numbers on the stage, more care should have been taken to split them into manageable groups making a pleasing stage picture. Robin's men either clustered closely around him, or stood about without contributing to the action at all. The Pedlar was almost hidden by the crowd: he could have told his story at the beginning sitting on the bench with the outlaws sitting or kneeling round him.

Another fault was uniform rapidity of pace. This is more pardonable, and more easily remedied, than sluggish movement. The result, however, was that speeches were delivered almost breathlessly by some otherwise excellent performers: they gave the impression of reciting well-learned parts. The audience should have been helped by more pauses, more realistic emphasis.

The composition of a scene depends to a great extent on timing and management of entrances and exits. These were particularly ragged: at the end of the play the cast shambled off most nonchalantly.

Robin Hood was played by P. D. Roylance—a diminutive figure, but he had an inspiring voice and an air of command. P. J. Carr as Little John looked lofty and spoke out manfully. B. N. Johnson as Friar Tuck had a hearty voice and the right proportions for the part: but the scheme by which he got himself chosen to accompany Robin Hood was insufficiently stressed. G. R. Throup as Maid Marian looked very sweet, and seemed quite at home amongst all this desperate outlawry.

The other outlaws were too wooden and motionless. The first two struggles were performed very tamely, but the battle with the Sheriff's men in the last scene had some realistic moments and it pleased the audience.

The part of the Sheriff was given a lively enough performance by J. W. Bennett, but it would have been improved by more expressions of arrogance. H. A. J. Swan as the Herald read his proclamation in a ringing voice, but he could have been even more superior. He hid his face with his scroll. J. D. Rich as King Richard, disguised as the Pedlar, had a pleasing voice and considerable personal charm, but he needed more authority, especially after he has revealed his true identity.

R. H. Davies in the part of the Minstrel sang with clear, strong tones, but with his white tunic and golden harp he looked disconcertingly like an angel.

All the singing characters were free from self-consciousness; and it was altogether a simple-hearted innocent production.

Mr. Bonnick's plays are always well chosen, and they follow an admirable pattern: they appeal to a wide audience; they give parts to a large number of boys; and they contain jolly songs.

In *Dick Whittington at Strutham* the talent available in the Junior School was well displayed. The story of Dick is dressed up in full pantomime treatment, with Fairy Queen and Devil, scenes in the Kitchen, and a grand finale on the high seas. To add to its theatrical fullness, this is all presented as a Dress Rehearsal.

N. B. Pearson was an exasperated and bullying Producer, who did his best to keep his wayward cast in order. Dick was played by P. F. Veitch. He was colourfully dressed, and looked quite appealing. He spoke his lines clearly, but swayed about too much.

His Cat, splendidly costumed, purred and prowled and sprang realistically. This part was played by W. H. F. Liversedge. His terror at seeing what appeared to be a real mouse could have been more effective. The Cat actor also played the Demon King, with a red cloak over his cat's body. His spell in the first scene was dramatically delivered, but he could have been more generous with his demoniacal gestures.

B. P. Swift played the Fairy Queen, 'a matronly lady'. He lacked the power to portray the temperament of the actress, and did not hold his poses as the Fairy Queen very well. His speaking voice was pleasing, and he delivered his rhyming lines pointedly.

The singing lacked spontaneity and attack in many cases. The songs should have come in as part of the action of the play, but some characters ceased to act when they began to sing: this does not apply to the sprightly song and dance of the Child (A. R. Armour) and the Captain; but the duet of the Fairy Queen and the Demon King at the end of the first scene needed more animation.

The Cook was played with hearty enthusiasm by B. G. Gazzard. His singing voice was rather querulous (*Meringues with cream are jolly*, to the tune of *Annie Laurie*) but his acting compensated for this weakness. The Kitchen was well stocked with culinary properties. The comic business in this scene could have been livelier. Some lines fell flat.

The Cook was wooed with bluff outspokenness by the Captain (J. R. M. Ward). He enjoyed his part, and got plenty of meaning into his lines.

The heroine, Alice, was winningly played by J. Nixon. His piping voice seems well suited to tender entreaties. By contrast, D. F. Robinson gave a rough, bold performance as Father Fitzwarren.

R. Lomas as 'Props' sulked and slouched about the stage in a completely natural performance. Downtrodden and unappreciated, he seemed to live in a dark, furtive backstage world of his own.

Not all the opportunities which the play offered were taken. It needed more pace, and more attack in the songs. All the same, it was a colourful and entertaining show, and it was much appreciated.

House Play Competition

The continuing strength of the House Plays is an illustration of the wholesome maxim that 'No one is indispensable'. Fresh talent is emerging to take the place of the tried performers and producers of previous contests. The standard of efficiency is improving, and none of this year's productions has shown a lack of preparation.

The first two productions were episodes neatly extracted from Shakespeare's comedies.

Gaskell chose the Baiting of Malvolio from *Twelfth Night*. It began disastrously. The opening situation was revealed in a Prologue speech. This was presented in a clumsy pastiche of Shakespearean blank verse, than which nothing could be more tedious. J. M. Crook had the joyless task of delivering these lines. He did not know them, and stumbled lamentably. The moral is: avoid prologues (and tape-recorded introductions). If they must be used, let them be clear and concise.

The experience and ability of the actors varied considerably, and while it was an amusing play, it was not a particularly successful group effort.

Three performances deserve high praise. I. R. Stone, well padded and sanguine complexioned, gave a rough, blustering interpretation of Sir Toby Belch. At times, his enthusiasm was excessive, and his voice lost clarity. Thus the carousing scene got out of hand, and the 'catch' was a vulgar brawl.

Malvolio was performed by J. M. A. Thompson, who also produced the play. He was always in character, in a difficult part. His conduct was grand and austere; his supercilious tones were clearly articulated. He grinned and strutted complacently in the presence of Olivia; and he set a very good example in the timing of his entrances and exits.

D. S. Kaiserman was completely at ease in the part of Feste. He postured and capered, he mimicked roguishly, and at all times was pert and lively. He wore his cap and bells with a professional flourish. His singing voice is adequate and would have been more successfully used if he had sung the familiar settings instead of an apparently improvised chant. He showed great agility in baiting Malvolio, both in his own person and in that of the priest, Sir Thopas.

Some of the smaller parts were less successfully done. N. N. Walmsley missed much of the subtle humour of Sir Andrew Aguecheek's lines. His face was hidden by a large hat and a sprawling wig. P. A. Royce as Maria gave a promising performance. He did not stand very well, but his speaking voice was clear and mischievous. Fabian was neatly played by J. E. Roberts. M. C. Davies gave dignity to the part of Olivia, but was too matronly in costume and in manner.

The scene where Malvolio finds the letter was poorly staged. The group of conspirators made no attempt whatever at concealment; they did not even crouch. Thus the illusion of the scene was destroyed, and it fell flat.

Some of the grouping was poor. The first scene was needlessly cramped into the left of the stage. Olivia's ladies grouped themselves poorly. Some bad moments came as a result of neglected detail—the rolled letter would not untie; the bush was insecure; the source of light was visible as a dazzling streak at the foot of the backcloth.

A most ingenious device was used in the imprisonment of Malvolio: this is often a trouble to producers; here Malvolio was confined in a sort of reinforced sedan chair, and the other characters were able to stand nearby without being seen.

The Whitworth Strolling Players returned to Shakespeare, after their successful Falstaff scenes two years ago, and gave us the Pyramus and Thisbe episode from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This was a well-rehearsed, orderly version, with two excellent performances and a number of adequate ones.

This episode shows the impact of a team of bucolic artisans upon the highly sophisticated court of Theseus. The courtiers were on the whole dull and inert. P. I. Bowler as Theseus had dignity, but his delivery was too slow and lacked variety. C. D. Cooke similarly was rather statuesque in the part of Hippolyta. There could have been more gaiety from the young lovers, Lysander and Demetrius, played by A. H. Gregory and D. A. Ebbage. Their comments during the course of the entertainment should have been superior, condescending. Philostrate's description of the proposed play as 'tedious and brief', 'very topical mirth', raised not the faintest smile. D. G. Wood as Philostrate gave an assured, clearly-spoken performance.

The Clowns soon disturbed this atmosphere of well-bred listlessness. The first scene had already shown them rather gingerly sounding themselves in their parts, and now we awaited the finished show. B. E. Naylor had an appropriate fussiness for the part of Peter Quince, the producer. He botched up his Prologue speech effectively, but he

lost the new, unwanted meanings that the neglect of punctuation gave. He should have taken this more slowly.

I. M. Lawless was well cast in the part of Bottom. In the first scene he was agile and amusing in his posturings and his exuberant interest in everyone else's part, as well as his own. As Pyramus he made an auspicious start by diving full length at the Duke's feet, carrying on afterwards completely unabashed. He acted with great enjoyment, and communicated Bottom's histrionic vitality with great success. His tragic speeches, and his self-inflicted death, were performed with due solemnity.

A. H. Nugent gave a spidery, effeminate performance as Flute, the Thisbe of the interlude. He pranced daintily in yellow doublet and black trunks. His strained falsetto was very amusing, especially his soulful address to 'O wall, O sweet and lovely wall'. He produced an impressive scream.

The death scenes of these 'star-crossed lovers' had been carefully worked out and well timed. The stage was fully used here, and it was an effective device of production to get Thisbe to circle hypnotically round the lifeless body during her last speech.

The other characters did well when their turn came. A splendid 'Wall' had been made, in sandwich-board style, and R. S. Bellas introduced himself clearly in this part. A. H. Gillanders was a tall, lugubrious Moonshine. The Lion was sturdily portrayed by J. H. Barradell.

The play was produced by A. H. Nugent.

Heywood House presented a substantial extract from T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*. This was a vehement, deeply sincere production, and it gained and kept the attention of a largely junior audience. It has a strong cast, and was imaginatively staged.

It is based on what may appear to be rather formidable models: it is a story of temptation like English morality plays; it presents a heroic protagonist, like Greek tragedies; it has a liturgical ceremonial quality, like the action of the Mass. But the formal pattern of the play is no restriction upon spontaneous thought and emotion. All the characters are vividly identified, and the poetry is fresh with natural description and observation. It does not obtrude. It is a lyrical heightening of speech which concentrates and intensifies.

The speeches of the chorus have the 'common touch' which Eliot's poetry often lacks. They are the ordinary folk, puzzled but dogged and loyal, whose simple, practical responses offset the spiritual tenacity of Becket. Four actors, well distinguished, shared these lines. W. D. Yale portrayed a tender, feminine heart—mild, compassion-

ate. A. A. Belford was humble, earthy, stolid. The voice of C. L. Holmes was sharp and penetrating, almost monotonous but having the special hypnotic quality of one who sees hidden dangers. E. L. Jones acted and spoke most expressively to convey a sense of cold, dull pain. He gave a fierce, visionary quality to lines like 'The owl rehearses the hollow note of death'. Both individually and as a group, these players did much to create a mood in which the inner events of the play were seen.

The three priests, robed and tonsured, gave reverent performances. I. E. Roxburgh spoke most persuasively, and conveyed an agitated, frustrated loyalty. K. Hollands did not succeed in looking at home in clerical garb. His movements lacked dignity, and his voice often showed bewilderment rather than concern. D. Robinson spoke earnestly, with simple piety.

D. W. Grindey gave a strong interpretation of Thomas à Becket. His speeches were well phrased. He did not have a forceful enough presence for the Archbishop, especially in moments of climax, and he could have walked and stood with more authority. The moments on the altar steps just before the murder could have been more impressive.

The four Knights burst into the play with a very strong impact—'Servants of the King'. Their bold procession down the hall, heralded by standard bearers with proud family crests, established them as harsh, imperious men, champions of temporal authority.

These four parts were very well played. Confidence was no doubt given by their metallic military costume. They stood and moved decisively, portraying men who did not understand compromise. After the murder—which lacked momentousness, being too much of a scuffle—they returned with sinister persuasiveness to explain away what they had done. This was a prose debate in genial, conversational idiom, presenting in the most disarming fashion arguments which have become familiar in the creeds of totalitarian communities.

P. Marsden was a bluff but relentless leader, who became a convivial chairman of the discussion, winning the audience over with his familiar, casual style. A. J. Wintringham spoke in a clipped, soldierly tone, and his gestures were effectively used. He tends to slur his words, and must practise giving full value to each syllable. D. J. Edwards gave an angry, contemptuous performance. After the murder he caught exactly the manner of the buffoon with the old school tie who blindly follows the dictates of authority. J. A. Benson stood apart from the rest, a silent, formidable figure who presented with cool, diabolical force the sophistical argument that Becket really killed himself.

This production was notable especially for clarity and expressiveness of speech. There was no slackness in its pace. It used a simple, adequate setting, and was well lit. Liturgical music in the background strengthened the impression which the actors by their own efforts were so successful in achieving.

D. W. Grindey was in charge of this praiseworthy production.

Dalton made a happy choice with *The Red Velvet Goat*. This is a play of Mexican origin, and it tells of a home-made drama performed by husband, wife and son to an audience of neighbours, with the purpose of raising the money to buy a goat. It was interesting to see that the themes of folk humour in village communities do not differ in essentials the world over. For that matter, the play would still have remained an amusing commentary on human experience even if the setting had been urban and sophisticated.

This production was most attractive to watch. The whole of the stage was used, with a simply devised dais, adequately if haphazardly curtained, and benches for the village audience. The scene was well lit. Commendable pains had been taken with the costumes, and an authentic Latin atmosphere was created with appropriate properties and vivid costumes.

The characters in this play are simply and amusingly drawn. They behave so unselfconsciously, every event seemed natural and spontaneous. Though it had no 'literary' atmosphere, it was full of close observation, and was neatly constructed.

C. I. Hammond was very amusing as the fussy, exasperated Don Esteban, author, producer, and principal actor. He gave himself to the part with great zest. On the defensive against his wife's abuse, he trod his home-made stage with a swagger, and ranted or chastised his frivolous audience with superb bombast. This was a carefully prepared performance.

His battles with his wife had agreeable asperity. This part was well played by D. M. Altaras. He spoke clearly and made a good attempt to portray the sceptical wife, but his satirical responses could have been more stinging. He displayed his dresses knowingly, and walked with feminine allure.

R. A. Lloyd as Lorenzo, their son, gave a youthful, eager performance. He spoke clearly, and his more romantic dialogues were straightforward and appealing. J. D. Whaite was an ingenuous village beauty. He looked demure, but his range of expression was limited. Two other village girls were decoratively played by G. G. Cook and M. G. W. Ray.

The crowd who came to see the play made a colourful group. Their reactions at first were

wooden, but the interjections of P. J. Killan and P. S. Martin did much to enliven them. Tone was given by the presence of Don Pepe, played with a charming flourish by T. F. M. Olsen, and his venerable spouse. G. Henshall gave to this part both dignity and a melting sentimentality. Both these parts were authentically costumed.

A. Rutherford gave a relaxed, well-spoken performance as the pedlar Ramon, pressed into service as Prompter. One of his best moments was when, during his sotto voce prompting, he was so carried away that he began to compete with the author and actor in fervent declamation.

The play was produced by R. A. Lloyd.

Byrom expended much care upon the production of *The Man who Thought for Himself*. It was well lit, the courtroom setting was adequate, and the cast knew their parts.

They tried hard, and inevitably failed, to put over a play that has very little appeal. In spite of the title, it offered no contribution to the sum of human wisdom. It had something to say, no doubt—the resilience of the human spirit, the dangers of totalitarian rule—but it had no tact, no conception of dramatic illusion; elementary dramatic principles such as adequate motivation and a reasonable sequence of events found no place in this play.

We are familiar with literary works which project themselves into the future and envisage the human situation in years to come. Novels like 'Brave New World' and '1984' succeeded because of the grim clarity of their message and the convincing reality of the societies which they created.

We were presented with a situation of unspeakable crudity: a man has been arrested, in some totalitarian state, for the extreme crime of 'thinking for himself'. Treated lightly, with restraint, this might have provided an entertaining satire: but the humour was gross and heavy—'forms which only take four hours to fill in'—and its portentous solemnity was obviously intended to be swallowed whole, including the pseudo-heroic pay-off line—'I'm still alive—but alone!'

As the supposed champion of the human spirit, D. Sharples cut a very poor figure. He did not speak out, but mumbled, and gave no impression of having strong convictions. He stood and moved most casually.

His 'familiar spirit', D. J. Merriman, imported from fairy tale, Elizabethan comedy, or pantomime, roamed cheekily around the stage. He must learn to speak clearly, without slurring his words together.

On the side of authority, C. V. Hickling played the part of the Judge. There was a full, Dickensian richness about this performance, with overtones from the leering villainy of Sweeney Todd. His

diction was expressive and exact, and he acted with enjoyment.

It was hard to believe that so self-satisfied an individualist could have been so automatically subservient to the Big Brother whose portrait lowered over the scene.

D. J. C. Williams did not give enough conviction to the Prosecutor. (Could it be because there was no Defending Counsel in this trial to sharpen his wits against?) He needed a greater sense of outrage. He stood and moved uncomfortably; he should have used the full stage more boldly in his cross-examining. A pointed finger or a flourish of papers would have given sharper definition to his performance.

R. E. Shufflebottom was a stolid policeman. It was good to see the familiar blue uniform surviving into this future age. Why did he wear white slippers? M. K. Walton as the Dean spoke quietly, discursively, explaining away 'original thinking' as a plague which recurs at intervals in history. The play became most incoherent as the upholders of authority themselves become momentarily infected. Their sudden exit and return in zombie-like procession was hard to follow.

R. A. Siddall was a live wire commentator who had a privileged position at the judge's right hand. He was breezy enough, but his voice could have been more flamboyantly commercial. The intrusion of this character to give dock-side summaries (by phone) were quite pointless: they gave a spurious sensationalism (a borrowing from I.T.V. sketch or radio variety) and they held up the action—the rest of the actors had to sit or stand around blankly during these moments.

This play was probably written as a pot boiler for sound radio: disembodied voices do not put quite so severe a strain on our powers of belief as apparent human personages on a stage who behave with neither rhyme nor reason. It was a pastiche, a compendium of clichés, with pickings from satire, allegory, skit, revue, pantomime, sermon, farce, fantasy.

The play was produced by D. Sharples.

Fraser presented *Crossroads*, a neat little play depicting an imaginary incident in a farmhouse kitchen, very near to 'a village called Waterloo'. While this had some pleasing performances, it was seriously weakened by pauses owing to forgotten lines and by aimless and distracting movements.

P. H. Miller as Babette 'keeled the pot' rather mechanically in the opening moments. Later, however, he revealed a commanding, self-possessed character, sharp-tongued and impatient with military affairs. He moved poorly—his arms were too stiff.

M. O. Rayburn was a good foil to the military characters. He was the cowardly, self-seeking

peasant, and his acting—particularly his savage laughter—was suitably uncouth. His voice carried well, and he filled in the gaps when anyone forgot his lines by a ruminative consumption of bread.

Three characters showed different attitudes to war. R. G. Heath as the one-armed veteran, loyal to Napoleon, gave a lively well-phrased performance. His table-top strategy was well done. I. V. Smith's appearance as the English Officer straight from public school was a new departure for an actor who has usually been associated with urchin parts. He ambled round in casual, aimless fashion—though this constant circulating movement was overdone. He was superbly free from arrogance, and his warlike notions were expressed in traditional public school terms—'The Prussians, they're awful cads'. He created a quite endearing character—an Innocent at War.

P. M. Fanning as the Prussian Officer was by contrast curt and unyielding. His voice could have been harsher—one missed the metallic ring usually associated with this type of part—and his features lacked rigidity. He appeared in a splendid uniform.

There were some very effective moments in the play—Miller's vehement threats when holding the uncouth peasant at pistol point, Heath's soldierly bearing, Smith's informal, off-duty friendliness. But there were some ugly movements, and the pace was too unsteady.

The play was produced by P. D. Brunt.

At the moment of going to press we are privileged to reveal that the winners this year is Heywood. Further details of the adjudication will appear in next term's magazine.

The Donner Union

THE DEBATING AND LITERARY SOCIETY

On November 14th, 1958, the Donner Union held its annual by-election. The candidates were D. W. Grindey (Conservative), D. Robinson (Liberal), and J. E. Roberts (Socialist). After a somewhat stormy meeting, Grindey was elected by 50 votes, to Robinson's 14, and Roberts' 11.

On November 21st, J. G. Banks led a discussion on the subject of *Earth, Man, and Void*. This was a most enjoyable meeting.

The 23rd saw us debating the motion that *This House deplors the influence of the Cinema, and welcomes its speedy demise*. Despite the arguments of A. J. Benson and P. J. Brisbane, D. Wallace and J. M. A. Thompson were able to convince the House that the cinema should remain one of our institutions, the motion being defeated by 25 votes to 5 with 1 abstention.

During the first meeting following the Christmas holidays, A. H. Nugent was appointed vice-chairman. 'Any Questions' were then put to a panel of 'experts', consisting of J. G. Banks, R. E. Smith, A. H. Nugent, and D. Robinson; and an entertaining evening resulted.

On January 23rd, we debated the motion that *Great Britain is too lenient towards her criminals*. N. N. Walmsley and P. J. Brisbane, proposed this motion, and despite the humanitarianism expressed by M. J. Lynch and G. N. Bromiley, convinced the members present, who carried the motion by 23 votes to 13, with 3 abstentions.

J. G. Banks and M. C. Dyer were elected to the committee.

The Science Society

The next meeting held after December's *Hulmeian* went to press was on Tuesday, November 18th, when Mr. A. C. Wood gave a most instructive lecture on *Weather Forecasting*. This was followed a fortnight later, on December 2nd, by a very interesting lecture given by Mr. C. O. G. Marlowe (O.H.), entitled *The Moon*. While Mr. Marlowe's son kindly operated his projector, showing many excellent slides of various lunar markings, Mr. Marlowe himself acted as guide, and led us on a 'conducted tour' across the surface of the moon. He has given several excellent lectures to the Society in the past, and we are very grateful to him. He was, incidentally, one of the first pupils ever to attend this School.

This term, on January 22nd, Mr. Kramrisch, of the Clayton Aniline Dye Co. Ltd., gave a most spectacular and informative lecture on *Dyes and their Application*. This was held half-an-hour after school. Mr. Kramrisch and his team of assistants performed several experiments before us, and also showed some slides to illustrate the lecture. He had brought many dyed articles with him, a few of which were given away afterwards. Of these, the coloured soap was noticeably the first to disappear.

On Thursday, February 26th, Mr. J. B. Earnshaw (Staff) gave a very interesting lecture on *Climate through the Ages*. He began by discussing our present-day climate, and our grand-fathers' opinion of same, and then slowly went back through history as far as time allowed. He showed us several types of rocks, from his collection, as he lectured.

This meeting was the Society's ninety-ninth, and we hope to arrange something special for the hundredth meeting, to be held early in March.

The Leonardo da Vinci Society

Two meetings were held in the Michaelmas term which were not reported in the December edition of *The Hulmeian*.

In October J. S. Wright read a paper on *British Marginal Lands*. He presented a very clear picture of the agricultural problems facing the small farmer working in these areas, and of their economic value to this country. From the way in which he answered the many questions which followed it was plain J. S. Wright possessed a wide knowledge of his subject.

J. O. Woodhead's deep interest in and enthusiasm for his subject were obvious when he presented his paper on *Mountaineering* at the November meeting. He began by giving us a history of mountaineering and of its popularity throughout the world. He then described the difficulties which past and present climbers have to contend with and mentioned the early attempts of conquering Mount Everest and the recent British expedition to the Caucasus. His references to his own climbing came towards the end of his talk, when he showed us some photographs of himself in what we thought to be precarious situations. Various items of equipment were examined, but to the disappointment of some of those present there was no ice-axe.

We are looking forward to a paper to be presented in February by J. R. Vose on the *Australian Aborigine*.

Once again we must thank Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Jecny for their kind hospitality and light refreshments during the meetings.

The Table Tennis Club

Since our last report the Club has enjoyed a period of increasing activity and progress, and once again enthusiasm is compensating for the moderate standard of play. In the Singles Tournament held last term, J. S. Gallagher comfortably defeated P. Barnes in the final and received a new bat as a prize.

So far the Club has played two matches, both of which have been drawn. The singles players have on the whole been successful, but the doubles play has been weak. The results are:—

v. Wilbraham Rd. Cong. Y.C. ...	H	D	6—6
v. The Masters	H	D	6—6

The following boys have represented the Club: J. S. Gallagher, M. J. Whitfield, M. A. Kerr, P. Barnes, J. P. I. McNulty, T. G. Nevell, C. D. Beswick, B. Hayes, and G. N. Bromiley.

Finally we would like to thank Mrs. Taylor for the trouble she has taken in providing teas.

The Photographic Society

So far this term the number of meetings has been limited owing partly to the foggy weather earlier in the term, and partly to the epidemic of influenza.

A Kodak Slide Lecture entitled *The Face of Britain* was originally arranged for Thursday, January 15th, at four o'clock, but because of the foggy weather it had to be postponed until the following Thursday. When the lecture did take place it was fairly well attended, and some very good photographs, together with details of exposure and filters, and hints on exposure, were shown. The lecture lasted for about three-quarters of an hour.

On Thursday, January 29th, D. Parker and D. C. Johnson gave an illustrated lecture on their Winter Sports trip to Austria with Dr. Jecny. They illustrated their lecture with colour slides. The lecture was very well attended by both club members and boys who went to Austria.

The next lecture, entitled *Composition*, was given by Mr. Landers of Chorlton Camera Club. The lecture was held on Thursday, February 5th, at seven p.m. Owing to the influenza epidemic not many members were able to attend. Nevertheless Mr. Landers gave an excellent lecture, and illustrated it with many prize-winning prints.

At the time of writing a practical evening has been arranged for February 26th. This meeting will give members an opportunity of enlarging some of their negatives.

It is also hoped to arrange a colour slide lecture on *South Africa* by Mr. Hunt.

The Christian Fellowship

Before the end of the Michaelmas term we accepted a kind invitation from Whalley Range High School to hear a most interesting and vivid talk given by Rev. A. K. Gray, the Regional secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He gave us a general picture of the work of the society in its production and distribution of the Bible in the languages of the world.

This term we have begun a detailed study of St. Mark's Gospel and, in spite of several meetings being cancelled owing to fog, we are progressing steadily through this short account of our Lord's ministry.

Just before Easter we hope to have a visit from Rev. D. Carter of the Commonwealth and Continental Church Society, who will talk to us of the work of the society helping the churches overseas.

Our meetings, to which all boys are welcome, are held on Thursday at 3-45 p.m. in the library.

C.C.F. Notes

At the end of last term we were pleased to welcome R.S.M. Johnston, ex-Royal Artillery, as our new School Staff Instructor, and we all wish him every success and happiness in his new job.

The new miniature range which was almost finished at the end of last term is now complete and in constant use. The shooting this term has been ably supervised by the R.S.M. and we have now selected two teams for the North-West District Shooting Competition—in which we hope for success. In respect of practice and firing off the Empire Test the range has many advantages over the old tunnel. The most important factor is that four people can shoot instead of two. Also there is heating over the firing point in the new range, together with a great deal more room behind the firing points for people waiting to shoot, and an adjoining office.

Once again the Western Command Christmas Courses were tremendously popular and we obtained some excellent results. Cdts. J. M. Bradbury and R. S. Bellass are to be congratulated on their results on the R.A.S.C. Course. J. M. Bradbury was top in the Final examination and R. S. Bellass was third.

The promotions since the last report have been as follows:—

C.S.M. M. J. Cotton is promoted to C/R.S.M. with effect from February 25th. Sgts. J. L. Williams, D. A. Price to C/Sgts. Cpls. R. E. Smith, N. C. D. Smith and D. J. Smith to Sgt. L/Cpls. G. L. Cooke, R. A. Siddall and A. L. Traill to Cpl. Cadets C. I. Hammond, J. N. White, J. P. Ritchie, I. Blair, A. F. Thomas, H. W. Farnsworth, G. Pomfret, D. J. Dewhirst and R. G. Heath to L/Cpl.

A Cadre course was completed shortly before half-term and this accounts for the large number of new junior promotions. L/Cpls. C. I. Hammond and J. N. White were given excellent reports on the concluding examination of the course.

On March 11th and 12th Capt. McCulloch and R.S.M. Cotton are taking a party of L/Cpls. and Advanced Cadets to Holcombe Brook N.E.T.C. for a 48-hour camp, when we hope to get in some useful training. On the same day, Wednesday the 11th, the main body of the contingent will proceed to Crowden Ranges for Field Day. Here those boys over sixteen will be firing live, both Rifle and M.G., on the open range.

We are also looking forward to our Annual Camp which is to take place once again at Kinnel Park. The contingent is hoping to be just short of two hundred strong at camp and all cadets will be assured of an enjoyable week.

We extend our most cordial thanks to the Officers Commanding 8th Bn. The Manchester Regt. (T.A.), 252 Field Regt., R.A. (T.A.), 42 Inf. Div. Column, R.A.S.C. (T.A.) and No. 3 Travelling Wing for their kind assistance in training and administration; also Depot, the Lancashire Fusiliers, for their running of examinations and other training.

Rugby Football

FIRST XV

RESULTS

Nov. 12 v. Birkenhead School H L 6—14

In the first twenty minutes the School had the edge in what promised to be an exciting game, and Stockwell made an interception to score between the posts, adding the extra points himself. After the interval the Birkenhead side took over the initiative; their stand-off was allowed far too much room and he scored twice and made one try for the wing. Poor marking in defence and very slow attacks were much in evidence behind the School pack, giving the opposition's back row ample time to cover.

Nov. 15 v. Manchester Grammar School A W 3—0

The game was played in the worst conditions of the season, in a sea of mud and with fog reducing visibility to never more than about thirty-five yards. The pack held the ball to great advantage and one of the ensuing penalty kicks was converted. Tackling was good.

Nov. 18 v. Wakefield

A L 0—58

The School really had no answer to Wakefield; as the score suggests, our opponents were too good for us really to be able to give them a match. Wakefield were masterly in all departments of the game, and must indeed be a quite outstanding school team. They gave us an exhibition that was a privilege to see, if, in the circumstances, a chastening one!

It should be said, however, that the School, though not knowing how to answer such highly skilled opponents, never let up and admittedly made Wakefield play for all their points until the very end.

Nov. 26 v. Wallasey Grammar School

A L 0—25

Once again the forwards held their own but our backs were outrun and marked out of the game. Wallasey switched the attack from one side to the other and the School were often too slow to defend on the other flank.

Nov. 29 v. Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby

H L 3—17

The forwards played very hard and did their best to hold a powerful Crosby pack, while the tackling was far more determined than usual. Weinhold scored after an interception, beating two men in a fine run, but Stockwell failed to convert with a greasy ball. Once again we were far too slow outside the scrum to offer any real challenge to a quick covering defence and many of our attacks were launched at little more than half-pace.

SECOND XV

The second half of the season followed much the same pattern as the latter part of the first, the forwards often establishing a superiority which unimaginative mid-field play could not exploit. However, the whole team played hard, ably marshalled by the seemingly tireless Rubin, and there was no lack of spirit. We managed to maintain our unbeaten home record, though beaten decisively in away matches with Queen Elizabeth's, Wakefield, and Merchant Taylors', Crosby.

RESULTS

v. Manchester G.S. H W 14—5
v. Queen Elizabeth G.S., Wakefield A L 3—40
v. Wallasey G.S. H W 8—6
v. Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby A L 0—23

2nd XV colours were re-awarded to W. D. A. Yale and D. A. Price; and awarded to J. V. M. Rubin (Capt.), V. H. Lucas (Vice-Capt.), I. H. Cottrell, I. M. Case, P. Marsden, M. A. Kerr, J. M. Temple, J. Lomas, A. G. Chesworth, R. N. Tattersall, M. Billcliff and B. W. Maurice. The following also played for the 2nd XV: A. B. Maddocks, E. L. Jones, J. M. Crook, J. H. Wilde, D. Paton, C. F. Beattie and G. L. Orford.

THIRD XV

The standard of play this season has been fairly good but a lack of attacking play was evident. The results, which may at first seem disappointing, do not reflect the whole truth as many of our opponents were school First or Second Fifteens. Both injuries and the continual 'borrowing' of players to replace 2nd team injuries, reduced our strength considerably and did not allow us to settle down as a team.

D. Hallard, who captained the team for our first match, was unfortunately forced to enter hospital for an appendix operation. J. R. Coleman took his position for the rest of the season.

The following have played: Forwards—A. S. Addison, P. D. Brunt, J. R. Coleman, J. M. Crook, A. H. Nugent, T. F. M. Olsen, D. Paton, J. D. Richards, D. E. C. Robinson, G. Slater, R. B. Taylor, J. White, S. Whittaker, D. G. Wood. Backs—C. F. Beattie, M. Billcliff, G. N. Bromiley, D. Dewhurst, J. S. Gallagher, D. Hallard, A. G. Jones, I. M. Lawless, M. P. Robinson, A. Rutherford, A. L. Thorneley.

G. Henshall has served faithfully as Touch Judge.

RESULTS

v. Old Hulmeians Third XV	A L 0-5
v. Old Hulmeians Third XV	H L 5-24
v. Moseley Hall G.S. First XV ...	A L 0-20
v. Manchester G.S. Third XV	A W 3-0
v. Chetham's Hospital School	
First XV	H L 3-8
v. Burnage G.S. Second XV	A W 8-3
v. Moseley Hall G.S. First XV ...	Cancelled

We are grateful to Mr. Collings for his able coaching and encouragement and to Mr. Manning for his services as referee.

UNDER 15 XV

Since the last magazine went to press the under-mentioned matches have been played with results as follows.

RESULTS

v. Birkenhead School	A L 0-20
v. Manchester G.S.	A D 3-3
v. Wallasey G.S.	H W 13-3
v. Merchant Taylors' School,	
Crosby H W 6-3	

HOUSE RUGBY

The House League competition resulted in a win for Fraser by a comfortable margin.

The Knock-out final between Byrom and Whitworth proved to be quite a marathon. An excellent game resulted in a draw and the replay took place after an initial cancellation owing to absence. It was another fine game and Byrom emerged victors by a very narrow margin. The Junior Knock-out was won by Fraser.

Lacrosse

FIRST XII

Frost, fog, snow and ground conditions have very considerably limited lacrosse this term and at the time of going to press only three matches have been played.

With only six of last year's excellent team available, and only one a defence man, it has been very difficult to build up a defence with the limited conditions for practice. Consequently in only one game has the team reached the standard we expect from a School First team.

The defence has had to be made up with three of last year's Colts and two from last year's Second team and although they have all shown promise they are not yet mature enough to give our captain the support his play deserves.

In the only game we have won the team individually and collectively played their hardest and beat a strong Old Mancunians 'A' team in the Second Round of the Lancashire Junior Cup Competition.

Against Cheadle Hulme School we were beaten by a fast and clever side and would have done better if our attack had played in anything like the form they showed against the Old Mancunians 'A' team.

The Manchester University 'A' team included nine Old Hulmeians, some with First Division experience, and the team was not disgraced by the result.

The attack could be good; they all handle well but lack a spearhead, and may still do well with the extra practice they are now getting.

RESULTS

Jan. 24 v. Old Mancunians 'A' 2nd Round Lancs. Junior Cup H W 10—4

The defence started badly and conceded three goals in as many minutes, but then settled down, and the visitors scored only one more goal. The attack never played at full speed, but fought hard and scored some good goals.

This was our first match, and considering our lack of practice and the experienced opposition, the result showed promise. H. M. Stockwell at centre played a good defensive game.

Team: J. H. Dixon, J. L. Williams (capt.), J. B. Kershaw, C. D. Townsend, J. S. Litherland, D. Paton, H. M. Stockwell, M. P. Robinson, B. Weinhold, B. Hayes, F. A. Kynaston, P. Bardsley.

Jan. 31 v. Cheadle Hulme School H L 0—10

The attack lost this game by lazy and slow play. Their handling was poor, and the defence, under constant pressure and often faced by free men forcing from the opposing defence, made several mistakes. The chief defensive weakness was poor fighting for the ball when it went loose, and slow clearing. Despite this poor showing, we feel that we shall do considerably better next time we play them.

Feb. 11 v. Manchester University H L 11—18

A. A. Green was selected for this game, but as both he and Stockwell were absent Hayes returned at centre, and A. R. Lyons was brought into the attack. The University had a strong side out, including six of their first team, and our defence was frequently beaten by the speed and weight of their opponents. Fortunately, the attack played well, moved the ball round quickly, and shot accurately. F. A. Kynaston and B. Wienholt played their best games so far, and scored seven of our goals.

SECOND XII

So far, five matches have been played, three won, one drawn, and one lost. Owing to changes on the First team and the incidence of 'flu, the team has been different for each match, but has still managed to play good 'crosse. The attack handles well, and has scored freely in each game, but the defence is not yet sound, and does not cover adequately. With a settled team and more opportunity for practice the standard of play should improve.

We began with A. A. Green as Captain, and when he was promoted to the First, he was succeeded by M. A. Kerr.

RESULTS

v. Manchester G.S.	H W 21—0
v. Cheadle Hulme School	A W 12—10
v. Stockport G.S. 1st	A W 5—3
v. Audenshaw G.S. 1st.....	H L 8—12
v. Heaton Mersey Guild 'A'	A D 8—8

The following have played: A. A. Green, M. A. Kerr (Capt.), J. S. Gallagher, M. Billcliff, R. M. F. Linford, G. P. Mainwaring, J. Hill, M. R. Kay, A. R. Lyons, A. F. Thomas, R. C. M. Harvey, P. Barnes, A. G. Jones, R. H. Eldridge, B. Hayes, D. Paton, C. N. Jenkinson, R. N. Tattersall, A. H. Williamson.

UNDER 15 XII

Only three matches have so far been played, and all have been won, and the team has been fortunate in having its full strength available when games have been played. The attack is strong, and though many chances have been missed by faulty handling and inaccurate shooting, they have the right idea of beating the man without the ball, and taking a pass on the run. They still have to learn how to beat a crowded defence by using the back of goal.

The defence is not so strong. They mark their own men well, but have not learned to cover each other. When an opposing attack develops, the wing defences should fall back and inwards, so that the area in front of goal is crowded.

Six of the team, Murray, Dakin, Attack, Richards, Etchells and Wagstaffe, have been chosen for the Lancashire Under 15 team against Cheshire.

RESULTS

v. Manchester G.S.	A W 20—3
v. Cheadle Hulme School	H W 14—7
v. Stockport Juniors	H W 7—2

The following have played: D. G. Murray (Capt.), R. Dakin, R. Richards, J. H. Heaton, R. G. Attack, A. D. Etchells, A. P. Wagstaffe, D. L. Jones, B. M. Bostock, R. E. Shufflebottom, I. N. Dawson, I. G. Kennedy, I. Woolley.

UNDER 14 XII

There is promising material here, but this team has been more hit by the influenza epidemic than any other. This, added to the hold up of practices by ice and fog, has checked the development of the sides. Most of the handling is good, though there is a tendency to do too much with one hand, but they have much to learn about positional play. The defence needs practice in body checking, and must learn to cover.

Three matches have been played, two won, and one lost. In the first game only the team was as chosen; in the second we had three reserves; and in the third no less than five; and these not all first choices as reserves. The first two games were rounds of the Juniors' and Schools' Cup, in which we have reached the semi-final.

RESULTS

v. Boardman Juniors	H W 10—1
v. Mellor Juniors	H W 10—8
v. Mellor Juniors	H L 2—12

The following have played: N. Craven (Capt.), P. R. Radcliffe, P. G. Kay, S. R. Ebbage, A. S. Burgess, J. S. Torkington, R. I. G. Morgan, J. Dennis, J. R. Sumner, P. C. Allen, C. W. Beaumont, A. G. Mitchell, M. R. Frost, S. R. Sunman, C. R. Holmes, D. Marsden, J. D. Shuttleworth, B. S. Searle, M. J. Butters.

HOUSE LACROSSE

The season had a very bad start with the snow and frost leaving the ground in a dangerous condition and it was only a fortnight before half-term when the league really got going.

This term each House is fielding four teams but there has been some difficulty with the 4th team due to absences caused by the influenza epidemic.

The games which have been played have been on a treacherous surface, but in spite of this the standard has been remarkably high.

The leading league positions at the moment are 1st Gaskell, 2nd Dalton, 3rd Heywood.

The first round of the Knock-outs was cancelled owing to lack of practice due to bad conditions, but we have now got as far as the final of the Senior Competition between Dalton and Fraser and the semi-final of the Junior Knock-out.

Dalton reached the final after a tense and exciting game with Gaskell, finally winning 10—8, while Fraser had a fairly easy victory against Byrom.

Cross Country Running

To date we have had a successful season. Now that the teams are back to full strength once again after the 'flu epidemic, we hope for even better results in the second half of the term.

Reviewing individual fixtures, we must record that the 1st team was defeated by Manchester Grammar School, Bolton School and King Edward VII School, Sheffield. On the other hand, they had victories against all other opponents—Bury Grammar School, Cheadle Hulme School, Stand Grammar School and Rochdale Grammar School.

Among the members of the 1st team special mention must be made of W. D. Yale, who has outrun every opponent except Lawson of Manchester Grammar School. He has been well supported by J. O. Woodhead, J. R. Coleman, J. T. C. Pearson, G. Field, R. A. Millner, J. G. Banks, A. M. Nugent, P. J. Brisbourne and M. J. Cotton.

The Under 16 team avenged the 1st team's defeat by Manchester Grammar School and also won their race against Cheadle Hulme School. They lost, however, to Rochdale and Bury Grammar Schools. A. B. Hardy, J. S. Woodhead, J. M. Robinson, A. B. Gillanders, S. G. Wood, P. W. Booth, P. H. Draper, J. M. Kelly and K. W. Binch have all run well for this team.

As a new venture this term, we entered two teams in the Manchester City Schools' Championships and were rewarded with 2nd place in the 17 to 19 age group and 1st place in the 15 to 17 race.

As part of our training for the Northern Schools' Championships, which will be held at Lyme Park on March 21st, we ran internal handicap races there during February. These proved very enjoyable despite hill mist, and we now look forward to the main race of the season with enhanced confidence.

House Notes

BYROM HOUSE

Since the last report J. D. Richards and D. Sharples have been appointed House Prefects.

The end of last term was marked by our retention of the Rugby Knock-out Shield for the third successive year. After a 3—3 draw with Whitworth in the final, which included extra time, we came off victors 5—3 in the replay after a very hard game.

Both the Senior and Junior Lacrosse teams are playing well and there is more enthusiasm than was apparent during the rugby season. We are well

represented on School Lacrosse teams: H. M. Stockwell (Vice-Capt.) and D. Paton play for the 1st XII; M. A. Kerr (Capt.), G. P. Mainwaring and A. G. Jones for the 2nd XII. On the U.15 we are represented by R. E. Shufflebottom and I. Woolley, and on the U.14 by N. Craven (Capt.), P. C. Allen, P. G. Kay and A. G. Mitchell.

At the beginning of the term H. M. Stockwell was chosen to play for the North of England and Lancashire Schoolboys. In the semi-final of the Knock-outs the Seniors were well beaten by a strong Fraser team, the score being 12-2. The Junior House team were also beaten by Gaskell in the 1st Round.

Although the House has few cross-country runners J. Coleman is on the School Cross-Country team for which P. J. Brisbourne has also run. S. G. Wood is on the School U.16 Running team.

In the School production of *The Gondoliers* D. Sharples was to have sung a leading rôle in the part of Marco, but owing to an unfortunate motor accident had to withdraw from the cast. M. H. Homer sang well in the rôle of Tessa.

On February 24th we presented our House play, *The Man who Thought for Himself*, which was well produced by D. Sharples. C. V. Hickling and R. A. Siddall gave excellent performances in their respective rôles, as did the rest of the cast, and we wish them every success in the competition.

DALTON HOUSE

Head of House—R. H. Eldridge; *School Prefects*—R. H. Eldridge, R. A. Lloyd, J. S. Wright; *House Prefects*—G. N. Bromiley, C. I. Hammond, P. J. Killan, V. H. Lucas, T. G. Nevell, D. A. Price, A. Rutherford, J. Slater.

This term, owing to bad weather, the House teams have not managed to get a great deal of practice together, but they have played well and Dalton is second in the House League Table by one point. We were fortunate to draw a bye in the Knock-outs for the Seniors, but the Juniors were defeated by Heywood. In the second round of the Knock-outs we met Gaskell and had a very exciting game. We were losing considerably at half-time, but then by excellent teamwork and hard play we managed to beat Gaskell 15-10. We look forward to meeting Fraser in the final.

The following boys have played regularly for School teams: J. S. Litherland for the 1st XII; M.

Billcliff and J. Hill for the 2nd XII; B. M. Bostock and R. Richards for the U.15 XII; M. R. Frost for the U.14 XII; and J. M. Bateman and A. B. Hardy have run for the U.16 Cross-Country team.

The House play this year was *The Red Velvet Goat* produced by R. A. Lloyd. The main characters in the play were R. A. Lloyd, C. I. Hammond, A. Rutherford, D. M. Altaras, G. G. Cooke, G. Henshall, T. M. F. Olsen, M. G. W. Ray and J. D. Whaite.

We are indebted to Lloyd and his cast for producing a very enjoyable play and to Ray for his fine posters. We are extremely grateful also to Mr. Foyster for giving up his time to lead the play-reading group and it is certain that the success of the play was largely due to the hard work put in by the group.

FRASER HOUSE

When the last edition of *The Hulmeian* went to press the Rugby fixtures were not complete. By the end of the season the House finished at the top of the league for the third time in succession. This fine achievement was due mainly to the keen spirit in the team and in each individual. The team was well captained throughout the season by D. K. Swindells.

House Lacrosse this term has been like the curate's egg. The regular House team has shown itself to be very weak and we are at the moment bottom of the league with a meagre 12 points. We are, however, pleased to report that in contrast the House Knock-out team has so far been successful. In the first round of the competition we were hard pressed to beat Whitworth, but in the second round against Byrom the team seemed to work together more and victory came by a much wider margin. This year the House is lucky to have a large number of school players. F. A. Kynaston, P. Bardsley, M. P. Robinson, A. A. Green and C. D. Townsend all play for the 1st team and R. M. F. Linford and J. S. Gallagher are regular members of the second twelve. F. A. Kynaston was appointed captain of House Lacrosse and we are now looking forward to a good game against Dalton in the Knock-out Final.

It is unlikely that the House will show any distinction in the House Cross-Country Running Competition this year as we have only one runner from the school team. The juniors, however, show some promise and R. A. Charlton, P. W. Butters and M. J. Butters have appeared on the Junior School team.

The House play, which is being produced by P. D. Brunt, was to have been performed on January 27th but had to be postponed owing to the 'flu epidemic until March 3rd.

We are sorry to be losing M. J. Cotton as Head of the House at the end of the term, as he has decided the time has come to earn his living. He takes with him our very best wishes for the future.

GASKELL HOUSE

At the end of last term, the Junior House Rugby team narrowly failed against Fraser in the final of the Knock-outs despite the fact that they were weakened by illness.

The following were awarded School team colours: 1st XV; B. Hayes, J. T. C. Pearson, B. R. T. Pryke, B. Wienholt and J. L. Williams. U.15; D. G. Murray, I. G. Kennedy, A. P. Wagstaffe.

J. M. A. Thompson produced the House play excellently. His choice of the comic scenes from *Twelfth Night* was ambitious and difficult. Nevertheless the entire cast did well and helped to make the play a success. Special note must be made of the performances of J. M. A. Thompson, I. R. Stone and D. Kaiserman.

In the Lacrosse Knock-outs, the Seniors defeated Heywood in a very close game, but were surprised by Dalton in the semi-final. The Juniors easily defeated Byrom in the first round.

J. L. Williams has captained Lancashire Schoolboys and the 1st XII, for which B. Wienholt has played regularly, and also played for Lancashire. B. Hayes has also played for the 1st XII. D. G. Murray is captain of the U.15 on which I. G. Kennedy, I. N. Dawson and A. P. Wagstaffe play regularly. C. W. Beaumont, J. S. Torkington, R. I. G. Morgan and D. Marsden play for the U.14.

Despite the number of juniors on School teams, the House is top of the House League, thanks to the keenness and ability of the House team players.

The House is well represented on the School Cross-Country team by G. Field and J. T. C. Pearson.

HEYWOOD HOUSE

At the end of last term, we said goodbye with regret to our House Captain, J. V. M. Rubin. We wish him all the best in his new career. A. Belford has succeeded him as Head of the House.

We offer our congratulations to J. A. Benson, D. J. Dixon, and M. A. Kerr, on their well-deserved appointments as House Prefects.

A new note of optimism and success has been struck by the House this term. The Seniors have maintained their recent, and most welcome, improvement, and the Juniors have regained much of the spirit and enthusiasm which seemed to be slipping away last term: all of which goes to prove that the House may look to the future with confidence.

It was particularly pleasing to see the House so well represented in the School performance of *The Gondoliers* last term. K. E. H. Hollands, D. J. Dixon, W. D. Yale and C. H. Templar, were all successful in leading parts.

The House play this year was Act II of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, which was performed on February 3rd. It seems to have been an unqualified success with the audience (and, we hope, with the judges). Our thanks go to the producer, D. W. Grindey, both for his ingenuity and his hard work, and to all members of the cast.

As for Lacrosse, the House is represented on School teams as follows: M. R. Kay, A. R. Lyons and A. F. Thomas on the 2nd, on which C. N. Jenkinson and R. N. Tattersall have also played; A. D. Etchells on the U.15; and J. Dennis and P. R. Radcliffe on the U.14, on which C. R. Holmes, J. D. Shuttleworth and S. R. Sunman, have also played.

In the first round of the Knock-outs, the Seniors put up a highly spirited and commendable performance against a much stronger Gaskell side, but were eventually beaten by 8-6.

The Juniors, after two postponements, came up against Dalton, who, it will be remembered, defeated us in the final last year. This year we obtained our revenge by defeating them by 16-6. P. T. Brownhill is a capable captain, and also prominent are A. D. Etchells and P. R. Radcliffe in attack, and J. D. Shuttleworth in defence. Our opponents in the next round will be Fraser.

Thanks to a recent run of success, we now occupy third place in the House League. A poor start saw us at one time as low as fifth, but we are now hopeful of catching the leaders before the end of term.

Our hopes of success in the Inter-House Cross-Country races at the end of term are particularly high, since we are represented on the School Senior team by their top two runners, W. D. Yale, the captain, and J. O. Woodhead, and by J. S. Woodhead and P. W. Booth on the U.16.

WHITWORTH HOUSE

This term three new House prefects have been appointed. They are J. G. Banks, G. L. Cooke and I. H. Cottrell. J. G. Banks deserves every congratulation for his success in winning a Domus Exhibition at Brazenose College, Oxford.

The most pleasing aspect of the term's activities has been Whitworth's production of a play for the House Drama Competition. The choice of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, the play within a play from William Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* led naturally to the comedy so necessary to enlighten the natural gloom of a Tuesday afternoon, and A. H. Nugent in his able production took full advantage of it to entertain us all; he also played Thisbe. Notable also were the acting of the Wall (not forgetting its chink) by R. S. Bellass, Quince by B. E. Naylor and Bottom by I. M. Lawless. Many thanks must go to Mr. Dudman for his advice, and continual insistence on the audibility which is so necessary for success.

Looking back to the Christmas term, there was a most unhappy defeat for the Whitworth Seniors in the final of the Rugby Knock-outs. Ably led by P. M. Bagguley they proved an equal match for Byrom and a replay was held, and although favoured against their opponents, they suffered a 5-3 defeat, the score being further proof of the equality of the teams.

At present Whitworth are well represented on the School teams, with J. B. Kershaw and J. H. Dixon on the 1st XII, P. Barnes and R. C. M. Harvey on the 2nd XII, R. H. Dakin and R. E. Atack on the Under 15 and S. R. Ebbage on the Under 14. The Seniors have suffered defeat in the Knock-outs, so hope rests with the Juniors who have drawn a bye.

Members of the House continue to lead the Science Society and the orchestra.

The Hulme Lads' Club

COLLECTION

Our total this year is disappointing, and at £602 17s. 8d., is about £100 less than last year. Much of the discrepancy is accounted for by the loss of the last of the Richards family, but we had hoped that a greater effort would have been made to make up for it. The least satisfactory feature is the poor response of the Sixth Forms, comprising some 200 boys.

FORM TOTALS

	£	s.	d.
Preparatory Department	83	11	1
First Forms	96	13	1
Second Forms	112	5	1
Third Forms	74	16	2
Fourth Forms	79	1	11
Fifth Forms	56	18	3
Sixth Forms	77	11	6
Parents' Association	11	0	0
Miscellaneous Amounts	11	0	7

Winter Sports in Austria

At midnight on Boxing Day a party of fourteen fifth and sixth formers left London Road Station on the first stage of a journey which was to take up the next thirty-four hours. After breakfast in London we left Victoria and arrived at Dover where we embarked for a four-hour crossing to Ostend. From there the trans-continental train took us, in fifteen hours, some six-hundred miles to Munich. Here we sampled our first continental breakfast which, after a comfortable night in our reserved sleepers put a finishing touch to our train journey, for from here a seventy-five-mile drive by coach through the Bavarian plateau into increasingly mountainous country brought us to Lermoos, a typical village in the Austrian Tyrol, close to the Zugspitze (9,731 ft.), and our final destination.

We soon settled down to our first hot meal in our hotel, which, as we discovered later, had been visited two years ago by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In spite of the fact that it was Sunday we had our skis and boots fitted that afternoon and some of us even ventured out on to the slopes behind the hotel only to find that one is not born an accomplished skier. We therefore welcomed the expert tuition of Martin and other instructors, who after a week of patient care succeeded in teaching us the elements of skiing, so that about ten of us passed the beginners' test and received our badges at a grand investiture held on the last evening at the leading hotel. This success was possibly due to some extent to our earlier training in dry-skiing exercises arranged in Manchester by the Ski Club of Great Britain.

The week passed all too quickly, but each day brought its full quota of enjoyment. Although the warm wind had melted the snow in and around the village, this was compensated by the impressive ski-lift trips to the upper mountain slopes where we found good snow conditions. Even though we

made this journey twice daily, no one ever grew tired of the magnificent panorama of Alpine peaks, crowned by the grandeur of the Zugspitze.

Another interesting event in this crowded week was a visit to the German Olympic Winter Sports resort of Garmisch to watch an international ski-jumping competition. It was interesting to observe that a Russian made the best jump of the day. Great Britain was not represented!

The ancient capital of the Tyrol was also visited by some members of the party one day as a sight-seeing and shopping expedition.

When the time of departure came a coach drive through sunshine and blizzard brought us back to Munich where we spent an enjoyable evening. At midnight we boarded our plane and flew through driving snow to Brussels where we landed at 3 a.m. There we had to wait for two hours while repairs to a frozen engine had to be carried out. Dawn was breaking when we took off once more in some suspense as to where we would finally land, for Ringway was fog-bound we were told. Not until we were over the Midlands were our fears set at rest when the stewardess announced that landing conditions were favourable. Forty minutes later we were greeted by a group of parents who had patiently waited for nearly two hours.

Our thanks are due to Dr. Jecny who had arranged the holiday. We hope that he and Mrs. Jecny and Mr. Gardener enjoyed our company as much as we did theirs.

M. KAY (6.cl), D. C. JOHNSON (L.6s).

The Horizon

Many are the occasions when I have scaled the foremast ratlines to one hundred and forty feet above the rolling deck, to the point where the fore-royal mast was stepped; many are the memories which I foster in my mind of the view over that fore lower-top-gallant yard; and many are the sights which I have seen from my lofty perch.

But that was way back in 1879; in those glorious days when tropical suns never seemed to set. At that time I was serving as an apprentice aboard the four-masted iron barque, *Alcedo*, owned by Hows and Company of Liverpool, and employed in the nitrate-trade to Iquique.

When I had joined the ship, one of my first experiences was bending the main upper-tops'l, and from this point, I realised its potentialities. I was soon performing duties as a look-out, which, in steady weather, was a desirable task.

Within a short time, I had begun to respect the elements and trust the infinity, where sea met sky; that never-ending perfect, straight line, which no ship ever seems to reach, until terra firma wedges itself in and splits the line. Yet it is a lure, a hope, and sometimes a companion; the latter especially for the look-out, as he sways alone by his post. As his shipmates struggle in their oilskins against the roll of the ship, while she ships it green at every plunge to starboard, the look-out may gaze away to that placid horizon, whose straightness is never broken by the flying spray of the constantly regenerating 'green-backs', and often the source of hope for better weather.

One of my most treasured memories was of a homeward voyage in the late summer of 1880, when we had been beating up the South Atlantic in the company of several other four-masters. After rounding the Horn, we had been showing our paces, making a steady twelve knots even when 'bald-headed' and reefed-down on the tops'ls. The sky was deep blue and scattered with pure white clouds, which scudded across in little groups towards that far horizon, where the azure line of the ocean absorbed the paling sky, and the top-masts of a full-rigger were visible, as she speeded homewards. And what a glorious scene one saw from the deck. Gazing up at the house-flag on our main-top, the beauty of sail and sky, man and nature was apparent. The perfect curves and parabolas of the creamy-brown canvas, as it blocked the persistent path of the Westerly, and the wonderful effect of light and shadow upon the billowing canvas are the beauties appreciated by seamen alone. The marvellous contrast between the dark-brown of the heavy yards, as they outspread their wings before the driving wind, and the blue infinity of the sky, is a benefit which only mariners may reap. And then there is the sound. The magnificence of a heeling bow crashing into the rollers of Neptune's domain, sending foaming spray reeling back, to form a placid wake astern; while all the time the rigid figure-head strives on, gazing steadfastly toward the dripping dolphin-striker, and never heeding the myriad drops of stinging water.

Late in the afternoon, at eight bells, I scaled the ratlines of the foremast and commenced my watch. To wind'ard lay the three-masted fully-rigged ship, *Loch Tay* of Glasgow, which we had been steadily overhauling since mid-day, whilst on our lee'ard starboard quarter, a three-masted barque was forging her way under lower-topgallants and tops'ls. The fresh wind was now moderating, and, as a consequence, the mate of the watch had ordered a party to bend the fore, main, and mizzen royals, unreef the tops'ls, and put all sail on to the jigger-mast. Just before sunset, I sighted a two-funnelled steamer southward bound to Cape Town, which

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was an uncommon spectacle on the High Seas at that time. She signalled that she was the *Arizona*, eleven days out from the Clyde.

Within an hour, the sky had changed from its brilliant blue, to a paler colour, with a yellow tinge. Meanwhile, in the golden west, the fiery ball was sinking fast, painting great streaks of orange, which diverged upon the black horizon. Soon, the base of the sun was 'resting' upon the ocean and the sky was becoming deep-red, whilst a crimson pathway led from that distant nucleus way back to our very ship. The last part of the ball disappeared and the eastern sky became darker and blacker, and more foreboding, although the glow in the western sky was present for some time.

Later in the evening, we were becalmed four hundred miles Sou'-Sou'-West of Cape Verde, and, as the 'flags of dawn' appeared over the eastern horizon it was possible to see eight other large square-riggers in the same plight. Some were hull-down, whilst others were visibly drying their canvas in the early-morning rays. Our 'old man' took this opportunity for replacing the flying and outer jibs, whilst others called nearby vessels by running up our signal number on to the spanker gaff.

Scarcely after eleven though, a cry came from the look-out to say that the weather showed signs of improvement; and sure enough, when all sail had been set, foam began to appear at our bow, and eddies formed under our counter. We were under way and had beaten other vessels. Why? Because we had used Nature's 'weather forecast'—the horizon.

D. J. HIGGINSON, 6.cl.

The Tramp

The low road was cold. The tramp walked up and down a certain stretch of road running between low banks of earth, and his feet made prints in the thin whiteness of the frost. He was shivering; he had been unable to sleep—unable to do anything that brought unawareness of the intense, biting cold, and seeping frost. He walked because his mind found relief in definite action, after struggling with the frustration of emptiness that was edged with dull prickles of continual awareness of pain. Action, walking so many times through the mist that lay upon the road, brought feeling to his limbs, numb with cold and pained with the numbness, and filled his mind: the walking was something outside himself that piled up in

definite quantity, because of his own efforts, and his mind, instead of hovering with futile, teeming life round a void, closed round it gratefully. His imagination began to build, and the very thought of building, with its immediate, satisfying solidity, made ascent into new worlds daringly possible. He built a wide, tall, solid wall from action; his mind swung easily from one source of satisfaction to another—they were all the same. Then, somewhere in the back of his consciousness, a chord of disquiet. A yearning for activity, and the conquests of activity—and his recent mood was gone. There followed an awareness of a dismal emptiness; he saw the vanishing threads of his recent mood suddenly reduced in importance, and cursed the destructive, spoiling, roaming activity of his mind for breaking the comforting whole appearance of a sphere of thought, and reducing it to a dream.

He was now faced once more with the cold; with the stinging, freezing cold, which penetrated through his numb flesh to the marrow of his bones, and existed there, in all its hatred and enmity, as the essence of pain. He saw the white forms of trees against an early morning sky, mocking him from another world. He saw the dull redness of the sun, and the blueness of the ice and sky—the blueness of the ice lay hidden, leagues away—and dimly apprehended them. Hollow and painful was the apprehension, piercing his atmosphere of dense cold, and his limbs, numb and dead with cold, knew it not—instead, their own numbness, scraping clumsily against other things. He felt the barriers of his own humanity failing everywhere, and that he was being enveloped into a world of ice, and of new feeling beyond the numbness. Yet he could not submit. He shivered, and remained in his scraping, clinging awareness of warmth and life—his own world, for he could not live in any other with a fragment of a memory of what completeness he had previously experienced. It could not make sense, logic, or connection, for his mind could not connect or resolve, or draw the satisfaction of meaning out of the threads of what is apparently reason. It could only grasp gratefully at what seemed to be whole, for it, too, was tired, numb with cold, and did not care how it sought for peace.

He had walked, now, for some distance along the road, and he saw a house, down from the road, overhung by huge trees. In a white wall he saw a glint of glass, and a red curtain. Without any knowledge of what he did, beyond the intention, he blundered in. As his eyes took in the whole of the room into which he had entered—the dark wood, the red fire, pictures on the yellow walls, and the brown chairs, he felt an immense sense of relief. It was as though he had been fighting against giddiness, and had suddenly found himself

with a clear head; the duty of fighting a hopeless battle had suddenly been taken away. There was no longer any need to force his stiff limbs into action to retain his presence of mind, for all around him were the colours and shapes of his own world—he was being immersed in these qualities, and they were seeping into his very being—and because there was now no reason to fight his senses for the retention of his sanity, there came a rush of peace to his mind, and he instinctively formed a wholeness in which he could live.

With a little cry—not of despair, but of exhilaration—he fell forward on to a chair, and knew no more.

Through miles of void, he heard voices. He rose to his knees, and saw that they knelt round, and looked at him. There was a fat man, with a red face, in his shirt sleeves; there was a girl of about twelve, with an apron—and there was a woman. The girl went into the kitchen and brought out tea, but the man waved it away and produced a flask of brandy. They helped him to a chair nearer the fire, and the tramp drank the brandy, and consumed a living warmth upon which he could lean.

They received him into the household.

The tramp spent many days in that room, cared for and warmed by the fat man and his wife and daughter. In the evenings he talked to them, telling them of his life and they listened and nodded. Even as they nodded, though, he did not feel that they understood. They knew cold only as a sudden draught, or a cold room: as a contrast from their customary warmth. What did they know of days of cold, merging into nights; and the morning returning with its red sun; and the loss of feeling, and the terrible mental struggle against a final tearing away that would end in oblivion? Yet still he talked and told, and still they nodded and smiled, and gave him tea.

Gradually, the characters of the three became sharper and more clearly defined. The woman was busy and contented. The girl, too, was uncomplaining. She was growing and learning, and her voice varied from a petulant whine to a clear, warm assertion. The way that she answered her father's sometimes anxious questions gave him pleasure. But the man was different. The tramp detected, in some sigh, or phrase, a latent discontent and longing. One evening, when the man and the tramp were alone together, the conversation drifted on to the man's longing; there was a note of good-humoured resignation, as he said that he stayed for the benefit of his wife and daughter, but he himself felt an urge, always, to explore, to wander, to break new ground of experience. Things quickly tired him. When he had first come to the farm, he had been eager to taste the new experience of

ploughing, and seeing the results of his labours on his own table, and money for his family. But after four or five years this began to pall. He began to be infuriated by the slowness of the year's cycle, and the sameness of summer. Sun, blazing down on the harvest fields became commonplace, and then annoying, because work there would be hot and slow.

The tramp saw a red, perplexed face before him, working in attempts at explanation. Then came a sentence that told all. "It doesn't give my mind anything to bite on", he said. "I sometimes think, now, that I am looking forward to the winter." The man found something in the thick ice, the intense cold. The tramp understood. The man had now begun to plunder the whiteness and coldness of winter for peace of mind, as he had exploited the qualities of labour, of idleness, of heat, and of plenty. And remembering the ordeal of the frozen days and nights, and the hopelessness of the fight against it, and its intolerable end from which men fled, he realised the hopelessness also of the farmer's position, and the eventual anguish. And he realised, too, that he would presently tire of the room, and the tea, and the pictures—but because there seemed little else to do, he sank back into his chair, without saying anything.

M. J. LYNCH, 5.A.

Speed

The wet road was shining,
The 'cats' eyes' were bright,
The engine was whining
As we sped through the night.
Car lights came near us,
Were dropped, and sped on;
Fast-flying farmsteads
Loomed up and were gone.
The hedgerows flashed by
In a blur as we passed;
And the moon in the sky
Gave the light that we asked.

R. WETTON, 4B.

The Last Flight of Vardon

Vardon was an old gander, the former leader of a gaggle of barnacle geese, and probably one of their greatest pilots.

One year ago his mate, Laida, had been killed by gunshot over Spitsbergen and Vardon had yearned ever since to join his mate in the skies.

He sat there on a small rock off the coast of Iceland, with the wild foam constantly knocking his proud body from rock to rock. He knew that this would be his last flight and that the return journey to Spitsbergen would tax him to the utmost, but all he really longed for was to end his life over the nest where he and Laida had guarded their young ones.

Suddenly Nardi, the present leader of the gaggle, summoned the geese to prepare for flight and, after circling above them once, he set out for the north. Their strange but awesome cry rent the heavens, as they slowly rose upwards into the icy blast and left the jagged coast of Iceland in their wake.

After flying for several hours, a gale began to blow and the westerly wind slowly blew the gaggle from its course. Nardi, therefore, steered gently to the west to avoid the easterly drift. Ten hours passed without the geese sighting land, and the elder members of the ranks began to get alarmed for they had obviously missed the island of Jan Mayen which was to have been their resting place.

Vardon was dismayed, for he now doubted if his frail and aged body would stand up to the rest of the journey. The younger geese began to panic and the v-shaped skeins were broken, creating havoc throughout the gaggle. About a mile to the left of the flock a gaggle of pink-foot geese were also breaking up and many birds fell into the sea and were dashed to death against the rocks.

But the heart of the brave Vardon did not despair. The spirit which had led him through eighty-thousand miles of wayfaring did not give up and he suddenly rose gracefully into the position which had formerly been Nardi's. Vardon had met peril before and had won through, and now peril was again confronting the leader of those wind-blasted airways. His strong, clear rallying-cry suddenly rose above the tumult and the migrants knew that there was one bird among them who was not afraid. The birds of three different gaggles heard his cry and desperately struggled to regain their v-shape formation. As their confidence gradually returned, the birds responded to the brave leader and took up his cry until the whole sky throbbed with their peal. Vardon then struck out on a west-north-west course and side-slipped the cold western current. As day-break slowly emerged, the snowy-peaked mountains of Spitsbergen came into sight and Vardon, realising he had accomplished his task, slipped further down the gaggle so that Nardi could take up the rôle of pilot again.

Vardon was numbed, however. His eyes were slowly closing and his brain began to cloud over. As the geese passed over land for the first time since they left Iceland, Vardon recognised a

familiar ledge on the sea-shore and he plunged almost senselessly downwards to join the dead body of his mate, Laida.

The geese realised that a great leader had saved them and was going to his death and the mighty legion of ten-thousand geese filled the air with music in mourning for Vardon. It was a fitting homecoming for the great leader after probably his greatest flight of all in which he had saved a nation of birds.

R. H. DAKIN, 3.L.

A Dilapidated House

A gentle mist lies like a thick carpet around the floors and foundations of the old house in the middle of the wood. It is many many years since the sounds of laughter echoed round her deserted chambers. No cheerful light floods forth from the shuttered windows, but instead just stillness, and quiet is all around. No sign of life breaks the silence. Even the birds do not sing, as if in homage to the dead.

As you step over the threshold, an eerie chill creeps over you, and you feel as though you have been flung back through time, and are stepping into the past. The ramshackle door hangs off its hinges, and it creaks a ghostly welcome to you as you push it open. As you stand there in the doorway, you shout, 'Is there anybody at home?' Why did you shout? You do not know. You did not expect any answer. You did it by instinct. Your voice just rebounds off the grey walls, and they shout back at you. As your eyes are cast onto the old hall, for a minute they are blind to the damp, grey boards, but instead the floor is covered with thick, lush carpets, and beautiful, polished furniture, with vases of flowers, standing against the walls. Then the vision fades, and the thick carpet is only layers of dust, formed by the rot of the numerous decades that have past. You step forward, and the ghosts of yesteryear flit past your eyes. The rank smell of death and decay rises to your nostrils, and you hesitate before carrying on. The loose, rotting boards creak under your feet, as you explore stealthily the ruins. You reach out for the handle of a door, and a piece of plaster drops from the ceiling. You jump. Why? You do not believe in ghosts. You are not afraid. The door jars as you open it. It is like breaking the seal of the grave. You are confronted with the untouched, solemn stillness of death. The quiet of the tomb reigns over the house, and it is hard to think that

the room in which you are standing was once the room where the family used to gather in the evenings, and play games by the fireside.

You turn away with a sad heart, closing the door gently behind you. Your steps are heavier as you cross the hall. You turn around, take a last look, and then walk away. Why did you come back? You are a broken man, for this rotting shambles was once your own home.

IAN T. WHEATLEY, 3.A.

The Big Fish

For my birthday I had been given a very expensive three-hook wobbler—that is, a curved fishing lure.

Already I was out on the bank, warmly wrapped up in a Duffle coat, two pairs of socks, and a thick muffler. I had the wobbler on an eight-pound trace attached to a six-pound line. Already I had made some sixty casts, with no luck, when suddenly my rod tip gave a mighty jerk and almost pulled the rod out of my hands. I struck hard, and proceeded to play the monster. With my expert's assurance I could tell I had hooked a salmon, a rare catch in a river as sluggish as this. The monster lay sulking on the bottom, while I tried with all my strength to budge him.

The tension mounted. Slowly I drew the line tighter, tighter, tighter. The fish seemed to jump forward. I wound in two more feet of line. The fish was putting up an amazing fight, and although it wasn't making any runs, it had the bit in its mouth as it were, and was going downstream with a long, steady pull. I was still drawing in line. Since I had already assured myself that it was a salmon, I was expecting that at any moment it would suddenly make a superb leap into the air, and make a sudden rush for the thick roots of the Hawthorn bush that overhung the river. I sent my little sister to a man further down the stream to get a landing-net. I hung on grimly till she got back.

When the man arrived, with six or eight colleagues, and six or eight landing-nets, they all looked at my arched rod and whistled. 'Ar, thou 'ast a big 'un, young 'un,' said an old sage, with fleecy, white hair. As I played the 'big 'un' besieged with advice all the while, I kept thinking, and wondering why the fish was not making any runs. Probably it's an old one, with its mouth full of hooks, I told myself.

By this time I had the fish within five or six yards of the shore. A crowd of about fifteen or

twenty people had collected by this time, and all were watching with breathless excitement. My imagination was already covering ground faster than it had ever done before. Already I could see the headlines in the *Angling Times*. 'Boy—14, LANDS 36lb. SALMON,' and an eight by four photograph of me with my fish, and underneath, 'Commented boy afterwards, 'It came in like a lamb.' This last bit was not, of course, true, but the fish still hadn't made a run, and I now had him within six feet of the bank. Very dimly I could see a long, black shape, gliding about one and a half feet under the surface. What a whopper! Still, I was glad it was finished, because I was getting tired with playing it. I glanced at my watch—ten past! I had been playing him for ten minutes. It seemed like half-an-hour—'Come on, young 'un,' advised the grizzled sage, 'We 'avent got all day, yer knows.' I apologised and asked him if he'd put in his landing-net, because I'd got the fish into the side. He obliged and I skilfully manoeuvred the fish onto it, still under water. I then put down my rod, and with great deliberation, took the landing-net handle from him, and prepared to lift my giant fish from the water. A breathless hush descended on the crowd as I slowly raised my great fish into view. It was huge, the biggest branch I'd ever seen caught in a river before.

The bottom dropped out of my little world, and I dropped the old man's landing-net. The eight fishermen put back their heads and roared with laughter. I only managed a very sheepish grin. The rest of the crowd went their ways, grumbling about my wasting their time. The grizzled sage started moaning about his landing net, which I had so thoughtlessly dropped. I groped round under the water, but could not find it. It had been borne away under the weight of my monster.

I never saw either of them again.

D. A. RANSON, 3.B

L'Ile du Levant

One day, in the summer of 1957, my family and I set off for Ile du Levant, a picturesque little island off the southern coast of France. We spent a day in London sight-seeing and after journeying to Folkestone, crossed the English Channel to Boulogne on board a small steamer. From there we boarded a train, and after passing through Paris, crossed France and eventually arrived at Toulon, where we took a local bus to Le Lavandou on the coast, one of the smaller places on the Côte d'Azur not yet discovered by 'the smart set'.

There the sun was shining down, making us all feel very hot indeed, and so we entered one of the many open-air restaurants to have a rest. We sat down at a table, with a massive sunshade over our heads, and ordered four lemonades. These ice-cold drinks quickly refreshed us and we were just about to leave to continue our journey when we saw two red motor-cycles speeding up the narrow street. They 'zoomed' past us and 'slid' round a corner. It was a race between two local rivals, we discovered afterwards. However, they soon stopped their antics when a big, burly gendarme came running up the street, blowing his whistle all the way.

After this bit of excitement we made our way down to the water, where quite a large motor-launch was tied up at a small quay. People were already boarding the craft, and, as we knew it was the boat that crossed from the mainland to Ile du Levant, we decided to do the same. Within ten minutes the boat was on its way and half-an-hour later we set foot on the island.

There we were directed to our camp-site overlooking the sea, and we began to pitch our two tents. I much prefer camping out in the open-air to being cooped up in a stuffy hotel. It is very much healthier, but we soon discovered that in this case, there was one disadvantage about camping. This was the fact that to get to the village you had to walk for more than half-a-mile up a very steep road. However, when we did walk as far as the village, we discovered it was well worth the trip, for most things could be obtained there, including canisters of gas for our small stoves.

There were many small animals on the island, and in the mornings we used to find scores of tiny centipedes on the sides of the tents. However, one day we found two of them inside a tent, and my mother was not so pleased about that! Another thing that annoyed her was the thought of scorpions crawling about by the sides of the tents, but there were many beautiful creatures besides these rather unpleasant ones. Among these were the multi-coloured lizards which used to spring across your path as you walked about. Other creatures that were very noticeable were the cicadas who heralded the dawn with their cricket-like noises which were kept up the whole of the day until sunset.

It was very hot all the time we were on the island, and, in the heat of the day, it was lovely just to fling off your clothes and dive straight into the cool, refreshing water. There were many bathing places on the island, but we had our own special favourite haunt where we were all on our own to relax and forget Manchester's dreary weather.

Some days we used to take walks around the island and view the picturesque woods and meadows away from the sea, but we soon came up against the boundaries of the French Navy who control the island. The island is part of the outer defences of the French mainland, and is also a valuable radar station for the NATO group of countries. Other days we took trips to the surrounding islands, but we never found one as pleasant as Ile du Levant.

I had a wonderful time on the island and I hope to go there again, but it makes me sad to think that such a beautiful little place as Ile du Levant should be gradually sacrificed to the French Navy. However, this is one of the penalties we have to pay for living in a troubled world.

R. D. McGLUE, 2.Y.

Poached Eggs

It was a lovely morning. The sun rose above the crest of a nearby hill, shedding its rosy hue over the farm below.

At the first cockcrow, a watcher, had there been one, would have noticed the door of the barn farthest away from the farmhouse slowly open, and a tousled head peep out.

After a quick glance around, out came one of the queerest figures ever seen in the neighbourhood.

Not very tall, and rather thick-set, he was dressed in a loud checked sports coat, which, until the previous night, had adorned a scarecrow three fields away, and a pair of trousers which had originally been made for a man fully twelve inches taller. Strange as his attire was, it was overshadowed in more ways than one by his magnificent beard. He did not possess a hat, probably never had, and his boots, or what was left of them, depended largely on string and strips of sacking to keep them on his feet.

One thought was uppermost in his mind—food, and where to get it without trouble or payment. He really fancied an egg, or perhaps a couple of eggs, and, with breakfast in view, he set off in the direction of the nearest hen cote.

This his keen ears soon detected. The hens were already scuttering around their enclosure, clucking loud enough to attract all the tramps for miles around.

He had already decided where he would dine—a comfortable dry ditch about a mile away, with plenty of kindling almost within arm's length, so he would not tire himself too much before he dined.

Suddenly, he bethought himself, and stretching back into the barn he pulled out a disreputable-looking bag. He did not possess very many worldly goods, but all he had was in this old, dirty bag—his cooking tins, an old enamel cup, a shirt he had begged in the village, and an assortment of things he had 'picked up' in his wanderings completed the assortment.

Slinging it over his shoulder, he carefully sidled along the outside of the barn until he reached the netting fence surrounding the hen run. Peering through, he saw a sight that gladdened his heart, to say nothing of his stomach. Two large brown eggs . . . and so near to the fence. What a careless hen it must have been to lay them so invitingly near to him!

He dropped flat on to the dewy grass, stretching his hand as far as it would go under the wire mesh, towards the eggs. His groping finger-tips could touch the still warm surface of the eggs, but, try as he might, he could not move that extra two or three inches necessary to grasp them.

Panting, he withdrew his arm—never let it be said he was going to go hungry for the sake of a couple of inches.

Leaving his bag on the ground, he hunted around for a stick long enough to reach the eggs. Taking out of his pocket a battered old penknife, he hacked away at a nearby hedge, cutting and scratching himself in the process, until he eventually succeeded in cutting a long enough twig.

Back to the hen run he went, feeling hungrier every minute, and, flinging himself back on to the wet grass, poked his stick under the netting towards the eggs. It took him almost ten minutes before he finally persuaded those eggs to roll from under the netting into his eager hands.

By now, the farm was becoming a scene of great activity, and he realised that he would have to move quickly, or he would soon be caught red-handed.

Placing the eggs carefully into one of his capacious pockets he grasped his bag once more and made towards a convenient gap in the hedge.

At that moment he was seen by one of the farm-hands, whose shouts brought out the farmer himself, who immediately unleashed a fearsome-looking dog, which until then had been sleeping peacefully on the cobbled yard at the end of a long chain.

Sizing the situation up instantly, the tramp was through the hedge in a flash, across the lane, and over a wall on the other side. Fortunately for him the dog was not so lucky. Its collar caught on a briar, and it was held, panting and snarling, until released by the farmer.

By then, however, the tramp was well away, loping through the undergrowth towards his favourite breakfasting ditch.

He soon had a fire going; his frying-pan, an old tin lid, was brought out, and he carefully dipped his hand into his pocket for his eggs.

Alas, in his haste, the eggs had suffered considerably, and he instantly withdrew his hand with a shudder.

Still, he was getting hungrier, and, taking off his coat, he carefully poured the contents of his pocket into the tin, picking out the bits of egg-shell which floated around. Soon he would eat—what did it matter how the eggs were cooked—Perhaps they should have been boiled, but poached they were, and poached he'd have them.

G. L. MORLEY, 2Y.

My Morning

Wake up late
School at nine,
Mustn't be late.
Can't find shirt,
No time for a wash,
Mustn't be late.
Try to hurry breakfast,
But breakfast so hot,
Mustn't be late.
Can't find school-bag,
No time to clean shoes
Mustn't be late.
Find school-bag,
Hurry to bus-stop,
Mustn't be late.
Jump on bus,
But bus so slow
Going to be late.
Bus goes so slow,
Ever so slow,
Going to be late.
Bus goes slower,
Even slower,
Going to be late.
Jump off bus,
Run so fast, but
Going to be late.
Drop pen,
Run even faster, but
Going to be late.
Run in to master.
Detention Thursday, and
Going to be late.
Fall on stone,
Cut my hand, and
Going to be late.
Arrive at school
Oh! so tired, and I'm
LATE!

I. S. ASHCROFT, 2A.

The Battleship

The battleship lay in the bay,
With all its guns trained fore and aft,
The superstructure painted grey,
The mightiest of naval craft.

The gleaming guns that lay within
The mighty turret's armoured skin.
Flags flying in the wind that blew,
The launches in the derricks, too.

The tow'ring masts and silent stacks,
Dwarf the surrounding fishing smacks.
The beauty of this scene is marred—
The ship awaits the breaker's yard.

D. GUY, 2B.

My First Glimpse of Morocco

As our ship entered the port of Ceuta the sound of distorted music became louder and louder, and even before the gangway was down the Arabs were calling up to the passengers "Only 50 Escudos."

The noise was like nothing I had ever heard before. Loud-speakers were blaring music, Arabs were selling their wares from stalls with the majority of their goods displayed on the dirty ground. There were leather goods of all descriptions, musical boxes, lighters and clocks, brilliantly-coloured scarves and huge dolls. Taxi drivers called for fares to be driven on a sight-seeing tour of the town—then honked their way along the quay.

After taking a look round the cheap and gaudy articles for sale and listening for a while to the barterings of would-be buyers, we decided to walk the short distance to the town. Very soon we were surrounded by scantily-dressed and very thin children asking for "Engleesh penny" and "cigarette for Papa". Further along on either side of the very dusty road was a funfair where men, women and children sat on the ground having their breakfasts under pieces of sacking attached to the backs of the stalls by ropes, while half-starved dogs waited to be tossed scraps of food.

Very small boys with donkeys and home-made carts piled high with green-spiked fruits about the size of a lemon were wending their way to the town. What this fruit was we were not able to discover, but one boy cut one in half and gave it to me to taste. It was full of seeds and had a most

peculiar taste, and seeing the look on my face, the Arab boys hooted with laughter and motioned to me to throw it into the sea.

The sun blazed down. The smells were terrible, and dust was everywhere.

Further along we came to more stalls, all displaying the oddest-looking sweets I have ever seen. Great sticky-looking lumps, highly coloured, and covered all over with flies—huge ones. None of the sweets were wrapped even when sold.

As we had been advised to have nothing to eat or drink in Ceuta we decided to return to the ship, and after lunch to take a coach tour further inland and view what we hoped to be the more pleasant side of this strange country.

B. N. JOHNSON, 1C.

Emergency Ward Ten

"Prepare a bed," the message said,
"The patient, Nurse, is nearly dead!"
He lived alone, and does but moan.
His weight is barely seven stone!

The fever's high, his pulse is low
His breathing's only very slow.
The Doctor he did not attend,
For medicine, his heart to mend!

"Bring pillows, Nurse, and backrest too;
Transfusions he'll need quite a few.
Prepare a tray for an injection,
The Doctor's here for his inspection."

The patient lay there ghastly white,
Throughout the day, until the night.
Alas! Alas! the poor man died
In spite of all the things they tried!

G. VERNON, 1C.

Old Hulmeians Notes and News

We were very grateful to C. A. A. Hughes for coming to us again this term and giving us a very interesting lecture, referred to elsewhere in this magazine, on his activities in the South Pacific. He is an LL.B. of London University, a member of Lincoln's Inn, and is at present reading at Wadham College, Oxford, for the degree of D.Phil. in Commonwealth Affairs. He is normally employed

as an Administrative Officer in H.M. Overseas Civil Service. Prior to coming to Oxford on study leave he was in charge of the provinces of Chackandrove and Bua in the Fiji Group. An article on his experiences will also be found in this issue.

We learnt from Hughes that P. Rogers is an Assistant Under-Secretary of State in the Colonial Office, of which he is also Head of the Pacific Department. He has been awarded the C.M.G.

We are also glad to print an account of K. Hoskinson's teaching experiences in Canada. On leaving School Hoskinson joined the R.A.F. and afterwards went up to Cambridge, where he studied English. He has now taken up a teaching post at a Comprehensive School in Bristol.

We were glad to see D. G. Batty again during the Christmas holidays and were hoping to hear him lecture again on *Malaya*, but an earlier return to Penang than anticipated prevented him from re-visiting us.

A. W. Sedgwick has been appointed a magistrate in Bermuda. After leaving School, he went to Brasenose College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar in 1956.

Lieut.-Col. N. A. Barber who joined the 42 (Lancs.) Infantry Divisional Column, R.A.S.C. (T.A.), Manchester, in 1927, is retiring shortly. He holds the Territorial Decoration with three bars. He was captured in Singapore and spent three and a half years on the notorious Burma railway. He received the M.B.E. in 1956.

Mr. H. J. Seddon, Director of Studies at the Institute of Orthopaedics, has been elected an honorary member of the Société Française d'Orthopédie and of the Société de Chirurgie de Lyon, having been a corresponding member of both societies for some years.

Pilot-Officer B. D. Linley was awarded the Sword of Merit at the February passing-out parade of officer cadets at the R.A.F. station at Jurby, I.O.M. After leaving School he went to Manchester University, where he obtained the B.Sc. (Tech.). He has now received a two-year National Service Commission in the Education Branch.

W. G. Armstrong recently paid a visit to School. He is expecting shortly to take up a commission in the Lancashire Fusiliers and to proceed to Cyprus, where we trust he will find affairs more tranquil than has been the case during the last few years.

Manchester University degree results, announced since we last went to press, include:

Ph.D.: J. H. Cairns, J. P. Critchley, D. M. Hirst, T. L. Marsden, R. Swindells.

M.B., Ch.B.: W. M. Gould.

M.Sc.: N. Flitcroft.

The Lancashire team to meet Cheshire at lacrosse includes B. S. Galloway, F. M. McClinton, G. D. Arnold, G. Macdonald, N. C. Cuthbert and A. E. Marsland. The team to play Yorkshire includes R. M. Threlfall, R. P. M. Bond, R. J. Winfield and D. A. Hilton.

In the Inter-Varsity Lacrosse match A. O. Dyson, the victorious Cambridge Captain (Emmanuel), was supported by K. S. Williams (Fitzwilliam House). Their opponents included M. S. Blackburn (Keble), B. S. Knowles (B.N.C.), J. K. Robertson (New College), A. F. Pitty (B.N.C.), and J. D. E. Rayman (Wadham).

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS

KETTLEWELL.—On November 27, to Margaret (née Wilcockson) and Gordon, a son.

BROOM.—On November 29, to Barbara (née Watkins), wife of Thomas Michael Broom, a daughter.

DUERDEN.—On December 18, to Sheila and Bill, a son.

COCHRANE.—On December 19, to Hilda (née Cartwright) and John Arthur, a daughter.

MCGUFFIE.—On January 12, to Con and Gordon, a daughter.

ALVEY.—On January 13, to Dagmar (née Dahlgren) and George S. Alvey, a daughter.

HILTON.—On January 25, to Margaret and Dr. Denis D. Hilton, a daughter.

SOWOOD.—On January 27, to Barbara Mary (née Huntington), wife of Robert C. Sowood, a son.

CASHMORE.—On February 21, to Sylvia and Austin, a daughter.

WATKINS.—On February 21, to Anne (née Cropper) and Peter, a daughter.

MARRIAGES

BATTY—COOK.—On January 26, Walter G. Batty to Phyllis E. M. Cook.

LEE—JONES.—On February 9, Geoffrey Alan Lee to Glenys Emma Margaret Jones (recently member of Preparatory School Staff).

DEATHS

COE.—On January 17, Norman R. Coe.
PAYNE.—On February 21, Harold Payne.

Old Hulmeians Association

The Clubhouse has now been open for 17 months, but it still continues to occupy much of the time of the General Committee. It is now attractively furnished and many enjoyable functions have been held there. Donations are still urgently required to wipe off the outstanding debts and those members who have not already subscribed should send their contributions without further delay to the Hon. Treasurer. To provide additional income, your Committee has made an arrangement with the Commercial Travellers' Association, by which they make use of the Clubhouse for certain of their activities and for which, of course, they pay a fee. It has also been agreed that, subject to certain limitations in connection with the licence, it will be possible for members of the Association to hire the Clubhouse for small private parties, but these can only be of a limited number each year.

The Annual Dance on January 23rd, 1959, at Longford Hall, although attended by more people than last year, was still disappointing from an attendance point of view. It is very hard to understand why such an enjoyable occasion is not supported more thoroughly by the Association. Once again our thanks are due to H. A. Whatley, B. T. Plaskett and J. M. Gilliat for arranging the dance.

The Lacrosse Section are enjoying a most successful season, in spite of the fact that the first team has lost a league fixture for the first time in over three seasons. At the time of writing they are to be congratulated on reaching the final in both senior and junior flags and being at the head of the first division.

The Rugby Section, although less spectacular in their results, are building up soundly and their headquarters are the envy of most visiting clubs. The Motor Section continues to perform a most useful function, in that members' wives and lady friends can take part in their various events. They held a most successful dinner dance in December, 1958.

The Annual Golf competition will again be held on Ascension Day, May 7th, at the Didsbury Golf Club, and our thanks are once more due to J. A. Barber for continuing to run this annual competition.

The Old Boys' Cricket Match against the school will be played on a date still to be arranged, but any Old Boys wishing to take part are invited to send their names to the Hon. Secretary.

These notes would not be complete without a reference to the sad death of Norman Coe and,

although doubtless, mention will be made elsewhere in this magazine of his many services to the Association, it is fitting that in this column his passing should be officially recorded.

E. BARNES, *Hon. Secretary.*

Old Hulmeians Lacrosse

It is with deep regret that the Section report the death of N. R. Coe, one of the most illustrious members ever to have played Lacrosse for the Old Hulmeians. His last game for the club was under a year ago and during the course of a long and distinguished playing career, he had won every honour in the game. His sudden death on January 17th was a great shock and his loss is mourned by all the many friends which he had made, wherever Lacrosse is played. The Section also regret to report the death on February 21st of H. Payne, a former 1st team attack player.

In the N.E.L.A. Senior Flags the 1st team have again reached the Final by virtue of victories against Manchester University and the Old Mancunians. The Final, against Heaton Mersey, will be played at the Harris Stadium, Fallowfield, on Saturday, March 21st, and a first-rate game is anticipated. In recent years the Flags competition has not been the 1st team's 'forte', but the Section is hoping that the side will rise to the occasion in this match.

In the league the 1st team lead the First Division and have played some excellent lacrosse, apart from in the game lost against South Manchester and Wythenshawe, when the standard fell well below the side's usual level. This defeat was the first sustained in a league match since April 29th, 1955, and ended a record undefeated run in league matches. As is indicated by the results, the 1st team defence has once again been playing well, and the nucleus of F. M. McClinton, R. M. Threlfall and G. D. Arnold has been equal to most of the opposition attacks against which it has played. The 1st team attack has also played good lacrosse, whilst J. D. Hague, who has frequently been called on to the side as a reserve, has acquitted himself well in the First Division. Seventeen league matches out of twenty-two have now been played and sixteen have been won. Heaton Mersey, level on points, are the only challengers for the league title and the match to be played at Whalley Range on Saturday, April 4th, will probably decide the destination of the Championship.

The 'A' team have once again had a good run in the Junior Flags, but after victories against South Manchester and Wythenshawe 'A', Heaton Mersey 'A' and Old Stopfordians, the undefeated Second Division leaders, were ultimately beaten in the Final by the strong Offerton side. At the beginning of the last quarter in this match the score was level 8-8, but the 'A' team could find no answer to Offerton's finish and were defeated by 14 goals to 8.

In the league the 'A' team should finish amongst the Second Division leaders at the end of the season. With five matches to play, the side have secured 22 points from 17 games and have only lost one league match since the beginning of November. During the course of the season the team has played some really good 'crosse, and a sound young defence, backed up by N. A. Barber's ability in goal, has been the foundation of the side's success. The attack has also been playing well and G. C. Martin at First Home has had an outstanding season. During the Christmas period the Section were glad to welcome several University Old Hulmeians including A. O. Dyson, J. K. Robertson, J. Rayman, K. F. Pitty and R. K. Gibson, all of whom played a number of matches for either the Section 'A' or extra 'A' team.

In the Third Division the Extra 'A' team has again had a difficult season, but since the return of J. Fleming, on leave from the Rhodesian Police, four out of six league matches have been won and the attack play has improved out of all recognition. F. N. Skelton and F. P. Davies have also played well on attack and with a tightening of the defence play due to good work from M. J. Friend and M. F. Locky, backed up by J. Cornes in goal the Extra 'A' team has become a much more workmanlike formation. The threat of relegation to the Fourth Division is still present, but an additional two victories out of the remaining matches, should ensure retention of Third Division status.

Nine members of the 1st team were selected for the Lancashire County Trial on Boxing Day and of these four players—F. M. McClinton, G. D. Arnold, N. C. Cuthbert and A. E. Marsland—have been chosen to play for Lancashire in the annual match against Cheshire. Four other players—G. B. Lawson, R. M. Threlfall, R. J. Winfield and D. A. Hilton—have been selected for the Lancashire 'A' team against Yorkshire, whilst T. W. Batley played for the Lancashire Juniors against the Lancashire Schoolboys on New Year's Day.

Over the Easter week-end the Section will be entertaining several Southern Lacrosse Clubs, who will be touring the Manchester area. On Good Friday, March 27th, two matches will be played at Whalley Range against a Middlesex XII and

Bristol University, whilst on Easter Saturday, the Club will fulfil its annual fixture.

The 'Rebels' match against Old Hulmeians, who play for other Lacrosse clubs has been provisionally fixed for Friday, May 1st, face 7 p.m., at the Rugby section ground on Brantingham Road and all Old Hulmeians and their friends will be most welcome.

The Section Annual Dance was held at the Association Clubhouse, on February 14th and was a well-attended and highly successful function.

The Lacrosse Section Annual General Meeting will be held at Whalley Range, on Monday, April 6th, at 7-30 p.m. and the committee hope that as many members as possible will attend.

RESULTS

FIRST TEAM

Nov. 22	v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe	H	W	10—5
Nov. 29	v. Cambridge University	A	W	12—2
Dec. 6	v. Cheadle	H	W	9—1
Dec. 13	v. Mellor	A	W	6—1
Dec. 20	v. Stockport	A	W	11—2
Dec. 27	v. Urmston	H	W	18—1
Jan. 1	v. Oxford Univ.	H	W	12—4
Jan. 3	v. Old Mancunians	A	W	10—3
Jan. 10	v. Old Grovians	H	Postponed	
Jan. 24	v. Manchester Univ. (N.E.L.A. Senior Flags—2nd Round).	H	W	12—6
Jan. 31	v. Old Waconians	H	W	6—1
Feb. 7	v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe	A	L	2—4
Feb. 14	v. Old Mancunians at Urmston (N.E.L.A. Senior Flags—Semi-Final).		W	11—8
Feb. 21	v. Cheadle	A	W	9—3

'A' TEAM

Dec. 6	v. Urmston 'A'	A	W	11—0
Dec. 13	v. Heaton Mersey Guild	H	W	13—1
Dec. 20	v. Ashton	H	W	10—7
Dec. 27	v. Old Stopfordians	A	D	5—5
Jan. 3	v. Cheadle Hulme	A	D	6—6
Jan. 10	v. Rochdale	A	W	13—5
Jan. 24	v. Heaton Mersey 'A' (N.E.L.A. Junior Flags—2nd Round).	H	W	13—2
Jan. 31	v. Old Waconians 'A'	A	W	16—5
Feb. 7	v. Offerton	H	W	10—4
Feb. 14	v. Old Stopfordians at Rochdale (N.E.L.A. Junior Flags—Semi-Final).		W	5—3
Feb. 21	v. Urmston 'A'	H	W	23—2
Feb. 28	v. Offerton at Cheadle (N.E.L.A. Junior Flags—Final).	L		8—14

EXTRA 'A' TEAM

Nov. 22	v. Boardman and Eccles 'A'	A L	5—10
	(Lancs. Junior Cup—1st Round).		
Nov. 29	v. Oldham and Werneth	H L	2—8
Dec. 6	v. Leeds Univ.	A L	1—14
Dec. 13	v. Manchester Univ. 'A'	H W	13—1
Dec. 20	v. Old Mancunians 'A'...	H L	6—11
Dec. 27	v. Cheadle 'A'	A L	2—14
Jan. 3	v. Old Stopfordians 'A'	H W	7—4
Jan. 10	v. Mellor 'A'	A	Postponed
Jan. 24	v. Cheadle Hulme School	A L	0—16
Jan. 31	v. Offerton 'A'	A W	8—3
Feb. 7	v. Stockport 'A'	H W	16—4
Feb. 14	v. Oldham and Werneth	A L	3—9
Feb. 21	v. Leeds Univ.	H L	2—20
Feb. 28	v. Manchester Univ. 'A'	A W	8—7

Old Hulmeians Rugby

The season has continued to be extremely satisfactory from the point of view of the team secretaries. Despite the disturbing interruptions of three 'frozen' Saturdays, and five occasions when the Extra 'A' have been let down by opponents who did not appear, the Club has kept the playing strength up to scratch each week. Arrangements for regular 4th team games next season are already in hand, and, with the assistance of school-leavers and Old Hulmeians returning from the Forces and University, we hope to fulfil our increased commitments for 1959/60.

Unfortunately, the results do not match the enthusiasm of the members, though 'with a little bit of luck' they might have been better on several occasions. The 1st team have lost eight of their last twelve matches, but have conceded only fifty points in doing so, and on many occasions a better made pass or catch might have changed the course of a game. This lack of finishing, combined with the fact that there is no consistent goal-kicker, has robbed the side of several victories.

The side has suffered several changes because of injuries, and we hope that Norman Sedgely, Ian Birtwhistle and David Greenwood will soon be putting their football boots on again. We are also sorry to have lost Barry Edge to National Service, and hope that he will return when his term of duty is over.

The 'A' team has had a similar run of results to those of the 1st team, and the comments made on the senior side's finishing apply also to the 'A'.

The recommencement of floodlight training at Brantingham Road on Monday and Thursday evenings should polish these rough edges, and the more players who can attend these sessions the better it will be for the Club's playing standard as a whole.

As was mentioned in the first paragraph, the Extra 'A' has been considerably inconvenienced by irregular fixtures. The results therefore are not considered to be a very fair indication of their ability, as they have not had a chance to settle down in recent months.

The Griffins, a team of Old Hulmeians who are not normally available for selection, played two matches during the Christmas vacation, winning one and losing one. This was the first occasion that the Rugby Club has fielded four sides; may it be a regular feature throughout coming seasons.

Socially the Club has had a very successful season so far, but we would point out to all Old Hulmeians that the Pavilion in Brantingham Road belongs to the Association. Not enough of us use it regularly as yet.

The results since the last issue of *The Hulmeian* have been:—

1958		FIRST XV	
Nov. 15	v. Preston Gr'sh'pers 'A'	A L	0—3
Nov. 22	v. Manchester Y.M.C.A.	A L	3—9
Nov. 29	v. Leyland	H L	0—3
Dec. 6	v. Manchester 'A'	A L	3—17
Dec. 13	v. Calder Vale	H W	5—3
Dec. 20	v. Prestwich	A L	0—6
Dec. 27	v. Toc H (M/c)	A W	9—3
1959			
Jan. 3	v. Cheadle Hulme	H L	0—3
Jan. 31	v. Old Bedians	H W	8—0
Feb. 7	v. Toc H (M/c.)	H L	0—3
Feb. 14	v. Vulcan	H L	3—9
Feb. 21	v. Fleetwood	H D	3—3

1958		'A' XV	
Nov. 15	v. Preston Grasshoppers		
	Extra 'A'	H L	0—16
Nov. 22	v. M/c. Y.M.C.A. 'A'...	H L	8—11
Nov. 29	v. Leyland 'A'	H L	0—3
Dec. 6	v. M/c. Extra 'A'	H L	0—12
Dec. 13	v. Calder Vale 'A'	A L	3—14
Dec. 20	v. Prestwich 'A'	H D	8—8
Dec. 27	v. Wilmslow 'B'	H D	14—14
1959			
Jan. 3	v. Cheadle Hulme 'A'...	A L	5—6
Jan. 31	v. Old Bedians 'A'...	A D	3—3
Feb. 7	v. Toc H (M/c.) 'A'	A W	8—6
Feb. 14	v. Vulcan 'A'	A L	6—28

EXTRA 'A' XV

1958					
Nov. 15	v. Preston				
	Grasshoppers 'B'...	A	L	3—14	
Nov. 22	v. Manchester Y.M.C.A.				
	Extra 'A'	A	W	10—3	
Dec. 6	v. De La Salle T.C. 'A'	H	L	3—43	
Dec. 13	v. Broughton Pk. Colts	H	L	0—44	
Dec. 27	v. Toc H (M/c.) Ex. 'A'	A	L	0—9	
1959					
Jan. 3	v. Cheadle H. Ex. 'A'	H	W	14—3	
Feb. 7	v. Toc H Extra 'A'.....	H	L	3—35	

GRIFFINS XV

1958					
Dec. 27	v. Toc H (M/c.) 'A' ...	H	W	9—0	
1959					
Jan. 31	v. Old Aldwinians	A	L	8—27	

Matches for January 10th, 17th and 24th were cancelled because of frost.

Old Hulmeians Motor Club

It is interesting to recall that the Motor Section celebrates its thirtieth birthday this year, with a handful of founder members still retaining their enthusiasm.

The dark and wet winter, liberally laced with fog does not make inviting motoring, and so we have continued our motoring interests within the hospitable atmosphere of the Old Hulmeians Club-house at Brantingham Road, and the Woodlands Hotel, Timperley, where we held our Annual Dinner and Dance.

In November, we were entertained by a Film Show given by two of our own members, under the auspices of the Esso Petroleum Co. Ltd.

As is now usual, December is the month when we hold the Annual Dinner and Dance, which was supported by 103 members and friends, including Mr. & Mrs. J. E. Peters. After Dinner, Mrs. Peters kindly presented the season's awards, then followed dancing with distribution of gifts kindly donated by various Petrol and Oil Companies (quite a change to be at the receiving end!), so that a very happy evening came to an end all too soon.

The successful members were as follows:—

SPRING RALLY, April 20th.

D. M. Cooper (Tankard).

W. T. Curtis (Silver Spoon).

GYMKHANA, July 27th.

D. M. Cooper (Tankard).

G. F. Davies (Silver Spoon).

DRIVING TESTS, September 28th.

1. R. M. Lings (Tankard).
2. T. A. Broomhead (Silver Spoon).
3. J. L. Williams (Silver Spoon).

SCROUNGE, November 26th.

1. R. M. Lings and J. M. Glass.

PIDD TROPHY.

R. M. Lings.

Owing to a clash of dates in January, only a few of us were able to hear a most interesting talk given by Mr. C. A. Pashley on his Competition Motoring and Aviation Experiences.

In February, Mr. E. R. V. Walker came along once more, and showed us coloured projections of his summer holiday on the Continent with family and caravan, taking in his stride the German Grand Prix at Nurburg, and several of the mountain passes in the Swiss, Italian and French Alps included in the Alpine Rally. It proved a most interesting and entertaining talk with some really wonderful photographs showing Alpine scenery at its best.

New members will always be welcomed by the Hon. Sec., Allan Smith, 39 Athol Road, Manchester 16, Tel.: CHOrlton 6156.

An Old Hulmeian Out West

As soon as the plane joins circuit over Montreal one passes into the atmosphere of a strange culture; a look downwards at the towering skyscrapers, and the wide, long highways with streamlined ants rushing prestissimo along them, and one knows that this not old, decadent Europe but a big, new country; a land flowing with milk and coca-cola. Perhaps, like Linklaker's Juan in similar circumstances, one feels slightly cheated of sensation; thanks to modern photography, and Hollywood in particular, one has seen it somewhere before. Not so, however, the exhilarating drive in a Cadillac taxi-cab over and under the bewildering maze of clover-leaves—quite a frightening experience for a motorist weaned on Cheshire's country lanes; or the nonchalance of the internal airport, where light-suited businessmen book seats on the next plane to New York or Toronto as casually as if they were travelling from Manchester to Altrincham on an electric train. In

Montreal there is not even the comfort, as elsewhere on the continent, of at least hearing one's own language (more or less), for here French is the main tongue.

My destination was west to London, for a month's holiday with relatives in the baking Ontario heat, and for a first taste both of the wonderful hospitality of Canadians and of the hectic tempo of their lives. Parties, social calls, car outings—a quiet evening by the central heating is a sign of senility. Then East again, on past Montreal to St. John on the Atlantic coast; in New Brunswick, the original Loyalist settlement, life is more tranquil and less Americanised, the people more sentimental about 'the old country'. It was here that I commenced my year's teaching in High School, a solid Victorian building with no playing fields or grounds of any kind, containing seven hundred young Canadians between fourteen and nineteen years of age—and, one soon finds out, considerably more mature than their English contemporaries. This is largely, I think, because they have learned to be much more independent; family life is conspicuous by its absence, and most of the 'kids' (as they are always called) work—perhaps in stores or garages—in evenings and at weekends.

Not only is there no selection in the Canadian education system, but no streamlining inside the school itself, so that within one class there runs the whole gamut from brilliant to dull (the weakest brethren, however, having fallen by the wayside before reaching the High School). This does mean, inevitably, that the best students are well behind the standard of our best; but also the worst are considerably better than our worst, and in Canada generally, I think, one meets many fewer really uneducated people than in England. As if this practice of the 'all animals are equal' principle were not sufficient bewilderment for a product of the English system, there are also no school uniforms, and until one's eyes are accustomed to the glare they are dazzled by the coloured shirts and skin-tight jeans of the boys and the gay skirts and make-up (but, notwithstanding the fears of English headmistresses, most tastefully applied) of the girls. The warmth and gaiety is reflected in the sometimes embarrassing informality of the student-teacher relationship—a cheery "Hi!" is the customary greeting in the street—and on the football field, where, in addition to the frequent comings and goings of substitutes, an attractive team of cheer-leaders encourage their heroes with energetic cavorting and blood-curdling war-cries.

Thus, punctuated by a trip to New York and Boston, and a week's holiday in the deep south of Tennessee, passed a most memorable and interesting year's teaching. The experience does not really shed any light on the future success or otherwise

of our Comprehensive School (at first sight comparable with Canadian High Schools) because their virtually classless society is markedly different from ours, where traditional class barriers still linger; and because their concept of the implications of Democracy, as applied to education, is different from ours. They would hardly accept a definition of equality as 'the right to prove one's inequality'; but it was interesting to hear Canadian educationalists expressing concern that their ablest pupils are not being sufficiently catered for. Unfortunately for the best interests of their schools, Canada is culturally quite barren, having hitherto been preoccupied with material things, and this facet is perhaps the only one calculated to make an Englishman homesick. In retrospect, a large salary and a large car are sometimes sadly missed, but not a great price to pay for the theatre, the concert hall, and the B.B.C.!

K. HOSKINSON.

An Old Hulmeian in the Far East

There has perhaps been an unfortunate tendency for writers about the South Seas to use the word 'Paradise' in the titles of their articles or books. The authors have not been entirely to blame, however, for at least five island groups there claim to be 'The Paradise of the Pacific' and some of you may have seen this announced in post office cancellation marks on letters from that part of the world. Even poets have not been able to resist using the word and one finds, for example, that Rupert Brooke describes Fijian moonlight as a 'foretaste of Paradise'.

I am not going to disappoint those of you who may be interested in the Pacific by telling you that life there is not like being in Paradise, for looking back on the eight happy years I have spent there as a member of Her Majesty's Overseas Civil Service I might well describe it in that way. One tends to forget the hardships and discomforts, such as putting to sea in a small boat when half a hurricane is blowing, sleeping on a bed made of bamboo poles, eating strange food, mixing with strange primitive people, riding a semi-wild horse along a slippery and precipitous mountain path or swimming the same flooded, shark-infested river perhaps twenty times in the course of two miles in order to reach some distant inland village in time for court. One remembers instead only the fascination of such places as the Fiji Islands, a group typical of the South Seas.

Here one finds three hundred coral-fringed islands sprinkled across the blue Pacific, cooled

by the breath of the trade winds, sunswept and stardusted; curving palm-lined beaches; the inshore reef; crested caps of mighty ocean rollers; placid farm lands of sugar-cane and pineapples, rice and cattle; trochus shell; rugged jungle-clad mountains; gold mines; bananas; the feather-tufted sentinels of the coconut plantations; beche-de-mer; thatched grass huts; modern buildings in thriving towns.

If you look at a map of the Pacific and try to place Fiji you will see just a spatter of ink from the cartographer's pen; but if, like me, you one day have an opportunity to fly to Fiji you will see no speck of seagirt coral-dust, but a land of volcanic mountains, twin islands a hundred miles broad, trailed by a brood of green islets each feathered with a white surf reef.

Fiji has been called the crossroads of the South Seas because of its central position and one may find in Suva, the capital, representatives of every race in the South Pacific, each adding colour and grace to the passing scene: smiling Fijians, sariclad Indians, white-suited Europeans, bland Chinese, gaily-dressed Rotumans, Tongans, Samoans, Tahitians, Solomon Islanders, Cook Islanders, etc. All these form the prosperous community which lives in this British Crown Colony.

But what of the Fijians themselves, who in 1874 ceded the islands to Queen Victoria and appealed to her to bring order out of the chaos arising from the constant wars between the different cannibal tribes? Now the Fijians are civilised and wars and evil practices are a thing of the past; yet away from the towns one might be in the Fiji of old for they still live in their cane-walled, palm-thatched bures and still follow many of their ancient customs. They have an inborn sense of rhythm and harmony and love to dress up in brightly-coloured clothes for a ceremonial dance, or to honour a visiting chief by performing the impressive *Kava* ceremony. They live a happy-go-lucky communal life; their needs are few and they work only when they feel like it.

In the Pacific one may still find uninhabited islands similar in character to Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island* and indeed I was once shipwrecked on an uninhabited island in the Fiji group. But then there are over two hundred such islands in that group.

Let me end, however, on a happier note. Imagine sailing along on a sunny afternoon when there is not a cloud in the sky, the Pacific blue and as calm as a pond, your Fijian boy down below making tea and you enter a lagoon where the water is crystal clear to come upon an uninhabited island with a sweep of white beach just

inviting you to stay for a swim and to anchor for the night. Imagine all this and being paid for it, too—who is coming to the Pacific?

C. A. A. HUGHES.

Association of Old Hulmeians in London

Plans for the Spring events, mentioned in the last issue, have been held up, partly owing to the prevalence of influenza this year; but arrangements are proceeding and the Hot-Pot and Lacrosse matches will probably take place in April and May. Details will be sent to all on the London mailing list.

Any Old Boys not already in touch with the London Association—perhaps, because they have only recently moved in that direction—should contact the Hon. Secretary, G. W. Creasey, 145 Copse Hill, West Wimbledon, S.W.20. (Wimbledon 6778).

Parents' Association Notes

Since our last notes, we have had the Christmas Party Dance at the School, and once again we are more than happy to report a great success, with a record number present, and to all concerned in the arrangements we extend our sincere thanks.

Our February meeting this year took the form of a *Careers Quiz*, and on the panel we had Mr. A. Atherton, B.Sc., M.I.C.E., M.CON.S.E., Mr. I. J. Bradley of B.O.A.C., Mr. J. H. Cheetham, A.R.I.B.A. and Mr. D. Henderson Price, M.S.M.A. (Chairman of the Manchester Branch). All present will certainly agree we were very fortunate to get together four such excellent speakers, despite the detrimental weather, and illness, which occasioned changes at very short notice.

After these notes go to press we have the Staff and Parents' Supper Social, and from the huge demand for tickets we feel certain we can once again look forward to this annual happy occasion when we take pleasure in expressing our 'Thank You' to members of the School Staff.

Next term we have a Fathers' Hot-Pot Supper, at the School, on Friday, April 24th, and tickets at 4/- each, including supper, are now available from any committee member, or the School office. You are earnestly requested to make early application, and we shall welcome your friends as well, at this most enjoyable 'evening out'.

Please make a special note of Wednesday, May 27th, when our Annual General Meeting will be held at the School. This meeting is most important because it is then that you can express your confidence in your committee, or propose others to serve as your representatives. It is only by attending, and letting us know your suggestions and views, that we can arrange our future programme in accordance with your wishes. Kindly note the date NOW, and a copy of the Agenda will be distributed through the boys about fourteen days before the meeting.

In addition, next term, we have the annual Cricket and Tennis matches, the dates being given below. We need players for all of these games so please contact your Hon. Secretary, at an early date, and offer your services. We are in particular need of bowlers, and a wicket-keeper on the cricket field, and of course, we are anxious to hear from Mothers willing to take part in the Mixed Doubles Tennis.

Last but not least we have the Rainbow Whist Drives on Tuesday, June 2nd and Wednesday, July 8th, i.e., the same evenings as the cricket matches, so we hope you will take the opportunity to watch cricket and play whist if you are not actually in the teams.

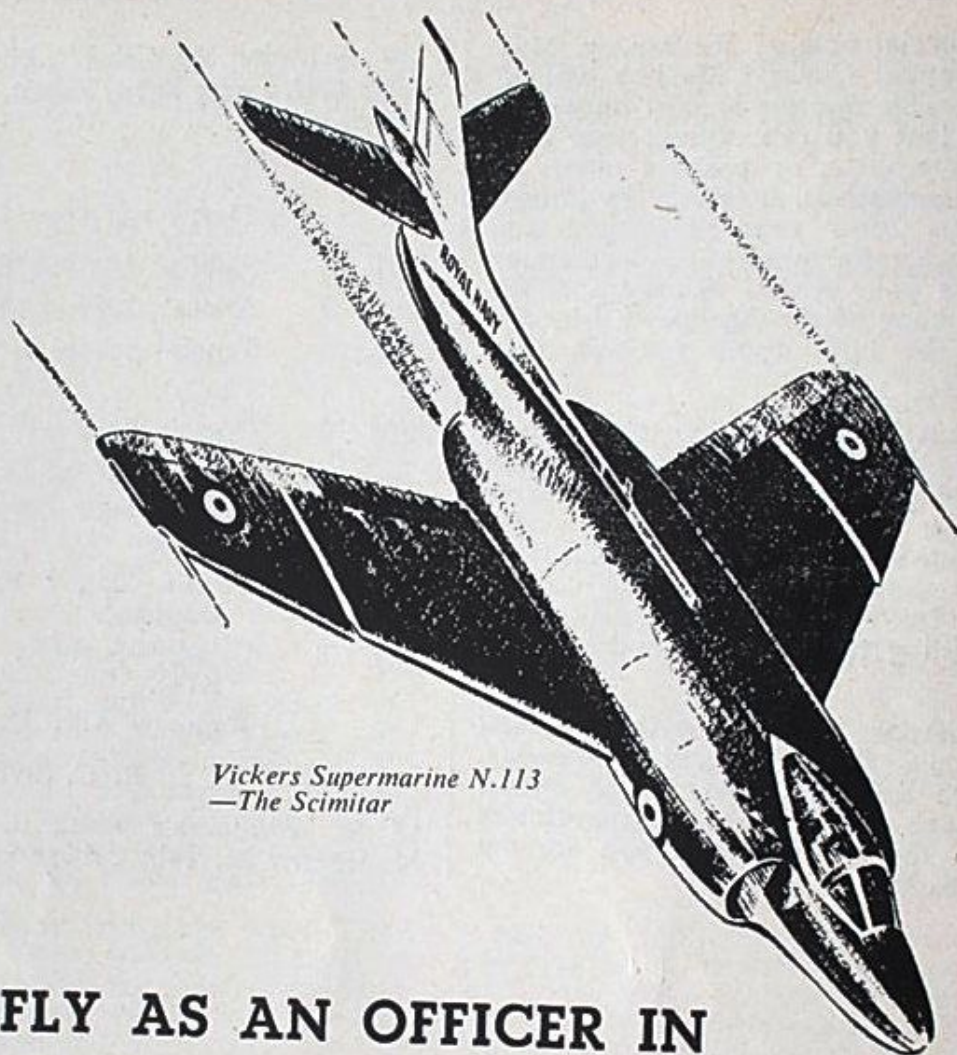
In conclusion, we wish Mr. Bird and all members of his staff, a very happy Easter, as we do the boys and all parents.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

April 24	Fathers' Hot-Pot Supper.
May 27	Annual General Meeting.
May 28	Tennis—School v. Parents (Gents. only).
June 2	Cricket—Staff v. Parents. Rainbow Whist Drive.
June 16	Tennis—Staff v. Parents (Gents. only).
July 2	Tennis—Staff v. Parents (Mixed Doubles).
July 8	Cricket—School v. Parents (1st & 2nd XI's). Rainbow Whist Drive.

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