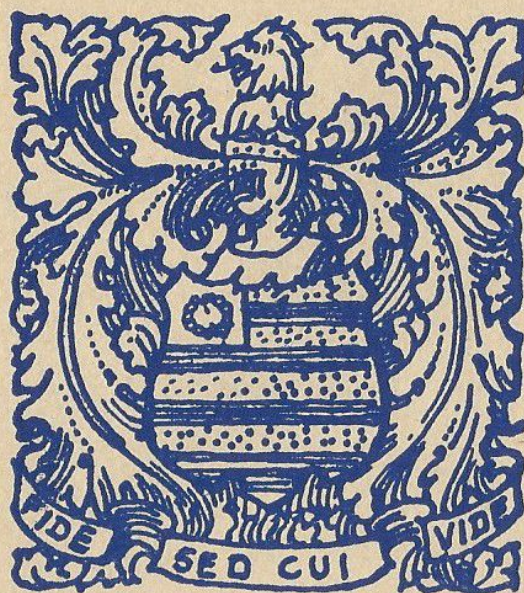


# THE HULMEIAN



*Vol. XV*

*June, 1965*

*No. 11*



# The HULMEIAN

The Magazine of William Hulme's Grammar School

VOL. XV

JUNE, 1965

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## Notes and News

At the beginning of this term work started on the Swimming Bath, which is situated behind the new tennis courts at the side of the Headmaster's house. That this phase of the Building Scheme has followed so soon after the erection of the Sixth Form Centre is due entirely to the magnificent response by parents and Old Boys to the special appeal launched in January. At the time of writing, over £15,000 has been subscribed or promised. A list of donors appears later in this issue.

We congratulate Sir Herbert Seddon (O.H.) on his appointment to the newly established chair of orthopaedics tenable at the Institute of Orthopaedics, University of London. Since he qualified at St. Bartholomew's Hospital forty years ago he has gained many distinctions: in 1933 he was

awarded the Robert Jones medal of the British Orthopaedic Association; in 1940 he was appointed to the Nuffield chair of orthopaedic surgery at Oxford; in 1948 he became director of studies of the Institute of Orthopaedics and clinical director of the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital. He has been a member of the Medical Research Council and of the Tropical Medicine Research Board. In addition he continues to take a most active interest in the School and in the Old Hulmeians Association.

At the end of last term we said goodbye to Mr. Boustead, who has been appointed a Lecturer in Ballistics at the Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham, Wiltshire. In his five years with us, Mr. Boustead has contributed fully to the life of the School, not only in the Physics labs. and lecture rooms, but in an extraordinarily wide range



of activities, into all of which he has entered with zest and with an infectious enthusiasm. He was an officer in the C.C.F., a member of the School Orchestra, founder of the Outdoor Society, Master in charge of stage electrics, and a regular member of School walking parties. His last 'outing' was to the Lake District with a group of hardy members of the C.C.F. for arduous training in the aptly-named Wet Sleddale, near Shap.

We shall miss his cheerful enthusiasm, and wish him every success in his future career.

We are glad to record the following items of news about former members of the Staff.

Miss M. G. Green, who was the head of the Modern Languages department during the war and has been Headmistress of Kidbrooke School since 1954, has been appointed a member of the Royal Commission on Trades Unions and Employers' Associations. She was for seven years a member of the Central Advisory Council for Education, and last year became a governor of the London School of Economics.

Mr. Paul Hirst, a former member of the Mathematics staff, has recently been appointed Professor of Education at King's College, London.

Mr. Ian Watts, a former member of the Geography staff, was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Northern Nigeria on March 14th, in St. Michael's Church, Kaduna. He will serve in the Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria, Northern Nigeria.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham on the birth of a second daughter.

We congratulate the Under-13 Lacrosse team on completing a memorable season by regaining the Centurion's Trophy.

The following boys were appointed Prefects last term: S. R. Amor, G. R. Cocker, I. Hassall, J. K. Irving, P. W. McNulty, R. W. Quick.

The following appointments have been made this term:

*Captain of Cricket*: P. J. Derlien.

*Captain of Athletics*: E. Rigg.

*Captain of Tennis*: M. Brown.

We congratulate R. Maskell on winning both the boys' singles and doubles finals in the North of England Lawn Tennis Championships.

We congratulate G. Reading on winning the Manchester and District Golf Alliance Junior White Cup in partnership with his club professional.

The brothers R. and J. Standley appeared in the television programme *Headliners* demonstrating the art of cadet sailing.

During the Easter holidays, School parties visited Paris, the Yorkshire Dales, the Norfolk Broads, Norwich and Snowdon.

We acknowledge receipt of the following contemporaries: *The Wallaseyan*, *The Savilian*, *Ulula*, the magazine of King's School, Macclesfield, and the *Britannia*.

## CALENDAR:

The 'A' level G.C.E. examination starts on 31st May. School examinations: 31st May to 3rd June.

The Whitsuntide Holidays will extend from Thursday, 3rd June at 4 p.m. to Tuesday, 15th June at 9-15 a.m.

C.C.F. Inspection: Friday 9th July.

Sports Day: Saturday, 10th July.

Speech Day will be on Wednesday, 14th July, when the prizes will be presented by Mr. Cyril Marsh, a director of Simon-Carves Ltd.

The Michaelmas Term will begin on Friday 10th September, at 10-45 a.m., and end on Monday, 20th December, at 4 p.m.

## The Stage

On Tuesday, 9th February, 3A presented *The Perfect Alibi* by L. du Garde Peach, thus preserving the form play tradition which would otherwise have been sunk without trace this year. Their efforts deserved much better support—it is a poor reward for hours of rehearsal and preparation to play to such a thin house.

The play has an ingenious plot based upon an escapologist's wager with a local newspaper to escape from six hours' custody in a police station. During the six hours the newspaper editor is murdered; the escapologist has every motive for committing the murder, but when the police-cell is opened, there he is, still trussed up and willing to concede the wager. All highly improbable, but neatly devised and put over with commendable confidence, clarity and conviction.

We were given a good cross-section of the local police force, from Chief Constable down to the gormless bobby. M. H. Sanig, as the Inspector, gave a polished performance, using the stage intelligently and giving the part the right sense of authority; it was unfortunate that he tended to overshadow I. H. Snowden whose Chief Constable was a little too subdued, especially at those moments when he needed to exert his rank. G. S. Lerner gave good support as the detective-sergeant, but chief credit must go to J. Berg who made the most of his part of the slow-witted Constable. He had several good comic moments which revealed a nice sense of timing—his exchanges with Sanig were in the best *Carry On* tradition of dead-pan and double-take.

A. S. Fortune gave a good performance as Ubique, the escapologist. He moved well and managed to suggest a quiet confidence in his



ability to outwit the best endeavours of the police to clip his wings. He was less successful in his outburst against the editor, but he sustained a difficult part well. P. W. De La Perelle, as Hawkins, his business manager gave him good support, though he could at times have been a little more forceful.

Of the newspaper men, T. J. Levison flashed a professional-looking camera, while K. R. Astle made the most of his brief appearance as the editor who fails to escape from his murky past. The main responsibility for suggesting the hard-boiled newspaper world fell upon G. S. Lee. His accent was a bit wobbly at times with a consequent muffling of words, but he gangled and sprawled across the stage and conveyed an impression of down-at-heel cynicism.

One of the best achievements of the cast was to keep pace with a 'live' clock on stage—this is notoriously difficult as the pace in performance is invariably faster than in rehearsal, and though the clock won by a short head the cast refused to panic. Altogether this was a well-knit production for which the cast and their producer, Mr. Phillips, deserve warm congratulations.

### The House Play Festival

This year, for the first time, the plays were all given in the same week in two evening performances of three apiece. This experiment was reasonably successful: audiences were adultly appreciative and, for the adjudicators, assessment was considerably easier than previously when the plays were spread over three or more weeks.

The first night (16th February) offered a dietary variety which, if not homogeneous, certainly proved most wholesome.

#### WHITWORTH

After the first play, Clive Exton's *The Big Eat*, interpreted by the Whitworth Strolling Players, one was doubtful that better wine could follow. Advance publicity had aroused a blend of scepticism and optimism in fairly equal proportions. With a cast of nearly the entire house and the threat of a dozen new ideas, Whitworth were clearly bent on achieving the trophy which had for so long eluded them. They had a strongly experimental tradition behind them and, although the traditionally conservative audience was consequently on its guard, pulled off their first coup before we had even taken our seats.

The curtains never rose—in fact they had never closed—and the set was still being prepared. Stage hands, vaguely technical, discussed minor details

while we fidgeted, waiting for the house-lights to dim. That moment never came. A compère-like figure with the pop of "broom, green broom" made it plain that audience-participation was expected from us as we were watching the televised final of a bizarre national eating contest.

Exton's play was written for Granada, but we were trapped into becoming part of the proceedings: the strategically-placed well-drilled house supporters ensured that. More than a play, this was a happening involving all, willy-nilly. Histrionics were at a discount: verve, timing and self-assurance at a premium.

We readily responded to the farce, to the solemn, awfully inevitable clichés. It was all there: the invocation to the Almighty ("a word of prayer"), to patriotism and to a sense of history in the name of the new gods of commercialism. Individual showpieces glittered: A. G. Skinner's benighted Anglo-Scotch M.P.; M. Syke's master-chef of ersatz cuisine, and A. C. Mitchell's immaculately virgin-tongued continuity girl.

The Big Eat contest took place, and one of the contestants dies and is removed by stretcher-bearers down the aisle. The curtain closes and, as the audience starts uneasily to shuffle, solemn organ music escorts bearers of a more sombre kind, black clad, who carry a coffin (an uncomfortably real coffin) by the return route. The rise of hairs on the nape of the neck witnessed adequately to the success of the switch from participation to alienation.

D. B. Cunningham's committal words, "a fine off-spin bowler" and "a great eater", mirrored the earlier clichés, but the twist had transformed farce to satire, and we knew that this had become a genuine theatrical experience.

Managed and produced with élan and precision by A. G. Broome, this was a triumph of planned co-ordination. Amongst significant logistics should be numbered the following: P. W. Mills's group of Arables, contestants P. W. McNulty and K. M. Dodd, the House All-Star choir singing "Hughie Greensleeves" and certain high-ranking ambulance men.

#### FRASER

*Hewers of Coal* by Joe Corrie was several strata removed. Acting experience was thin for Fraser this year and this, producer P. G. Horwich rather cleverly minimised. The play is a collector's piece of between-wars feebleness. As an example of shallow social and human analysis at 2,000 ft. below it was as barren of beef as a two-month old fish finger. The sheer clumsiness conjured up to demonstrate that, beneath his coat of grime, a miner under disaster conditions is at bottom as white as the rest of us is to be marvelled at. The



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surrealism of the dialogue in its very negation of communication is what stamps it as a connoisseur's item, however.

And yet, for the House, it had its points, and Horwich used them for his practical purposes. In the same way that Griffith concentrated cinematographic action by reducing the area of projection, this used but a third or so of the stage's width. Above, black drapes claustrophobically pressed the actors to stooping positions. It was like looking at one of those anthills with glass-walled, cutaway sides.

Limited thus in gesture and movement, the actors could concentrate more efficiently upon the dialogue. Although it elevates not to be told "Let's go with clean hands and hearts" (this, after a disaster) or "Life's sweet up there", this kind of corn could at least be heard and, although it was difficult to distinguish individuals with certainty through the gloom, it was evident that they were sticking manfully to their unappetising job.

Period-plastered with bread snatching from mates' bait-tins, talk of the "company", ambiguous sounds of pit ponies, sillicotic coughing (B. F. Saville now ague all over) this was vintage problem drama with a vengeance, deep in the heart of the Orwell country with a major difference. Whereas his miners had been drawn with a realistically appreciative pen, these had been smeared with the syrup of an on-the-dole folk-lore; the ghosts of Sir Phillip Sydney and Capt. Oates flitted too uncritically near the clumsy mesh of moderate oathing and heavy irony.

Notwithstanding, Fraser's attempt with impossible material rightly drew recognition for a well-prepared ensemble led by a determined D. P. Feeney whose first appearance gave pleasure to the audience and effective pit-propping to the production. Among others involved were D. J. Thelwall, S. R. Amor and R. M. J. Kinsey on the stage, and P. J. Jandera who organised the satisfying set.

### HEYWOOD

William Golding's *The Brass Butterfly* concluded the first evening. It reads well with wit, fantasy and message nicely mixed. Heywood produced a condensed version—about one-half of the running time only could be allowed—but the three ingredients could be still discerned, if not in the original's proportions.

Briefly, a late Roman emperor, elderly, liberal, played by T. C. Cunliffe, and his bored, bastard grandson (S. C. Harrold) entertain a Wellsian inventor, Phanocles (P. D. Roylance) and his sister (J. A. Gabbay) from sybaritic rather than progressive motives. The inventor's war-head blows the would-be usurper (J. McKay) to kingdom

come, progress is delegated to China and the sister (Christian) marries the grandson (Jovian).

Around this situation is spun an amusing and, at times, penetrating flow of comment on the illusion of progress and the problems of communication between polarised ideologies. It more than nods towards Shaw but, by avoiding excessive contradiction, clearly states some valid argument. Herein lies the difficulty of presenting a compressed version, for the play develops along organic rather than episodic lines. The result was, alas, a death by a thousand cuts.

Notwithstanding, the consequent plasmic-deficiency could have been glozed by smooth performance, but this was denied us. Two of the principals had to be constantly prompted, and the eccentric Phanocles, in most experienced hands, was as a result compelled to force not only his fellows over the numerous unscripted lulls but, more unfortunately, himself.

The production as a whole, however, revealed plenty of imagination and able intelligence. The disposition of the set was as good as any I have seen on this stage. Balance of levels was sensitive, giving unfussy exit and effective entrances, while the arrangement of furnishings lent the area an unaccustomed spaciousness.

Details too were superb. Costumes of professional standard coloured the action, and the model engines were beautiful—especially the boat which really worked. The impressive care devoted to these matters applied also to many points of production. The opening section offered a number of examples. Harrold, assured, languid and decadent, juxtaposed with the militaristic formality of R. C. Back's captain, fanfare with the fey. This was reinforced by a manic R.S.M.'s voice on tape.

Again, McKay's foresquare touch of oafish reality, a quite agreeably consistent performance (if less certain than his previous rôle) geared-in well with the Emperor's brand of paternalism which, later, was to diverge from Phanocles' idea of progress on the epicurean point of the pressure-cooker.

Up to this stage, the production had momentum and the play incision. Thereafter, as cues were lost and good lines discarded in a most cavalier fashion, the long, erratic run-down took its course.

The result may have come from an under-estimation of learning-time, but there remained ample evidence that we can boast of energetic people who, when given their head, can think in terms of the theatre.

In addition to those mentioned already was M. R. Cavanagh, a scalded veteran. P. D. Roylance produced.

A note for the curious. The title refers not to some specimen of *lepidoptera aurea* but to a kind of nut.



## DALTON

The second play evening (19th February) was soon enough for the keenness of competition to be retained. *The Good and the Bad* headed the list, a curious offering of uncertain parentage. Set somewhere between Land's End and Cape Wrath, to judge from accent variety, it had a touch of reminiscence, a dash of the creeps and a bit of gum-booted mummery. What it was about was so elusive that the audience could be forgiven for discussing it in tones of bafflement that are normally reserved for a Pinter. Was it an elaborate practical joke that induced the widow (K. S. Clare) to believe that the battered cadaver on the kitchen table was her good son? Or was it a sick whim of fate that called up her bad lad's (J. J. McMullen) "doppelganger" to stand asking for her forgiveness ('for going with the gypsy girls') by the draughty door for so long? Some sea-change was obviously at work, for it transformed D. G. Heap and C. E. Heyward from usual competence into a couple of dreary buffers. Clare too did his considerable best but it was ungrateful stuff.

For the rest, the gloom decently interred good son Jim (P. J. Wareing) who reacted to baddy Rod's decease with as much interest as he would have received news of an increase in the price of budgie seed.

Some effects were interesting: dawn broke well and lighting lanterns managed efficiently. Among 'noises off' however, I could have sworn that I distinctly heard that pit pony coughing. Perhaps it was a sea-lion.

## BYROM

This house played safe with *The Pen of My Aunt* by Gordon Daviot. Set in Nazi-occupied France, it described the deception of the Gestapo (R. S. Dale) by a quick-thinking respectable Frenchwoman (I. M. K. Lowe) to aid a Resistance member (R. E. Cox). Tension arose from whether the ruses employed would work—all very mild and practical.

Best scene was the opening when Lowe was discovered in an attitude of some elegance at the *escritoire*. The dignity of demeanour impressed and in part compensated for a voice which in the course of time had arrived at a half-way-house stage. He and his fellow feminist, N. F. C. Fleming, a maid, coped well enough with routine rôles. Dale's caricature of the house painter of Linz fairly bristled with blind duty's devotion but it scarcely menaced. His elusive Resistance quarry pleased with unaccustomed brashness, but there is little else to add.

There were no major mishaps, neither were there any major demands. Directed by Cox, the company was competent but could not be accused of overweening ambition.

## GASKELL

Like most morality plays, *Everyman* is not everyman's cup of tea. The dramatic convention of the period requires a conscious adjustment of attitude, especially when presented by amateurs outside a church and straightly undilute from the mediaeval barrel. With language virtually and concepts completely unmodified for modern consumption, some of the ideas stick in the craw.

The defence of the priesthood, for instance, is difficult stuff to swallow in a post-Reformation day, assuming anyone to care anyway. Other passing apologia for Romanistic dogma similarly jar. The shadow of Death himself is sufficient to make us free-will motivated individuals gag at the very thought of his introduction. We need no reminding, we want none. It may have been suitable for those hermits who made their beds of their coffins—and meagre larders too, for all we care—but this is not for us; it is irrelevant to today's tempo of life.

However, it is precisely this emphasis in *Everyman* on what has become irrelevant to us, this relegated reality, that wars still on the spectator's nerve-endings in performance. The nagging tooth will not heal itself, the living man cannot adjust himself but must be adjusted to the mystery of death in life by repentance and acceptance.

This play thus has a very real message still for us who stink of mortality, and in a number of respects it was a brave attempt for a house to present it. The cast required, even in a cut version, is large and the standard of declamation high. Both for choice and for preparing his limited resources, producer G. Hibbert is to be congratulated on making such uncompromising demands. That the performance was not entirely satisfying need not disturb him unduly, for the evidence of the well-applied and intelligent energy which brought the production to a viable pitch in the first place was plain to see.

While speech was up to the minimum standard of audibility throughout—a few, indeed, notably surpassed it, especially R. H. Davies as Prologue and Epilogue, and T. J. Davies, a splendidly resonant and ominous Death, and God, P. L. R. Wood—projection foundered, as so often, on gesture. The most popular was a forward movement made simultaneously by both arms, reminiscent of pushing a lawn mower or, as someone sportingly remarked, appropriate to a slow scrum-half. For production involving stylised gestures, house producers are recommended (and this is given completely free of charge) to zip up the pockets of their rehearsing casts (if this is impractical, the trousers may be worn reversed) and to tie heavy weights to the wrists. As a result, none will seek refuge in fumbling for non-existing



side vents in tights, neither will arms move without deliberate intent and significance.

The impressively simple and spaciouly illuminated set highlit each unwanted movement, but the solemn perspective which it lent to the picture-frame stage was absolutely right. Only on a scaffold stage in our midst can the original be faithfully reproduced, but by the lighting, the substitute of projected convexity was excellently realised. In staging, Gaskell technicians worthily upheld a justifiably sound reputation.

Everyman himself was C. J. Bullough, neat-suited, vacillating and full of complaint. The last two characteristics are in the script but the first offered problems of identity: an industrial paint salesman? Us? We were, however, spared a mod/rocker interpretation set in a Brighton police court.

Supporting adequately, some firmer than others, but all modestly in a devotional sense were: D. Lord, T. J. Wales, C. L. Mottram, P. D. Grundy, T. M. Grimshaw, M. F. Slater, P. Hollinshed and I. W. Pamphilon.

This production should be adjudged a success. Some blemishes have been indicated and I dare say there were others. But more than compensating for these was the sensitive yet firm control of a substantial piece which has much to say still to us today, and the harmonised subjugation of a large number to a worthwhile collective effort.

G.W.J.

The result of the Competition was as follows: 1, Whitworth; 2, Byrom; 3, Heywood; 4, Gaskell; 5, Fraser; 6, Dalton.

## THAT WAS THE TERM THAT WAS

The 'establishment' quavered, austere faces blenched, muttering was heard in high places, when it became apparent in the early Spring that the satire virus had infected the School. It was rumoured that some unheard of form, actually in the Middle School, was planning to produce a revue. It was 4A. And they did.

After a mammoth and resourceful publicity campaign, in which the strangest claims were made about the most improbable people—the day dawned when the household gods were to be spring-cleaned, shibboleths molested, or whatever is done to shibboleths, sacred cows to be knackered, and the rule of law shaken to its foundation—but all in the aid of the swimming-pool appeal.

In the event, things weren't as bad as all that. There were one or two topical references, a boy was seen twirling his gown, a hint of blue smoke was glimpsed—but very little offence was given,

the tone staying much nearer to the wacky than to the barbed. Which perhaps was just as well. There were some appalling jokes, a lot of good humour, a willing chorus-line, one or two performers with a good ear, and one or two magisterial figures to be seen actually in short trousers.

The best idea was a psalmist's version of the School rules; the best timing was in a sketch with four radio stations; the most confidence in an opera without music; the funniest moment was in what might have been called 'A short way with dumb insolence'.

The revue was presented, one gathered, by aveyardbarnesbroadhurstdanielldaviesdoddffletcher-gammongozemhallworthhaywardhoustonlernerphil-liprhodesrosssarjeantyoung, known evidently to his friends as alii (or Al?).

## Stage Notes

Soon after the start of the term, planning for the two play evenings started. After the plays were allocated to the individual stage managers they began to inquire into the requirements for the plays. All the sets were enterprising and surprisingly varied, despite the fifteen minute scene-changes necessary. The most awkward change was from the coal mine in Fraser's presentation of *Hewers of Coal* to a Roman villa in Heywood's *The Brass Butterfly*. The idea of three plays per night proved successful, managing to attract larger audiences than in recent years for single productions.

The Whitworth play *The Big Eat* stage-managed by D. J. Fletcher, proved to have a novel and new method of presentation. With the Main Tabs open before the play, causing a lot of consternation among people 'not in the know', the effect of a television studio was very realistic although the idea of a studio strays and trespasses on to ground foreign to the Stage Staff.

Owing to the plays not being spread out over several weeks, this year we had a lot of spare time. Some of this was put to good use by spring-cleaning, and the tunnel has never been as bright or polished as it is now.

We are looking forward to our next challenge, 4A's *That Was The Term That Was*, that is appearing on our boards two short weeks after Easter. After that there is a pause until, we hope, our annual production comes off, after the G.C.E. Exams. We hope that we can attract a large audience, because we have several surprises in store, and we hope that the play will be as great as, if not greater than, last year's success.

G. R. COCKER.



# The Easter Concert, 1965

This Easter Concert must be regarded as a notable occasion: not only was the elegant Upper Hall most properly being used but also the support given by members of the School, parents, and friends was most gratifyingly substantial. No less substantial was the programme of 19 items (some composite) of commendable variety and rendered by a wide range of performers: orchestra, choirs, recorder group, instrumentalists, singers, and various small groups.

The orchestra worked bravely (particularly with the Mendelssohn) and deserves congratulation. Preparation demanded for the offering of no less than 10 separate pieces is high enough to tax much more experienced performers; we enjoyed the results of their very considerable efforts, and the separate items by strings and wind was a pleasant innovation. The school choir, however, was never really happy with its somewhat 'folksie' programme—it was not their night! But the spirited performance by the Preparatory Department of *The Daniel Jazz* was most refreshing: singers and listeners were alike enthusiastic.

Of the smaller groups the recorders were sweet, and R. G. Edwards, T. C. Cunliffe, R. E. Cox and Mr. Seddon delighted us with a fine musical performance of four nonsense songs. In very different vein, but still of a high musical and dramatic quality, was a rendering by M. Sykes, J. McKay and G. Stansfield of a folk song arrangement in the currently popular idiom of the 'beat'.

The concert fittingly concluded with a vigorous rendering of *Jerusalem* (*tutti*), performers and audience being well satisfied by a full and interesting evening's entertainment.

The programme was as follows:

1. Orchestra: Occasional Overture ..... *Handel*
2. Recorders: 3 Airs from "The Beggar's Opera" ..... *Pepusch, arr. Hunt*  
Over the Hills and Far Away;  
Lillibulero; O Polly, you might.
3. Choir: The Waits ..... *Jeremiah Savile*  
Now, O Now I needs must part .... *Dowland*  
See the Conquering Hero ('Judas Maccabeus') ..... *Handel*
4. Strings: Entracte No. 2  
(*'Rosamunde'*) ..... *Schubert*  
Keltic Lament ..... *J. H. Foulds*
5. Folk Song: The Times they are a-changing  
R. G. Edwards, T. C. Cunliffe.
6. Trio Sonata No. 2 in G ..... *Bach*  
R. E. Cox, M. B. Gillett, A. P. Hamnett,  
Mr. Gordon,

7. Choir: Two Negro Spirituals  
Nobody knows the Trouble I see;  
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.
8. Orchestra: Slow Movement from Symphony  
No. 4 ('Italian') ..... *Mendelssohn*
9. Preparatory Department:  
The Daniel Jazz ..... *Herbert Chappell*

— INTERVAL —

10. Orchestra:  
A Children's Overture ..... *Roger Quilter*
11. Nonsense Songs: The Kilkeny Cats;  
Pussy's in the Well; Peter Piper;  
Mary Had a Little Lamb  
R. E. Cox, R. G. Edwards, T. C. Cunliffe,  
Mr. Seddon.
12. Recorders: 3 Tunes from the Fitzwillian  
Virginal Book ..... *arr. Ward Gardner*  
La Volta (*Morley*); A Toy (*anon*);  
The King's Hunt (*Bull*).
13. Folk Songs: Sinner Man;  
I know where I'm going  
M. R. Cavanagh, W. P. Cavanagh.
14. Choir: Rolling down to Rio .... *Roger Quilter*
15. Wind Ensemble (directed by Mr. Freeman):  
March ('Magic Flute') ..... *Mozart*  
Air and Trumpet Tune ..... *Purcell*
16. Folk Songs:  
Song in way of an Epitaph (*Rossetti*);  
Wee, Wee Baby  
M. Sykes, J. McKay, G. Stansfield.
17. Orchestra: 3 Dances from 'Tom Jones'  
Morris Dance; Gavotte; Jig.  
*Edward German*
18. Choir: 3 Negro Spirituals  
Steal Away; Were you there?;  
The Battle of Jericho.
19. Jerusalem.

## C.C.F. Notes

The past term has been comparatively free from interruptions and much useful Military Training was completed. The weather ensured that much of this was carried out indoors, and so the training this term is very biased towards outdoor work.

In 'A' Coy. the Signals Platoon has been extremely busy. Not only did they carry out their essential task of preparing cadets for the classification examinations, but they managed to find time to provide communications for the N.S.S.A. Cross-



Country Run and the Toc H Rugby Seven-a-Sides. No. 2 Platoon continued with Advanced Infantry Training; all survived a lengthy Map Reading Exercise on Field Day. They no doubt envied the members of No. 3 Platoon, who were sitting around Primus Stoves cooking their lunch after erecting their tents. This proved to be a pleasant break from their Civil Defence instruction which a few find to be a little gruesome at times, but nevertheless enjoyable.

'B' Coy. continued with Basic Infantry Training and realised how unfit they were during Field Day when they made their first attempts at Patrolling. Many cadets (and N.C.O.s) were absolutely exhausted and were very glad to return to School. Even the usual chorus was missing.

This Easter, ten senior cadets under the supervision of Mr. Boustead and R.S.M. Ashton took part in a week's Arduous Training at Wet Sled-dale, Shap. Its aim was to provide the cadets with more experience in long and short range patrolling as well as experience in the running of a base camp and life in the field.

The first day was spent putting up the camp and giving orders and briefing for the rest of the week. The cadets were split up into three patrols, and the general and cooking fatigues were done by these in turn. The aim of the first three days was to prepare the cadets for the 3-day patrol at the end of the week. R.S.M. Ashton endeavoured, too efficiently, to have everyone fit with his early morning Marine P.T. drill.

On the Saturday there were two map reading exercises. The first passed without incident, whereas the second, allegedly miniature, lasted five hours, and proved more of a route march. The three patrols accidentally met shortly after the start, and were then driven on to complete the course by a Sergeant-Major, who was nearly lynched en route. The patrols arrived back at camp late in the evening and received their meal, due at 19.00 hrs., at 23.00 hrs.

Sunday gave a welcome relief from any strenuous activity: the afternoon was spent in revising the aims of recce patrols and short range patrolling.

Monday proved a most unsuccessful day. A sheep (so it was claimed) caused the truck, fortunately without passengers, to go into a ditch at the side of the road, and consequently there was a late start to the day. The recce patrols in the early afternoon failed miserably, one completely throwing to the winds the elementary rules of camouflage, the second failing to pin-point the position of the enemy. Therefore, the fighting patrol, in spite of a good choice of route, failed through its lack of knowledge of the enemy position and attacked a large stone ten yards to

the enemy's front! In the evening everyone bathed their feet in bowls of potassium permanganate (a method apparently used by the Marines) in preparation for the 3-day patrol.

The following morning involved further preparation, i.e. packing of man-packs, choice of routes, drawing of food and equipment. The patrols, after a good meal, were taken out and dropped at three different points. They were to return there by 12.00 hrs. on Thursday. The patrols (British troops landed in occupied England) were to recce four targets and obtain necessary information.

Each patrol had its fair share of incidents. One, perhaps taking 'Arduous' too literally, owing to the pressures of time spent Wednesday evening on the top of Shap with merely sleeping bags and groundsheets. Although three of the patrol claimed to have slept well, a fourth decided to seek the warmth and shelter of a nearby telephone box at 02.00 hrs. on Thursday. A second patrol sought the guidance of the fairer sex in obtaining information, and later accepted a lift under the pretext of being on an initiative test. It must be remembered that the patrol was supposed to be done unseen! The third patrol appear to have lived rather well and were unfortunately disturbed while taking an afternoon nap (sleeping bags out) on the top of Shap by Mr. Boustead and R.S.M. Ashton. This must have had a lasting effect on the patrol, for while cooking the meal on Thursday evening, they put processed cheese instead of margarine in the dried mashed-potato powder.

In spite of the incidents, all three patrols arrived at their checkpoints before time, none the worse for their ordeal. The distance covered was between 40 and 50 miles depending on the routes taken. Although the patrols were seen, the information gained and the map-reading of them all was first-class. They were welcomed back at base camp with a superb 4-course meal cooked by R.S.M. Ashton.

The cooking of the cadets surpassed all expectations. Personal cleanliness was strictly enforced at all times. This could be seen by the number of cadets returning to wash dirty mess-tins after a tent inspection.

Friday saw the return to home comforts and the departure of Mr. Boustead.

Twelve cadets under the supervision of Mr. Boustead participated in another Field Week-end at Crowden. It was a continuation of the struggle between North and South Land Forces. Its aim was to give experience in short range recce fighting patrols. Owing to the hardness of the ground for tents, the cadets slept in the range hut and cooking was done on the cooker there.

On Saturday afternoon two patrols made a recce of the enemy position below Luddow Rocks in



preparation for the night attack. These were both carried out successfully.

The fighting patrol left at 20.00 hrs. that evening, and made its way cautiously to the enemy position, successfully sending out a decoy to attract the enemy's attention. The rest of the patrol split into two and attacked a forward enemy position from behind; an attack welcomed by the enemy as they were almost frozen to death. A second enemy position, however, remained unmolested.

The following day three patrols set out on a ten-mile map-reading exercise. Two of the patrols completed this successfully, while the third went astray after the first checkpoint.

The cooks must be congratulated on a high standard of cooking.

'A' Coy. training this term will soon dissolve before the demands of external examinations, and many of its junior members will be required to assist with instruction to 'B' Coy. As a large number of cadets will be taking part in Arduous Training at Camp, which is to be held at Brecon, the training for the younger cadets is biased towards the preparation for this. The erection of tents on the field and the scent of frying sausage will indicate the presence of this training, and not the establishment of a rival to the existing indoor organisation.

The small pilot scheme for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award is now functioning and plans are well in hand for the first major group who will start in September. Boys who are interested in the scheme should note that registration will take place this term and it will be too late to join next term. The intention is that boys complete the scheme during their year in the lower sixth (those ex-5Y during middle sixth). The Public Service Course for next year will be Fire Fighting.

The conclusion to the term's training will be the Annual Inspection on 9th July. The inspecting officer will be Brigadier A. D. Firth, O.B.E., M.C., and all parents are invited to attend.

It was with very deep regret that we said our farewells to 2/Lt. I. Boustead at the end of the term. He laid the foundation for Arduous Training and organised many week-ends on Crowden and the Camp at Shap this Easter. He also held posts as Signals Officer and Training Officer during his all-too-short stay at the School. We wish him all success at Shrivenham.

## *Promotions:*

To Sergeant: Cpl. Mitchell.

To Corporal: L/Cpl. Rushton.

To L/Cpl.: Cdt. Cundey.

## *Signals Classification Results:*

The following cadets qualified: Cpls. Lodge, Bailey and Heap; L/Cpls. Assar, Maskell and Wilde; Cadet Whitworth.

## Lacrosse

### FIRST XII

Four members of last year's team, P. F. Veitch, D. L. Worthing, G. Casale, and J. Blake, were again available, and provided the backbone to a side that played fast, skilful lacrosse, which was very entertaining to watch.

It was unfortunate that for various reasons beyond our control the number of matches played was much smaller than usual.

On the whole, the attack played extremely well, but were inclined to lose confidence against the more experienced defences. Blake and Casale were the highest goal-scorers and left many a defence flat-footed with their deceptive running and expert handling. Indeed, at times they became too individual, but the rest of the attack got used to drawing their men to provide these two with open runs at goal. Blake, especially, astounded defences, as well as his own team, with seemingly 'impossible' shots, when coming from behind, round the goals.

P. D. Hanson and P. J. Derlien were the 'feeders' for these two, and maintained a steady supply of accurate passes to the front of goal. This was Derlien's first season of lacrosse for two years, owing to his leg injury, and his skill and courage are all the more praiseworthy. J. K. Irving had a powerful shot, but could have made more use of it; however he managed to fell that huge, indomitable stalwart of the Old Hulmeians' defence, F. M. McClinton—an event rarely seen—with a particularly vicious shot!

The defence played soundly throughout the season, and was expert at the art of covering, when it was needed. Worthing was the most competent and reliable defender, and thus found himself having to mark the most dangerous attack players, to his annoyance. His coolness under pressure helped the defence out of a few tight positions, and his forcing brought some fine goals. J. S. Street started the season playing at centre, but was moved into the defence to add strength, and K. L. McMurtrie took over at centre, where his fitness and speed were usually superior to his opponents'. K. W. Nightingale was the only member of last year's U.15 side to be included in the team, and although a bit hesitant at first, he went on to play strongly and assuredly.

G. B. Brister, in goal, made very few mistakes, thereby giving confidence to the defence, and he achieved some miraculous saves. He has proved a worthy successor to N. M. Kennedy.

In the Junior Flags competition, the team gave a good performance in beating Boardman and Eccles 'A' 16—3, but unfortunately could not match Leeds University's high standard, in the second round.



The School were again unbeaten by the three other School teams, Manchester G.S., Stockport G.S., and Cheadle Hulme School. Cheadle Hulme were a big, powerful side, but the team played particularly well, giving their best performance of the season in beating them convincingly.

Our defeats at the hands of the University sides of Leeds and Sheffield were disappointing to us all, and we could possibly have beaten Sheffield. Leeds were a very strong team, and included six Old Boys, of whom the Kennedys and Beaumont were outstanding. However we continued to fight throughout the game, never losing heart, and gave a very worthy account of ourselves. The most exciting match was against Heaton Mersey 'A', with whom we drew 13—13, after leading 13—9 at three-quarter time. Attacks were dominating in this game, and goals consequently came fairly abundantly.

The Old Hulmeians, as usual, gave us a sound thrashing, though the score was by no means a true reflection of the play, and they admitted afterwards that we had been one of the strongest of the School teams they had played against. Casale, especially, proved very troublesome to the Old Boys' defence.

At the end of the season there was a 6-a-side competition at Cheadle Hulme School's ground, which we won fairly comfortably, being unbeaten, although we were surprisingly held to a goalless draw in the first round, by Manchester G.S.

Colours were re-awarded to P. F. Veitch, D. L. Worthing, G. Casale, and J. Blake, and awarded to G. B. Brister, J. S. Street, K. W. Nightingale, P. J. Derlien, P. D. Hanson, J. K. Irving, P. W. McNulty and K. L. McMurtrie.

Brister, Worthing, Street, Veitch, McMurtrie and Blake represented Lancashire in their success against Cheshire.

## RESULTS:

v. Stockport G.S. ....	H	W	9—6
v. Boardman and Eccles 'A' .... (1st Rd. N.E.L.A. Jnr. Flags)	H	W	16—3
v. Leeds University .....	A	L	4—16
v. Sheffield University .....	A	L	6—10
v. Leeds University .....	A	L	2—11
(2nd Rd. N.E.L.A. Jnr. Flags)			
v. Manchester G.S. ....	H	W	17—0
v. Heaton Mersey 'A' .....	H	D	13—13
v. Manchester University .....	H	W	7—3
v. Cheadle Hulme G.S. ....	H	W	13—5
v. Manchester G.S. ....	H	W	14—0
v. Old Hulmeians 1st .....	H	L	2—17

Won 6, Lost 4, Drawn 1. Goals: For 103, Against 84.

## SECOND XII

At the beginning of the season, a large score to our credit in the second match helped build up a confidence that stayed with us throughout the term. As this was in the first round of the Lancashire Junior Cup, we were naturally very pleased. The next match, at Leeds against Leeds University 2nd was, despite the score, very entertaining owing to the three inches of snow on the pitch. Much to our surprise, our win over Heaton Mersey 'B', in the second round of the Cup, was fairly easy, but in the next match, against Birmingham University we met a hard fighting team.

In the Semi-final of the Lancashire Junior Cup we sustained our first defeat, stemming primarily from our inexperience and failure to set a more lively pace, which would, perhaps, have soon tired our Club opponents. It was an enjoyable game, being both hard and clean as well as very close. The result against M.G.S. 1st Team was rather disappointing, because we had led 4—0 just after half-time. A week later, with a much weakened side, we played M.G.S. 2nd Team but we managed to improve on our previous score. The Old Hulmeians 'A' once again were masters of the situation, and we followed the previous School 2nds into defeat.

The team, as a whole, played well throughout the season, but in the last few games the attack lost its penetrative power and had to rely on overwhelming the opposition's defence by weight of numbers. The defence played well and hard in every match, but the covering was sometimes a bit slow.

## RESULTS:

v. Nottingham University .....	A	W	7—5
v. Boardman and Eccles 'B' .... (1st Rd. Lancs. Jnr. Cup)	H	W	24—0
v. Leeds University 2nd .....	A	W	25—3
v. Sheffield University 2nd .....	A	W	14—8
v. Heaton Mersey 'B' .....	H	W	11—1
(2nd Rd. Lancs. Jnr. Cup)			
v. Birmingham University .....	A	W	12—5
v. Manchester G.S. 2nd .....	H	W	22—0
v. South Manchester and Wythenshawe 'B' .....	A	L	6—7
(Semi-Final Lancs. Jnr. Cup)			
v. Manchester G.S. 1st .....	H	D	4—4
v. Cheadle Hulme School 2nd ....	A	W	16—6
v. Manchester G.S. 2nd .....	A	W	26—2
v. Old Hulmeians 'A' .....	H	L	4—17

Colours were re-awarded to: M. Brown and D. S. Buckley, and awarded to: A. Barnes, G. R.



Cocker (Capt.), I. G. Cundey, M. L. Ford, D. P. Gaskell, J. N. S. Hancock, A. Labaton, K. B. Lodge, A. J. McGlue and M. J. Slater. G. J. Cooper, D. G. Cowan, D. B. Cunningham, O. A. Jackson, G. Livings and K. L. McMurtrie also played.

### UNDER 15 XII

This year's side has had a successful season and has played attractive Lacrosse. The defence has been solid and reliable, covering and clearing well, and giving tremendous help to the attack by intelligent forcing play.

The attack has been rather small, but the handicap in lack of stature has been offset by nimbleness with speed and skill in handling. The approach work has often been excellent, but has frequently failed to bear fruit owing to very poor finishing. A lack of steadiness in front of goal has wasted innumerable opportunities of scoring.

The team has played enthusiastically under the captaincy of M. L. Derlien and has felt secure with the very competent goal-keeping of J. P. Ketley. Both these players were selected for the North of England Colts XII which defeated the South on 10th April.

#### RESULTS:

Played 11, Won 8, Lost 3.

v. Brownley Green School	H	L	4—6
(2nd Rd. Jnr. and Schools Cup)			
v. Audenshaw G.S. Under 15	H	L	6—10
v. Mellor Juniors	H	W	12—5
v. Stockport G.S. 2nd XII	A	L	5—9
v. Manchester G.S. Under 15	A	W	8—2
v. Woodhouse Grove School	A	W	16—0
v. Manchester G.S. 2nd XII	H	W	6—2
v. Stockport G.S. 2nd XII	H	W	3—2
v. Cheadle Hulme School			
	Under 15	H	W 8—5
v. Manchester G.S. Under 15	H	W	7—3
v. Ashton Juniors	A	W	5—4

The following boys have played regularly: M. L. Derlien (Capt.), K. M. Dodd, J. P. Ketley, D. W. Gammon, E. E. Broadhurst, C. J. Oxford, G. S. Simpson, G. Peart, W. A. Veitch, M. Benson, R. J. Finnigan, D. J. Fletcher, M. D. Mitchell, G. Maule.

M. L. Derlien, J. P. Ketley, K. M. Dodd, G. S. Simpson and C. J. Oxford were chosen to play for the Lancashire Colts XII which defeated Cheshire.

### UNDER 14 XII

This is potentially a good team whose members under-rate their own ability, so much so that two games were drawn that would have been won had they woken up earlier—against Audenshaw two goals were scored in the last eight minutes. The defence is solid when not absent forcing, and has been very competently led by the captain Lind; its main weakness has been in clearing, but by the end of the season the ball was being worked up-field quite well. The attack makes the ball work and is quite unselfish even against weak opposition; individual goals have been refreshingly rare, and with increased size and strength this team could become a formidable scoring machine.

There is no regular goal-keeper. Both Robson and Makin show great promise—but show equal promise as attack players. What is one to do?

Team: R. D. M. Lind (capt.), P. R. Day, (vice-capt.), P. F. Atkinson, B. Brittain, H. J. Davies, R. N. Dixon, J. S. McQuin, J. Makin, G. Reading, K. E. M. Robson, J. R. Turner, R. G. Walker. Also played: I. G. Pearson (4), J. A. Wheatley (2), T. A. Fannon (1), A. D. Toft (1).

#### RESULTS:

v. Ellesmere Park U.15	D	4—4
v. Stockport G.S. U.15	W	12—2
v. M.G.S. U.15 2nd	W	20—0
v. Heaton Mersey U.15	L	5—9
v. Audenshaw G.S. U.14	D	4—4
v. Stockport G.S. U.15	L	7—8
v. Cheadle Hulme U.14	L	4—8
v. M.G.S. U.15 2nd	W	28—1

### UNDER 13 XI

Played 14, Won 13, Drawn 1, Lost 0. Goals: For 165, Against 58.

#### RESULTS:

v. Audenshaw U.13	W	12—1
v. Stockport G.S. U.14	W	9—8
v. Cheadle Hulme U.13	W	20—4
v. Broadway U.13	W	5—3
v. Stockport U.14	W	17—2
v. Peel Moat U.13	W	11—6
v. Manchester G.S. U.13	W	18—2
v. Manchester G.S. U.13	W	7—2
v. Stockport G.S. U.14	W	18—5
v. W.H.G.S. U.14	W	7—5
v. Cheadle Hulme U.13	W	12—4
v. Manchester G.S. U.13	W	13—5
v. Broadway U.13	D	7—7
v. Broadway U.13	W	9—4



## THE HULMEIAN

As can be seen above, they have had a most successful season. Undefeated throughout, they ended well by regaining the Centurion's Trophy which the School lost to Broadway last year. They will continue the tradition of outstanding lacrosse for a number of years yet.

The following were awarded their Junior School Colours: J. H. Burnside (capt.), G. Jones (vice-capt.), J. D. S. Beddard, V. W. Bennett, E. D. Fraser, J. H. Handley, A. P. Haynes, J. A. Koski, D. V. Roberts, A. P. Taylor, S. E. Tebbett, A. Dean, R. Flynn, R. Waddington.

### UNDER 12 XII

Played 2, Won 2. Goals: For 41, Against 8.

v. Cheadle Hulme School .....	A	W	16—8
v. Manchester G.S. ....	A	W	25—0

### HOUSE LACROSSE

The standard of house lacrosse this year has been very high indeed, and house 1st teams in particular have provided some very entertaining games. The handling and tactical play was as good as it has ever been, but play on the ground left much to be desired in that one-handed picking-up has crept in. This is bad and houses must try to eliminate it as soon as possible.

Dalton and Fraser went ahead very quickly as soon as the league started and at half term were very close indeed, with Byrom not very far behind. In the 2nd half of the term, however, Fraser drew steadily ahead and finished thirty-one points ahead of Dalton with Byrom close on their heels, nine points behind.

This year's Knock-Outs were the closest series for many years and supporters suffered probably more than the players from the tension. The 1st round went smoothly enough but the scores were a sign of things to come. In the 2nd round, no fewer than three replays were needed to obtain the four results, two of them for the same match. Gaskell eventually won through to the final where, as the underdogs, they defeated Byrom by three goals to two in a most exciting game. They are to be congratulated on a splendid effort.

### RESULTS—Seniors

#### 1st Round

Dalton beat Heywood .....	12 — 2
Byrom beat Whitworth .....	6 — 3

#### 2nd Round

Byrom beat Dalton .....	8 — 4
Gaskell drew Fraser .....	4 — 4
Gaskell drew Fraser (replay) .....	1 — 1
Gaskell beat Fraser (replay) .....	3 — 1

#### Final

Gaskell beat Byrom .....	3 — 2
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### RESULTS—Juniors

#### 1st Round

Dalton beat Fraser .....	7 — 6
Heywood beat Gaskell .....	10 — 0

#### 2nd Round

Whitworth beat Heywood .....	3 — 2
Dalton drew Byrom .....	3 — 3
Dalton beat Byrom (replay) .....	3 — 1

#### Final

Whitworth beat Dalton .....	5 — 1
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## Cross-Country Running

It was expected that this term it would be the Senior team, if any, which would be successful and after the first match against Sale G.S. it seemed that this would be confirmed. The Senior team won quite easily with C. F. Cusick winning the individual honours, whilst the Under-16 team, despite an excellent start given them by D. J. Whaite who won easily, suffered a very heavy defeat. Then, however, the Seniors were defeated in four successive matches, including two three-cornered matches in which we came last. Defeats were narrow and probably due to the absence of certain members of the team. Victory at Sheffield lifted the gloom a little, but we finished the season receiving a defeat at the hands of Bolton School and then third place against Manchester G.S. and Welbeck College. We did manage to defeat Chorlton G.S. in a round relay and also enjoyed our run in a well-organised relay at Bolton School.

The Under-16 team has had victories, generally very comfortable ones, over King Edward's, Sheffield, Bolton School, and Cheadle Hulme twice. The only set-back was when they were placed second to Manchester G.S. in a three-cornered match at Worksop.

Three boys, D. J. Whaite and C. F. Cusick for the Under-17s and E. Rigg for the Seniors, represented Manchester in the Lancashire Schools championships. All ran solidly, but were not particularly outstanding and as usual it was D. J. Whaite who gave the best account of himself.

In the Northern Championships we entered four teams. The younger elements, the Cubs and the Colts, suffered from lack of experience and training, A. Renshaw performed brilliantly to finish seventeenth in the Colts race. This performance was only emulated by the sensational success of D. J. Whaite who, revelling in the arduous course and atrocious conditions, came through the field to take sixth place in a field of over 700. He led Under-16 team to a very good ninth place.



D. J. Whaite and C. F. Cusick were our most consistent performers, backed up by E. Rigg, a new acquisition this term. The successes of the Under-16 team were due to good team running. P. S. Gage, A. Renshaw, A. D. Bremner, K. G. Walker and P. Reddin all had very successful seasons and D. J. Whaite, when not on the Senior team, was outstanding.

A very open House competition was won by Whitworth. C. F. Cusick won the Senior race and D. J. Whaite won the Under-16, setting up a new record in the process.

School colours were awarded to: M. Hopper, P. Booth, C. F. Cusick, R. B. Kapadia, A. D. Koffman, E. Rigg, D. J. Whaite, W. M. Wolstenholme, P. L. R. Wood and P. H. Woodhead.

### The Donner Union

The first meeting of the term was held on 25th January when Mr. B. A. Sufrin was elected to the position of Deputy Chairman. The motion of the debate, *This House believes Immigration Control is necessary in Britain*, was proposed by Mr. I. W. Pamphilon who described the magnitude of immigration figures as distressing. Opposing the motion Mr. R. Flanagan said that it is our duty to admit immigrants, and he mentioned "the value of Irish immigrants". The voting resulted in a small majority for the proposition.

The only other debate held during the Lent term was *This House believes Television to be more edifying than books*, a motion which seemed to be changed many times during the meeting and which was considered in different ways by all speakers. Mr. G. Casale proposed the motion saying that Television is much more edifying and character-building for Mr. Average Man, to which Mr. A. G. Skinner replied that Television is no medium for the arts and is over-simplified with producers too afraid of losing audiences to tackle programmes of any complexity. A vote gave Mr. Skinner victory although a large number of abstentions were recorded.

Two play readings were held, the first in the Sixth Form Centre, our guests being the play-reading society of Whalley Range High School, when we read N. F. Simpson's very amusing play *One Way Pendulum*; and the second when the Union visited Withington Girls' School, the play read, Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, being in rather a more serious vein than previous readings. Both evenings, however, were most enjoyable and the most successful meetings in a term of very poor attendances.

W.J.R.

As Deputy Chairman and Secretary we feel we must say a word about the apathy which seems to have stricken the Sixth Form with regard to the Donner Union. On no fewer than five occasions debates had to be cancelled because of lack of support from sixth formers—both as speakers and members of the floor of the House.

The Union is an institution which is of great value to the School and its members and we can only hope that next year graduates from the Middle School Society will help to return the prestige of the Donner Union to a high level.

B. A. SUFRIN (*Deputy Chairman*).

W. J. ROBERTS (*Secretary*).

### Science Society

It is indescribably heartening to observe the lengths to which some benevolent individuals are prepared to go in order to present a lecture to our Society. One such saintly soul was Dr. A. F. H. Ward, from the Manchester College of Science and Technology, whose lecture on 4th February, entitled *The Behaviour of Elastic Liquids*, was received with glee by an audience of intrigued and fascinated members. Dr. Ward arrived at 2-30 p.m. on the day of the lecture, and was still setting up his apparatus up to a few minutes before the meeting began. Long may these quiet heroes' bunsens burn.

*FUNDamental Physics* was the dubious title of the talk given by Mr. D. Broadbent from the University's Physics Department, and when he asked for a bicycle as part of his demonstration equipment, I began to wonder. An educational romp? Perhaps that's the right term. He left us with an interesting problem:

The standard of table-manners applying to school meals allows one to dispose of straying strands of spaghetti by sucking—slup—messy, but efficient, as the last inch whips across your nose. But consider the problem—you suck, thereby lowering the pressure inside your mouth relative to the outside air, so, the spaghetti, forced by A.P. into the mouth, rapidly disappears—naturally. Naturally?—Think—atmospheric pressure has only two surfaces to work on—the cylindrical surface of the spaghetti strand, or its circular, cross-sectional base; no progress will be made by any sideways pressure exerted on the surface 'walls', so any thrust must be directed onto the base, the end, terminal point, whatever the technical term might be. Fine. But have you ever tried to push a strand of spaghetti into your mouth by its base?—Interesting. He would be interested to hear, by the way, if anyone has any post-examination bright ideas.



Mr. Ogden led a party round the A.E.I. factory at Trafford Park during the half-term break—a preliminary inspection before Her Majesty's visit later. All most satisfactory.

Conventional trigonometrical thought took a beating when Professor G. J. Kynch from the Manchester College of Science and Technology used a globe and a piece of chalk to batter it with and demonstrate his ideas on *Curved Space and the Fourth Dimension*, on the 4th March. It took an hour and a couple of first-formers to clean the globe later, but it was all very beneficial, and more lucid than 'Scientific American'.

April 7th at 3 p.m. (during the Easter vacation) saw 30 or more of us under the patriarchal eye of Mr. Kirkham trekking up to the battle-weary Room F.1 in the main block of the apparent mainstay of the Society—the Manchester College of Science and Technology, to observe a lecture-demonstration on *Atomic Physics* given by Dr. Davies who spoke admirably to a milling audience through, and sometimes with the questionable aid of a veritable Steptoesque junk-shop of apparatic wonders. We had time to reflect on the enlightening contents of his lecture while waiting our turn at the back of a hundred-strong queue to clamber out over the merrily radio-active whatsits.

Back to the den with our own Mr. R. A. Haynes on 29th April for a lecture entitled *The Evolution of Man*, accompanied by a set of fascinating slides.

P.D.R.

Nous tenons beaucoup à remercier M. Gordon qui non seulement a obtenu les films mais aussi a fait très habilement marcher le projecteur.

J.A.B.

## The Music Society

During the Lent term, the Society was able to hold only three meetings. This was mainly due to two factors. Firstly, the school was without any recording apparatus for a short period and secondly there was the perennial problem of decreasing audiences.

At our first meeting we heard a sparkling performance of Beethoven's *Violin Concerto* with Yehudi Menuhin as the soloist. The lyrical beauty of this work makes it perhaps the most 'Apollonian' Beethoven ever composed. The next work, which we heard was Schubert's *5th Symphony*. It was generally agreed that its graceful Mozartean character made it most enjoyable. In our final meeting the Society returned to Beethoven to hear his *8th Symphony*.

This term it is hoped to widen the repertoire in an effort to draw the missing throngs. Finally I should like to draw the attention of the Middle School to the existence of a Music Society and to the fact that it holds meetings most Friday dinner-hours in Room M.

D.A.V.

## La Société des Langues Vivantes

La Société des Langues Vivantes permet de goûter un peu la culture et les moeurs des pays étrangers. Des films et quelquefois de courtes conférences contribuent à ce but.

Le trimestre dernier, trois réunions ont été consacrées à des films français tantôt touristiques tantôt biographiques. Les films touristiques qui ont beaucoup plu étaient deux qui concernaient Paris et l'Île de France. Le film *Django Reinhardt* a attiré aussi ceux qui s'intéressent à la musique populaire, tandis que l'autre film sur ce programme *Brevet de Pilote* contenait plusieurs scènes fascinantes des débuts de l'aviation. La biographie d'André Malraux était d'une valeur plutôt culturelle.

Herr Newinkampf, assistant allemand à Manchester Grammar School, a fait une conférence au sujet de l'enseignement allemand. Entre autres faits intéressants nous avons appris que la journée scolaire allemande se termine à une heure de l'après-midi, mais, qu'en revanche, elle commence à huit heures du matin!

## The Chess Club

Once again we have reached the final of the *Manchester Evening News Schools Chess Trophy*, without losing a match.

### RESULTS

v. Xaverian College .....	A	W	3 — 4
v. Chorlton G.S. ....	H	W	5 — 2
v. Manchester G.S. ....	A	W	2 — 5
v. Burnage G.S. ....	A	W	1½ — 5½
v. Chorlton G.S. ....	A	W	1 — 6
v. Manchester G.S. ....	H	W	5½ — 1½

These results make us the top team in South Manchester and take us to the final, where we play Smithills School. In the *Sunday Times* National Schools Chess Competition, we reached our zonal semi-final, but lost by half a point, on handicap, to Bolton School.

v. King's School, Macclesfield .....	W	1 — 5
v. Bolton School .....	L	2 — 4

We also won two friendly matches, against Poundswick (won 4—3) and against the Parents. In the Manchester & District Chess Association's



Junior Congress, N. J. Pickess won a first prize, and A. R. Clark and D. Grimshaw also won prizes. This term we lose J. B. Sheridan, who was captain when we won the Schools Trophy last year, and we are sorry to see him go. In conclusion, we would like to thank E. A. Penney for his gift of a set to the Club, and Mr. Haynes and Mrs. Taylor for their invaluable help.

T. M. GRIMSHAW (*Chess Secretary*).

### Model Railway Society

Although last term was rather short, the progress on the construction of the layout was good. This was, no doubt, due to the fact that an extra incentive had been provided by the prospect of an exhibition early this term. The Society has been asked to provide a layout for a local exhibition to be held, in aid of charity, at Romiley. As, at the time of writing, no definite date has been fixed, it is important to finish preparations as soon as possible. This is a new venture for the Society and one to which we are looking forward with optimism, particularly as one of the main difficulties, that of transporting the layout, has already been solved. It is to be hoped that the gremlins which often beset us with last-minute electrical troubles and derailments are also feeling charitable!

With a view to having plenty of scale 'OO' gauge rolling stock available for exhibition the Society organised a wagon building competition. This aim, however, seems to have displeased at least one member, who thwarted it by providing, as an entry, a fine 'private owner' open wagon—modelled in 'O' gauge. Other entries showed a diversity of interest, ranging from a London and North Western Railway royal saloon to a B.R. standard 21-ton coal-truck.

The Society would once again like to thank Mr. D. F. Manning for his help during the term.

### Middle School Society

After several unavoidable delays, the Society opened its programme with a debate: *This House would Ban the British Bomb*. In spite of a small attendance, a lively debate developed, at the end of which the motion was accepted.

The following week the motion for debate was *This House Supports Co-education*. An overwhelming majority was in favour, even the opposition speakers finding little to say against it. Our next meeting took the form of a talk by Mr. Benton on *The Origin of Swear Words*. This was

a most interesting meeting and we are very grateful to Mr. Benton, not only for this talk but for all his interest in our activities this year. The fourth meeting of the term took the form of an *Any Questions?* session which provided an amusing hour for a small audience.

At the last meeting of the term we were delighted to welcome Professor Kantorowich from Manchester University who gave us a lively and stimulating talk on *The best laid plans* of town planners which all too often 'gang agley'. This was followed by a general discussion in which many of the members present took part. It is, however, unfortunate that so few members of the Middle School have shown interest in the activities of the Society.

### Badminton Club

During last term the pairs were reshuffled, so that possible pairs for next season could be found.

S. L. Black and R. A. Bishop remained together and proved a worthy first pair. J. G. Mayer and R. W. Slater played well, Mayer's forceful play often having the opposition in difficulties. J. C. Carnie and D. P. Feeney were the other pair. R. W. Harkinson also played.

Owing to the very low membership of the Club, it was very difficult to raise a team on occasions, and as a result matches had to be cancelled. Membership is open to all 5th and 6th formers, and it is hoped that the membership will increase by next season.

Once again our thanks go to Mr. Ogden for his continued support, and to Mrs. Taylor for supplying tea on match days.

### Correspondence

The Editor,  
*The Hulmeian*.

Dear Sir,

It gives me great pleasure to be able to announce that our 'Annual Sixth Form review'—*Crucible*—of which I have the honour of being co-editor, is, this year—just; it wasn't last year, because out of over two hundred minds of sixth-form maturity, a tentative seven considered it worth their time to put pen to paper and write something. When rebellious adolescents up and down the country are screaming for expression, and some sort of genuine communication without which, so runs the moan, little seems to make sense at all, one might justifiably postulate a vaguely valid argument that a self-supported literary magazine, completely liberated from all the clogging clutter



and censorial restrictions that are inescapably associated with a normal 'school publication', and freely publicising this fact to all who are prepared to lend half an ear, would be the gilt band-wagon of the teens' dreams, the virgin acres of imagination's canvas craved and awaited in impatient expectation by all misallied modists. But, sad to relate, this is apparently far from being the obvious fact which one might be forgiven for assuming.

The field open, snipers routed, mines cleared, wire removed, dunlopillo mattresses laid; and yet a bare handful of those who made all the fuss are prepared to take the few short, easy steps necessary in order to go and lie on them. Perfect ammunition for the head-shaking, middle-aged commentator whom we claim to scorn. We—the aggressive sheep.

Broadly, the situation is depressing, if not a little worrying. Pointedly, it's disgusting.

The predominantly apathetic attitude at present pervading the school has spread its hideous tentacles in too many directions; when it succeeds in reducing 'art' to a sniggering sneer, lost beneath the sexless locks of 'in'-ness, the moment has arrived for it to be grasped firmly by the pants and given a good, cold ducking.

The fundamental fact that art is good for us seems to have been lost somewhere in the catastrophic chain-reaction following in the wake of—well, let's not choose individuals—you get the idea. Self-expression has been reduced to a mindless sequence of anti-rhythmic contortions and tribal chantings exercised in a self-induced state of mild hedonistic hysteria—all very escapist and individual (in a messy sort of way), but Primitivity represents only one art-form—satisfactory appreciation of the one should naturally lead on to other, higher things. But the wheel just seems to keep on turning, endlessly round and round, with more and more jumping on to indulge in the same self-deception as the rest. Any generation which was wholly satisfied in itself and lacking any desire to change the direction of the world would be unique in history—perhaps history is in the process of being made; but, if this is the case, our future history-books are doomed to being hopelessly negative documents.

This appalling situation demands a renewal of positive creative activity in a hurry; either a vigorous mental emetic needs be found to clear the way for a vital cultural renaissance in our sixth-form, or any so-called 'arts grants' in the despotic hands of Miss Lee or anybody else will deservedly miss Hulme. And even our most conservative artist will finally be forced to concede that the Word cannot be spread in complete isolation from mundane Mammon. Our own brow-beaten house play producers, beleaguered as

they are under the nigh-impossible restrictions imposed upon them by the rigid demands of the Competition—all-male cast (unavoidable), no sex (taboo), audience/judge appeal (rarely correlative), £5 budget (!)—would be the first to admit this. Or perhaps it's best not to go too far in that direction. Ultimately, there is little point in being generous about something which only a devoted few will appreciate, nay, welcome with open palms.

Civilisation would shrivel up of sheer boredom were it not for an active artistic core which stimulates the trivia-clogged contemporary mind to creative thought along planes several dimensions above the daily "who's-on-plates?" level: this is not even debatable—it's basic. A school—a microcosmic society (presumably a civilised society) developing from first to sixth-form in accordance with civilised standards, must inevitably accept all our inherited civilised refinements, including its little junior-school belly-aches and colly-wobbles. The readily-available panacea for these inconsequential malaise, if neglected and thrown down the sink when mummy isn't looking, will allow them to grow into that fearsome Baudelairean 'Ennui' which dissolves the guts and creates listless automatons. And yet somehow the incredible situation seems to have arisen, completely unhindered, and almost helped along by the most indolent pockets (ignorant though they might be of their achievement), whereby this veritable cancer of human sensibility has been accepted as a norm of behaviour, and a growing majority are beginning to accept the illness as the remedy, and the sorely-needed remedy as the insidious virus which must be eliminated—apparently by sheer weight of opposition—a truly farcical reversal, in best Ionesco tradition.

Why?

Must we resign ourselves to watching art being fanned ignominiously out of the main gates in the draught of a football-rattle? Has sausage-production begun in such earnest that all else, except, of course, the playing-field antics and those cultural activities begrudgingly indulged in through allegiance to the curriculum, must be excluded? Or is it just that we're running in a bad streak? Excuses abound. The present sixth-form is, after all, a collective object of peculiar scientific interest—we represent the first generation to have been absorbing radio-active bits and pieces since birth—guinea pigs, no less—but they at least squeak from time to time.

The most worrying factor of all, however, working, for the moment, on the optimistic assumption that the present mental sterility of the upper school is only temporary, is that, with little or no foregoing race of embryonic artistic producers to stabilise it and set a standard, goal, example, whatever you like to call it, the present



lower school is likely to be seriously affected in a way which might easily lead to the tragic and permanent erosion of any positive creative drive in the school's future at all.

This is, of course, an exaggeration (it's comforting to say it, at least), but it might serve as a warning to those (if there are any left, that is) who believe in the permanence of the Establishment, if nothing else, that any society brought up on bread, cheese, water, and regular exercise would probably survive, but could hardly be described as being alive.

This is a personal problem, and no regular use of a popular deodorant is going to alter the fact that one is perfectly free to decide for oneself whether one wishes to be an individual or a sheep. Attitudes are involved—whole outlooks need to be radically re-adjusted—a very easy thing to say, admittedly, but the only appropriate comment left worth making—and this miraculous upheaval must apply to the whole school, both priest and postulant alike, or the effort will have been wasted. Little progress can be made in a forward direction until the prevailing tendency to regard anyone who exhibits any outward manifestations of the artistic temperament with utmost suspicion and withering frigidity is drastically altered.

People used not to be afraid to speak their minds.

Where have all the extremists gone?

I accept that mine is but a still, small, futile voice crying in the wilderness; but I would like it placed on permanent record that at least somebody recognised what was happening and tried to lodge a protest before succumbing to the hopelessness of it all.

I am, sir, older and wiser, and, respectfully offering my heartfelt condolences on the tri-annually efficient and amazing repetition of a seemingly thankless task, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

PAUL D. ROYLANCE.

## House Notes

### BYROM

This term has, in many ways, been successful but was completed without any tangible evidence of our achievements.

The House Play *Pen of My Aunt*, was the outstanding play of the second night. Congratulations must be given to R. E. Cox, the producer, and his young cast on gaining second place in the face of strong competition.

The Senior Knock-Out team was disappointing. A well-balanced team had J. Blake spearheading a dangerous attack, and with a solid defence built around J. S. Street, the only weakness appeared to be the goalkeeper. The tactics employed by Whitworth and Gaskell were to bring the attack back to help a well-drilled defence, giving our attack little room to move. Whilst our attack was being frustrated by this wall of players, their occasional raids to our end of the pitch produced goals. Whitworth were beaten in the second half by two well-taken goals by C. R. Knott, as they began to tire. Gaskell's effort was more determined and they held on to their lead. The match against Dalton, in the second round, produced the best lacrosse, as the game was more open than in either of the other rounds, but it lost most of its sparkle when they were reduced to eleven men.

The juniors, despite two spirited performances against a good Dalton side, were defeated in the replay.

In the six-a-sides we also had to be content with second place. After the 1st, 3rd, 6th, 7th and 8th teams had reached the final, only the 1st, who defeated Dalton, won their section.

The House League teams finally finished third after holding second place for much of the season. All teams played with far more enthusiasm than during the Rugby season, and this was reflected in the results. The 3rd remained unbeaten and the 1st results were almost as good; the 2nd and the 4th were less successful but improved as the season progressed.

All involved in the cross-country, with the exception of P. S. Booth, took the sport lightly, and too little effort was put into training. Had this race been taken more seriously we could have undoubtedly won. Once again we finished second.

The following appointments have been made:  
School Prefect: J. K. Irving.

House Prefect: M. P. Rack.

School Team players:—

1st XII—J. Blake (V. Capt.), J. K. Irving, K. W. Nightingale, J. S. Street.

2nd XII—D. S. Buckley, M. L. Ford.

U.15—G. S. Simpson.

U.14—J. Makin, J. A. Wheatley.

U.13 J. A. Koski.

### DALTON

The first event of the term was the House Play Competition, in which Dalton finished last; though the lowly position in no way detracts from the great credit due to the cast for the hard work they put in on a play which presented many problems.

In the Cross-Country Championship, the Seniors emerged as comfortable winners in their section,



but unfortunately our first counter in the Juniors could finish no higher than eighteenth, and this gave a disappointing overall position of third, one point behind Byrom. Special mention must go to C. F. Cusick, individual winner of the Senior section, and also to P. D. Hanson, a lacrosse player who stayed with the School team runners to finish a very commendable ninth.

The Lacrosse Knock-Outs saw Dalton Juniors distinguish themselves once again. They defeated the favourites Fraser and disposed of Byrom after a replay in the second round to reach the final against Whitworth. There, in a game of very high standard they more than held their own in the first half, but eventually succumbed to a strong Whitworth assault, losing by five goals to one.

The Seniors, having beaten Heywood in the first round, went on to meet Byrom. Deprived of Casale's services for three-quarters of the match they finally lost 8—4; what the result would have been with a full team nobody can say.

In the House Lacrosse League, Dalton Seniors played consistently well and the House fought out a close battle with Fraser, eventually finishing as runners-up.

At long last our efforts were crowned with success in the Six-a-Side Lacrosse Competition. Here, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th teams all won their finals, while the 1st were losing finalists. This, was enough to give us an easy victory and thus win the Hewlett Cup.

The following boys represented the School:

1st XII—P. F. Veitch (Capt.), G. Casale, P. J. Derlein, P. D. Hanson.

2nd XII—A. Barnes, M. J. Slater.

U.15 XII—M. L. Derlein (Capt.), R. J. Finnigan, C. J. Oxford, W. A. Veitch.

U.14 XII—B. Brittain, J. S. McQuin.

U.13 XII—H. J. Burnside (Capt.).

M. L. Derlein and C. J. Oxford were selected for the Lancashire Junior Lacrosse Team. The former also represented the North against the South.

C. F. Cusick, M. Hopper and R. B. Kapadia ran for the School Senior Cross Country team.

In conclusion, one cannot fail to remark on the proportionately greater contribution of the Seniors towards last term's success. This is a state of affairs which every Junior should aim to remedy.

## FRASER

The House convincingly retained the House League Trophy for Lacrosse for the second successive year, thanks to skill and enthusiasm throughout the House. We remained top throughout the season and although occasionally threatened by Whitworth, emerged eventual winners with a

thirty point lead. In the Senior Knock-Outs, with only two School team players to strengthen the House First Team we did well to take Gaskell, ultimately winners of the Competition, first to a 4—4 draw after extra-time, and then two replays, the first ending 1—1 and the second in our being defeated 2—1. The strong and promising Junior side, captained by M. Benson, narrowly lost 6—7 to Dalton in the first round. Four of our teams did well to reach their finals in the Six-a-Side Competition and the House was placed third. In the Cross Country Championships the House disappointingly finished last, which was partly due to the absence of two of our Senior runners. D. Whaite is to be congratulated on taking first place in the Junior event.

The following members of the House played on School Lacrosse teams:—

1st XII—K. L. McMurtrie.

2nd XII—G. R. Cocker (Capt.).

U.15 XII—M. Benson, G. E. Maule, D. W. Gammon, D. J. Fletcher.

U.14 XII—P. R. Day, H. J. Davies.

E. Rigg, R. A. Fox, D. J. Whaite, R. W. Penny and P. J. Jandera ran for the School Cross Country Teams.

The House Play was enjoyed by the few members of the House who made the effort to come and watch. The producer and his cast had obviously worked hard to create the necessary atmosphere by an effective setting and some good acting. We were placed fifth.

We congratulate G. R. Cocker, S. R. Amor and I. Hassall on their appointments as School Prefects during the Lent Term, and I. Hartley, D. Holgate, W. J. Roberts, J. H. M. Steele and D. N. Turner on their appointments as House Prefects.

The following appointments have been made for the Summer Term:— Captain of House Cricket: E. C. Comyn-Platt; Captain of House Athletics: E. Rigg; Captain of House Tennis: I. Hassall.

## GASKELL

Compared to last term, we started off on a far more encouraging note. The House Play, under producer Hibbert's skilful hands, finished a respectable fourth. Opinion as to whether this was a just position is mixed, but if unflagging perseverance and sheer doggedness are anything to go by, Gaskell would still have the trophy. Nevertheless *Everyman* was a difficult play to carry across to the audience, and indeed to produce, and so under the circumstances it was an extremely good effort on the part of everyone concerned, not forgetting P. E. Beverley and his assistants, who are also to be congratulated on their excellent handling of the stage-effects.



As happened last term with the School Rugby Teams, the School Lacrosse Teams deprived the House of its most experienced players. D. L. Worthing, G. B. Brister played regularly for the 1st XII, J. N. S. Hancock, I. G. Cundey, D. P. Gaskell and A. A. Labaton represented the 2nd XII and R. G. Walker and T. Fannon played for the U.14. However, although we finished in the same ignominious position in the league as last term, the reasons for this are not the same. There was an evident will to win, but unfortunately the other House Teams were just that bit better. We can thank the 1st team, ably led by G. J. Cooper, for scoring those few points that the House was credited with. Although one might not think so in looking at the final League position, the House is fortunately blessed with a few very good Junior and Intermediate prospects.

It was Gaskell, however, who caused the upset of the Lacrosse season in winning the Senior Knock-Outs. Worthing, showing extreme insight into the game, marshalled the side in true copy-book fashion. As captain, this was probably the finest game of his School career. Brister, in goal, excelled himself, and in justifying his selection for the Lancashire team repeatedly frustrated the Byrom side with his remarkable saves. Indeed, without Worthing, himself a regular on the Lancashire side, or Brister, the flags would not be ours now, their brilliance inspiring the whole team into playing an intelligent and cohesive game. The final score was 3—2.

Unfortunately, the Juniors did not meet with as much success, being beaten 10—0 by Heywood in the first round.

We were unfortunate in not scoring a point in the Six-a-Side Competition.

With W. M. Wolstenholme as Captain, Gaskell finished 4th in the Inter-House Cross Country event, Wolstenholme, vastly improved since last season, coming 3rd in the individual placings.

Now we look forward to the summer term, hopeful of success both on the cricket field and on the athletics track; indeed, our Cricket prospects appear to be very favourable—let us hope that we can only fulfil this potential.

## HEYWOOD

This term the House, while still not securing any trophies, has improved its fortunes considerably.

In the House play competition, P. D. Roylance gave us an imaginative production of *The Brass Butterfly* which won a rather disappointing third place.

The standard of lacrosse showed great improvement, the House finishing third in the league and fourth in the Six-a-Sides. In the Knock-Out the

seniors were easily beaten by Dalton, but the juniors, vigorously led by Ketley, gave much better account of themselves, losing 3—2 to the eventual winners, Whitworth.

In the senior cross country run, Woodhead ran strongly to finish in sixth position. For the juniors Walker 2nd and Renshaw 6th ran with great spirit to ensure 2nd position for their team.

P. D. Roylance and G. Jones are to be congratulated for winning places at Oxford.

Congratulations to R. W. Quick on his appointment as a school prefect and to S. Bentham on his house prefectship.

House colours have been awarded to: B. Ross, K. G. Walker, J. A. Gabbay, J. P. Ketley, K. E. Noble, G. Peart, I. H. Rodgers, G. F. Jones, M. D. Mitchell, R. C. Back, S. C. Harrold, R. W. Harkinson, J. McKay, H. C. Potter.

## WHITWORTH

We congratulate P. W. McNulty on his appointment as a School Prefect; R. H. Price who has been appointed a House Prefect; and M. Sykes who was awarded School drama colours.

The Lent term was again very successful for the House. The highlight was most certainly the success of the Whitworth Strolling Players in the House play competition, romping home by a clear 20 points. A. G. Broome had the good fortune to lead a very keen and hard-working cast, but he himself must be praised for the industry and enthusiasm he put into a very ambitious play. Teamwork was the essential factor in our victory and we were fortunate that all the little details went just as planned, from the carrying of the coffin to the hastily improvised community singing. Even the stretcher bearers did their little bit without injuring anybody. Each of the main speaking characters managed to achieve the little extra which turns a good play into a prize-winning one and they were able to do so only because they knew that they were well supported by the Whitworth All Star Repertory Reserve. While it is invidious to name individuals in a prize-winning production, special mention should be made of C. H. Porter, who, despite early on, rubbing off the tape the two best recordings of the Whitworth All Star Male Voice Choir, managed to provide in his own unflappable way the sound effects, which were a feature of the play.

With the vast majority of the dramatic talent of the House available next year, it augurs well for the future.

The Juniors, winners of the Junior Rugby, again distinguished themselves by winning the Junior Lacrosse. In the second round they won a closely fought struggle with Heywood 3—2. Although in this game they lacked the skill of which they were



capable, they made up for it with spirit and determination. In the final they were drawn against a stronger Dalton team, but were not deterred by this and were holding Dalton 1—1 at half-time. In the second half, however, they excelled themselves and scored three quick goals which had Dalton reeling and came out worthy winners 5—1. E. E. Broadhurst proved a very able captain.

The Seniors, unfortunately, were not so successful. They were drawn against the favourites Byrom in the first round. P. W. McNulty captained the team well and Byrom were held in the first half, but their superior all-round strength proved too much for us in the final quarter. Byrom were worthy winners.

Whitworth surprisingly won the House cross country Cup. This was again due to the junior section of the House, with four of the six finishing in the first ten. Consequently the Juniors finished first in their section and provided enough points lead to pull the seniors through, who had some surprising results.

Although optimistic at the beginning of the season the Lacrosse Leagues only managed the middle of the table. The 1st team, spurred on by a fine attack, was too often let down by a suspect defence; the 2nd and 4th teams lacked resourcefulness, yet the 3rd gave many a stirring display of attacking and forceful lacrosse.

The House was again fairly well represented on School teams.

1st XII—P. McNulty.

2nd XII—K. B. Lodge (V. Capt.), M. Brown, A. J. McGlue.

U.15—E. E. Broadhurst, K. M. Dodd, D. Hallworth also played.

U.14—R. E. Lind, K. M. Robson also played.

*Cross Country:*

U.16—J. K. Bremner, P. S. Gage, G. P. Phythian, K. M. Dodd.

It is only hoped that the House's success can be maintained during the summer term.

and then a walk up the Goyt Valley provided an interesting day, including an inspection of the dam site at Erwood and the ascent of Castle Naze. Robert Mitchell and Mike Smith supervised a 50 foot abseil.

The proposed hostelling expedition to the Dales was regretfully postponed owing to lack of funds, and the next outing was to Greenfield. The advanced party, well led by Mitchell, took a devious route over Winberry Moss and then round the Chew Reservoir. 'Bog-trotting' caused some mutinous muttering. After contemplating the view from Dovestone Rocks for some 60 minutes the party decided perhaps they were in the wrong place and accordingly made a hasty march to Dean Rocks where a successful rendezvous was made with the other party. Camera-man Harry Wood organised some fine pictures of Mottram and others on the way up a crag which deserved better recognition; the official guide to the ascent is a little scanty, and several new routes were put up by members of our party.

The last outing of the term took the form of a tour of the hills around Hadfield via Laddow Rocks ('ware loose stones!') and Crowden.

In the holidays a week-end was spent at the Ogwen hut in North Wales; after heavy rain in the mornings successful ascents of the Idwal slabs were made, in spite of the water which flowed over all the holds. Another week-end was based on Edern on the Llyn peninsula; a party of five made the ascent of Madryn by a somewhat devious route, 20 feet up slabs, then 10 yards across to the next slab, and so on. The following day was spent tackling routes on the sea-cliffs, and then after domestic chores in the cottage which was our base we ascended Bodfuan by its somewhat shattered vertical Bryncunan face (diagnosed by Mike Smith as a one-time sea-cliff).

We spent Easter Sunday in Tremadoc; the five of us spent a full three hours accomplishing one 'Very Diff.' ascent under wet and windy conditions. The last two days of the holiday was spent in clearing up the cottage, and then we made our various ways home.

M.J.B.S., R.D.A.M., G.Mc.K.

## Stage Expeditionary Club

The term saw a variety of weather, and many new places were visited. During late January enough snow fell to make it worth while getting out ice-axes and crampons and tackling some of the slopes near the Woodhead Road, including the traverse of a sixty degrees face. The cold was intense, but the snow was good and firm, as it had been protected from the sun by the rocks above.

A week-end visit to Alderley Edge was followed by an outing with the Karabiner Club to Stanage;

## "Heartbreak"

or 'HOW TO GET YOUR FEET WET WITHOUT REALLY TRYING'

*From our especially brave Correspondent:*

Dateline: Thorpe, Saturday (I can't remember the date).

Special squads of Police were today assembled for what is believed to be the largest anti-riot



squad since Peterloo. They stand at attention on the quayside with note-books at the ready and pencils sharpened; for it is expected that the riots which must inevitably break out at Thorpe today will be bigger, better, and more chaotic than the Mod and Rocker riots of last Easter.

The reason for all this sudden activity is that large numbers of Hulmeians are shortly to arrive at the Boatyard here. At the moment I am standing on the quay awaiting their arrival and I hope to secure a first hand interview with one of these ruffians to discover just what acts of vandalism and destruction have been perpetrated during their week's stay in Norfolk. Ah, here comes the flotilla now. I wonder if this character wearing no shoes and a nautical expression would care to have a word with me?

After my conversation with this ancient mariner (aged about 16) I learned tales of such horror and shame that only a small selection can here be retold:—

On the Saturday previously the aspiring sailors arrived in a horseless charabanc, more or less intact, but trailing smoke, and odd teeth from a rather mangled gear-box. (The driver refused to use the clutch). They immediately began to clamber over their ships/boats/men o' war in a truly nautical style, and soon an authoritative figure arrived on the scene, who by the cut of his jib, appeared to be in charge. Waving his folder of charts in one hand and his best briar with the other he exhorted his crew; "Get ye to the bilges!"

The party scurried to their positions "Cast off forrard!" came the cry—"Cast off aft!"—"Knit one; purl two!" said some budding comedian. Slowly, but with ever increasing speed the stately ships churned their way out of Thorpe, leaving a swarm of irate yachtsmen cursing and gesticulating in their wake.

The squadron proceeded thence to Langly Dyke, where much canoeing and dinghying was carried out and the first poor soul experienced a ducking. (He fell out of a canoe—sideways!) There, the first sing-song was held in the bilges of 'Heartbeat', to the accompaniment of a five-stringed guitar.

On the Sunday a voyage into the Northern Broads was undertaken, on the way to which they passed through the busy, bustling port of Great Yarmouth (at least the guide book says so), and everybody dutifully ducked at the notice which implored them to 'Mind the Rivets'. Having stopped for dinner to bail out the water which descended from the heavens, and braved the teeth of a force eight gale, they duly arrived at Acle. Here they chanced to meet a long lost soul arriving from a certain Naval Air establishment, (the name of which I dare not mention), and everyone again took to the water like rats from a sinking ship.

Monday morning dawned bright and early, and the events which took place resembled a Giles cartoon in their activity. One intrepid sailor decided to take out a canoe. This being the personal property of the Admiral of the Fleet, the poor unfortunate was advised "Don't come back if you sink it." As the person in question was a notoriously bad canoeist, the decks of the boats were festooned with cameramen hoping to secure pictorial evidence of the inevitable capsize. Just at that moment a huge juggernaut of a boat known as a wherry arrived on the scene, and the canoeist was forgotten while everyone admired it. Alas poor soul! He pulled into the bank and deciding he had better move, he pushed off with one hand. Canoes are not meant to travel sideways and the wet eskimo returned to the boat, his enthusiasm somewhat dampened.

During the day the fleet continued at a somewhat leisurely pace to the next port of call, which was Stalham, and the grand ceremony of watering was conducted. Everyone was amazed to see that the tanks took nearly half an hour to fill using the local low pressure water-taps.

Transistor radio owners were shocked to find that the B.B.C. Light Programme does not reach this forsaken part of the world, and the bilges echoed to the strains of Radio London (The 'Wonderful' Station) and one member of the expedition took great delight in singing his favourite line from one record—*My feet begin to crumble*.

The next few days were spent exploring the rivers and broads on Norfolk and at Potter Heigham one person from the Youth Club was brave (mad?) enough to take a swim. A favourite hobby at this time was Coypu hunting, which, they were solemnly assured, are worth five pounds each. Someone was keen enough to sit watching late into the night for a special long-necked variety.

At Reedham on Thursday night the whole company went out for a meal and much recently-acquired nautical knowledge was aired on a model of the *Cutty Sark* which was displayed there.

The catering was excellent. Chores such as washing up and potato peeling were reduced to a minimum. Some people received a cup of coffee in bed, not to mention someone who put his under the bed, turned over, went back to sleep, and promptly forgot it.

It would not here go amiss to mention a certain chocolate cake and pieces of chicken which went down very well—many thanks. Another less fortunate chicken, or at least part of it, turned up, for some strange reason, in a biscuit tin.

This chronicle would not be complete without a mention of the epic water-fight which took place between 'Heartbeat' and the 'Princess' near Great Yarmouth, and the rescue of five fair damsels by



an intrepid foreigner who narrowly prevented them running aground at a rate of knots.

One master liked the Broads so much that he arrived two hours late at Norwich having nearly succeeded in reducing the boat's engine to a lump of scrap metal. Finally, at about midday on Saturday, the party was able to return the boats to their rightful owners, and accompanied by a large police escort was deported from the fair city of Norwich to the far climes of the North, only to be greeted by typical Manchester weather.

*(Extract from an East Anglian local paper)*

## Paris 1965

During Easter, Mr. Collings and Mr. Timm led a party of second and third formers on the now familiar vacation whose long history spans eleven successive years of trips. The party of 25 left the Lower Mosley Street bus station at midnight and seldom have Newhaven docks seen such a buoyant bunch of trippers, unable to clamber fast enough up the narrow gangway and begin the journey in earnest. The English Channel, however, proved a formidable barrier, and we were all relieved to reach French soil. Dieppe is rather a quaint, sleepy little fishing port and it is there that we boarded a French train bound for Paris. A few hours later, after a journey that took us up the fertile 'Seine Valley', Paris, on which all our thoughts had been centred for days, rolled into sight.

I remember little of our arrival at St. Lazare station but after a night at the 'Ecole Pascal', our excellent base camp, we all felt recharged. A city with such wide variety as Paris is bound to leave a different impression on each person, but first impressions are always important and Paris is the ideal city for first impressions with its fine old buildings and broad tree-lined avenues. Indeed, to the town planner and architect, Paris is what Mecca was to the pilgrim. All too often, the bricks and mortar behind the legends prove disappointing, but one city which fully lives up to its legends is Paris (grimy, overcrowded London does not even begin to compare).

If it is possible to generalise about Paris, it could be called a city of churches and palaces, and in various states of exhaustion our party must have tramped through all of them. The First of Paris is the fine cathedral of Notre Dame which stands by the Seine, steeped in history and immortalised by such writers as Victor Hugo. Unfortunately a dragon-faced woman at the foot of the tower barred the small doorway and steadfastly refused to admit us. Thus we were deprived of the fine view from the top, but although we

missed the ascent of Notre Dame we did manage to gain admittance to the second fine church of Paris, the Sacré Coeur, which stands, bleached by sunlight, in the centre of old Montmartre. The panorama from the narrow parapet that runs round the shining dome, was breathtaking and was favourably comparable with that from the top of the Eiffel Tower. Most of us, however, were pleased to be restored to ground level and to seek the less spectacular pleasures of the Place du Tertre with its renowned street artists, reminiscent of refugees, deprived for months of a wash and shave.

The palaces of Paris compare in grandeur with the churches, the best known being the Louvre with its 'Venus de Milo', its Winged Victory and its 'Mona Lisa' effectively concealed between two larger works, it is surprisingly small and, at first sight, rather insignificant. Then you notice the eyes—always focussed directly upon you—and the contorted smile. I, at least, thought it rather uncanny. On that day, the weather was rather dull and on the whole, the French climate was not the most impressive facet of continental life, though the only truly bad day was the last, when we were all sardine-packed into a tiny area of 'bateau-mouche' to sample the beauty of the river and its banks.

My own favourite trip was the day at the enormous palace of Versailles. But first, to give us a yardstick for contrast, we visited La Malmaison where Napoleon and his bride lived, in secluded surroundings with all the amenities of a palace, and yet, still maintaining a warm 'lived in' atmosphere which can still be sensed today. Versailles might have been built to contrast with Malmaison. Set in enormous fountain-studded grounds, about 12 kilometres from Paris, the palace, perhaps the most splendid in the world, is a magnificent construction, though, like everything else in Paris, there is too much to appreciate in one short tour. The walls and ceilings are hung with mirrors and chandeliers and the floors are covered with some of the world's finest carpets. Such abundant finery can exist in only a few places.

I have, until now, talked only of the buildings of Paris, but no trip to France would be complete without a mention of the French people. They are charming in the extreme and have no qualms about approaching strangers in the street and chatting with amazing familiarity. We were all treated to a magnificent reception at the Hôtel de Ville (Town Hall) and what disappointment there was at the absence of refreshments was compensated for, by a distinctly 'with it' rendering of *When the Saints* by the Paris Police Band. French and English shops are very much alike, though French prices are highly inflated and the only amenity which provides true value for money is



wine, which sells for the same price as a bottle of Coca Cola.

When it was eventually time to leave we had memories that ranged from the Underground, with its old green coaches, to the splendour of Versailles and the grim, shadowy Conciergerie.

Finally then, on behalf of the whole party, I must express our sincere thanks to both Mr. Collings and Mr. Timm for their invaluable aid in bringing Paris to life and making the trip unforgettable.

C. N. BOURNE, 4Y

### Norfolk Field Course, Easter 1965

The general concept of Norfolk is that of a flat, monotonous county, crossed by a network of canals, dotted with windmills and peopled by peasant farmers living in small villages cut-off from the world by expanses of wheat and barley.

Why this concept has arisen it is hard to say, but the outmoded picture of agrarian Britain immortalised by junior school textbooks and fixed by the townsman's inbred feeling of superiority over the countryman are hard to erase. However a visit to Norfolk as undertaken this Easter by a party of lower Sixth geographers under the direction of Mr. P. Travers will dispel this false concept and replace it with a picture of a rich and varied agricultural county, farmed scientifically by men who so closely resemble the city businessmen in outlook; a county with many subtle differences in environment.

Over much of Norfolk the solid geology is chalk, but this is nearly everywhere overlain by fragmented material brought from the north by ice sheets during the Great Ice Age, and dumped haphazardly when the ice retreated. It is to this cover of glacial drift that much of Norfolk owes its existence, for without it much of the area would be below sea level. In the Cromer area this drift gives cliffs up to 200 feet high which are being undercut at a rate of over three feet per annum—with dire consequences for cliff dwellers.

The soils developed on the drift vary from pure sand to heavy clays and include loams and also clay intermingled with chips of flint derived from the chalk. The geology generally favours farming and being without coal the county escaped industrialisation during the nineteenth century since when its farming potential has been fully realised.

The climate is generous enough to permit wheat growing, and along with barley this cereal occupies the largest share of the land, especially in the north where fertilisation and careful

husbandry have improved the soil. Arable farming is highly varied, however, and usually cattle are kept, although most of the cattle are fattened on the marshlands of the valleys of the Yare and Bure which are useless for arable farming.

Thus many of the people are farmers, not peasants but businessmen, and methods of exploitation are modern. Traces of the old order do remain however and there is still in evidence a Norfolk squirearchy.

Norwich is the great regional centre. Founded in the ninth century, and for two centuries the second city of the nation, it is a typical case of an old market town which has outgrown its rival markets and its boundaries. With its large, modern cattle market it still remains a major marketing centre, but it has also become the service and cultural focus of the region. Manufacturing is much in evidence, the most important being shoe making, and many Norwich names are household: Colman's, Caley's, Bally Shoes, Norvic, Wincarnis, Boulton & Paul . . . the list is long.

Industry is also moving to Norwich from other more congested parts of the country as part of a decentralisation tendency. In the same way an industrial estate has grown up at Thetford to receive light industries or branches of London firms which are taking advantage of the modern facilities being created there.

Thus in an eight day programme based upon Wymondham College an attempt was made to study the detailed regional make-up of this area. Full day excursions took the party along the whole north coast including the National Trust Reserve at Blakeney Point; to contrast the land use and settlement pattern of the Fens with that of the sandy, forested Breckland; to Norwich to include a consideration of its historical and industrial geography; and through Broadland to see at first hand the features which led to research proving the Broad to be the flooded remains of thirteenth century peat cuttings.

In addition the party divided into pairs to carry out a number of field exercises for two full days and the resultant work on land-use and settlement is now being carried out at school.

The party was met by a number of local authorities who explained or demonstrated points of detail and a factory visit, two boat trips and two church tower ascents were included in a programme which took the party over a 1000 miles journeying outward via Lincoln and returning through Cambridge.

Our thanks go to Mr. Travers and Mr. Rains for organising and giving such an interesting and edifying field trip.

M. SYKES, 6ML.



## Original Contributions

### Ulysses

I should not have looked.  
The advantage he had was most unfair—  
Common enough to universal experience, but  
Rather disturbing, all the same.

He limped, and dragged an uncaring tail  
Across my line of vision,  
Casually tearing my heart  
In two.

Around in two circles and a half  
As if looking for something lost or forgotten;  
Peering through the shaggy curtaining  
With half an eye cast this way.

I'd watched him as  
A neighbour had shooed him out and  
Shut the gate.  
Shut next door's gate too—neighbourly act.

But when he fell I knew,  
Somehow relievedly, that I was hooked  
As firmly as if he had  
Pinned a cliché in my lapel.

His pads were raw,  
But he never winced, or complained, even.  
Too tired.  
He just lay, celebrating his success.

I gave him water where he lay,  
In a butter-dish  
Snatched from the cupboard that seemed  
Too far away.

And then I brought him more water.  
And more water.  
And a tin of Pal  
That Kelpie wouldn't eat.

And the old man calmly  
Wolfed the lot and  
Lay down again,  
Half-content. Not starving any more, anyway.

He slept that night at the nick, though,  
While I didn't, much.  
I don't suppose he cared greatly where he bedded  
after what he'd been through,  
Which is why I didn't.

It had been a fight, but  
Social convenience had won  
And, naturally, there was no room for  
Another, and, besides, so old. Teeth rotting.

Kelpie was never quiet like that in the car, though.  
No collar.  
Miles.  
B—. Why couldn't they have . . .

So I went up and asked a day or two later,  
And the ponderous youth in blue  
Was snide, but gave me the  
Address.

And later—I'm so lazy—  
I eventually called to see  
Whether anyone had claimed him or not.  
I knew what I was going to do.

There were lots of them.  
Rather too many for my soft spot.  
But they only keep them a week and  
He'd left yesterday.  
The man said sorry.

P. D. ROYLANCE, 6mu.

### Friday

Mummy told me not to go and  
she was trying not to show that she was sad and  
I wanted to ask her but  
I remembered about John and how she'd been  
then so  
I didn't.  
But I wish I hadn't because the man  
pushed me and said run along and everyone  
was looking and someone trod on my toe and  
I cried but they said shush.  
But the slave man looked and he looked nice and  
I liked him.  
But then he fell down and someone else picked  
the thing up, but then I went to Joseph's because  
it started to rain.

P. D. ROYLANCE.

### But Outside Time

So now, at last, your rumbling, querulous,  
Half-baked cadence is complete,  
Resolving itself with infinite grace  
Through what you almost knew already.

Going, sir? For how long?  
How long, yonge manne? For ever, as they say.  
And, by the way, do cut your hair.

Burnt air and Norton and  
Ashes of symbols of peace and love  
(To he who knew)  
On sleeves of those who should explore  
Through staying still.  
My God, what travels there!

Mere noisy orisons (distracting, weren't they?)  
Blindly missed the point, the still point,



The oh-so-steady, still point of this . . .  
 Empyrical mass), passing fanfares, last deliveries.  
 Mostly thrown together for the record,  
 The comfortable obituary.  
 Monitored by Miller with Joseph and  
 Brookes in Times and so on.  
 R two after that common initial, though, was  
 More important to most, who just  
 Couldn't know.

At least one hopes he was something more.

Being presumptuous, adieu.  
 Perhaps, one temporal moment . . .

P. D. ROYLANCE.

### Three Poems

#### Life

Radiance breathes, and tenderly  
 Those filmy membranes cling.  
 A new day is born, a page  
 Ephemeral in man's historic chapter.  
 A dot, no more, insignificant  
 Amidst life's punctuation.

#### To Youth

Observe this 'man' now wrapt tight in passion's  
 hungry grip  
 As, 'twixt pure white sheet, he curses that fatigue  
 For wasting thus his lustful stipend, while she  
 The wiser made by many sleepless nights, smiles  
 at fortune's dupe.  
 Spurred on by adolescent pride whose voice  
 'Gainst taunting gibes at last rebelled,  
 He looked, and found, and went—  
 And learnt but that one lesson.

#### Accident

Cold fear stands livid there  
 And ape-like chatters her paralytic command.  
 Spontaneous action dies, pale reflex of her  
 Enigmatic stimulus.  
 No slower than the curtain descends,  
 As clammy beads on burning brow distend,  
 Does that thick gore in antithetical brilliance  
 Ooze warm from pouting lips  
 To stain man's tarmac altars.  
 Though nature's force will glean at length  
 Life's stricken fertility, one stain lives on undying,  
 Cruel mental reminder of that brief vice-like grip.

G. CASALE, 6c.u.

### An Archaeologist's Dream

Not on a moor of swirling mists,  
 Nor yet by Hadrian's Wall;  
 Nor by an ancient Roman Fort,  
 Not even Dorset castle.  
 But in the dark and dusty gloom  
 Of Tutankhamun's tomb,  
 Where a young boy king, enshrined in gold,  
 Has slept a thousand ages.

It's not the value of the gold  
 Or of the priceless treasure found there;  
 But in the beauty of the Art, revealing  
 Ancient Egypt's Glory.

To look upon a face  
 That once commanded tens of thousands,  
 But now lies still, and ever will,  
 A mask of gilt resplendence.

E. RIGG, 6c.u.

#### Poem

Once beneath a darkness  
 I lay awake, prostrate,  
 My mind a vision  
 A chaotic formlessness  
 Of mottled reds, greens and blacks.  
 A void choked with  
 Confused emotions  
 That dissolve in colour  
 And flow and merge  
 Acquiring, in sleep,  
 A shape  
 And a loveliness.

S. C. HARROLD, L6M.

#### The Man

A 'Scare' was in progress as the man walked  
 down the street. This meant that the streets were  
 deserted and the city was silent, just as he liked  
 it; no rows or fights or people pushing and  
 shoving on and off trains, trams, taxis or buses.  
 Yes, this was how the man liked it, this was what  
 all the cities would be like after . . . His thoughts  
 were interrupted by the 'All clear' sirens and he  
 went into the act he had done many times before.  
 Running across to the exit of the nearest shelter,  
 he joined the crowd now issuing from it into the  
 street.

It was 1966, just one year after the war in  
 Vietnam had 'Escalated' beyond anyone's fears  
 (or hopes). 'Scares' were just one result of this  
 fiasco. A 'Scare' was when the sirens sounded  
 the 'Alert' signalling an attack, or unidentified



flying objects, or planes off course. Everyone had become jumpy and on edge at the early warning stations and now signalled every little dot that shouldn't be where it was as an attack; therefore the sirens blew the 'Alert'.

This state of affairs meant that 'Scares' now became the normal pattern of life for the busy New Yorker. Everybody was so frightened of dying from the H Bomb that the merest squeak of a siren and the city was deserted in two minutes, not as in the Second World War in London when after the first few weeks people used to ignore the warnings.

One man, however, was not scared because he was the only one who knew in the whole city. He went every day to a certain box to look for communications. Usually there was none, sometimes small things like 'Get rid of G3 71/6', just routine. He was waiting for the red card with the sign on it.

It was a Saturday when he received it. Immediately he picked it up he went and caught a bus to the suburbs. On the bus was a fat woman arguing with the conductor about her dog. He thought "Capitalists! all the same, dote on animals! Poor fools, you don't realize do you?"

Stepping off at the stop he wanted he walked the few yards to the hut. He unlocked the door, went in, closed it and locked it again. Snapping on a pocket torch, he found the ringbolt and pulled. The trap came up easily and he went down the stairs into the room, closing the trap behind him. He fumbled for the keys, opened the steel door and descended into the shelter.

One wall was covered in instruments. The first thing he did was to check them all methodically. When he was satisfied, he switched over the lights to 'fuel cell power', then the whole unit. It was two minutes to twelve. He switched on the ground-level microphone and listened to the traffic passing.

At one minute to twelve he pressed a button on the panel and a section of wall slid back revealing a red handle. He glanced at the clock on the wall. Thirty seconds to zero . . . he crossed the room and grasped the handle. Twenty five seconds . . . he released the safety catch. Twenty . . . Fifteen . . . Ten . . . he was sweating, ten . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven, he grasped the handle more firmly, six . . . five . . . four . . .

Suddenly the wail of a siren sounded from the ground-microphone, it was the 'Alert' "No! No! Not now, please, not a scare, never!" his thoughts ran wild. "All the people in shelters. Failed!" He let go of the handle and lit a cigarette with trembling fingers. There was nothing else to do but wait. He sat down.

Five cigarettes and 35 minutes later the sirens signalled the "All clear" His mind now cool, he walked across to the handle and held it, waiting for the noise of the people returning to ground level. It soon came, like rushing water. When it was at full height he counted ten, pulled the handle and sat down to wait. From the ground level microphone came silence. He loved silence.

The gas drifted slowly westwards carried by the hot breeze.

T. J. BEASANT, 4Y.

### Unsingable Song for Salvation

There's no place in the primeval jungle,  
You've no camouflage unless  
Your mind is broken up  
With the spots of some sickness.  
There is no need to fight  
For nature's sake. There is  
No obligation to leer  
And not to look. For this  
Is the creature's creed and, if  
You would become one,  
At death, just as you believe,  
Seek animal oblivion.

S. L. CLAUGHTON, 4Y.

### On the Ledge

From his dizzy height the man looked down at the mass of gaping, tiny faces 26 storeys below him and wondered. Wondered what it would be like to hurtle down towards those maddening expressions far away — and yet so near. From the ever-growing crowd his gaze wandered up, and took in the mechanical beauty of the New York skyscrapers, and, about a mile away to the west, the Atlantic seaboard.

The grandeur of the distant sea brought an attack of brutal nostalgia to his battered and maddened brain. He almost jumped then, but checked himself. He was weary. Of life, of everything. But he could not jump yet. There was still something . . .

Amid frantic appeals from the people in the hotel room for him not to jump, Donald Carlson remembered. He recalled the fire of youth back in England. Those ecstatically happy days when he had reason to live. When he knew he had a long, full life ahead of him, full of happiness and pleasure—or so he had thought.

He had met Gill when he was quite young. 16, he recalled. They had married and emigrated



to a New York suburb and lived there happily for just 22 years. Until last month.

Nat, the 'other man's' name was.

A new face appeared at the window. It was a man with the garb and airs of a priest.

"Think what you're doing, man."

"I have thought. And I won't change my mind," Don retorted. "Now go away and leave me alone, please, father."

"Perhaps you need some time to think," the priest suggested.

The thin policeman then looked out for the umpteenth time, and spoke for the first.

"Haven't you a wife and family, mister?" asked the thin policeman, obviously asking Don to have sympathy on other people.

"Not any more," Don replied, gazing into space. The policeman shrugged his shoulders and drew back his head.

Not any more. Not since last night.

He had discovered Gill's stiff, horrid body, and taken a bitter glance at the empty bottle of sleeping pills on the floor. He had read her note, explaining if unmethodical and emotional in form. It had needed no note, though. Don knew that Nat—the 'other man'—had become friendly toward Gill, and she, weak-willed and nervous as always, had submitted and let him take her out—once. Then twice; and again, and again. Don had finally found out, and gave perhaps vicious hints to his wife about the 'affair'. As might have been expected, Don noted, she grew afraid. Afraid of the law, of Nat, and of Don. And then she . . . Don closed his eyes and repressed the thought.

"Hey!"

He turned his head round, and saw the familiar face of the thin policeman.

"Look at all them people down there."

"I've seen them," Don replied, not looking down.

"They're shouting and screaming, you know. They want you to drop. You can't hear them up here, but they're howling for you to jump. They're bloodthirsty." He gave a mock nauseated expression.

"They are?"

"Sure. Now you aren't going to jump just to please their sadistic minds, are you?"

"You're right," replied Don after a moment's thought.

"So why don't you come in and talk your problem over, huh?"

"OK. Just a moment, I'm coming in."

He heard a sigh of relief inside the room. But still he wavered on the ledge.

"Whassamatter?" asked the thin policeman, "Aren't you coming in?"

"I-I think I'm dizzy. Could you come out and give me a hand, please?"

"Sure thing. Hold on."

The policeman swung himself onto the narrow ledge and stuck out a gloved hand to Don, each looking the other in the eye. Don gripped the hand hard, and then spoke viciously.

"It's no use, Nat. Gill—she's dead. Your fault."

The policeman's face tightened in horror and recognition.

"No no! Not you! I—".

The crowd howled as Don's grip tightened and he leapt into space.

The last conscious memory he had was of a hand gripping his like a vice.

G. PHYTHIAN, 4Y.

## Spotted!

Four of us were down by the baggage-claim area of Ringway Airport waiting for the New York luggage to come through from customs on the conveyor belt.

"Have you had that thing tested?" a voice suddenly queried. We all turned round and found a policeman pointing to my friend's £36 Shorrocks Mk V V.H.F. receiver.

My friend had not, so we went along to the Duty Signals Officer's office where a certificate was signed to allow him to use his radio within the airport boundaries. The D.S.O. explained that some radios had been giving interference to incoming aircraft, and he then showed us the radar room. After visiting the radar room we had a chat about V.H.F. radios, and I happened to mention I had a one-valve Johnson's SR2 V.H.F. receiver.

"You'd better come along to see Mr. Smith, who is in charge of the Signals department of the Ministry of Aviation here," said the D.S.O.

Mr. Smith asked if we could go and see my radio, and I said it was all right to do so. Seven people crammed into Mr. Smith's car and we drove off to my house to test the radio. In the car were two MoA officials, four aircraft enthusiasts, including myself and a press photographer.

At home everybody came in and I found nobody in the house except my puzzled brother.



Mr. Smith brought with him a detector, and when I put my radio on the same frequency as the detector there was the same noise as the pilots were hearing. The press-photographer then took some photographs of Mr. Smith holding the detector, with me listening to my radio, and then asked me various questions about the set and my aircraft collection. We then returned to the airport, and continued aircraft spotting. That evening I saw my photograph in the *Evening News* and read the article about my radio.

The next day four of us met and went along to Mr. Smith's office, so that my radio could be studied. Mr. Smith asked me if I knew anybody else with a radio like mine. I said that I did and I knew which road he lived in, so Mr. Smith took us. Unfortunately I did not know at which house he lived, so we asked a boy who was sitting on a wall if he had heard of a person by the name of Christopher Randles. The person we asked was his brother!

Christopher's radio was not one causing trouble, as he was too far away and he was using an inefficient aerial. His radio was cleared.

Returning to the airport, we were allowed into the control tower and spent a very interesting morning listening to the aircraft coming in and taking-off and seeing the radar. We had a special 'talk-down' prepared for us, and I met the owners of the voices I had heard so many times.

In the afternoon I made a brief visit to the airport and when I returned home I found two reporters from the *Daily Mail* talking to my mother. They took photographs of me and asked about my radio and my model aircraft, of which I have over 70.

About half an hour later a photographer and female reporter arrived from the *Daily Express* and asked questions on everything to do with my aircraft collection and the radio.

The next day which was Saturday the 10th April, my birthday, I went out to buy a copy of the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express*. There was quite a long article in the *Daily Mail*, and a picture of me listening to my radio, holding a model of a BOAC VC10, while I was sitting on my bed with a selection of aircraft models about me. In the *Daily Express* there was an article and a photograph. I also discovered I was in the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily Mirror* and the Leeds evening paper on Thursday. A few days later there was an article about me in the *Stockport Advertiser*.

On Monday I saw the D.S.O. briefly, and he told me that Mr. Scott would be able to take two people round the airport. The next day, Michael Shepherd and I set off in an MoA truck. We went past the freight hangar, round to the end of the runway and then to the Ground Control Caravan. After that we visited the I.L.S. van and

were told how the radar worked. We then had a look round the hangars where all the small craft are housed. Next we travelled to the Styal transmitter, and then to Oakwood Farm, a receiver.

In the afternoon we went round the Fairey hangars, and saw over fifty pilotless aircraft which are used for reconnaissance. We were allowed into the testing hangar, and were told we were the first 'spotters' to be allowed into this hangar. There was an aircraft on the test bed and we were allowed to press switches to see its reactions. There was a switch labelled 'Destroy'—I wondered who used it!

On Wednesday I spent a day at the ITV Television Centre where I was on a programme called *Headliners*, and was interviewed about my radio.

Although my radio has been causing this interference I will not need to give up my hobby as the radio can have a suppressor fixed to it. I have had many interesting experiences, some producing comical results. One night I was listening in when a BEA Viscount, 'Echo Yankee', was coming into land. It was fairly busy, and three aircraft were coming in. 'Echo Yankee' asked if he could go round the West side of the field, or circle the field because he was coming in from the North. The controller gave him permission, but said it would mean having to wait before he could land.

"Never mind," replied 'Echo Yankee'. "I only wanted to see how the plants in my garden were getting on."

'Mike Juliet' a Cessna, was coming into land one day (or so the controller thought).

"Descend to 2,500 feet", said the controller.

"Roger," came the reply.

A few minutes later the controller said, "Report when you have Manchester in sight so I can direct you in."

Mike Juliet then said, "I am going to Birmingham, not Manchester."

On Tuesday, the same day as I visited the Fairey hangars, I went round a place at Manchester called Control Zone. As there are no windows in the building, controllers rely on radar. If there were windows the aircraft would be visible only on very clear days. At control zone the aircraft controlled fly along 'airways', invisible tunnels in the sky. The aircraft in most cases come nowhere near Manchester. They have to obey instructions given to them or else crashes might occur. The aircraft appear as small lines moving along in a series of jumps. The R.A.F. and U.S.A.F. operate outside the airways, and these are known to the controllers as 'wild-cats'.

One controller told me that the TSR-2 had appeared on the radar screen while being tested and was moving along in jumps at least twice as big as



any civil aircraft. The Controller who explained the radar system to me said that the older aircraft tended to be comparatively slow, and in the summer, when rather old aircraft take-off, all other aircraft have to wait for them because by the time a new aircraft has reached 25,000 feet, these old ones can only manage to stagger up to about 8,000 feet.

Altogether this was a most fascinating glimpse of what goes on behind the scenes at Ringway. Little did I think, as I twiddled the knobs of my radio, of the far-reaching effects it would have!

M. HOLLAND, 2B.

*As a postscript to the above:*

### The Menace

There's a young aircraft spotter I know.  
Who twiddles his own radio:  
When aircraft are near  
He *will* interfere,  
So the pilots don't know where to go.

J. THROUP, 2B.

### Jargon

Alfa, Bravo, Charlie;  
This is how we parlez,  
Delta, Echo, Foxtrot;  
This is how we plane-spot,  
Golf, Hotel, India;  
Flight is so much handier,  
Juliet, Kilo, Lima;  
And it's so much cleaner.  
Mike, November, Osca;  
Are you right for off, sir?  
Papa, Quebec, Romeo;  
Check with radar as you go,  
Sierra, Tango, Uniform;  
Soon it will be all the norm,  
Victor, Whisky, X-ray;  
For us to travel in this way,  
Yankee, Zulu;  
And you too.

A. SAGAR, 2B.

### War

Like a child,  
Playing with a machine-gun,  
'Killing' a soldier with a needle.  
So innocent—

Yet—So deadly.

No glinting armour,

No rosy plumes—

Instead—

Metal monsters crush the dead,

And horses tumble among long-forgotten souls.

Gallant generals rise out of the ground

Like moles,

And fall . . . like skittles

Mown down by their own inventions,

Drowned in the ink-pot trenches.

A man-made snare—

Death lurks on the frightened air:

Still—

A blackened face looks up.

A twisted body lies

Like a child—

Frightened of the dark.

M. H. ARDERN, 2C.

### Bridge O'er the Medlock

Earth has not anything to show more vile:  
Better 'twould be if all who could passed by  
A sight so awful in its grime  
The rows of battered dust-bins, mile on mile,  
The coming of the morning, dank and drear.  
Alleys, entries, grids and gutters lie  
Crouching, foul and stagnant 'neath the sky.  
The leaning buildings seem to leer;  
Never did chimneys smoke so dense  
On back-street washing, limp and grey.  
Ne'er saw I a flower or garden fence,  
Or whitened step or curtains gay.  
Dear God, the very city gives offence:  
No thing of beauty here could stay.

C. INGHAM, 1A.

### Building Fund Appeal

Additional generous contributions, comprising covenants and donations, totalling £2,056 have been received from the following Old Boys since the last published list up to 30th April, 1965

J. E. Adams, Esq.; E. P. Appleton, Esq.; D. M. Archer, Esq.; B. C. K. Ballinger, Esq.; 'In memory of Mr. Barber'; T. R. Bateson, Esq.; Miss A. Berry; J. H. Boardman, Esq.; D. A. Boothman, Esq.; G. S. Brown, Esq.; D. N. Buttrey, Esq.; J. H. Cairns, Esq.; The Rev. P. Clark; J. H. Clarke, Esq.; C. D. Cooke, Esq.; G. L. Cooke, Esq.; M. J. Cotton, Esq.; G. Crowe, Esq.; T. D. Culbert, Esq.; J. M. Davies, Esq.; I. R. Duncan, Esq.; D. T. Eastwood, Esq.; B. D. Etchells, Esq.; J. E. Evans, Esq.; P. M. Evans, Esq.; W. Garvie, Esq.; F. M. Gilliat, Esq.; A. A. Green, Esq.; D. Ll. Griffiths, Esq.; H.



Halliwell, Esq.; R. P. Handford, Esq.; W. C. Harris, Esq.; J. Harvey, Esq.; R. G. Heath, Esq.; C. T. Howard, Esq.; J. R. Howard, Esq.; C. H. Hunt, Esq.; J. N. Jones, Esq.; M. A. Kerr, Esq.; T. R. Lea, Esq.; W. Liggett, Esq.; G. C. Lockwood, Esq.; I. R. MacCallum, Esq.; J. McIsaac, Esq.; G. McMullen, Esq.; D. Mallalieu, Esq.; R. Mark, Esq.; C. M. Mason, Esq.; M. A. Morris, Esq.; J. L. Motley, Esq.; J. O. H. Norris, Esq.; C. A. Nowotarski, Esq.; A. Ogilvy, Esq.; E. C. Oldham, Esq.; Old Hulmeians Masonic Lodge; Old Hulmeians Motor Club; W. Pankhurst, Esq.; C. S. Paulden, Esq.; N. Pearson, Esq.; P. J. Reaney, Esq.; J. B. Reid, Esq.; A. I. Robinson, Esq.; R. A. Shead, Esq.; J. E. Shortland, Esq.; The Rev. J. H. P. Slade; A. W. Stephens, Esq.; I. M. Stewart, Esq.; L. Sutton, Esq.; R. N. Tattersall, Esq.; G. B. Templar, Esq.; B. E. Thurlwell, Esq.; G. F. Turnbull, Esq.; F. B. Turner, Esq.; R. G. Upton, Esq.; G. R. Vlies, Esq.; J. M. Walker, Esq.; R. Walshaw, Esq.; D. Watkins, Esq.; P. W. Watkins, Esq.; J. F. Weatherby, Esq.; P. Webster, Esq.; G. A. Weeks, Esq.; T. H. Weir, Esq.; J. N. White, Esq.; H. S. Wihl, Esq.; E. G. Wilcock, Esq.; K. S. Williams, Esq.; J. H. Winskill, Esq.; D. Wolfendale, Esq.; D. M. A. Wood, Esq.; E. L. Wood, Esq.; G. A. M. Wood, Esq.; C. S. Youatt, Esq.

As a result of the special Swimming Bath Appeal, the following Parents have promised a further £13,250:—

G. E. Adams, Esq.; B. Adcock, Esq.; A. S. Akers, Esq.; W. Allman, Esq.; D. R. P. Amor, Esq.; T. H. Anderson, Esq.; J. R. Ardern, Esq.; H. Ardron, Esq.; A. Ashcroft, Esq.; G. A. Ashton, Esq.; R. F. Astle, Esq.; D. R. Atherton, Esq.; F. Atkinson, Esq.; V. H. Attree, Esq.; N. Bailey, Esq.; R. Baines, Esq.; M. Banks, Esq.; R. J. Barclay, Esq.; N. Barlow, Esq.; Mrs. W. Barlow; G. Barnes, Esq.; E. Barratt, Esq.; H. W. Barrow, Esq.; Mrs. G. Bates; A. E. Beasant, Esq.; D. A. Bennett, Esq.; P. Bennett, Esq.; C. Benson, Esq.; E. S. Benson, Esq.; R. H. O. Benson, Esq.; S. Bentham, Esq.; S. Berg, Esq.; D. N. Bevan, Esq.; E. Bishop, Esq.; K. F. Black, Esq.; J. Blezard, Esq.; A. E. Boardman, Esq.; D. F. Bollen, Esq.; T. F. Bond, Esq.; F. Boon, Esq.; N. Bourne, Esq.; Mrs. S. I. Bourne; P. W. Boustead, Esq.; A. Bradbury, Esq.; S. Bradley, Esq.; S. Bradshaw, Esq.; Mrs. J. Brewood; W. N. Brewood, Esq.; D. W. Briggs, Esq.; W. J. Brigham, Esq.; B. H. Briscoe, Esq.; J. N. Brister, Esq.; G. F. Broadhurst, Esq.; T. Broome, Esq.; J. Brown, Esq.; R. Brown, Esq.; G. Buckley, Esq.; Mrs. P. Burke; Mrs. E. Burns; A. Burrell, Esq.; J. W. Burslem, Esq.; C. Burton, Esq.; A. G. Calder, Esq.; G. D. Caldwell, Esq.; R. H. Canetti, Esq.; S. H. Capon, Esq.; E. Carding, Esq.; D. Cardwell, Esq.; J. Carnie, Esq.; P. Casale, Esq.; H. D. Catling, Esq.; K. Cavanagh, Esq.; E. J. Clapper, Esq.; W. J. Clarke, Esq.; R. A. Claughton, Esq.; F. R. Cocker, Esq.; G. Cocker, Esq.; Coffee Morning (Mrs. F. Slater and Mrs. Cunningham);

S. Collinge, Esq.; F. J. Colten, Esq.; E. Conway, Esq.; W. Cook, Esq.; H. Cordingley, Esq.; T. I. Cottrill, Esq.; F. Crewe, Esq.; H. Crompton, Esq.; W. Crosby, Esq.; E. A. Cummins, Esq.; R. H. Curry, Esq.; T. L. Cusick, Esq.; A. M. Daily, Esq.; M. Danecki, Esq.; R. Daubney, Esq.; H. Davies, Esq.; H. V. Davies, Esq.; J. B. Davies, Esq.; R. Davies, Esq.; S. Day, Esq.; W. A. Deakin, Esq.; F. H. C. Dean, Esq.; J. H. Dean, Esq.; D. G. de Belder, Esq.; L. P. de la Perrelle, Esq.; W. L. Denson, Esq.; W. Dickson, Esq.; J. Dixon, Esq.; N. G. Dixon, Esq.; F. A. Dodd, Esq.; R. N. Dore, Esq.; L. Doyle, Esq.; L. Dukinfield, Esq.; E. Duncombe, Esq.; D. K. Dyson, Esq.; N. A. Eckersley, Esq.; C. Edwards, Esq.; E. C. Elford, Esq.; Mrs. U. Elliott; R. E. Eltoft, Esq.; D. Emmott, Esq.; J. Entwistle, Esq.; F. A. Erlam, Esq.; C. Everett, Esq.; W. H. Eyre, Esq.; A. F. Fairlie, Esq.; T. E. Fannon, Esq.; J. G. Farr, Esq.; A. B. Faulkner, Esq.; G. Finnigan, Esq.; J. Finnigan, Esq.; R. B. Fitzgerald, Esq.; E. Flanagan, Esq.; J. Flynn, Esq.; S. T. Forrest, Esq.; A. S. Fortune, Esq.; E. Foster, Esq.; Mrs. M. Fovargue; P. D. Fowler, Esq.; A. Fox, Esq.; T. Foy, Esq.; D. Franks, Esq.; J. M. Fraser, Esq.; C. Frisby, Esq.; H. Frost, Esq.; Mrs. J. Gammon; G. G. Garner, Esq.; N. Gee, Esq.; C. J. George, Esq.; T. J. George, Esq.; J. M. Gilchrist, Esq.; Mrs. M. Giles; S. Gill, Esq.; R. Gillett, Esq.; T. Glas, Esq.; A. Glass, Esq.; L. Goodman, Esq.; R. C. Grant, Esq.; T. Graves, Esq.; F. Green, Esq.; A. D. Grundy, Esq.; Mrs. C. Guthrie; C. P. Guthrie, Esq.; A. B. Hallworth, Esq.; N. Hallworth, Esq.; W. J. Halpin, Esq.; Mrs. D. Halstead; R. Hamilton, Esq.; A. Hamnett, Esq.; G. Hampson, Esq.; A. Hancock, Esq.; S. T. R. Hancock, Esq.; R. W. Harcourt, Esq.; W. Hargreaves, Esq.; T. Hart, Esq.; A. Hassall, Esq.; R. A. Haynes, Esq.; Mrs. B. Hayward; K. Heap, Esq.; J. H. Heckford, Esq.; W. O. Henderson, Esq.; R. Herbert, Esq.; A. F. Heywood, Esq.; R. E. Hibbert, Esq.; J. Hirst, Esq.; A. Hobson, Esq.; H. Hockaday, Esq.; G. Hodcroft, Esq.; N. Hodson, Esq.; J. Holgate, Esq.; Mrs. M. Holley; J. A. Hollick, Esq.; M. Hollingworth, Esq.; Mrs. D. Hollows; Mrs. I. Holmes; J. A. Hooson, Esq.; D. S. Hope, Esq.; A. St. C. Hopper, Esq.; J. Horsfall, Esq.; W. Horwich, Esq.; T. R. Howell, Esq.; R. E. Hoyle, Esq.; E. Huddleston, Esq.; D. Hunt, Esq.; S. Irving, Esq.; H. Jackson, Esq.; W. A. Jackson, Esq.; W. E. Jackson, Esq.; G. M. Jameson, Esq.; C. J. Jeffreys, Esq.; E. Johnson, Esq.; E. Jones, Esq.; H. W. Jones, Esq.; H. W. Jones, Esq.; Mrs. M. L. Jones; R. Jones, Esq.; C. Jordan, Esq.; L. Joseph, Esq.; H. Kay, Esq.; D. Keighley, Esq.; D. Kenworthy, Esq.; M. Kenyon, Esq.; D. C. Ketley, Esq.; C. V. Kettle, Esq.; J. K. King, Esq.; R. Kitching, Esq.; M. Klein, Esq.; S. Knott, Esq.; H. M. Koffman, Esq.; D. J. Koski, Esq.; P. Krell, Esq.; H. Kronberger, Esq.; R. S. Lane, Esq.; F. A. Langley, Esq.; A. Lawrence, Esq.; J. Lawton, Esq.; S. Lee, Esq.; S. R. Leigh, Esq.; S. Leighton, Esq.; W. S. C. Lindsay, Esq.



A. A. Lines, Esq.; A. T. Little, Esq.; A. S. Lodge, Esq.; H. Luckock, Esq.; C. A. Macauley, Esq.; R. F. McGavin, Esq.; E. V. McGlue, Esq.; J. McIntyre, Esq.; E. McKee, Esq.; K. McKeon, Esq.; D. M. MacLean, Esq.; J. E. McMullen, Esq.; P. McNulty, Esq.; F. McRae, Esq.; H. Mallinson, Esq.; H. B. Marsden, Esq.; G. I. Marshall, Esq.; W. J. Marshall, Esq.; J. L. Martin, Esq.; R. Masters, Esq.; G. F. Maule, Esq.; Mrs. R. Merchant; A. G. H. Michie, Esq.; J. Middleton, Esq.; K. T. Millett, Esq.; H. Mills, Esq.; D. Mitchell, Esq.; D. E. Mitchell, Esq.; F. Mitchell, Esq.; A. C. Molineux, Esq.; C. A. Moore, Esq.; D. F. Moore, Esq.; J. Moran, Esq.; D. C. Morton, Esq.; P. S. Morton, Esq.; H. Mullaney, Esq.; J. C. Naylor, Esq.; R. Neilson, Esq.; R. Nicholls, Esq.; F. Nightingale, Esq.; E. G. Noble, Esq.; F. Norfolk, Esq.; D. Norwood, Esq.; R. Ormerod, Esq.; Mrs. A. Ogden; Mrs. E. Ogden; V. H. Owens, Esq.; J. Ogg, Esq.; S. Oxford, Esq.; C. O'Hare, Esq.; E. Ousbey, Esq.; A. Pamphilon, Esq.; G. J. Parish, Esq.; Mrs. A. Parkes; D. A. Parkinson, Esq.; J. S. Parkinson, Esq.; W. R. Parkinson, Esq.; A. W. Paton, Esq.; D. W. Paton, Esq.; W. A. Peace, Esq.; R. C. Pearn, Esq.; F. Peart, Esq.; W. D. Pearson, Esq.; T. H. Pegg, Esq.; J. Pendlebury, Esq.; J. H. Penney, Esq.; H. W. Penny, Esq.; A. Phillips, Esq.; J. F. Pickess, Esq.; F. W. Pickford, Esq.; A. Pickles, Esq.; S. Pimblett, Esq.; N. Podmore, Esq.; W. R. Pollard, Esq.; V. D. Poole, Esq.; J. Porter, Esq.; J. Potter, Esq.; L. F. Potter, Esq.; S. Pressman, Esq.; D. A. Price, Esq.; W. G. Prytherch, Esq.; F. S. Quinn, Esq.; J. R. Quirk, Esq.; H. Randles, Esq.; J. F. Reid, Esq.; R. Reuben, Esq.; Mrs. E. Rhodes; E. Rhodes, Esq.; F. A. Rickard, Esq.; J. Rigg, Esq.; C. D. C. Robson, Esq.; E. Roden, Esq.; H. Rodgers, Esq.; J. Rogers, Esq.; N. L. Roland, Esq.; L. W. Roylance, Esq.; Mrs. E. Royle; Mrs. M. B. Rushton; A. H. Saleh, Esq.; C. W. Sampson, Esq.; B. Sanig, Esq.; Mrs. M. T. Sarjeant; Mrs. L. E. Savage; F. Saville, Esq.; S. Sewart, Esq.; A. Shaw, Esq.; J. A. Shaw, Esq.; A. Shepherd, Esq.; R. D. Sheppard, Esq.; H. B. Shires, Esq.; I. M. Simpson, Esq.; T. Skerratt, Esq.; L. G. Skinner, Esq.; F. S. Slater, Esq.; H. B. Slater, Esq.; T. G. Slater, Esq.; S. V. Slight, Esq.; H. Sorenson, Esq.; Mrs. A. M. Sparrow; J. G. P. Spicer, Esq.; S. J. Spooner, Esq.; Mrs. P. Stansfield; W. L. Stephens, Esq.; R. Sternberg, Esq.; J. S. Street, Esq.; J. Stryjak, Esq.; E. L. Swain, Esq.; C. Swindley, Esq.; T. E. Sykes, Esq.; R. C. Symonds, Esq.; E. Taylor, Esq.; G. E. Taylor, Esq.; G. R. Taylor, Esq.; R. Taylor, Esq.; S. Taylor, Esq.; W. Taylor, Esq.; J. E. Tebbett, Esq.; R. J. Terry, Esq.; G. N. Thackray, Esq.; E. B. Thomas, Esq.; D. Thompson, Esq.; F. E. Thompson, Esq.; R. M. Threlfall, Esq.; S. Topalian, Esq.; A. Topham, Esq.; J. Tossell, Esq.; F. A. N. Turner, Esq.; J. M. Turner, Esq.; D. H. Vaughan, Esq.; L. Veitch, Esq.; Mrs. M. Vernon; T. Vernon, Esq.; C. B. Waddington, Esq.; Mrs. M. R. Wales; E. Walker, Esq.; L. W. Walker,

Esq.; P. G. Walker, Esq.; T. Walker, Esq.; R. H. Wheeler, Esq.; L. White, Esq.; H. Whiteoak, Esq.; R. H. Wilcox, Esq.; E. Wild, Esq.; R. B. A. Wilkinson, Esq.; W. B. Wilkinson, Esq.; R. M. Willan, Esq.; F. B. Williams, Esq.; G. L. Williams, Esq.; J. S. Williams, Esq.; J. E. Williamson, Esq.; P. F. Willis, Esq.; C. N. Wilson, Esq.; R. Wilson, Esq.; L. J. Wilson, Esq.; L. M. Wise, Esq.; W. H. Wolstenholme, Esq.; S. Wong, Esq.; C. Wood, Esq.; L. Wood, Esq.; O. Woodhead, Esq.; A. J. Woodward, Esq.; E. Woolley, Esq.; G. Worthing, Esq.; J. F. Wright, Esq.; R. W. Wyse, Esq.; G. E. F. Yeomans, Esq.; O. Zanco, Esq.

Others, Mrs. I. K. M. Beattie; Wm. F. Dowtry, Esq.; Mrs. E. Morgan.

The total in donations and promises for the Appeal Fund has now reached £67,422, and further contributions will be gratefully received by the Appeal Chairman, William Hulme's Grammar School, Alexandra Park, Manchester, 16.

## Old Hulmeians Notes and News

Sir Herbert Seddon has been appointed to the chair of Orthopaedics tenable at the Institute of Orthopaedics in the University of London.

Professor R. Cocker has been admitted to the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons of England as the invited representative of dental surgery.

Ralph Millner has been appointed a Queen's Counsel.

D. Cooper has been appointed Headmaster of the Cromwell County Secondary School, Chalteris, Cambridgeshire. After leaving school in 1951 he gained his Teacher's Certificate at the Normal College, Bangor. Between 1958 and 1964 he gained his Diploma in Education and his Degree of Master in Education as the result of part-time studies at Manchester University. He is at present Head of the English Department at Ellesmere Park County Secondary School, Eccles.

On 10th April, Eric Barnes completed his two years tour of office as President of the English Lacrosse Union. At the Annual General Meeting of the Union held on that date in London, another Old Hulmeian, Robert Baird was elected as his successor.

I. M. Stewart is now an Administrative Assistant in the Registrar's Department at Birmingham University. He is at present attached to the Dental School which has recently moved into new buildings in the centre of the city.

Malcolm Kelsall is now a Lecturer in English at Reading University.



Rodney Linford moved from London in March to become a Research Associate in Physics at Warwick University.

G. N. Sheldon is an Assistant Lecturer in Modern Languages at Hitchin College of Further Education.

M. H. Homer gained Class II in Honour Moderations (Greek and Latin Literature) at Oxford.

J. M. A. Thompson has been appointed keeper of 2,000 works of art in the Rutherford Loan Collection. Since he graduated at Manchester University he has been a research assistant at the Whitworth Art Gallery.

Russell Bowden is in New Delhi, where he is Deputy Librarian for the British Council. He is on a three year tour of duty, and is due home in July for four months' leave.

Howard Baker is now working for I.T.V. and is producing a series of Edwardian plays.

G. A. Eagland is coming to the end of his course at Didsbury Training College. He has been appointed to the staff of the Stockport Technical High School where he hopes to develop lacrosse throughout the school.

Michael Cotton is now a Company Representative. He is married and has two children. He is still a keen member of the T.A. under Lt.-Col. P. Evans, and laments the decline in the number of Old Hulmeians in the Battalion.

Barry Woolham is with Barclay's Bank; for the past year he has been seconded to the Société Générale in Paris.

The following Old Hulmeians played in the Varsity Lacrosse match: J. D. Shuttleworth, R. T. Johnson, J. G. Lee and C. P. Langford (Oxford); A. A. Jackson, J. H. Dixon and J. N. Jones (Cambridge). Cambridge won 10-5.

Belated congratulations to Colin Bond on passing his Finals of the Chartered Auctioneers and Estate Agents Institute last year.

Kenneth Slater directed the recently held Manchester Cathedral Arts Festival. He is a Church Officer of the Cathedral, secretary of the Friends of Manchester Cathedral, a member of the Manchester Citizens Advice Bureau and a successful candidate in the Municipal Elections held in May.

Congratulations to J. A. Gilbert upon his promotion to Wing Commander in the R.A.F. to be Commanding Officer (later this year when training is completed) of No. 92 Squadron, flying Lightning Aircraft.

D. N. Buttrey has just had a book published (MacDonalds), *Plastics in the Furniture Industry*. Previous technical books have been *Cellulose Plastics* and *Plasticisers*.

M. D. Kruger is the Hon. Treasurer of the Hendon Football Club that has had such a successful season, winning the F.A. Amateur Cup and taking honours in the Isthmian League.

We congratulate T. F. M. Olsen on passing the Law Society's Part One qualifying examination in all six 'heads' of the examination.

We congratulate the following on their success in the Law Society's Part Two qualifying examination: J. D. E. Rayman (who passed in seven subjects with a distinction in Company Law); D. J. Higginson (four subjects with a distinction in Family Law); A. L. Thorneley, M. C. Davies and M. Kay.

Nigel Walmsley has been seen in various parts of the country—in deepest Cheshire where he was being driven by Lynch (on holiday from Campbell College), and in far-flung Bristol, where he called upon David Kaiserman. Walmsley is now in London in the Post-Master General's Office.

Howard Williamson has joined the D'Oyley Carte Opera Company.

## Old Hulmeians Association

The season for Lacrosse and Rugby has ended which, among other things, means that your Clubhouse remains almost unused until September. This seems to be unfortunate as it cost a large amount of money and was intended for the use of all members. Old Boys are invited to suggest how more use can be made of the Clubhouse. A reasonably successful attempt to lower the ceiling has been made and there is no doubt that it could be the venue of many pleasant occasions which would directly benefit the financial affairs of the Association.

The Annual Dinner Dance at Abney Hall on 5th February, 1965, was once again a 'sell out' and proved to be a most successful event, both socially and financially. Our thanks are due to B. T. Plaskett who took over the organising of this function when we unfortunately lost H. A. Whatley who was transferred to London.

The Annual Dinner at the Midland Hotel on 13th March, 1965, just about paid its way. This occasion is worthy of better support, for there is no doubt that those attending derive a great deal of pleasure from meeting their old school friends. The standard of speaking was very high, with Sir Herbert J. Seddon, the Dean of Manchester and J. D. Marsden proposing the toasts of the School, the Association and the Guests respectively and the Headmaster, the President and the Lord Mayor of Manchester replying.



In an endeavour to assist the Whalley Range Cricket and Lawn Tennis Club, who along with all other clubs and associations are experiencing a severe financial strain, the Lacrosse Section organised a Wine and Cheese Party which proved to be most enjoyable and successful, being very well attended. As a result it was possible to present the Whalley Range Club with a profit approaching £45. Our relationship with the cricket club continues to grow closer as it is realised that we can and must support each other to make the most of our jointly owned excellent ground. A former president of Whalley Range, S. E. Woollam, died early in March and although not an Old Hulmeian he was a good friend to the Association and at one time was a vice-president. Very many Old Boys who joined Whalley Range from School will remember how 'Eddie' went out of his way to make them welcome. Our sincere sympathy is extended to his widow and to his brother, Jack.

The newly formed Rifle Club is slowly establishing itself. It will be realised that many unusual conditions have to be complied with and once again, the School is proving to be most valuable in this respect. Any member wishing to join this section should contact Dr. A. Wilson, 120 Alexandra Road, Manchester, 16. (Telephone: Moss Side 2710), the honorary secretary.

There are still very many members who have overlooked subscribing to the School Building Fund. The Parents have recently made a great effort, as a result of which the Swimming Bath can become a reality. Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by the chairman of the appeal, A. H. Allman, Esq., c/o the School.

The Annual Cricket Match against the School will be played at School on Saturday, 3rd July. Any Old Boy wishing to play should contact Mr. A. M. Blight at School. Players who are playing regularly would be particularly welcome. Supporters too will be provided with refreshments.

Early in March we lost Bernard Muth. It is said that he, as a boy, was the first to enter our School in 1887. Ever since then he has maintained a lively interest in the School and its Old Boys. Comparatively recently he played in the School Orchestra and on one occasion his son and grandson were also playing. Our sympathy is extended to his son and daughter. Such men are hard to replace. His passing is deeply mourned.

In July another School year will come to a close. A very warm welcome to the Association is extended to all boys who are leaving. Facilities are available at the School Office for boys to join. The subscription is 10/- per year up to the age of 23.

Hon. Sec.: Eric Barnes, 'The Hollies', Gatley Road, Gatley, Cheshire.

## Births, Marriages and Deaths

### BIRTHS

ARCHER—On January 30, to Jean and Douglas, a daughter.

GRIGSBY (ex-staff)—On March 14, to Patricia and Peter, a daughter.

ARNOLD—On March 31, to Anthea and George, a son.

BEE—On April 6, to Dorothy and Peter, a daughter.

TREDWELL—On April 19, to Eileen and Ralph, a daughter.

WATKINS—On April 25, to Noni and David, a daughter.

### MARRIAGES

BOND—WHEELDON—On November 21, 1964, John Colin Bond to Jennifer Wheeldon.

COCKER—DICKMAN—On March 17, M. H. F. Cocker to Joyce Dickman.

MARSDEN—JACKSON—On April 10, David Marsden to Ann Jackson.

### DEATHS

BURRELL—On February 9, at 'Alandale', Bradgate Road, Bowdon, John William, aged 86 years.

WINSON—On February 24, at 5 Goulden Road, Withington, Sidney Norman.

BUTTERWORTH—On February 25, David Wright, aged 22 years.

MUTH—On March 3, at 57 Wood Rd., Whalley Range, Bernard, aged 88 years.

NEWTON—On March 10, in London, Eric, aged 72 years.

HARVEY—On April 24, at 5 Reeves Avenue, Epping, Sydney, Australia, Frank, aged 57 years.

## Obituaries

### BERNARD MUTH

With the death of Bernard Muth the School has lost the original Hulmeian. When it first became known that Hulme Grammar School was to be built, his mother applied for a place for him: his name was the first on the list, and he claimed to be the first boy through the door of the School on the first day of term. At that time his family lived in Yarburgh Street and he walked to School through Alexandra Park; he used to recall many brushes with the park-keepers for



cutting across one of the large expanses of grass on which it was forbidden to walk. Eventually a trodden path resulted as others followed his example.

He was a keen games-player and was Captain of Cricket in 1894. When Whalley Range Cricket Club started he was one of its earliest members.

On leaving School he studied textiles at Manchester College of Technology, beating his own teacher in his final examinations. His fluency in languages—he spoke French, German and Italian—was a great asset to him in his business life as an exporter of textile machinery. For several years, early in his career, he lived in Milan, where his firm had a branch office. He made many trips abroad, to both the Continent and the Middle East, and he continued in business until his retirement in 1950 at the age of 74.

He was a member of the Old Hulmeians Association from its inception, and its President in the year 1922-23. He maintained his interest in the School throughout his life, rarely missing any important function. Indeed, few schools can boast of an Old Boy whose interest has been so active for so long, for it is just over a year ago that he played in the School Orchestra for *Iolanthe* as he had done so many times before. For music was his great love, and throughout his life he played chamber music with his family and friends; it was as he was about to play in a string quartet at his house that he collapsed and died.

His son, David, is an Old Hulmeian, as is his grandson, Alan Thomson, who had the distinction of playing with his grandfather in the School Orchestras on many occasions. We extend to them, and to Mrs. Thomson, our deepest sympathy and assure them of our pride in and our gratitude to the first Hulmeian.

## ERIC NEWTON

One of our most illustrious Old Boys, Eric Newton, died suddenly on March 10th at the age of 72. He was at School from 1907—1910, and those who were privileged to hear him speak at Speech Day in 1959 will recall the very warm tribute he paid to Dr. Hall, whose “rich mind oozed information” and whose teaching had given him a respect for civilisation which had influenced his whole work as an art critic.

He served with The Manchester Regiment throughout the 1914-18 war, taking part in the battles of Passchendaele and the Somme. After the war he returned to Manchester, where he developed his life-long interest in design and painting. After writing occasional articles for *The Manchester Guardian* in the twenties, he became the regular art critic in 1930, remaining with the

paper until 1947. Then followed a short spell with *The Sunday Times*, but in 1956 he rejoined *The Guardian*, for which he continued to write regularly until the day before his death. One of his last articles was on the Exhibition of Masterpieces of European Art 1520—1600 held at the Manchester City Art Gallery.

In addition to his work as an art journalist, he achieved academic distinction by his appointment as Slade Professor of Fine Arts at Oxford 1959-60 and as Lecturer on Art History to the Central School of Arts and Crafts from 1963. He was the art adviser to the Commonwealth Institute, and for many years was a regular broadcaster, especially in the programme *The Critics*. But in spite of all these commitments he continued to be a practising artist and craftsman, with a special interest in mosaic design.

His criticism was marked by its warmth and generosity, especially towards the work of young artists, and by its honesty and sincerity. He did not think of the artist as a being in a special compartment isolated from the world around him, but as a fully-armed member of whatever community he lived in. We at School recall his approval of the prizes chosen by the winners of the School's two major Science awards in 1959—Plato's *Republic* and Beethoven's Scores. We recall, too, his modest but genuine surprise that a book that he himself had written should have been chosen as a prize.

## DAVID BUTTERWORTH

David Wright Butterworth, aged 22, died at Ashton General Hospital, on February 25th, 1965, following injuries received in a car accident.

He came to Hulme in September, 1954, and took an active part in the life of the School. His outlook was bright and cheerful, and no obstacles seemed to daunt or deter his enthusiasm for life which was reflected in his loyalty to Heywood House and to the Under 15 Cricket XI.

He left School in 1960 and shortly afterwards was appointed to a post in the City Surveyor's Office in the Manchester Town Hall. He attended classes at the Manchester College of Building to obtain professional qualifications in building and surveying. His tragic death came only a short time before the completion of his studies.

When he left School he joined the O.H.A. and was soon playing Rugby for the Old Boys. His presence will be missed at Brantingham Road, not only for his active participation on the field of play, but also for his contributions to the social life of the club. His many friends will remember him and miss him greatly. We extend our deepest sympathy to his family.



## The Old Hulmeians Lacrosse Section

## RESULTS:

## FIRST TEAM

Jan.	30	v. Boardman and Eccles	A	W	11—6
Feb.	6	v. Urmston	H	W	15—4
"	20	v. Cheadle	NG	W	5—4
(Semi-Final Senior Flags)					
"	27	v. Cheadle	A	W	10—6
Mar.	20	v. Old Mancunians	H	W	13—1
Apr.	3	v. Mellor	NG	L	5—7
(Final Senior Flags)					
"	24	v. Old Stopfordians	A	W	16—7
"	30	v. Heaton Mersey	A	L	2—5
May	2	v. Mellor	H	L	5—10

## 'A' TEAM

Jan.	30	v. Heaton Mersey Guild	H	W	18—6
Feb.	6	v. Sheffield University	A	W	7—6
"	20	v. Ashton	NG	L	4—13
(Semi-Final Junior Flags)					
"	27	v. Mellor 'A'	H	L	5—11
Mar.	13	v. Offerton	A	L	2—8
"	20	v. Old Grovians	H	L	3—15
Apr.	10	v. Sheffield University	H	W	13—12
"	24	v. Ashton	A	L	4—7

## EXTRA 'A' TEAM

Jan.	30	v. Boardman and Eccles 'A'	H	W	10—4
Feb.	6	v. Urmston 'A'	A	L	4—11
"	13	v. Ashton 'A'	H	W	13—4
"	20	v. Old Mancunians 'A'	A	W	7—6
Mar.	13	v. Urmston 'A'	H	L	2—8
"	20	v. Boardman and Eccles	A	W	14—2
Apr.	10	v. Rochdale 'A'	A	W	9—2

## 'B' TEAM

Jan.	30	v. Liverpool University	A	W	7—6
Feb.	6	v. Urmston 'B'	H	L	1—14
"	13	v. Stockport G.S.	A	W	9—5
"	20	v. Offerton 'A'	H	L	0—1
"	27	v. Liverpool University	H	L	4—10
Mar.	13	v. Cheadle Hulme	A	L	1—7
"	20	v. Old Stopfordians 'A'	A	L	0—1
Apr.	10	v. Cheadle 'B'	A	L	0—16
"	24	v. Old Stopfordians 'A'	H	L	1—5

## Other Club Fixtures were:

Feb.	13	1st and 'A' Combined v. Oxford	A	L	2—4
Mar.	27	1st. v. W.H.G.S. 1st	W	18—2	
"	27	'A' v. W.H.G.S. 2nd	W	17—4	
"	27	Extra 'A' v. W.H.G.S. 3rd	W	15—3	
"	27	'B' v. W.H.G.S. 4th	W	11—7	
Apr.	3	'B' v. Old Hulmeians at Oxford	H	W	12—8

The playing strength of the section has been sapped heavily this year. I. R. Duncan, J. Buckland, D. A. Wolfendale, and up to the new year R. Paulson have been sorely missed. In spite of this, a somewhat subdued and chastened 1st team in the league, acquitted itself nobly in the Flags Final, being narrowly defeated in an exciting and uncompromising game. Only the ability to convert the slightest error into a goal enabled a brilliant Mellor side to fight back and win, after the Old Boys had dictated the play in the first half.

The 'A' team suffered most from injuries and absences but performed creditably, and on one occasion defeated the 2nd Division leaders.

The Extra 'A' supplied replacements to the 'A' team but more than held their own in the 3rd Division.

The 'B' team had a poor season being short of players in most of their games despite assistance from School. The fact that they won matches when they fielded a full side has not relieved the likelihood of relegation.

Financially the season has been most successful. As a result of various well-attended Social activities, profits have been made and donations made to assist our partners, Whalley Range C. and L.T.C.

The social events which proved most successful were the Christmas Lottery, the Annual Dance and the Wine 'n Cheese Party. This last named was a tremendous affair with the World and his Wife there, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

A new social event was registered on our calendar this Easter. Our old foes, Purley, were unable to tour this year and so a golden opportunity presented itself for us to entertain the Old Hulmeians at Universities. As it happened, with reinforcements from the School, three matches were played on the School grounds and the players then adjourned to Brantingham Road Clubhouse for baths and refreshments. It is hoped that we will be able to make this a regular and permanent feature in the future and to improve even upon this successful occasion.

Our congratulations and best wishes are extended to Eric Barnes on his election as Chairman of the Lacrosse Club. He has, in his capacity as Vice-Chairman, acted in the stead of the late J.A.B. for some time and the transition will be scarcely noticeable. In fact, Eric claims to be Barber-trained, having acted as batman to him at camp, and also he will have the assistance of Norman Barber who is now Vice-Chairman. It is certain that under their guidance the Club will prosper and uphold all its cherished traditions.



## Old Hulmeians Rugby Club

"If wars were won by feasting  
Or victory by song  
Or safety found in sleeping sound  
How England would be strong." (Kipling)

To most people, Easter was a bleak and dismal time. However to one jaundiced observer, who has had little to cheer all season, suddenly all was bright and beautiful. Neither snow nor freezing rain could quench the glow as the points were piled up again Sale 'A'. Everything one has longed for all season suddenly happened. A tremendous effort from the forwards, heels came quickly from the loose, the ball was smuggled skilfully away from the mauls. Wing forwards got their men. Bob Axbey found enough breath to cover relentlessly, the second row was dominant midfield most of the time. Behind the pack, Brian Hayes produced the best display of classic scrum-half play he has given, in my opinion, for many a day. A consistent, long immaculate service from scrums and lines-out gave the backs plenty of running and despite the conditions, handling was excellent. Kicking, when necessary, either found a good touch or landed in "the box"—not as is usually the case, landing straight in the full back's hands. Indeed, one sweet attacking kick resulted in Dixon scoring a perfectly good try which for some obscure reason the referee disallowed.

Sale tried hard to redeem themselves in the last ten minutes and changed their tactics, which had scarcely been praiseworthy, but the defence survived the onslaught although conceding one try. We were still attacking at "No Side".

Yes, Easter Monday was a beautiful day. After that it is almost pathos to review the preceding games. Two victories on the Easter Tour were unobserved by any scribe. Points were scored against Trentham and Newcastle but the opposition was not any great standard. A rearranged fixture against Y.M.C.A. resulted in defeat 8—18. I was obliged to referee the 'A' XV on this occasion and could only observe the 1st during brief intervals but things did not look good. The 'A' XV won somehow. Defeat also at the hands of Old Rochdallians on a day when the administration broke down. That was the day the skipper got lost and played for the wrong side. To old campaigners, victories over Toc H 12—6, and Cheadle Hulme 15—3, are welcome at any time, but heavy losses were incurred against Broughton Park 'A' 3—21, Vulcan 12—22 and Leigh 0—25. The final record was W. 13; L. 13; D. 3. Apart from Easter Monday, not a season to live in one's memory.

The 'A' XV, like the 1st, did not have a memorable season although things always threatened to improve. In fact seven victories is a

distinct improvement on records of recent years, five games were drawn and the losses reduced to 18. From time to time they produced some stirring rugby and one or two games could have gone either way. Ashton-under-Lyne was a case in point, down 6—8 after leading 6—0. John Roberts went off with a broken jaw mid-way through the first half and this handicap proved too much. With regret we say goodbye to the team Captain, Ninian Guthrie, who is leaving to take up a post in London.

The Extra 'A' XV has had a disastrous time. Shortage of players ruined both the fixture list and many a Saturday afternoon's enjoyment for the enthusiastic few who turn up regularly . . . which brings me to:—

### MEMBERSHIP

This is no longer a problem—it is a dam' great crisis. Five players are leaving this district owing to change of employment, so we can no longer field two teams of Old Hulmeians. Unless we get adequate recruits from School *this* season we have three alternatives:

1. Scrap all Extra 'A' team fixtures and run as a two team club, with inevitable consequences.
2. Open the club to all comers.
3. Face the probability that the club will close completely in the near future.

Which is the point of the opening quotation.

MUDDIED OAF.

## Old Hulmeians Motor Club

After the very successful Dance last December the months of January and February brought two more highly successful indoor events. In January the "Fiesta of Sport" on film (better known as a film show) attracted a goodly attendance in the Upper Hall at School, which had been most kindly placed at our disposal by the Headmaster. February saw our Hot Pot Supper and a film show devoted to Motor Sport and Powerboat Racing. Some 53 members and friends sat down to supper, and once again we are greatly indebted to Gladys Taylor for undertaking the catering, and to the wives and friends who washed up the mountain of crockery.

A great many members of the Club are only interested in social events. It has therefore been decided to establish a 'Motor Sporting Register' among members, on which will be inscribed the names of members who are interested in taking part in purely competitive events. All members of the Club will continue to receive the full monthly bulletin in the usual way, but those on the Motor



Sport Register will also be supplied with details of competitive events, etc. not covered by the bulletin. (We sometimes hear of things at very short notice and it is impracticable to circulate details to all members.) All events circulated to members on the Register shall be eligible to count towards the Annual Championship, so don't squeal later if you don't know about an event. Get your name on the Register!

A certain Motor Club has just held its third annual—Trophy Rally at which forty competitors had the privilege of scrapping for the silver goblet from which the rally derives its name; scrapping being the operative word! One of our members was a marshal at this event, and his night's activities included more than he had anticipated—

"At the Marshals' meeting on the previous Tuesday I had been able to look at the route which the cars were going to take, and although it did not look too difficult, since there were only about five or six miles of 'white', I would not like to boast of how I would have managed had I been in the driver's seat. It was at this meeting that I was given the control board and flag which were to be displayed at the control point. I met my Sector Marshal for the night, who arranged that we should meet at the Wanted Inn beyond Chapel.

It was late on the Friday night when I picked up my co-pilot and I realised as soon as we were stuck in our first traffic hold-up that we were not going to be at our rendezvous at the appointed hour. Still, we could but try, and we battled our way through the Stockport traffic-jams as best we could. As it turned out we were only ten minutes late when we finally arrived at the Wanted Inn where we were met by our Sector Marshal. We arranged that he should escort us to our position, and that we should meet him at the end of the Sector after we had closed up and then go on to supper together.

We were at a position not far from Bakewell, at Little Longstone, on the banks of the beautiful River Wye in Monsal Dale. It was a very clear, quiet night with an almost full moon shedding its eerie white light over the valley. The silence was only broken by the rushing waters of the Wye and by an occasional train that bellowed out of the tunnel. We set up our control board and flag and waited.

The first car along the route was the Clerk of the Course, who roared up the valley in a Wolseley 1500. We explained that we could not park right on the spot that we were supposed to, but were only about 100 yards off it. He gave us a list of entrants and zoomed off to the next control, leaving behind him that unmistakable smell of High Octane fuel. Our first car, a Mini Cooper 'S', was due in exactly a quarter of an

hour. The glow of the head-lamps appeared like a sunrise over the horizon and the noisy little brute whined through the valley, as only Coopers can, to our control. He didn't seem to be trying very hard, but that was only because he was early. He sat confidently outside our control for nearly two minutes before coming in to be timed, and then we hardly had time to close the door before he was off—he was trying this time! He was, of course, the first of the experts, in fact last year's winner. The next car due in was the Rapier of Alcock and Davenport, but no such luck. Out of the darkness appeared a Viva; he was supposed to be the last of the experts, and although there were only six experts in that class, it was obvious that they had managed to get very mixed up already. Along came another Mini in the expert class, followed by John Williams in his Vitesse, who was the first in the Semi-expert class. The only other car that we knew was the Triumph Herald of Gordon Davies who had Stan Foulds as Co-Pilot, and was due along as the second car in the Novice Class.

All sorts of breeds and varieties of car flashed through T.C. 10 for the next thirty minutes. Shirley Alcock eventually appeared amongst the Novices, suffering from a malfunctioning of the petrol pump, and Gordon Davies, although off to a bad start was managing to keep to Bogey reasonably well.

It was nearly time for us to close our control and we could hear what was to be our last car coming down the valley. They appeared with much roar and screech and even wearing crash helmets—obviously very novice! They bumbled some story about Number 32 overturning and in a hell of a mess about two miles back. They went on their way and we looked down the list only to find that 32 had passed through our control about ten minutes ago—but still, we thought that a car overturning wasn't the sort of thing that you 'thought' you saw, so we waited to close our control and off we went. Sure enough there was a car sitting quietly on its side with its headlamps shining at the stars, but with the occupants outside and seemingly O.K.

There was no other car involved directly but only as an outside agent. It seems that the driver was scorching along in his little Ford Pop. when quite without warning a car went across his path on another road. (One can imagine the driver's concern because his navigator hadn't told him that there was a cross roads ahead or even that he was on the minor road—the type of situation which sorts the men from the boys!)

The driver had applied his brakes rather harshly but unfortunately his rear tyres were not very good and the back started to slide. As it did so, the rear of the car hit the grass verge and spun



over, doing a twist in mid-air at the same time. Fortunately, the car landed on its side, but facing the opposite direction and with its underside up against a dry stone wall. There was plenty of smashed windscreen around when we arrived, together with plenty of petrol. All in all, the car was a bit of a mess but neither the driver nor the navigator was hurt.

They were both very busy clearing up the mess, and the A30 which we were in became a dumping ground for their equipment. The Police were soon on the scene, being one Hillman Huskey and one rather 'rustic' policeman.

"Well how did y'r manage this then?" asked the bobby.

"Ha! Yes, well I was just driving along when . . ."

"You on this Rally then?"

"Yes. Well I was but I'd given up and was just making my way home when . . ."

"Where d' y' live then?"

"Stockport."

"Oh 'ell."

After a little thought, the policeman decided that the car should be righted and the breakdown service summoned.

Unfortunately, the car was by a drystone wall and could not be pushed straight on to its wheels on that side, so on to the roof it had to go. It took only two short rocks to put in onto the roof, and a series of very expensive sounding crunches made it obvious that the reliability of his insurance brokers would be tested to the limit. Glass splintered into tiny pieces under the weight of the car and the poor driver winced as another window shattered. There was just one more push to go, and the vehicle would look more normal than it had done for the past hour at least. The policeman pushed, the navigator pushed, my navigator pushed and I pushed, but the poor car owner was pulling furiously back trying to cushion the inevitable fall!

"Don't do that, S'r, or y'll go with it. S'r. S'r!" the policeman cried, and the driver winced again when he almost had his shoulder dislocated by the falling car. This wasn't his day.

He sprang into the car muttering "Oh! What will the wife say?"

To everybody's amazement the car started up. The driver shouted to us, but immediately realised that there was no need (there wasn't any windscreen), to say that he was going to see if she would move. Tension mounted as the revs increased and again to everybody's amazement, the car moved—the wonders of modern engineering never cease to render simple men speechless.

"You be O.K. now then, so I'll just take a few facts and go."

So the policeman took his facts and he . . . went.

All that remained to do now was to fill her up with petrol and oil, and they would soon be home. But where does one get petrol from out in the middle of the hills of Derbyshire when there isn't even a light in sight? We consulted the map. The nearest village was Wardlow and at only 10-00 o'clock there was still a chance that there might be a garage open, if there was a garage there at all.

There was nothing in Wardlow, but two miles down the road there was, and although there was a sign saying 'Open' there was no one about. There was an inn on the other side of the road, and since every one knows every one else in a place of that size we went there for our petrol. When the garage owner's brother-in-law came out the driver managed to buy what he wanted and we were soon on our way back to the scene of the event.

In went the petrol and in went the oil, and in they both jumped. The car which had been 'nursed like a baby', now crippled and bent to an almost unrecognisable degree, limped off in the direction of home. I hope his wife wasn't too hard on him. After all it was only his first rally—he might do a little better next time. We had to smile at the thought of him travelling all that way back with a broken windscreen and about £200 worth of damage.

"Blessed are they with comprehensive insurance policies, for they shall receive the benevolence of the insurance companies."

G. F. Davies and S. B. Foulds (O.H.M.C.) were the winners of the novice award and have now joined the ranks of the Semi-experts.

S.J.

Any enquiries about Motor Sport, or about joining the Club, will be welcomed by the Hon. Secretary, John L. Williams, 7 Kings Avenue, Gatley, Cheshire. Tel.: GAT 4666.

## Old Hulmeians Rifle Club

This section will, we hope, be functioning by mid-summer. It is now affiliated to the National Small-bore Rifle Association and the Lancashire Small-bore Rifle Association. We now await Home Office permission to obtain firearms, dependant on 'investigating' the Club and its Officers (to ensure that our meetings will not lead to wholesale slaughter of either club members or the public).



E. S. Thelwall has been elected as Chairman of the Club, P. Harrison as Hon. Treasurer and J. L. Williams and A. Ward as Committee members.

Hon. Secretary, Dr. A. Wilson, 120 Alexandra Road, Manchester, 16. Tel.: MOS 2710.

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### Association of Old Hulmeians in London

At the end of February we returned to the 'Copper Kitchen' for our first meeting of the year. Had we pressed hard enough, the Continental proprietor would have agreed to prepare for us a dish not previously included amongst his culinary experiences, but when it was suggested, he clearly had misgivings about experimenting on what he assumed to be a body of discerning experts. So instead of a Lancashire Hot Pot we had the steak and kidney pie he evidently regards as more suitable for inclusion in his normal menu. At all events it was good and thoroughly enjoyed by those present. Cyril Eastwood was in the Chair. We were glad to have Geoff. Carter with us for the first time and a useful number of newcomers to the London Colleges. As usual, some we hoped to see were committed elsewhere. Bob Benson's 'conditioning' with the choir has enabled him to renew his interest in singing, and on that night he was pre-occupied with his local operatic society. Tony Charlton was also making a stage appearance, in a play.

Following a car accident, George Arnold had not been playing lacrosse for a few weeks, but he made strenuous efforts to finalise the arrangements provisionally made for a match we hoped to have at the beginning of May. Unfortunately, our opponents found that several of their players had to be away on business and they were unable to raise a team, so the fixture had to be cancelled. However, our members have been keeping in touch, congratulations to Douglas Hague and Kevin Corcoran who played for the South of England side that gave the North a good run for their money on the 10th April.

Volunteers will be welcomed for our cricket match on 27th June. This is a very pleasant annual fixture against the Association of Lancastrians in London, and a good day's family outing for players and spectators is assured.

It is not too early to note that the Annual Dinner has been booked for Friday, 12th November, at the House of Commons.

Any further information about the foregoing or our arrangements in general can be obtained from G. W. Creasey, 145 Copse Hill, S.W.20. WIMbledon 6778.

### Old Hulmeians Masonic Lodge, No. 7062

On Saturday, 27th March, the Worshipful Master, John P. Moran, and Mrs. Moran were hosts to some 170 members and their guests at our annual Ladies' Evening held at the Embassy Rooms, Sale. A very happy time was enjoyed by all. We were honoured to have the Headmaster and Mrs. Bird present as our official guests, also the Vice-President of the Old Hulmeians Association, Alan Jones. During the evening our Worshipful Master presented a small cheque on behalf of the members of the Lodge towards the fund for the School swimming pool.

Any Old Boys of the School or members of the School Staff who are in any way interested in the activities of this section of the Old Hulmeians are invited to contact the secretary or any member of the Lodge.

Hon. Secretary: A. E. Bolsover, 268 Brooklands Road, Baguley, Manchester.

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### Old Hulmeians at Cambridge University

Cambridge University is so large and Old Hulmeians there so few that it is a rare event for me to see any of them. Therefore, reluctantly, I had to leave my normal place of inspiration and go in search of Old Hulmeians to discover what fascinating (printable) activities they are indulging in. The general impression I gained is that most of them are setting out to enjoy the Easter term in spite of the exams., which are, after all, only there to give us something to celebrate during May Week.

Fighting my way through the crowds of tourists, I went first of all to Trinity Hall, where I met Nigel Jones wearing his track-suit and bearing a lacrosse stick in an aggressive manner. Having nothing better to do this term, he has built himself a punt which he hopes will pass the time to the exams., and I have since heard from my spies that he will be rowing in the May Bumps; so it seems that he will be spending most of this term afloat (if he's lucky).

I then went along to St. Michael's Court, Caius, where I saw Geoff. Morley, star of Caius 2nd soccer team and demon of the table tennis team. Together, we went on to Trinity to demand coffee from Jim Nichols. Jim seems to spend a lot of time indulging in a favourite pastime of North-erners in Trinity—voicing his dislike of Viscounts, Rt. Hons., Spanish Pretenders and other such types who abound in Trinity. However, between hate-sessions, he says he is managing to find time to write a symphony, which he hopes will be completed before long.



I found the two freshmen medics, Brian Gazzard and Andy Jackson, in the Anatomy Department. As is usually the case with medics, they complain of being overworked, but Brian is finding time to play tennis for Queen's 2nd team and Andy has played rugby for the LX club (and, of course, he played in the Varsity Lacrosse Match). The other O.H. in Queen's, Malcolm Lomax, is very reticent about his activities, but my spies in Queen's say that he has been seen in the midst of a smoke-filled room playing intellectual games with little pieces of coloured card.

It took me a little while to find Adrian Wood, because the architects of Churchill College have successfully produced a building which makes a newcomer feel like a rat in a maze. However, since they have one of the best college bars in Cambridge, it was worth the trip. Like nearly everyone else in Churchill, Adrian is suffering from a rowing mania; he has been rowing six afternoons a week since the May Bumps last year. This year he is rowing for the Churchill third boat which I suspect will continue in the Churchill tradition of carving easily through its division.

My next trip was to Emmanuel College to investigate the rumours that a hermit Hulmeian called Jim Wilde lived there. I did in fact find him and he explained his hermit-like existence by saying that he is the founder-member of a new society in Emmanuel which is taking a considerable amount of his time while it is still in the process of being formed. It is called the Gulliver Society because of the supposed education of Swift's Gulliver at Emmanuel, and its aim is to increase the flow of ideas between dons and students. One of the biggest disappointments I had on coming to Cambridge was to find that dons and students didn't mix very much, so I wish this new society the best of luck.

My last visit was to Jesus to see Steve Torkington, who is another with a bad case of the rowing bug. He is now rowing for the Jesus second boat, which is quite a high standard for a freshman who has never rowed before going to Cambridge. The remaining Hulmeians I have been unable to see for one reason or another, but news of Howard Dixon is not difficult to obtain; he has already obtained a teaching post at York and is therefore in a better position than the rest of us to enjoy the facilities of Cambridge this term. He has, of course, been a great asset to the Lacrosse Club during the year, and it is rumoured that he will be seen on the river this term in one of the less serious boats which help to make the May Bumps such an enjoyable spectacle. Tony Thomas has had his sporting activities curtailed this year by his leg injury, but he has still been seen frequently at the Lacrosse ground—shouting a mixture of advice and abuse from the side-lines. Nobody

seems to know anything about Rogerson, however, though he has been seen occasionally wandering about in his private world, oblivious to the rest of us.

Those who come to Cambridge thinking that the life will be exactly as depicted in *Bachelor of Hearts* are in for a big disappointment, mainly because of the numerical inequality of the sexes. In May Week, however, the balance is restored and Cambridge comes closest to its image—champagne parties on the river, May Balls, etc.—so now that I've completed my probing into the private lives of Old Hulmeians, I shall retire once more to 'The Fountain' to pass the time until then.

### Old Hulmeians at Bristol University

At the latest census, our man in the West Country accounted for five Old Boys, in varying states of health (all unemployed and liking it). His recent publicity drive (see various past editions of this journal), in which he extolled everything from the climate to the wonders of local architecture have, alas, proved fruitless. At the time of writing, rumour has it that the rate of migration will, by next year, have finally slumped to nothing. Our man cannot for the life of him understand it ("I cannot for the life of me understand it", he told reporters). The matter can now only be referred to Springbridge Road, especially as in June our man regretfully leaves to take up another post.

At midnight on 28th April, 1965, the following were enumerated—some in rather embarrassing circumstances:—

Robert Hough. Bob in studying Law in the first year and is having a great time. What's more, his complete ineptitude at either cricket, lacrosse or rugby seems to have stood him in good stead—he now plays golf for the University. Shaking with laughter, as though he *knew* Our Man would disbelieve him, he remarked that he was working "damned hard".

David Howard is now in his second year and we hear that he has passed his second M.B. David is rarely seen—Medics are notoriously overburdened with work. This is possibly the reason too, that Our Man failed to obtain first-hand information about Keith Holden. He feels it his duty, however, to place certain evidence before the School concerning the latter's activities in connection with Association Football. It seems that Mr. Holden has allowed himself to be infatuated with the game and has even gone so far as to represent his Hall of Residence.

Of the real problem people, those at that 'awkward age' (anywhere between 21 and 30),



when they are on the verge of turning in a full day's work for the first time in their lives, Sam Scully has been clever. Having had the foresight to first of all obtain a good degree, Sam has had the ingenuity to enter research. He is still in Bristol and still doing Classics, most of it apparently in the refectory. Putting on weight, he nevertheless manages still to wield a lacrosse stick and has been an essential member of the lacrosse team (mind you, which member of that enthusiastic troupe isn't essential? There are only 12). So Sam goes on learning, searching, never satisfied. Inspiring, somehow.

Lastly Our Man turned his attention to himself. "How's things?" he asked, piercingly. "Not so bad. You?" came the guarded reply. He knew Kaiserman was lying. It must have been the way he had tried to pour his tea down his ear. But Our Man already knew the truth. Kaiserman was nervy, apprehensive. In six weeks' time he was sitting his Finals. It was pointless asking him what his chances were. In some ways he pitied him, not knowing why.

[We heard recently, however, that Kaiserman has redeemed himself by being among the first lacrosse players at Bristol to obtain full colours for the game. He, with Scully, was on the team which lost with impressive ease to some old men from London in the final of the S.E.M.L.A. Flags.]

Our Man could get all weepy about resigning his happy post if he thought no one was watching. But, philosophically, he realises that he can't be a student for ever. ("I suppose I can't be a student for ever", he was heard to remark to the Vice-Chancellor). It would be nice, though.

D.K.

### Old Hulmeians at Keele

Keele has been very pleased to welcome its third Hulmeian, Martin Bowker, who for the past two terms has been working through Fresher Year, and by all accounts is enjoying the Foundation Year course of studies. By the end of next term he will be a true Renaissance man, fit to hold forth on any given topic at a moment's notice, from the History of Etching in the Shetland Isles to the evolutionary significance of D.N.A.

Being less impetuous than the writer, Martin has savoured the Keele atmosphere with stoic detachment when regarding the social scene. He finds the politics of the Union a little confusing—especially the endless points of order—and is critical of the seemingly closed nature of the ruling élite (C. P. Snow's novels are by no means relevant only to the Senior Common Rooms of

Universities). On a more ridiculous level he was amused by the 'Fresher Cattle Market.' This refers to a dance held at the beginning of the Autumn term where the newly arrived ladies of the University arrange themselves around the ballroom waiting for father-substitutes; the demand is usually met by the supply of men in their final two years. This institution has, however, proved a valuable method of absorbing the year into the social structure of the student body. As in my case, Bowker found that the friendliness to newcomers of older undergraduates is one of the more pleasant features of Keele, together with the lack of ragging and the absence of overt superiority-complexes exhibited by senior students.

Michael Dyer's career is drawing to a close after a most eventful time. His liking for self-advertisement in debates has not waned since school-days; this year it brought him the University Challenge Goblet for expounding on *The Diplomatic Prelude to Armageddon*—a violent philippic based on his work on two History 'Special Subjects'. However, time alone will tell if this will help him to a good class of degree. If all goes well he hopes to join either the 30% of Keele graduates who go in to do further courses of study, or the 36% who enter the honoured profession of teaching.

As the new Universities expand, Keele is rapidly ceasing to be a precarious experiment in education but is now the respectable sire of several thriving daughters. Newspapers still speak of us as if we were revolutionary in our methods, but this is to miss the strong links we have with the past; while we have benefited from the enlightenment which new ideas on curricula have recently established, we have also gained much from the tutorial system which Lord Lindsay brought to us from Oxford.

M.C.D.

### Parents' Association Notes

The Association held the Annual Supper Dance in March at the Embassy Rooms, Sale. About 200 parents and friends were present to enjoy a very pleasant evening. We also had the pleasure of the company of the staff and their guests—about 60 in all. The proceeds of the raffle amounted to £25, and a cheque for this sum was handed to Mr. Bird for the Procter Youth Centre. The School has long supported the Youth Centre, situated in Hulme, and we thank all those who donated prizes and purchased raffle tickets so that the substantial donation could be made.

The Spring talk, *William Hulme's on Vacation*, was given by Mr. Haynes on the 31st March. The attendance, I understand, broke all records, and



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I am sure that nobody considered it a wasted evening. The talk was illustrated by coloured slides, the majority taken by Mr. Haynes himself, and our evenings travels ranged high and wide—atop Helvellyn, through Yorkshire's Dales, along the Norfolk Broads, and across France to Italy. There is no lack of variety in the holiday activities of the School. There is no lack of incidents either. But I am sure that those parents who came expecting their worst fears about their boys confirmed were relieved and pleased to see the boys in such capable hands. It was a very entertaining evening, and our thanks are due to Mr. Haynes for such an instructive and humorous talk. A collection taken after the meeting realised £29 and, Mr. Haynes request, was donated to the Building Fund.

We seem to be better at Badminton than other sports. At last we have chalked up a victory over the school. Congratulations to our team—hard training pays! We are hoping to arrange cricket and tennis matches this summer, so perhaps our success story will continue.

The Annual General Meeting in May was followed by a very successful Cheese and Wine

Evening. The following were elected to the Committee for 1965-66.

President: Mr. F. J. Allen.

Vice-Presidents: Mrs. G. C. Allen, Mr. E. J. Giles.

Chairman: Mr. H. B. Shires.

Vice-Chairman: Mr. S. V. Slight.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. K. McKeon.

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

Committee: Messrs. J. Blezard, D. F. Bollen, W. N. Brewood, G. Edwards, A. B. Faulkner, V. E. McGlue, Mrs. S. R. Leigh, Mrs. Tebbett.

Mrs. Guthrie and Mr. Fortune did not seek re-election and our thanks go to them for all the help they have given us in the past.

Our best wishes to all boys leaving in July. May they meet with every success in the years to come.

MAURINE E. McKEON, *Hon. Secretary*, 8 St Brannocks Road, Manchester, 21. CHO 4942.



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