

stuffiness) by his own brother! If sheer variety of interpretation had a trophy, Babicki would certainly be a strong contender.

The "anchor set" for the "play within a play" was Claridge's basement in London for the duration of World War II. Hugh, a distinguished M.P. (A. M. Burns) and his wife Moggie (M. I. Rosenthal) accompanied by her old childhood nurse (M. Brandreth) sat it out, cocooned there from September 3, 1939 to May 8, 1945, listening to Mr Fisher's (and A. J. Roberts') BBC accents coming from the Junior School Library wireless. Burns was reflectively incisive, Rosenthal empty-headed and chatty, acting as a foil to Brandreth's genial mock-worldly-wise platitudes from a bygone era—as instructed in the script, his "Nursie" was much mellower than Babicki's Edwardian Nanny. The impression was successfully conveyed that the appalling atrocities passed them all by as surely as the Boer War passed Lady Dundown by at the turn of the century. The fourth actor in this scene was D. B. Woodroffe as the couple's son Christopher, just off to fight for his country. He had more scope for humour in his other two roles, the laconic and world-weary judge in the Chamberlain trial scene, and the rugged hearty in Act One, together with M. I. Aldridge zealously bawling out "full-throated praise of physical prowess" with drunken abandon. Their startling dramatic entry from the back of the Hall marked a turning point in the action, heightening the emotional temperature with their deliberate revelling in vulgarity and acting as a catalyst to the confrontation of the old and the new.

In the "play within a play" three episodic scenes showed M. Hargreaves as a schoolmaster. In the first, he quizzes a History class about Edward VII's obesity. It is to be hoped, nay confidently assumed, that Mr Callaghan did not model his interpretation of this scene on his personal teaching methods! Hargreaves leapt acrobatically about the set like a spider, wringing every last ounce of humour out of the script as he grimaced and spat out his venomous lines between clenched teeth. In Act Two he conducted a Maths class in which he reduced the carnage of World War I to dry statistics, and then played a hypocritical Headmaster preaching about purity to one of his Confirmation candidates while betraying his own unhealthy interest in him. Here too this light wheedling tone was perfect. Altogether a memorable performance, as was his obsequious interpretation of Gerald before "Lady Bracknell" in the Oscar Wilde pastiche scene.

D. P. Stogsdill in the part of the Lectern Reader and Prompter blended sensitive youthful wistfulness with reflective intelligence, despite an unfortunate cold which did not at all cramp his style. P. M. Sheriff had little scope to show off his full talents as Lady Ottoline's legs, but was coyly bashful as Miss Czechoslovakia of whose "rape" Neville Chamberlain stood accused in the trial scene. As a fourth former amongst juniors he was also a natural leader of the "boys" in the "play within a play". A. Goodwin as the top half of Lady Ottoline was well able to display his potential, betraying a delightful schoolboy sense of fun.

The other "boys" also had scope for individuality, which they fully indulged and enjoyed. P. A. Tweed played the precocious Edwardian infant domineered by his nanny with disarming tongue-in-cheek naïveté, and the confirmation candidate alone with the sexually perverted master with delightfully feigned incomprehension. His schoolmates, A. A. Babicki, M. Booth, R. D. T. Moore, D. J. Berger, R. C. Mattison and I. Cope, all had lovely moments of schoolboy impishness which acted as feedlines to the blustering "adults". They acted too as efficient stage shifters, supplementing the splendid work of the Stage Staff headed by J. M. Langley under their hard-working new manager Mr Hofton and artistic director Mr Bennett. The deliberately contrived run-down period atmosphere of the set with its ancient Honours Boards, regimental flags and dated games shields showing turn-of-the-century boys in long shorts was extremely effective, somehow spacious yet claustrophobic at the same time.

As usual, Mr Fisher's props were legion and completely authentic. Lighting (A. J. Roberts under the direction of Dr Barker) included several moving spotlights and shifts of focus between parts of the stage, and the sound (by J. C. Cottrell) brought us taped historical speeches, both the real thing and deliberately "hammed", aircraft, and superimposed gunfire and nightingales (though wasn't Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto a bit early for the long Edwardian summer garden party?!) Mrs Ballantyne and Mrs Brown must have spent countless hours getting the costumes right, spanning as they did seventy years of history, and I am delighted that Mrs Hall has joined the make-up squad in anticipation of our genuine girls next year! Nor should we forget the many hours put in by Mr M. P. Jones as the Business Manager, and Mr Simkin, whose House provided refreshments on each night.

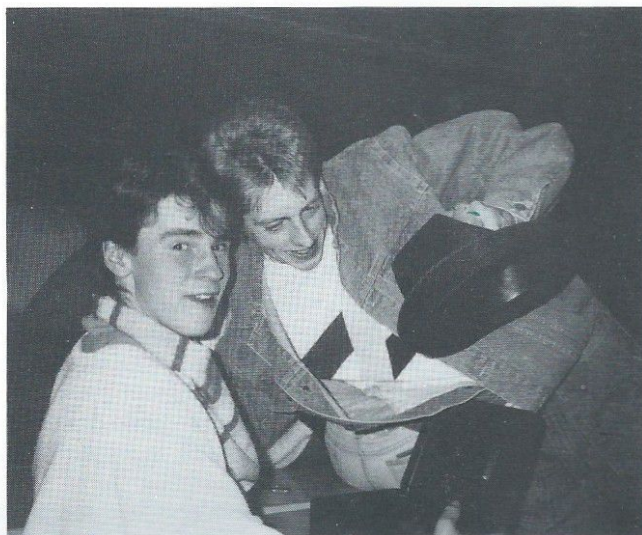
The mock solemnity of the public school atmosphere was well enhanced by the excellent keyboard playing of M. R. Clark and M. B. Ogier. They ably supplied the organ music both before the performance and during the interval, and accompanied on the piano the four colloquial songs to sacred melodies in the play itself.

As always, the play was a group effort, involving well over thirty boys and one-fifth of the entire teaching staff, but it was above all the vision of Mr Callaghan, who gave us a real Centenary treat. The cast was indeed successfully engaged in "the highest activity known to man", but let Matron have the last word—"It's only entertainment, sir, when all's said and done." Precisely, and anyone who saw this production was well and truly entertained.

G. J. Turner



At the "Karneval" Party. (Photo: Mr G. J. Turner)



At the "Karneval" Party. (Photo: Mr G. J. Turner)

THE GERMANY EXCHANGE



Admiring Cologne Cathedral. (Photo: Mr G. J. Turner)



Skating in Unna. (Photo: Mr G. J. Turner)



At the "Pommesbude"—chips, German style. (Photo: Mr G. J. Turner)

THE GERMANY EXCHANGE

1. MANCHESTER. OCTOBER 1986

This year we had a record number of participants—forty-one from each country, including the Loreto Sixth Formers and their partners. To ease the organisation of our outings this end, Herr Hellmann and his Werlers brought their own coach with them in October, and the German party was able to visit Styal Quarry Bank Mill, Alderley Edge and Saddleworth, in addition to the three joint excursions with our own Hulmeians—Ironbridge, North Wales and Blackpool, all visited by Seniors and Juniors separately to avoid congestion. Apart from the Seniors' restlessness at so long a journey to Ironbridge for so short a stay, I think everyone enjoyed everything, including the usual England v. West Germany football match, played in the worst weather to date, and two enjoyable evenings at Altrincham Ice Rink.

G. J. Turner

I have enjoyed my stay in England very much. I have found quite a few differences. I think that the houses, although they all look the same from the outside, are much more cosy and comfortable than the German houses, you feel more at home in them. I was very impressed by Piccadilly Station because it is so very big, I have never been in such a big station.

I enjoyed the trips although the weather was unfortunately very bad, but I think that it is always like this in England!

Daniela Bandulet (Marien-Gymnasium, Werl)

2. WERL. FEBRUARY 1987

"Here we are again." Mr Turner's enigmatic tones floated across Victoria Station. "Der Zug ist pünktlich." And thus, with a final gesture of farewell, thirty-six boys and five girls (from Loreto College) boarded the boat train to Harwich.

"Success breeds popularity"; this sentiment was demonstrated by the large number, particularly of Fourth Formers, joining the Exchange this year. Since it began five years ago, the standard of organisation, level of benefit and enjoyment has steadily increased. So hopes were high, and we were not to be disappointed.

On our arrival in Werl we were surprised and relieved to be greeted with German soil that was not covered with a thick layer of snow. This emotion was short-lived, however, as it snowed thickly during our first night and the temperature dropped to -5°C .

The following day, after our cordial greeting by Dr. Bierbaum, we went to the Rathaus for a welcome from the lady mayor, who also talked to us about Werl past and present.

Later in the afternoon we had a tour around the JVA (high security prison) with the Governor, Herr Köpsel. This provided us with a valuable insight into the workings of such an institution; this kind of tour might have been impossible in England, because of security problems, but we didn't feel insecure.

The following day there was a trip to Köln, the city of education and enjoyment perhaps most famous for its cathedral. Naturally we were given a tour round it which was interesting if a little drawn out. This was followed by a tour of the "Altstadt" which exhausted even the most enthusiastic of us. In the afternoon we had free time and most people looked round the shops and department stores.

Most evenings we all met up, usually in the "Café Crème", although on Tuesdays everyone went to the local club, as it had a "Happy Hour". This "happy hour" resulted in some of the dances being less reserved than usual.

In Germany the school system is different from ours. They start at 7.50 a.m., which left a few of the English falling asleep during lessons. A few of the days were spent following our partners' lessons to see the German education system at work. Ironically, some of *us* learned some new English words in a lesson on Shakespeare in Germany! Most of us were impressed by the more relaxed, less formal atmosphere, which

is however still geared to work and results. Teaching methods are different from ours but seem just as effective.

Another of our trips was to Paderborn and Wewelsburg. The latter was unheard-of even by our partners and their parents. The guide who escorted us round Paderborn soon had his spirits dampened because most of the boys found the newly-fallen snow too tempting and he had to dodge the random shower of snowballs. Paderborn is a spa town similar to Bath in size and atmosphere.

That afternoon we went to Wewelsburg. This was a castle bought by the Nazis before the war for a pittance and planned for use as their headquarters and officer training school. The brainchild of Himmler, it had a concentration camp attached to it. We were given a guided tour of the exhibitions and rooms there. It provided a chilling and disturbing reminder of the Nazi atrocities.

On the Friday evening there was a disco at the school organised by one of the senior classes. The music was of an inferior quality (local!), and when we asked the apprentice DJ if he had any Smiths or other "alternative" groups, he could only smile. However, many new friendships came to fruition and we all enjoyed ourselves in a good atmosphere.

Any fears at the prospect of a weekend alone with our partners' families were soon overcome by the tremendous hospitality and warmth of our German hosts. Activities included the local football match, shopping in Dortmund or Münster, and ski-ing in the Sauerland.

On the Monday we went ice-skating in nearby Unna. We travelled by train, which was delayed on the return journey because of an accident further up the line. At the ice rink there was also a DJ who sat in a pink Volkswagen beetle in the middle of the ice!

In the five-a-side football the seniors had to make up for the juniors' 12:0 defeat at the hands of their opponents. In the usual German manner, they approached the contest with World Cup gravity, but our more relaxed style, that is boxer shorts and bare feet, proved to be superior and overall we scored a notable, if not deserved, victory.

The next day there was a trip to a brewery in Dortmund. This was only for the seniors, on the false assumption that they could control the effects of alcohol. The tour began with a film on this, the oldest brewery in the country, followed by a tour of the factory. We were somewhat dismayed by the absence of a guide, who had been replaced by modern technology—that is, a portable tape recorder. The best was yet to come as we settled down for a "sampling" session. Even Mr Turner partook of a "little" of the free beer. The journey home was eventful, to say the least.

Our last full day was filled with school in the morning, last minute shopping and in the evening a farewell celebration for most of the group, and the last morning with the packing, emotional farewells to friends and families, and the avoidance of some German girls who felt it their obligation to continue the Karneval custom of attacking innocent men's shoelaces and ties with scissors!

The train pulled out from Werl station amid tears of sorrow at our departure; we had left many new-found friends, both male and female. The mood on the train journey was quiet and sad as we reflected on a holiday that was full of good memories. A few were glad to return home, but most felt as if they had left a part of themselves behind in a small town north of Dortmund.

We must thank Herr Hellmann, Herr Berning and the other German teachers who arranged more excursions for us than ever before, as well as Mrs Wright and Mr Turner, plus Miss Cockroft and her girls and boy from Loreto for that certain atmosphere which added an extra dimension to the whole trip. Hopefully, this exchange will continue for years to come, as we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and also learned lots of German.

Alex Kloss and Peter Stanley (L6L)

Which new English words did you learn?—Ed.

A JOURNEY UP THE AMAZON

Man has climbed the highest hills. Man has discovered every land, but, Man has not been to every part of every land. Some has been left undiscovered. My friends and I were exploring the famous Amazon river deep in South America.

We set off from the last civilised town and headed up river in our small motor cruiser. After a quarter of a mile we were swallowed up by the jungle.

My first friend was Keith Johnson, a big broad kind man with ginger hair and moustache. The second was Tony Whiteley, a small wily man with black hair and a round face.

The river was dark because the trees blocked out the sun. The atmosphere was humid and sweaty, and there were mosquitoes all around us biting into our flesh. Shaded by the trees, the water was black, and looked most uninviting. Birds called all the time overhead. After a while, they began to get tedious. I was at the helm of the boat while Tony and John were watching the water for any hidden logs that might be waiting to rip holes in our hull.

We now came to a thinner part of the jungle and light began to stream through the trees. But we longed for the jungle to rethicken because the heat was becoming unbearable. As our boat knifed through the water we came to a fork. One way we could see ended in a waterfall and not wanting to be cut to pieces on the jagged rocks below I steered up the other channel. Here the jungle became thicker than ever and it was becoming near impossible to see. The good thing was that in this thick jungle it was not so hot, but the bad thing was that the mosquitoes were worse than ever and I was itching all over. Suddenly a huge log in the water loomed up in front of us. With a spin of the wheel I was able to swerve us round it. So on we travelled, hoping to go where no man has gone before.

James Filleul 1B (O.H.)



Trip to Isle of Man. Precise date unknown.



The Headmaster welcoming Air Chief Marshall Sir Joseph Gilbert (O.H.) on his arrival for the Annual Inspection of the Combined Cadet Force.

(Photo: by courtesy of The Daily Telegraph)

C.C.F. NOTES

The start of our year brought about a change in our usual adventure training programme. Instead of using Snowdonia, as we have in the past, we decided to devote all our training this year to skiing, and so we booked in at the Rothiemunchus Lodge, in the Cairngorms, Scotland. This is a purpose-built lodge provided by the army for regular soldiers, T.A. and cadets. Needless to say, to get in, bookings must be made about twelve months in advance, as it is an absolutely fantastic set-up, and much appreciated by everyone.

Skis and boots were provided by the centre at a nominal fee. One would expect the equipment to have been well worn, but this was not the case. Everything was either new or extremely well maintained. After being fitted out we made straight for the ski slopes. Needless to say, the Sunday saw massive queues for the tows and lifts but after the first day, when most of the locals returned to work, the slopes were less congested and we had a fantastic week's skiing which was enhanced by the superb weather. Fresh falls of snow each evening and glorious sunshine each day. Quite surprising really for Scotland. We had gone expecting the worst at that time of the year, but not so, we could ski in shirt sleeves as the weather was so mild. In conclusion to say how beneficial the week was is brought out by the fact that everyone in the party managed to ski the White Lady to a very high standard, and this was quite an achievement as some boys were real novices at the start of the week. All were competent skiers at the end.

ANNUAL INSPECTION

This was the highlight of our year, in that our inspecting officer was an Old Boy of the School who has reached the very senior rank of Air Chief Marshall—Yes none other than Air Chief Marshall Sir Joseph Gilbert, who set the scene from the start of the inspection by arriving onto the School field by helicopter. He then proceeded to inspect the contingent and spoke at length to many of the boys. Whilst this part of the parade was taking place, it was to the accompaniment of the Greater Manchester Police Band, who

so very kindly stood in at the last moment when the King's Regiment pulled out just a few weeks before our very important day. The Chief Constable, who is a very good friend of the School, gave his permission for the band to play and they arrived early on the day of the parade so that we could have a very quick rehearsal. This part of the parade then culminated with a march past led by the Director of Music M. Hennis and the Police Band. The contingent marched past to the strains of The British Grenadiers. One could feel the boys grow in stature as they proudly marched past the Air Chief Marshall as he took the salute. Phase 2 was a variety of demonstrations on and around the field. These were: an arms drill demonstration on the tennis courts; a march and school competition by the recruit platoon; an exploration and walk through section attack by the recruit platoon, and finally a very realistic ambush of a terrorist's car explained by Capt. Fisher.

Finally the Air Chief Marshall spoke to all the boys who were assembled in the new hall, and said how much he had enjoyed his visit and their enthusiasm toward all aspects of the training. His visit ended with a presentation to him of a School Plaque suitably inscribed in memory of his visit to the C.C.F. inspection. This was made by c/sgt. Trigg, who has recently gained a scholarship into the infantry brigade.

After lunch the Air Chief Marshall was waved off from the School field by the Headmaster, Governors and many other Old Hulmeians as he piloted the helicopter himself.

We now look forward to our annual camp which is at Wathgill, N. Yorkshire, where we are taking the highest number of cadets for many years. A total of fifty-five. A report on this will be written upon our return.

J. F. Chudleigh

CHESSE

As usual Senior and Junior teams competed in the Stockport League. The Seniors were captained by the veteran B. J. Allen (5Y), ably seconded by A. J. Edwards (4Y). They were regularly supported by new players, S. A. Khan (L6S7) and F. Amaee (L6SB), fresh to the school, and old hands, in particular M. J. Bird (4L), L. M. A. Leadbetter (4L) and A. Hill (4L). Their task was no easy one. They had often to play against teams largely composed of sixth formers and did well to come fifth out of the six teams. As we will lose no players, we can hope to do better next year.

Our regular Junior team, variously captained by A. M. Salam (2D), S. N. Hira (2C), and A. Goodwin (3Y) and regularly supported by J. A. Beer (2C), N. J. Burton (2D) and R. S. Smith (1C), showed enthusiasm but the opposition was tough and the end result was fifth equal with Cheadle Hulme out of seven teams.

Our thanks must finally go to Mr. Gregson for his unfailing provision of the pre-match teas.

M. H. Gracey

CHESSE INSIDE SCHOOL

We have again held Junior and Middle School Chess competitions for the two shields, this time on a Knockout basis. There were 52 Juniors and 32 Middle School boys taking part. In the Junior Final S. N. Hira (2C) beat N. J. Burton (2D); M. J. Goldman (2A) and R. S. Smith (1C) were the other two semi-finalists. A. J. Edwards (4Y) beat L. M. A. Leadbetter (4L) for the Middle School shield; the other semi-finalists were A. Redstone (3L) and N. J. Hall (4B)—the match between Redstone and Edwards was of epic length!

Two cups, donated by the parents of the late Saif Turabi in his memory, were awarded to the best first and second form respectively in the Junior Competition. These were won by 1C and 2D.

G. J. Turner

DEBATING SOCIETY

The Art of Rhetoric flourished both within the School and in external competitions over the year.

A very able team, J. Sayyid and A. Wray narrowly failed to win their regional heat of the Observer Mace Debate but were nonetheless warmly commended by the judges as being second only to Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Blackburn, previously national winners, among the six competing teams. We hope to reverse that result next year.

Once again boys competed in the Rotary Club of Didsbury's Public Speaking Competition and J. Babicki's lively and amusing monologues took him to a place in the final. R. Kay performed creditably at the semi-final stage.

In-house debating was well supported and speakers from the fourth to the sixth form exercised their oratory. In most cases both the quality of argument and its forceful articulation were pleasing. The increasing stress on Oral English at G.C.S.E. ought further to improve standards and stimulate involvement in the society.

For the record, the House would, unsurprisingly, abolish neither independent education nor Christmas but, perhaps more interestingly, would support the public subsidising of unprofitable sports clubs, the introduction of compulsory sex education to the teaching curriculum and would seek to make immigration easier.

We are grateful to all speakers for the time and care they took over the preparation and presentation of their case but I would particularly like to thank the secretaries of the society, J. Babicki and R. Naylor and the above-mentioned members of the team for their special efforts on behalf of the society. Thanks are also due to Messrs Blight and Gracey for launching the season as the society's guest speakers, and to A. Booth for his striking advertising posters.

Effective advertising also helped generate wide interest in the Junior and Senior Hopwood Reading Prizes, won respectively by P. Tweed and D. Stogsdill, which attracted large fields of eloquent and assured competitors.

Demosthenes the Athenian orator is said to have perfected his elocution by keeping pebbles in his mouth as he spoke—from the number of surreptitious sweet-eaters in the lower forms I can only suppose the society is in for a golden age.

A. E. Watson

THE HOVERCLUB

We have been saying for the last two years that we are building a second craft to complement our original one named Griffon; we have finished it at last and chosen the name HORACE! The reactions to this choice have been mixed to say the least, but it won most support of the fifty or so suggestions and we can thank(?) Mr P. Bull for putting it forward.

With more sponsorship—this time from F. Mullen (Electrical) Ltd. we have purchased a more powerful engine for Griffon with the result that, after tuning, both craft will be competitive in national race meetings; indeed, D. G. Greenwood won his novice class race in Horace's first outing at Stanford Hall, Rugby, in June. None of this would have been possible without the strenuous efforts of Mr A. Scott, the Design Dept. Technician, who has put a considerable amount of his own time into preparing both craft for competitions. We are very grateful to him and his son Jonathan for their help and enthusiastic support.

There has been little racing this year—or in fact hovering in any form. We did manage one race meeting, a day at Pickmere to test Horace on water—of which more in the accompanying article, and participation in the annual School's Competition at Milton Keynes where, with only Horace operational, M. Rosenthal finished midway down the order with D. G. Greenwood faring even worse, being tossed into the lake head first from a suddenly-stopping hovercraft!

Despite all the trials and tribulations, we continue to advertise the School in the local press and on radio and to provide rides at the Summer Fete for four hours, reckoned by most observers to be Horace's most reliable performance to date. The club has now some 25 members with more wishing to join now that the hard work is over—they think! Our thanks to the many sponsors and parents for contributing money and supplies to this worthy cause and to the bursar and Parents' Association for heeding our pleas for a suitable type of minibus to which a towbar can be fitted—enabling us to travel as a team for the first time.

G. N. Grant

CRISIS AT PICKMERE

The lake had been kindly hired out to us by the farmer who owns it, who was persuaded by Sam Spencer who lives nearby.

After a morning of very successful flying with almost no problems, Simon Copsey took the hovercraft out onto the lake unaware of the distinct shortage of petrol. After a few spins around the lake the shortage of petrol became very apparent, when the engine suddenly cut out. He waved his arms and blew his whistle trying to attract the rescue boat's attention. Into the small inflatable dingy jumped (trying not to split the bottom) Mr Grant, Robert Mullen and Michael Wilson. Rowing frantically Mr Grant reached the distressed

craft and its occupant which was now half submerged, with water pouring in through the two small unnoticed holes in the bulkhead. Bailing frantically 'Copsey' passed the rope and jumped into the rescue craft. As soon as he got off, Wilson, as told, lifted up the front end of the hovercraft which was a bad idea, as it completely submerged the rear end of the craft covering the engine and exhaust under several feet of water.

While Copsey was recovering, Wilson held on to the drowning craft by his bare fingernails as Robert Mullen and Mr Grant rowed frantically towards the distant shore. After 15 minutes of sheer hard rowing we reached the bank just as Paul Fellows and Andrew Pardoe arrived after running around the lake through a medium of bogs, marshes and low flying trees. We dragged the craft onto the bank and sent the rescue boat back across the lake for tools. When the hovercraft was tipped over on the bank there was a large crack along one of the fibreglass panels (caused by an earlier encounter with a stationary jetty) which was the cause of the large intake of water. By this time the rescue boat had reached the other shore and the tools were being flown over in the other hovercraft, which, though it was not yet working properly, was faster than rowing. It quickly reached our bank and the tools were handed out. The heavy engine was removed from the damaged draining craft. By this time Mr Scott and Sam Spencer had run around the lake to help. Now the problem was to see if the hovercraft would still float but without the heavy engine. It did, so we decided to tow it back with the other, still-working hovercraft, with Mark Rosenthal driving and Paul Fellows having the difficult task of pulling the other craft on a rope. Following closely behind were Mullen, Pardoe and Copsey in the rescue dingy. A little less than half way across the lake the working hovercraft engine suddenly cut out and wouldn't restart, leaving two stranded craft in the middle of the lake. This meant that the dingy had to tow the damaged craft quickly before it had chance to sink.

Meanwhile someone pleaded with the motorboat owner to let us borrow a boat to tow the second craft but he said we would have to wait half an hour while he had his dinner! Mullen and Copsey desperately rowed the dingy while Pardoe tenaciously held onto the rope. After half an hour we reached the jetty and the hovercraft was dragged to shore.

By this time, the motorboat owner had chugged out and was beginning to tow Rosenthal and Fellows in the second hovercraft. His boat 'Emma' was almost getting dragged backwards by the heavy craft. It eventually reached the jetty and the hovercraft was pulled out of the water. Just then Mr Grant and Mr Scott arrived at the jetty with some parts of the engine but the rest still remained around the other side of the lake. So off ran Paul Fellows, John Scott and Richard Hulse. After half an hour they arrived back, covered in mud and carrying the heavy object. We put the hovercraft and engine on the trailer and strapped them on. We all then ran off to the post office in Pickmere to phone our parents to tell them we would be late. We then ran back to the minibus and headed for home very damp and exhausted.

R. F. Mullen
A. S. Pardoe
P. A. Fellows

CHARITIES WEEK (26 FEBRUARY - 6 MARCH)

Every year, the School Prefects organise a "Charities Week" in which we aim to raise money for a particular cause. This year, we decided to raise money for the replacement hip unit at Wrightington Hospital.

Wrightington Hospital is the largest centre for the treatment of rheumatic disorders in Europe, dealing with more people with crippling disease than any other hospital. Many people are now fully active again because of the pioneering research work undertaken at Wrightington in the development of the plastic/metal hip joint.

Recently, the Hospital launched an appeal for the building of an educational centre in which the Wrightington surgeons can teach doctors from all around the world the latest techniques in hip replacement surgery. One of the rooms in the new centre is to be a "Hands-on" Laboratory, where the doctors can gain valuable experience on models of hip joints. We spoke to Mr Hardinge, a senior surgeon at the Hospital, and he asked if we could direct our efforts towards raising money for that particular room.

Tentatively, we set ourselves a target of £5,000, although we had no idea of where this quantity of money would come from! A 6th form Charity Disco started the week off. This proved to be a huge success, both in terms of enjoyment and money made, and we were very grateful to DeVill's Club of Manchester for their help in organising the event.

During the week, every available moment at break and lunchtime was used to great effect, especially by the Junior School, selling all sorts of things. Hot dogs proved a firm favourite, as did anything edible! Parts of the buildings resembled more a market than a school.

Other events included some competitions between prefects and staff, notably volleyball, hockey and

football. The games were played in great spirit, and the volleyball attracted a very large crowd. The results, as far as the prefects were concerned, were very favourable!

However, the major event of the week was the Sponsored Walk on the 4 March. The day started very badly with a thin covering of snow on the ground, and we wondered whether anybody would turn up—but the fairly short route together with the massive incentive of an afternoon off school for those who walked led to 652 people walking. By midday the sun had come out, and the walk took place in glorious weather. The Press and Radio Manchester covered the event, and the afternoon was a great success.

So, Charities Week drew to a close, and all we had to do was collect in all the money. We reached the £2,000 mark quite quickly, mainly from tuck shops, stalls and disco tickets. Then the money started to pour in from the walk, £3,000, £4,000, £5,000. We cleared our target, and although the money didn't come in quite as fast, it kept on until we reached our final total of £6,018.36. We had never even imagined that we could get £5,000, so this was a huge achievement. The proceedings ended with the presentation of the cheque to Mr Hardinge in Assembly.

All I can say now is THANK YOU to Mr Veevers and Mr Loveland who helped with the arrangements for the walks and to everyone who gave money for this cause and enabled us to reach such a grand total.

S. J. Beggs



Sponsored Walk: passing Hough End Police Station.

(Photo: J. H. Thompson)

CHARITIES WEEK—A JUNIOR SCHOOL PERSPECTIVE

This year, the specified prefects' charity was in aid of the Wrightington Hospital's hip unit. The hospital is a pioneer in the research and development of artificial joints, for people of all ages.

Charities Week began, with the usual stalls being set up in the old Hall. Everything seemed to be there, especially the tuck shops and the ever-popular "higher or lower" card game.

Throughout the week, different sport competitions between the Masters and the Prefects took place. To watch any of these events you had to have a programme, which could be bought from any of the prefects.

We especially liked to see the staff make fools of themselves as they tried to outplay the prefects in volleyball and football!

The importance of raising as much money as possible was made very clear when the retired Second Master, Mr Lowe, gave the Junior School a little talk. He told us how he had accidentally slipped on some wet leaves and broken his hip. He was in incredible pain and largely immobile, but thanks to the doctors and staff at Wrightington he could now walk again. Indeed Mr Lowe put down his stick at one point and flicked his leg without any problem. He got a great cheer after assembly had finished. During the week, an important article appeared in 'The Times' about Wrightington Hospital, so we all felt as if we were doing something really worthwhile.

The main event of the week was the sponsored walk. This included virtually the whole School. We walked down to and around Chorlton Water Park, a total distance of 6 miles. The walk had a staggered start in order to separate the mass of walkers, but the second years soon caught up and took over the first years. During the walk, the Junior School posed for a photographer from the Manchester Evening News and took a slight detour owing to a navigational error.

To spur on our form during the walk, our form master made a deal that he would give 20p to anyone who finished the walk before him, but if he beat anyone they would have to get him 50p! Needless to say most of 2A got back before Mr Jones.

Once back at School we were all checked off by Mr Lytollis and had a long rest. The day was very enjoyable and we would like to thank all the staff for their co-operation and supervision. When all the money had been finally collected and counted, we were very pleased to have raised over £6,000.

S. McConnell and R. Gee (2A)



Entering Chorlton Water Park.

(Photo: J. H. Thompson)

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

The Bottle

T'would not be folly, indeed, to say my body
Were like a glass bottle so constantly dull,
Upon which, too choosy sunshine rarely shines,
A bottle so brittle would break should it fall,
And shattered should it stay, amercement of its crimes.

But oh! that which lies within the glass,
Beyond all sunshine, volume, mass—
Sublime is the soul that rests in there,
That drearily drifts on the lulling of air,
Of scope so broad and vision so clear
(My wild imagined worlds lie somewhere here)
And Eden's roots of taciturn pleasures
Freed once again to feast off its treasures.

Andrew Booth (L6AII)

One of his two winning entries for the Original Verse
Prize.

A Secret Ambition

With my heart beating loudly and the wind ruffling my hair, I stood atop the hill. As I gazed at the valley stretching for miles far beneath me, the words 'Monarch of all I survey' flooded through my mind. I moved my gaze towards the horizon as the sun glinting off the sea caught my attention. My eyes were riveted to the beautiful scene until the harsh cry of the gulls wheeling overhead brought me back to reality. "No need to envy them now," I thought to myself. "Soon I will join them and fulfil my lifelong ambition."

The instructor, who was standing behind me, checked my preparations for himself and then, fully satisfied, gave me the go-ahead. It was not until that moment that the first surge of fear coursed through my being. My months of training were complete and I was about to put my trust in the flimsy piece of canvas that flapped impatiently above my head. I took one last deep breath and then running at full tilt launched myself into space.

One minute there was solid ground beneath me and the next nothing. The hill slid away from me and at that moment I realised that I was totally alone. The people behind me faded to ant-size and the objects far below me in the valley seemed unreal. The land seemed to roll along smoothly beneath me and, apart from the birds, I was the ruler. I was totally free of all the harnesses of daily life and in that instant of realisation, I discovered true joy. Everything seemed to be perfect. The land and the sea were one, the green and the ice blue joining together in harmony. The birds were no longer ugly, croaking creatures, but now majestic, singing guardians of the sky, watching every movement that was made around them. How long had I waited for this moment, how hard I had trained for it. And now it was actually happening to me.

As I grew more accustomed to my surroundings, I was able to focus more clearly on objects below me. The cars reminded me of ants winding along in an endless procession. The trees were dotted here and there as if a young child had spattered paint on a white canvas. The wind took me towards the sea, driving me over the land so quickly that I hardly had time to take everything in. As I caught sight of the white trail of an aeroplane, I wondered whether the people cocooned inside it knew the sensations and experiences which they were missing.

It seemed as if I had been up for an eternity and if it had been possible, I would have. But after the sights, smells and sounds had consumed and devoured me, I began to feel the pull of the earth like a magnet. After all I did not belong up here. I was a creature of the ground, given the gift of walking. Anyway, I told myself, there's always next week.

Stephen Arundel (5L)

Urban Fragment

Because the streets were deserted, I was uneasy about the unfamiliar noises and smells that filled the air. Shadows played games with my imagination. The houses and the dimly-silvered streets held another formidable menace as the sky began to grow smaller and smaller. The shadows of the jagged roofs and the chimneys seemed to snarl and snap as if to gobble me up. In the moonlight I could see tall shadows forming behind me.

I looked behind, but there was no one to be seen. My pace quickened as a sense of fear and dread possessed me. However far I went, anxiety went with me. The shadow of branches overlooking the pavement looked like big claws ready to pounce. The moon went behind a cloud and the street was dark and cold. I was now running for my life as I neared my house. I was petrified as the big iron gate creaked slowly open and slammed shut. I didn't dare look round, for even now there could have been a dozen pairs of eyes watching me walk up to the house, and safety.

Christian John Hyland (2A)

Home Thoughts of an Octopus

I must have slept for at least a few minutes as I know I had been dreaming of home. I woke with pictures in my head of teeming brightly-coloured fish darting in and out of the maze of coral branches, of vivid anemones with gently waving fronds, of prickly sea-urchins and symmetrical starfish, of drifting seaweed and basking porpoises, of lightness and warmth, comfort and security.

Alastair Scott-Gall (2A)

What I Saw Through the Telescope

The summer of last year was full of events, what with going on a family holiday for two weeks. One of the things that stays clear in my mind is the view I got from the top of the old castle. It had taken a good two hours' climb to reach the secluded spot in the hillside, but my time at the top assured me that it was all worthwhile. As I watched tourists taking photographs, my gaze fell upon a telescope held fixed by a pole in the ground. I decided to check it out, and I pushed five pence into the slot as I put my eye to the lens. There was a sudden click, and then the scenery seemed to hit me right in the face as the telescope zoomed in. I was amazed at how close the bay looked, almost as if I could touch it.

The sand was a dazzling gold colour as the sun shone directly upon it, and I could make out the people walking along the sea front. The white frothing head of the sea rose and then broke upon the sand. Looking further out, the sea in its greatness was so still and calm, I could almost have been looking at a painting. Boats were reduced to coloured dots on the horizon, almost swallowed by the vastness of the water. Everything looked so peaceful and at ease, even the few light clouds drifting gently out to sea. The sky pattern was broken every now and then as a flock of gulls winged by.

As I looked far out through the haze eastwards, I could faintly pick out an island, too far away for me to notice anything striking about it, except that it looked rather lonely and solemn out there. A pinprick of flashing light just off the island told me where a lighthouse stood.

The beach was retreating as the sea once more shifted towards it. Soon the sand would be seen no longer, as the tide made its daily charge inland. Fewer people were now on the beach, sensing that the tide would not wait for anyone. Farther along the beach I made out the massive sea wall, stretching far along the sea front into the distance. Behind the wall, protected from the treacherous sea were several rows of shops, houses, hotels and arcades for catching the tourist's attention at this time of year. People were milling to and fro in the street, and an ice-cream seller held a large queue on the corner. Into the distance a rollercoaster was going round, and beyond that all was faded except for an aeroplane making its way across the sky.

Below me I could make out the caravan site that was our home for the fortnight, and adjacent to the site was a large car park.

When the telescope finally clicked again, it brought me suddenly back to the real world. Surveying miles and miles of land and sea had fixed me into a trance: it was an amazing effect that I thought about for the rest of the holiday, and it continues to have a place in my mind, even now, six months later.

Robert Moore (4A)

I'm Going Up in the World

"No! Keep away!"

"Don't come any closer!"

Aah—he got me!

I sat up in bed after a nightmare but then BANG! I hit my head on the ceiling.

"Oohh! My head!" I cried. Then I heard some doors slamming and my mum burst into the room and yelled "What's all the noi—James! What's happened . . .? You've grown at last, and I always said you'd be taller than your father."

"But mum I'm *twelve foot* tall! I can't go to school looking like a beanstalk!"

"Well, we'll just have to go to the doctor's then, won't we? Come on, put your clothes on, and we'll go after breakfast."

"O.K."

After much struggling, I hoisted my tiny clothes on and strode downstairs to the kitchen, where my father greeted me.

"Ha ha! Doing your Incredible Hulk impression then, are you?"

"It's not funny dad," I returned.

After breakfast I strode lankily with my tiny mum to the doctor's, bumping my head on a few seagulls on the way. I ducked into the surgery and crouched down in a chair while mum told the receptionist we were there. After a few minutes the doctor called out my name and we were admitted to the surgery.

"Well what have we here?" asked the doctor as he craned his neck to address me.

"I just woke up this morning, and there I was, twelve foot tall," I replied.

"Well lie down on the couch," said the doctor, "and I'll have a look at you . . ."

"Well there's not much I can do for you now, except ring the Guinness Book of Records. You'll just have to hope it goes as quickly as it came."

Disconsolate, I walked home with my mum, and spent the rest of the day waiting for my body to shorten.

"Perhaps you should see a shrink," suggested my dad.

Just as I was sitting down to 'high tea' I thought that if I didn't shrink I would just have to spend the rest of my life mending street lamps!

James Filleul (1B) O.H.

The Micro

Welcome to the Acorn,
A hard, hard nut to crack
But this will not become an oak
Because it is a pack.

The Micro sits with its wise owl
And tempts you into trying.
But once you get frustrated
You end up nearly crying.

At first the games were easy
And gave us lots of pleasure,
But as we grew more adept
We began to find our measure.

We quickly learned the keyboard
And moved to Alphasort;
The next job was the manual,
To learn how to abort.

The Micro answers to command,
It also stores instructions.
It works logically within set bounds
And makes lightning deductions.

Glued to the screen for hours and hours
You have to make decisions;
The programmes are absorbing,
And help you with revision.

Micros improving by leaps and bounds,
Have really come to stay.
They emit all kinds of musical sounds
And alter every day.

It takes the drudgery from work
And stimulates invention—
It gives new programmes to explore
Which demand your full attention.

Computer-based technology,
Has changed our lives completely.
In industry and leisure too
It slots in very neatly.

Jonathan Greenhowe (2A)

The way we were

(Extracts from *The Hulmeian* of 25, 50 and 75 years ago)

1962

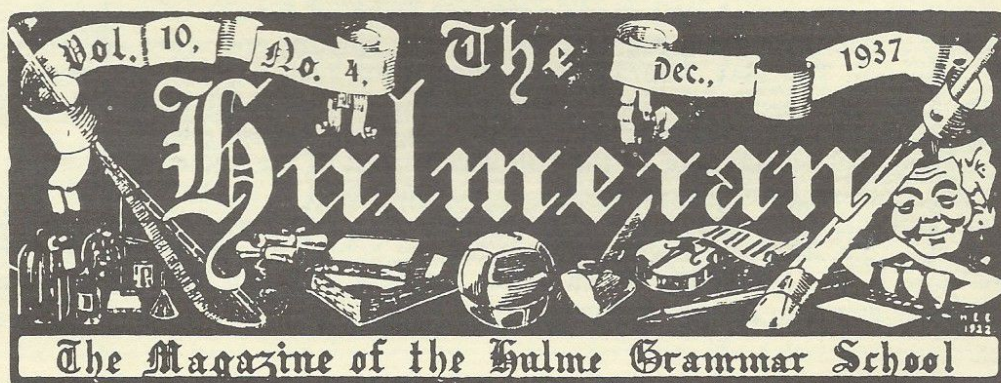
We offer our very hearty congratulations to D. Robinson on being awarded a Hulme Schools' Scholarship in English and C. P. Langford on a similar Exhibition in Modern Languages at Brasenose College, Oxford, and G. A. Rogerson on an Open Minor Scholarship in English at Christ's College, Cambridge.

During the holiday Mr T. B. Jackson was married to Mlle C. Perolini. Mr S. A. Kirkham's wife presented him with a daughter and Mr W. F. B. Fearon became a grandfather. Since we last went to press the following former members of the staff also became proud fathers: Mr D. Clews (a son), Mr P. Grigsby (a daughter), Mr J. B. Earnshaw (a daughter).

We have, however, to record the death early this term of Sir William Coates, for many years the School Medical Officer.

We welcome to the School the following new members of the Staff: Miss M. F. Speed, N.F.U. (Preparatory Department), Mr C. R. Darlington, B.Sc. (Mathematics), Mr R. Morrison, M.A. (Modern Languages), Mr L. Twyford, B.Sc. (Mathematics and Science).

Mr H. H. Vlies (O.H.) has been appointed to the Board of Governors of the School.



March 1937

The row of young trees along the north side of the playing fields has now been completed and extends from the School to the Princess Road entrance.

As a Jubilee gift, the Head Master, Mr Trevor Dennis, has presented the School with a chair, the work of his own hands. It is a solid piece of furniture of English oak, and is in keeping with the dignity of its position on the platform in the hall. The back panel is beautifully carved and bears the School coat of arms and the dates 1887-1937.

An Old Hulmeian who wishes to remain anonymous has given a prize to be presented annually which, out of his regard for Mr Hewlett, who retired in 1924, is to be called the Hewlett Prize.

On another page an Old Hulmeian pays tribute to Dr Hall, the School's first Head Master, in an article that should stir many memories in those who were at School under him.

An oil painting of Dr Hall, the work of a rising young artist, Bernard Hailstone, has found a place in the School Hall. It is the gift of an Old Hulmeian.

A Brief History of the School appeared in this edition. It was an abridged form of the notes on the School's History written by Mr Hewlett for Jubilee Day.

Memories of Dr Hall were also published. They make up a fascinating portrait. Here is a very brief extract:

Amongst the men of whose influence in my life I am conscious my father's influence was certainly the greatest, but that of Dr Hall ranks high amongst the others. Though I only saw him infrequently after I left School in 1899, my memories of him remain vivid. First let me call to mind his finely chiselled head, a head of great dignity and distinction, which his short and slim figure, always well groomed, did little to counteract. Then I think of his strange, ascetic and impressive personality. He seemed quite different from other men, and when he entered a room his presence was instantly felt.

July, 1937

Old Hulmeians Motor Club

Amongst recent events the most enjoyable was a run to Chester. On arrival the entire party took to the water, and a string of rowing boats proceeded up the Dee. The line of boats soon began to break up, as the strength and skill, or lack of it, of the various oarsmen showed itself. Tea was taken in picnic form on the bank, after which the boats were turned down stream towards our starting point. We were very fortunate in having fine weather, as it turned out a very wet day in Manchester.

December, 1937

A Visit to the Hulme Lads' Club

This year the School paid its annual visit to the Hulme Lads' Club on the evening of the 8 December. There had been a heavy fall of snow the previous day, and the resultant slush still clung to the pavement. It was no night to be spent at street corners. Within the doors of the club the friendly atmosphere associated with the place prevailed. Billiards and table tennis tables were immediately occupied, and so many were eager to play that it was necessary to arrange accommodation in advance. Those not playing watched an exhibition of physical training by junior members of the club, and junior members of the School, perhaps inspired by the exhibition, or more probably after the fashion of monkeys, tried to emulate the movements they had just witnessed.

When a whistle announced that the curtain was to go up for the commencement of the play produced by members of the dramatic society, the billiards and other amusements were completely deserted. The play, appropriately chosen for such an occasion, was a thriller, and even though the "property" door performed the favourite trick of all such doors in not opening, the actors were undeterred, and the play was a great success.

It was not long before the floor of the hall was cleared of the audience, then, as a result of a challenge, a School team played a team of club members at net-ball. Although our team was heavier than our opponents', and although our play was vigorous, superior skill told, especially in shooting. The result was a defeat for the School by one goal to nil. This game gave a new note to the friendship which exists between club and School, and it might be well to make the game an annual event.

April, 1912

Tea and Fun

Tea and Fun, and plenty of both!—Silver Street, Hulme, is not, in spite of its name, a cheerful street, but some golden hours were passed there on Saturday night, January 20th, by 700 of the poorest children of Hulme, as the guests of the Procter Gymnasium and Hulme Lads' Club.

Every year the lads form a committee, collect among themselves, and give the little ones a "gradely" time. Each department of the club: the harriers, footballers, swimmers, gymnasts, chess players, musicians, &c., strives to be at the top of the contribution list, and the result is such that the whole district is covered in three years. The tickets are distributed personally, only the most deserving cases receiving invitations, the age limit being 12 years.

Our little guests began to assemble at the doors at 4 p.m., and at 5 p.m. commenced the task of checking tickets, which are strictly not transferable. One or two uninvited guests had reluctantly to be refused, for it would never do to be suspected of partiality. Until 6 o'clock the youngsters were marshalled into our two large fives courts, singing lustily to the accompaniment of an euphonium and two cornets, played from the gallery above. All being ready, tea brewed, tables spread, stewards and helpers at their posts, the youngsters filed into their seats in the large gymnasium, and ate as only hungry little ones can eat, the orchestra accompanying the feast from the gallery.

Tea ended, a host of willing hands cleared the tables, packed up pots, tables, forms, and in less time than it takes to tell, the room was ready once more.

A brass band plays on the platforms, the coats and collars of our seniors are doffed, shirt sleeves rolled up, and the fun commences, the lads romping with their little guests to their mutual delight.

A magic lantern, with those funny, movable slides we loved as children, is at work all evening in the fives court, and the helpers see that all can get a turn there.

But the *tour de force* of the evening is the appearance of our own bugle band. Round and round they march, in circles and spirals, and all sorts of revolutions, everyone falling in behind the big drum—a veritable “I am the head of the army” game. Round and round they go—big drummer, kettle drums, first bugles, second bugles, little boys, big girls, helpers with little ones pickaback or on their shoulders, or skipping along at each side, waltz step, rag-time, two-step, march-step, all steps, running, skipping, hopping, laughing, shouting, whistling, till the din is deafening. Then more brass band, and more games, until 9 o'clock strikes, just in time to prevent some little sleepy eyes closing quite tight. Three cheers are given for the bands and three more for the lads, their hosts, and then, marshalled carefully and lovingly out of the two entrances, each happy little one receives a bag of fruit and buns. Everything has worked smoothly and without a hitch, for our lads have learned well the lessons of organisation taught them in the club, and now are putting them to practical use, showing the making of future citizens worthy of a no mean city.

Should any of your readers, Mr Editor, care to drop in any week night, between 6-30 p.m. and 10 p.m., our genial secretary, Mr F. T. Heys, or any of his officers (eight of whom are Old Boys), will be delighted to show them round, and to explain the working of the club. Long may it flourish!

The Scientific Society

Dec. 7th.—L. Timmis gave a lecture on “Liquid Air,” illustrated by experiments. Mercury and carbon dioxide were frozen solid and sausages and flowers frozen hard and then broken up with a hammer.

Dec. 14th.—Dr W. M. Tattersall gave a lantern lecture on “Spiders.” In the course of a most interesting lecture, he said that spiders were some of the most remarkable animals in existence, being in their career aeronauts, engineers, and builders. He described the various species and their webs, and also exhibited some specimens of spiders and the earth dwellings of certain species. A vote of thanks to the lecturer was carried with acclamation.

Jan. 25th.—Mr F. Adams gave a lantern lecture on “Comets,” dealing with the history and discovery of famous comets, and explaining why some comets returned periodically.

Feb. 1st.—G. Lindsey gave a lecture on “Wireless Telegraphy,” illustrated by diagrammatic lantern slides and experiments.

Feb. 8th.—G. Mercer gave a lantern lecture on “Bees and Bee-keeping.” The lecturer described the habits of bees and the practice of bee farming. Mr Adams afterwards made a few remarks on the connection between bees and flowers.

Feb. 22nd.—The Rev. J. H. Smith gave a very interesting lecture on the “Squaring of the Circle and Finding the Value of ‘Pi.’ ” He said that, although the problem of squaring the circle was first attempted thousands of years ago, it was only quite recently it had been proved impossible. He gave a history of the various attempts to accomplish it. He told us that the value of “Pi” had been worked out to 707 decimal places, and showed what an extraordinary accuracy even 100 decimal places meant.

Feb. 29th.—C. N. Fletcher exhibited a large number of lantern slides of animals at the “Zoo,” giving a description of each.

Mar. 7th.—G. E. Caswell gave a most interesting lantern lecture on “Ants.” The lecturer described various kinds of British and foreign ants, their habits, and their remarkable dwellings. This lecture proved one of the most popular of the series.

The Literary and Debating Society

Monday, December 4th, an interesting debate on “Conscription” took place, Mr Owen presiding over a comparatively large attendance. R. M. Nesbitt proposed “That compulsory military training is beneficial,” and compared the German Army with the English, declaring that the present Government, through expenditure on Old Age Pensions and other similar objects, had neglected the proper provision for defence of the country. P. Dorrington, opposing, saw no cause for alarm in the state of the national defences, and spoke of the evil effects of compulsory training in France.

Monday, December 11th, before a fairly large attendance. E. H. Royce proposed “That this House believes in ghosts.” The opener defined a ghost as a “visitant from another world,” and gave some highly interesting personal experiences. G. Lindsey, in opposition, treated the subject scientifically. Mr Hewlett gave some interesting ghost stories, and offered to supply the addresses of mysterious apparitions.

In view of the importance of cotton manufacturing in Manchester and the North West generally, the following article is published in its entirety.

December, 1912

How Cotton is Manufactured

By J. HANNAH

One day in October I was taken over a cotton-mill at Darwen, in which both spinning and weaving are carried on. First I was shown the boiler-house, in which stood two Lancashire boilers, fitted with semi-automatic stokers. Then I saw the breaking up of the raw cotton which had been taken out of the bales, by a machine called a "bale-breaker." A travelling lattice took the broken-up cotton and passed it down a shoot to the cleaning room, where it was beaten by a number of steel blades whirling round 1,100 times a minute. From the machine in which this was performed the cotton issued in the form of a sheet or "lap" of cotton-wool wound upon large reels. After this it was "carded," that is to say, combed by a machine having a large cylinder covered with wire bristles (600 per square inch) revolving at high speed close to a sheet of steel bars covered in the same way, but moving slowly. From this machine it was turned out in the shape of a thick ribbon called "sliver," and then taken to a "drawing" machine which combines six slivers to form one. This process is performed three times, the slivers from one machine passing to the next. The resulting slivers pass through three machines which twist them slightly, reducing their diameter at every stage. The cotton was then taken to a "mule," spun into yarn, and wound into "cops." The raw cotton from the plant had thus become fine yarn, ready for weaving into cloth.

At the entrance to the weaving "shed" stood another boiler-house, with two Lancashire boilers driving a large engine whose flywheel was nearly 12ft. in diameter. Cotton driving ropes transmitted the power to the shafting of the shed. The silence with which this great prime mover revolved contrasted strongly with the noise made by the machinery it drove.

I was shown the weaving process from the very beginning. For the "warp" threads, which have to be fitted lengthwise in the loom, the yarn was wound on bobbins holding 12 miles of yarn each, and some hundreds of these were set up in a V-shaped frame known as a "creel." The threads were then passed through combs and rollers, and finally they were wound on to a large reel. This reel was then placed with several others in a "sizing frame," and wound through a tank of boiling paste on to a "weaver's beam," the selvedge threads at each edge being wound on at the same time. After this the beam was taken and set up in a frame, and the threads passed through a set of "healds," a contrivance whose duty it is to separate the threads of the warp for the passage of the shuttle—and a "reed," which is used for driving home the "weft" as it is formed.

The room containing the looms was the next place that I visited, and upon entering it I was at once deafened by the sound of "picking sticks" throwing shuttles through the warps 200 times a minute. In this room were 1,000 looms, of various shapes and sizes, "Dobby looms" weaving simple patterns, looms for plain fabrics, and wonderful Jacquard looms capable of weaving the most complicated patterns. As an example of the powers of the last loom, I may mention that in the year 1840 there was exhibited at Leeds a copy of the will of Louis XVI, woven by the aid of this marvellous machine. In another room I saw how the cards are made which play such an important part in weaving the patterns on the Jacquard loom.

Thus my tour covered all the stages of the manufacture of cotton cloth, from the first to the last.



Dr Hall and Staff.

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THE HISTORY OF WILLIAM HULME'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL

The School is greatly indebted to Dr Paul Dean (staff 1979-86), who undertook to write its history during his service as Editor of The Hulmeian. He completed the work following his appointment as Head of English at Portsmouth Grammar School.

WILLIAM HULME'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL 1887 to 1987: AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

(NOTE: My chief debt for the period to 1974 is to the unpublished History of the School by the late Mr K. P. Thompson, without whose work mine would have had even less value than it has, since I have devoted the most space to that period in the belief that it will be the more interesting for being further away from many of us in time, and will also carry less risk of libel actions! I must also acknowledge the help given to me by Miss A. Berry, Messrs A. M. Blight, W. L. Bonnick, D. Cardwell, G. Crowe, G. H. Dennis, C. G. Eastwood, H. N. Johnson, D. Ll. Griffiths, C. J. Lowe, the Rev D. F. Newns, Messrs G. C. Waters and D. M. H. Wood.)

I

The visitor to central Manchester today, averting his eyes from the Arndale Centre, requires a strong imagination to realise that fields once stood in that spot. Much of the land and property in Withy Grove and Shudehill had belonged to the Hulme family for generations. William (1631-91) also inherited Broadstone Hall in Reddish, popularly known as Hulme Hall, and destroyed early this century. Little is known about his early life but there is a tradition that he was brought up in Withy Grove Hall, of which a single building survived until fairly recently as an inn called the Rover's Return—a name which may well have started a train of thought in the mind of a certain Old Hulmeian called H. V. Kershaw!

William Hulme was almost certainly educated at Manchester Grammar School, whose founder had had family connections with the Hulmes: we cannot say whether or not he would think the existence of a rival school bearing his name a just comment on his own education, because he did not intentionally found the school at all. His intention was to benefit his old Oxford college, Brasenose, with money which would have been inherited by his son Banaster (or Banastre, or Bannister), who had tragically died young. He left money for the aid of postgraduate theological students at B.N.C.—a total of £96 in 1693. The amount



The first class at the opening of the School in 1887. At the back is Mr J. W. Morley, Master; sitting on the left of the bench, as we look at the picture, is Harry Huson Vlies; standing behind him and one place to his right, is Bernard Smith. (The Editor would be grateful for assistance in further identification of pupils).

in trust gradually accrued, and presumably B.N.C. was surfeited with aspiring clergymen, until in 1881 a scheme for a new boys' school was formally proposed to siphon off some of the surplus. The governors of Manchester Grammar School, which was then sited in Long Millgate, insisted that the new school should not be too nearby; it was a considerable stroke of irony when Long Millgate was abandoned for the present M.G.S. site just up the road from us! (The connection with Brasenose was resumed with the establishment in 1937 of a Hulme Scholarship, entry to which was restricted to pupils of the Hulme Schools in Manchester, Bury and Oldham.)

The Hulme Grammar School, as it was called until 1938, opened, with a roll of sixty-four boys, on January 8th, 1887, under the Headmastership of a thirty-two-year-old, ex-M.G.S. master, Mr (later, from 1904, Dr) Joseph Hall, assisted by four other masters. Boys were admitted from the ages of seven to sixteen, provided they could show proficiency in reading, dictation, and simple mathematical sums. Reputedly the first boy to cross the threshold was Bernard Muth, who died in 1965, aged eighty-eight, having lived to play alongside his grandson in the School Orchestra. Workmen were still finishing off the ground floor rooms on the first day, and little took place apart from the dividing of the boys into one Latin, one Science and two French Forms. The day ended at noon.

Spring Bridge Road was then only a rough lane, Wilbraham Road a cart-track, Princess Road unbuilt. The surroundings were distinctly rural. I am delighted to be able to quote from an account sent to me by the oldest surviving Old Hulmeian, Mr D. Cardwell (1899-1908):

'In April 1899, at the age of seven years eleven months, I used to prop up field railings opposite the school waiting for my elder brother to come out at twelve o'clock. The Headmaster saw me and sent word to my father that I was big enough to start—an interesting reflection on the conditions of admission . . . The school occupied an isolated position. To the south, apart from a few houses at the junction of Wilbraham Road and Alexandra Road South, it was open country to Northenden and beyond; to the East it was open to Rusholme, and to the West, apart from Hartley College, the fields extended to Chorlton-cum-Hardy. Perhaps the fact that on a summer evening the monotonous call of the corncrake was sufficiently common to be a nuisance gives some idea of the surroundings. Local transport was very poor; the nearest tram terminus was at Alexandra Park gates (Graeme Street) and the few trains at the local station were little use.'



First Football XI, probably 1891.



First Cricket Team, 1896.

If a modern Hulmeian were to be whisked back to re-live his school career in the late 1880s and early 1890s he would notice many other differences; for instance, that games were not compulsory (he would still be able to play lacrosse, then as now an unusual game at schools, and, probably to his joy, he would find soccer catered for as well), or that shorthand figures on the curriculum. This was because one of the aims of the School was, according to the Prospectus, 'to give a practical training for business life in Manchester'. There were three terms of thirteen weeks each, with half days on Wednesday and Saturday. There was no library until 1894, when a boy could join for 1s 6d (7½p) per Term; the library took in books of all kinds except poetry—an early sign perhaps of the Northerners' suspicion of lah-di-dah reading matter. Our hypothetical time-traveller would be able to join the music society and orchestra as well as clubs, catering for woodwork, debating, chess, photography and other interests, which seem to have been perpetually collapsing only to be re-founded when new enthusiasts appeared. From 1890 he would have been able to read all about these things in *The Hulmeian* under its first editor W. E. Urwick. If he had been around in 1897 he might have had a part in the first play, F. Anstey's *Vice Versa*. However, many boys' careers were brief in these early days—there was no sixth form, and no external examinations were taken. In 1890 a Frenchman, M. Max Leclerc, published a book on *L'éducation en Angleterre*, in gathering material for which he had visited Manchester. He reports that Mr Hall told him that the School was having trouble keeping boys on after the legal age limit of fourteen—their parents feared any longer exposure to education might damage their career prospects! (It may not be too unfair to add that M. Leclerc thought the manners of Hulmeian pupils better than those at M.G.S., but of course this was nearly a century ago.)

The parental reasoning tells us a good deal about the early difficulties faced by the School. Its remoteness meant that its catchment area was practically limited to Chorlton, Whalley Range and Withington, it was in any case competing with another long-established school, it was run by a staff who were still learning their job, and it had no government aid. There were anomalies in its finance which made it more than ever dependent on attracting more boys (hence more fees). For instance, the Headmaster's salary of £150 p.a. was augmented by a certain sum per pupil. Thus when boys left his income dropped, and it must have been tempting to overcrowd the school. (After ten years the numbers at the School had risen from sixty-four to over two hundred and fifty.) The assistant masters, on the other hand, on whom much of the burden fell, received no such bonus. This led in time to real trouble, as we shall see.

Little can be recovered about the personalities of the staff in those days—or any others, for the personal impact of a good teacher defies communication; if you aren't there to feel it, you can never be made to understand it. However, one or two things seem worth preserving.



The first Headmaster of The Hulme Grammar School, Dr Joseph Hall, photographed on 8 December 1913.

The first Headmaster, Dr Hall, was not at first sight an obvious candidate for the post. He was a dreamy bachelor scholar who lived with his sister and whose real passion in life was the editing of obscure Middle English texts which earned him his doctorate from Durham. (At one time he held voluntary classes in Anglo-Saxon on Saturday mornings, an experiment which must soon have proved to him the soundness of the Anglo-Saxon emphasis on the transience of worldly vanities!) He walked to and from School every day and after a frugal lunch could be seen taking a constitutional round the field, impeccably attired in silk hat and tailcoat. Sometimes he would be observed moving earth around to try to level the field (a task still being undertaken by Mr Trevor Dennis forty years later). However, by some means or other—perhaps that indefinable and long-vanished characteristic of ‘being a gentleman’—he kept the School in good order, and without doubt he kept his staff. Among distinguished records of service we could mention those of J. I. Franklin (1890 to 1924), E. G. Hewlett (1890 to 1924), who taught Geography and perhaps Modern Languages by the then novel ‘direct method’ and edited *The Hulmeian* from 1891 to 1924, J. Dorrans (1891 to 1920), who taught Woodwork and of whom it was said ‘He came, he sawed, he conquered’, C. E. Kelsey (1891 to 1925), who was said to believe that there had been no history worth serious attention since 1485, and J. W. Morley (1891 to 1925), a flamboyantly eccentric man whose pupils took a collection for him, on his birthday each year, in his mortar-board, also presenting him with a bottle of beer; in the evening Mr Morley drank the beer and gave the money to an old tramp who called annually to collect it. He was the first member of staff to fly from Manchester to London, and invited the Classical Sixth *en bloc* to his wedding. Some of these early masters were also remarkably long-lived; for instance, Mr Hewlett died in 1957 aged ninety-two, Mr Kelsey in 1960 aged ninety. Dr Hall himself survived only until 1927. (It should not go unrecorded that Mr Franklin’s successor in the English Department was Eric Partridge, who went on to make a career as a compiler of dictionaries of, among other things, slang and bawdy expressions. At least he could not have collected much material from Hulme, as he only stayed a year.) In 1902 the formidable J. A. Barber arrived at the School, which he was not to leave until 1950. He was not on the teaching staff, but no doubt could have taught anything if required; and he seems to have done virtually everything else: he carried out the functions now discharged by the general office and Bursar’s office staff, superintended the games (he was a lacrosse player of international standing) and the OTC, later the CCF; he was porter, night-watchman, administrative genius and a figure of terrifying authority to the boys. It is even recorded that when an unscrupulous parent hoped to buy his son a place at the School, it was to Barber that he—need I say, in vain?—offered the bribe.



Dr Hall and Staff. Precise date unknown.

In 1908 a great step forward was made with the opening of a Preparatory Department—initially on the main site, then at Peveril Mount to which it was moved during the First World War. The first Headmistress was Miss M. E. Smith, who was succeeded first by her sister, Miss Mitford Smith, later Mrs Rowlands (1922 to 1934), and then by Miss A. Berry, whose remarkable tenure of office ended only with the closure of the Prep itself thirty years later and who, as she proudly recalls, ‘was made an Old Hulmeian (the first *lady* member!) when I retired’. The existence of the Prep cannot, for obvious reasons, be documented in detail here, but the devotion shown by its three Headmistresses and their assistants should not go unrecorded; they offered a secure and happy beginning to the careers of generations of budding Hulmeians.



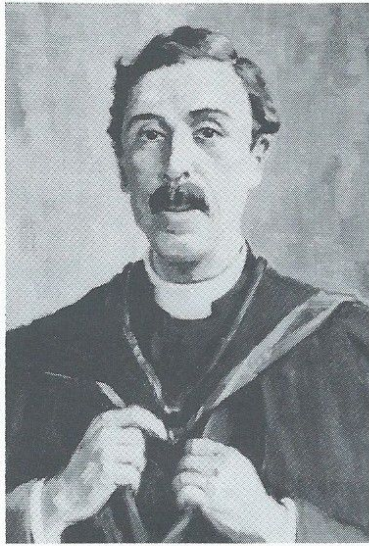
The Hulme Grammar School Prep., 1920-21.

Returning to the senior school, we may note another long-serving master whose career is particularly interesting because it spanned the first four Headmasterships of the School: Mr F. Adams (1910 to 1950) whose recollections may be quoted in his own words:

‘I was appointed assistant Science Master at a salary of £180 per annum. There was no Burnham Scale and salaries were a matter for negotiation between staff and governors . . . The surroundings of the School were still rural and the charming clough near Alexandra Park Station provided ample material for botanizing . . . We arranged an exhibition of wild plants collected locally and Mr Tristram (nick-named Clumper) invited Dr Hall to view it. Unfortunately his only comment was that one of the boys had mis-spelt one of the Latin names. He was a Classics man, but the remark annoyed Tristram . . .

‘Dr Hall was a devout member of the Church of England. The practice of having a holiday on Ascension Day is a reminder of the School’s Anglican foundation. In 1913 the governors decided to seek recognition by the Board of Education. This involved little change except that Religious Education should become non-denominational and not according to the tenets of the Church of England. Dr Hall took his stand. He would not compromise and decided to resign (though he was some years from retiring age). He did so against the advice of his friends and to the regret of the staff who admired and respected him.’ It is also believed that Dr Hall strongly objected to the Governors’ insistence that boys should be prepared for public examinations.

Ironically then, the man who had fostered the growth of the School to a secure position left just as national recognition was about to come. More ironically still, the man appointed by the Governors to lead the now non-denominational School was a thirty-seven-year-old Anglican clergyman, the Rev W. A. Parker Mason.



Photograph of a portrait of
Mr W. A. Parker Mason,
the second Headmaster of the
Hulme Grammar School.

II

Mr Parker Mason was Headmaster from 1913 to 1920. It has to be said at once that he was not equal to the task, although circumstances were heavily against him and might have daunted a stronger man. He was succeeding a successful Headmaster who had resigned on a matter of principle, leaving behind many senior colleagues who had wished him to stay; the School was chronically short of money and the staff knew that the Headmaster was paid extra, while many of them, after twenty years' service, were earning less than £100 p.a. more than when they started; and finally of course, Mr Parker Mason had scarcely arrived before World War I destroyed any chance he might have had of building up resources and winning the support of his staff. The School's life was inevitably disrupted, although the main cause was the departure of younger staff and older boys for military service, causing loss of continuity and quality; there was not the upheaval of evacuation which was almost to wreck Mr Dennis's work in 1939.



The old Art Room c. 1914. Master at the back is believed to be C. E. Kelsey.

Still, Mr Parker Mason did not rise above events. Here is Mr Adams again:

'He was a tall, dark, awkward sort of a man and lacked the ease of manner and warmth which makes for happy personal relationships; his self-consciousness resulted in clumsy and difficult situations with the staff, with whom he was not popular. Also he had some unfortunate mannerisms, one of which was that of stabbing the air with his index finger to emphasise a point; another was a nervous habit of clearing his throat ("Huh-huh!") before speaking . . . When Mr Tristram retired, the post of Senior Science Master fell vacant. Through another colleague I heard that it had been advertised. I had now been at the School six years; I asked Parker Mason why I had not been approached. His reply was, "Huh-huh! I didn't know whether you could do it!" It was war-time and staff were already becoming scarce. I had been rejected for military service on account of defective vision. Finally it was agreed that I should take on responsibility for the department for a year without any increase in salary! At the end of that year he said, "Huh-huh-huh! The governors have decided to accept your appointment is to be permanent and your salary raised to £240 per annum." Not retrospective however!'

The combined effects of the War and the tension between Common Room and Headmaster led to a general collapse of standards and morale in the School. Matters became so serious that the staff sent a letter to the Governors complaining about the Headmaster, who was duly reprimanded. Following the Armistice in 1918, there was even a 'strike' by some of the boys. Mr G. H. Dennis (no relation to the later Head Master), who at the time was a boy of eleven, described the following remarkable event:

'An armistice had been announced on 11 November 1918 and all pupils were allowed to go home to celebrate this. The following morning when I arrived at school there was what I can only refer to as a kind of picket of senior boys outside the entrance preventing would-be scholars from entering the building. We did eventually gain admittance and I am rather hazy about subsequent events except that I recollect vague mutterings among us juniors as to the punishment the ringleaders suffered.'

Although the details are disputed by one of Mr Dennis's contemporaries, this event was, as other records show, a protest at the fact that Hulmeians were getting less holiday than boys at other schools to celebrate the Armistice. Feelings ran high and order was restored only by the intervention of the Second Master. Clearly this did not reflect well on Mr Parker Mason's management of affairs, and when, in 1920, the School received an adverse report from His Majesty's Inspectors, his days were numbered, and he resigned, taking a living in Essex. His death in 1952 was recorded in *The Hulmeian* with a telling brevity; by then he had clearly become something of an embarrassment. However, to be fair to him, he had very bad luck; his predecessor's memory was revered, and his successor was a man of such exceptional quality that he would have overshadowed a greater personality than Parker Mason.

III



1921. Mr Trevor Dennis, the third Headmaster of The Hulme (from 1938 William Hulme's) Grammar School, and Staff.

The arrival of Mr Trevor Dennis in 1920 was described by Mr Hewlett, who had been on the staff since 1890, as 'like the day of Resurrection'. Unlike Dr Hall or Mr Parker Mason he was not entering on his first Headmastership, as he had been Head of Lady Manners School, Bakewell, for seven years. It says something about him that he volunteered, and was accepted, for War service, but the Governors of Lady Manners successfully appealed to the Board of Education to allow him to stay. The references attached to his application for the Hulme headship (which have survived) show that he had revitalised his previous school, as he was to do this.

By any standards he was a remarkable man: a Mathematician by training, with the administrative gifts one might expect from that, endowed with all-round sporting abilities and an enthusiasm for culture which would be thought uncommon for a schoolmaster even now. He was a visionary who was determined to enrich every day of every pupil's life at school, by making the boy feel he had something to offer which no other boy had. At the same time Mr Dennis had a deep vein of melancholy and restlessness which became more pronounced in later years and ultimately led him near to despair. Lady Manners was a boarding school, and Mr Dennis brought the boarding ethos with him; he was obsessed with the School, which he haunted during weekends and holidays and from which he could not keep away even after his retirement; he expected everyone else to be equally absorbed, and had no time for those who were not. His Headmastership divides sharply into two periods, 1920 to 1939, and 1939 to 1947; the Second World War seemed to threaten all he had built up, and he never fully recovered from the strain.



"Strife" 1926.

Fortunately, in 1920 the Burnham Committee was established and the disputes over salaries which had helped to mar the Parker Mason years came to an end. Numbers were stabilised by parents being required to agree to keep their sons at school until the age of sixteen. Mr Dennis attended swiftly to the internal organisation of the School, tightening up the enforcement of the rules, instituting weekly afternoon entertainments, on Tuesdays from 4 until 5.30 p.m. by both pupils and staff, inspiring usually ambitious plays and concerts covering, for example, excerpts from *The Magic Flute*, a complete performance of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, annual Bach cantatas at Easter, and the beginning of a long series of Gilbert and Sullivan operas under D. M. Williams (1920 to 1965: Second Master from 1953). (In 1925 T.D., as the Headmaster was universally known, organised a 'Concert of Bad Music' which many people said was the only really enjoyable concert there had been for years.) There were also some extensions to the facilities (the Science Block was opened, and the New Hall completed, in 1927) despite the austerity of the times.



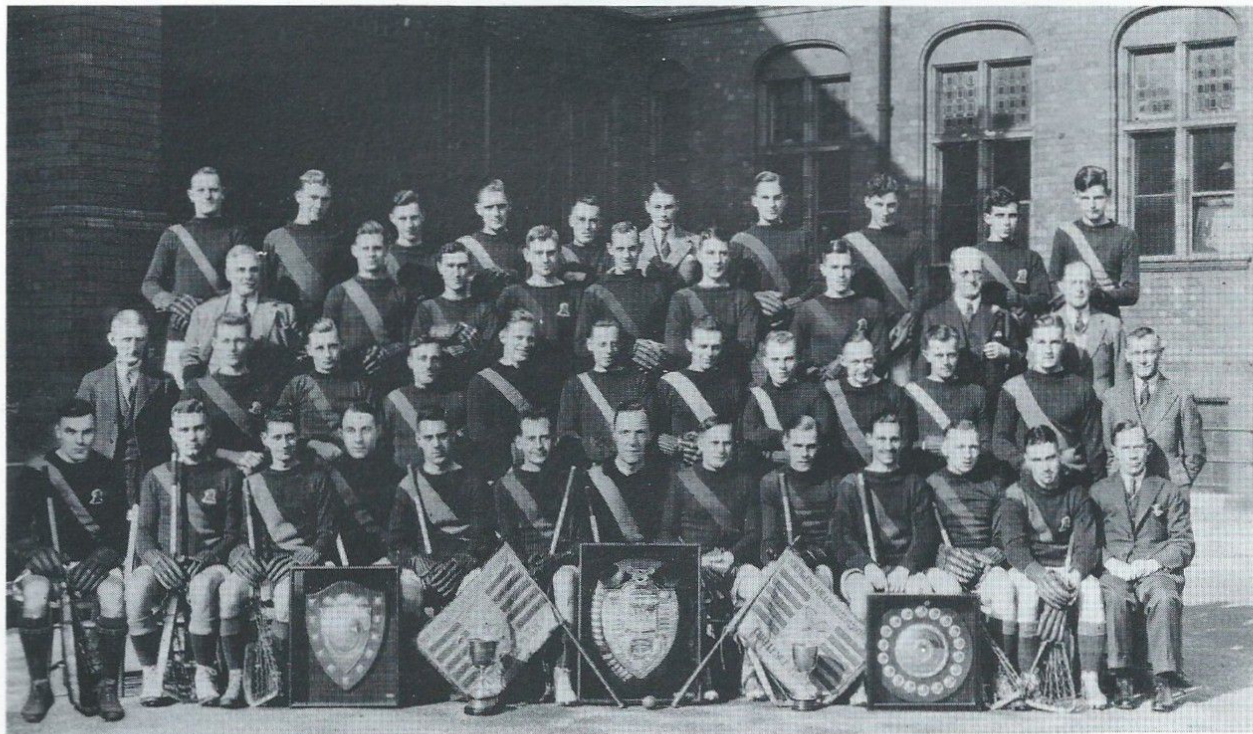
1927: Lord Derby arriving to open the Science Block.

The Hulmeian shows the Headmaster actively involved in everything, refereeing and playing in sports matches, singing, playing or conducting in concerts, charring meetings of innumerable societies. If at times he over-reached himself, or demanded more from his pupils and staff than was within their capacities, at least he encouraged them to aim high and to strive to extend their intellectual and other horizons. Perhaps in consequence, academic results improved; the first Hulmeian to gain one of the newly-founded State Scholarships (for medicine) was D. Ll. Griffiths, a former Chairman of Governors, now a Governor Emeritus. I quote some extracts from his memories of his time as a pupil (1918 to 1926), which show us something of the Corps, at that time coming into its heyday (it became an O.T.C. in 1935, one of only seven units from 194 applicants to be granted this status by the War Office) and establishing its long tradition of camp at Grange-over-Sands:

'The Cadet Corps was a very different affair from the present CCF. Quite apart from the fact that we wore tunics with brass buttons, breeches and puttees and were ordered to get our hair cut short, its activities were simple. They consisted almost solely of foot-drill and arms-drill with rifles of Boer war vintage, all of which had had their firing pins removed. We also had some bayonets but no-one managed to transfix himself or anyone else. Perhaps this was more a reflection on the bluntness of the bayonets than on our pacifism. . . The Corps was commanded by Barber, at first a Captain, later promoted to Major. It was attached to a battalion of the Manchester Regiment in theory, but we only saw a Manchester Regiment soldier once in my years in the Corps. . . A leading opponent of the Corps on the Staff was Mr Perraton, the French master, a Wesleyan preacher (1921 to 1930). Barber invited him to one camp, as a civilian officer, to attempt to convince him that he was wrong: Perraton came, and no greater stickler for military correctness in camp was ever seen. . . Every Whit Friday we marched to Windermere, a distance of about eight miles—a wonderful march on a fine day, on the almost motor-free roads of the '20s. We marched at ease and sang songs which reflected, sotto voce, on the unpopularity of certain masters who were never, of course, present. . . A few boys found the return march too much for them and dropped out, being picked up later, I think, by taxi, for no officer brought a car to camp in those days. By 1926 the number of drop-outs increased so much that a coach was hired to bring us back from Windermere. . .

'Punishments varied. There was very little corporal punishment ('swishing'); impositions were common. A. L. Wood (1920 to 1948) designed useful ones, mainly exercises in algebra. A. O. Gatley (1916 to 1953: Second Master from 1932) gave us huge numbers to cube. I suppose he knew the answers, although in the days before calculators I doubt it, but I never remember a boy handing one in to be told that it was incorrect. Detention varied in severity according to the member of staff who was supervising it. H. R. W. Anderson (1920 to 1947) was very strict; one was hardly allowed to move a muscle. There was by contrast a mathematician in whose detentions one was allowed to read a novel. . .'

(Mr Anderson's disciplinary powers were famous. On one occasion two boys, looking out of the window in one of his lessons, saw some bicycles being stolen, but waited until the end of the lesson to report this, on the grounds that they did not want to admit that they had been looking out of the window!)



O.H.A. Lacrosse section 1931-32. Winners of Senior Flags, League Championship, Iroquois Cup, Referees' Championship, 'A' League Championship, 'B' Team Cup.

'In each Michaelmas Term there was a collection for the Hulme Lads' Club, then very much a club for working-class boys in a very real slum area. The Club was largely staffed by Old Boys, who acted as its officers on its annual Whit-week camp to Prestatyn. At the end of November the Club would put on a show for the School, at which there would be much boxing, gymnastics, etc. The annual collection was a competitive affair, managed by J. W. Morley; the annual total was the chief source of the Club's income at one time. Years later, under J. G. Bird, as society became more and more affluent, the School lost interest in the Club and it merged with another one to become the Procter Youth Centre, eventually being given over to the local authority. . . '

The School's place in the life of the local community and its growing status as an educational institution seemed confirmed when in 1932 Mr Dennis was invited to attend the Headmasters' Conference, thus giving the School parity with Manchester Grammar School which had just moved to its new site at Rusholme. An inspection by the Board of Education in 1935 confirmed the high standards by then prevalent. The straitened circumstances of the time meant that finances continued to be a worry; many boys had to leave because their parents could not afford to keep them at school, and departing members of staff were not always replaced. Still, by the Golden Jubilee of 1937—marked by the first Founders' Day service in the Cathedral, now an annual event—the School seemed to have much to be thankful for. New buildings appeared to the south of the New Hall, including a proper Library, which Mr Dennis had long insisted was an essential facility. The establishment of the Hulme Scholarship at Brasenose in 1937, referred to earlier, gave a new outlet for the School's already formidable record of success in sending its pupils on to higher education.



Old Hulmeians' Association Annual Dinner, at the Midland Hotel, Manchester. President: Fred Dehn. Probably 1931.

However, in September 1939, all this painfully-won achievement seemed, like so much else, to be threatened with oblivion. Mr Dennis had announced, at the Speech Day that July, that plans had been made for the evacuation of the School in the event of war breaking out: but in the event a planned departure was cancelled at the last minute, and it was only after a week of confusion that the staff and pupils found themselves billeted in private houses in the Preston suburb of Penwortham, and attached to nearby Hutton Grammar School.

This arrangement, unfortunately, proved quite unworkable, for Hutton was a far smaller school than ours and co-existence, even using classrooms and fields on a rota basis, was at best cramped, at worst intolerable. The difficulties were compounded by the reluctance of some host families to accept the lodgers who had been forced on them: boys would return at weekends to a Manchester which was not in any obvious danger of attack, and as time went on more and more failed to return to Penwortham on Monday morning, and were sent by their parents to other schools. Eventually, in early December, the authorities allowed the School to return en masse. It was altogether an unhappy episode, and the education offered to the boys remained disrupted for the rest of the war, as continuity of staff became impossible to maintain. An influx of female teachers, notably Miss M. G. Green (later a D.B.E. and Governor of the B.B.C.) and Mlle A. M. J. Sizé (1940 to 1945), proved invaluable, and one master who arrived as a refugee, Dr L. A. Jecny (1942 to 1964), became a leading School 'character'. (The Prep also benefited from the services of Mrs Jecny from 1949 to 1964.) Trevor Dennis's fierce loyalty to his staff is shown, incidentally, by his response to a parent who refused to allow his son to do an imposition set by Dr Jecny, whom he described,

quite incorrectly, as 'a German': he was told that until the imposition was forthcoming his son would be suspended from the School.

The autumn of 1941 saw the environs of the School under enemy attack, fortunately (for the pupils) during the holidays, but the buildings escaped with relatively minor damage. Remarkably, pupil numbers did not drop significantly; by 1943 they had even risen, to six hundred. Games and extra-curricular activities continued as far as possible, while links between the School and its Old Boys were, if anything, strengthened by circumstances (677 Old Hulmeians served in the forces during the War). Most of the credit for the School's survival must go to the Head Master, Mr Gatley, the Second Master, and Mr Barber, supported by such long-serving masters as A. L. Powell, O.H. (1917 to 1941), W. A. Brierley (1919 to 1944), whose contributions to the artistic life of the School were outstanding, H. R. W. Anderson, D. M. Williams, J. W. Bentley (1920 to 1945), Mr Brierley's collaborator in the staging of many plays, and D. M. Parren (1928 to 1943). About this time, too, arrived many men who were to play leading parts in shaping the School's future: J. P. Renny (1944 to 1972), W. A. Barnett (1945 to 1971), W. L. Bonnick (1946 to 1980), C. J. Lowe (1946 to 1983: joint Second Master from 1965 to 1967, Second Master from 1967), L. H. Watkins (1946 to 1975). Few things show a headmaster's powers of judgement so clearly as the staff he appoints; this list of names tells its own tale about Mr Dennis. Sadly, the extraordinary strain of the war did not leave him long to inspire a new generation of colleagues and boys. His health broke down in 1946 and his retirement in 1947 was followed a few years later by his death in 1950.

Trevor Dennis was altogether a larger-than-lifelike person. His sarcastic turns of phrase ('There you all sit', he would shout when the singing in Assembly was poor, 'like wet cod on a slab!'), his habits of referring to pupils individually or collectively as 'Swine!', or of indirectly supervising his staff by invading their periods to throw some item of lost property across the room at its luckless owner, made him feared and, no doubt, disliked by some. He could be moody, unpredictable and distracted, and the staff photographs taken late in his career show him apparently wrapped in meditative gloom. But this was caused largely by the fight to preserve, against forces over which he had not control, the School he had rescued from disaster, and he had also a childlike capacity for wonder and a child's direct, infectious enthusiasm. Those who knew him in his earlier days, and those who penetrated the later crusty exterior, found a profound educational thinker and a compassionate man beneath.

IV

Under the Headmasterships of Mr J. G. Bird (1947 to 1974) and Mr P. A. Filleul (1974 to 1987) William Hulme's Grammar School became the place that we know today, populated by familiar faces (Mr Kirkham arrived in 1952, Mr Haynes in 1953, Mr Jackson and Mr Manning in 1958, Mr Blight in 1959, Mr Timm in 1961, Mr Langford in 1966, Mr Houghton in 1967, Mr Bamforth and Mr Golder in 1968, to go no further). If I enter into less detail about this period, becoming more an impressionist than an annalist, it is because the time for considered judgement on the work of those who are happily still with us has not yet arrived; and an account of Mr Filleul's Headmastership will, in any case, be found elsewhere in this issue. The larger changes undergone by the educational system since the 1944 Education Act have presented Mr Dennis's successors with formidable challenges: a period of dizzying expansion of numbers and facilities in the 1950s



Mr J. G. Bird, the fifth Headmaster of William Hulme's Grammar School, and Staff. 1950.

and 1960s was followed by the decision to withdraw from the State system in 1976 and the consequent need to maintain and strengthen our position in the Independent sector, while the imminent transition to co-education will mean a further major alteration in the character of the School. In the curriculum, moreover, this period has seen the transition from School Certificate to the GCE in 1951 and to the GCSE in 1987. A new professionalism was increasingly required from staff and boys alike.

Mr Bird, who returned to the teaching profession from the army, brought with him a brisk efficiency and a sharp managerial eye. His attention to detail of all kinds was impressive, not least his unobtrusive—and unintrusive—knowledge of any professional or personal difficulties his staff might be in. He was not just an administrator, however: he responded to the opportunities offered by the 1944 Act to create a new type of school which might be modern without totally neglecting tradition, and which might, above all, be a community in which the pupils could, without loss of discipline, be treated more as young adults than had been customary before the War. To maintain this difficult balance he gradually made some changes in Mr Dennis's system—which, indeed, could hardly have survived the departure of its idiosyncratic founder. His first priority was to place the School upon a sound financial footing. He foresaw that if it ran initially at a loss he would be able to increase the fees, and so things turned out. Thus, by 1951, he was able to charge a fee of £51 per annum! He also altered the pastoral organisation of the School, increasing the part played by the House, as distinct from the Form, in a boy's career. The House system had been in existence since 1910, when Byrom, Dalton, Gaskell and Heywood were established—the prefect system was created at the same time—but Mr Bird introduced the posts of Staff House Masters and pupil House prefects and sought to make the Houses more than the means of organising games which had hitherto been their principal role. Drama and music, for instance, were placed on a House rather than a Form basis—the first House plays were in 1957 and the first House Music Competition in 1965—with the result that the Tuesday entertainments originated by Mr Dennis gradually disappeared, mourned by many who nonetheless recognised that a House contained a wider spectrum of talent than a Form on which producers and organisers could draw. It is to Mr Bird also that we owe the creation of the Junior School as a largely autonomous body, effectively a House in its own right, and the appointment of Mr Bonnick as its first Head. Those who, like myself, were lucky enough to see, if not to profit from, his example of wisdom, unsentimental compassion and, above all, a better knowledge of each boy's character than the boy had himself, will know what an inspired move this was.

Mr Bird also sought to assist those who were at the opposite end of their School careers. The Sixth Form Centre, built at a cost of £78,000 and opened by Lord Fisher of Lambeth in 1964, is perhaps his main legacy. At that time there were 250 boys in the Sixth Form and Mr Bird based his case for the Centre on four arguments: the need to break down intellectual and social barriers between boys studying widely different subjects, the benefits of increasing pupils' corporate responsibility for their surroundings, recognition of the special needs of the most mature section of the School, and the facilitation of the transition to the greater freedom of higher education. This was, for its day, a remarkably enlightened view of the role of the Sixth Form. An especially interesting feature of the Centre was the 'meditation room', which contained only low stools and indirect lighting through glass screens. Here, Mr Bird hoped, the boys could pursue a 'search for ultimate truth', in a deliberately non-denominational atmosphere (Mr I. J. Shaw, an Old Hulmeian who has been on the Staff since 1973, recalls being evicted from the room, along with some other boys, by a member of staff who caught them meditating and seemed to view the procedure as equivalent to loitering with intent!). It sounds like a vintage 1960s idea, and those with a healthy sense of irony will find a moral in the fact that the meditation room is now the Audio-Visual Room and contains nothing less than the source of ultimate truth itself—a television.

It seems a sign of the times, too, that this decade saw the closure of the Prep (1964) and the abolition of Saturday morning school (1968), the latter prompted by a rueful recognition of ill-feeling about such an encroachment on what was coming to be seen as the pupils' 'free' time. Indeed, one of the major problems of the last few decades has been to preserve out-of-School activities in an age when the social lives of the young are unprecedentedly full and when other kinds of 'entertainment' seem more enticing (and also when few of the pupils live locally). Even Mr Dennis would have found it impossible to maintain in the 1970s the range of clubs and societies which flourished in the 1930s.

Gradually, several notable figures on the staff retired, including Mr K. P. Thompson (1926 to 1963: Librarian 1963 to 1972) and Mr C. Morley (1932 to 1969: joint Second Master from 1965-1967). Of Mr Thompson, who died, sadly, just at the outset of the centenary year, an account by another hand will be found elsewhere in this issue. Mr Morley was thought by many to have been one of the most brilliant scholars ever to have been on the staff. He was an historian who had no specialist 'period': rather, he could be said to specialise in history. His pupils would comb the library books for facts which they were convinced were so obscure that no-one could possibly know them, but Mr Morley knew them all, could supply them off the top of his head, and supplement them with other material which the books had overlooked. If he had occasion to dictate notes, he would pace up and down improvising perfectly-formed sentences which could have been printed without alteration. A Common Room containing both him and Mr F. J. Smith (1947 to 1972: Librarian 1972 to 1979) was formidable indeed, for Mr Smith was as distinguished in his

own field of classics as Mr Morley in his. His immense natural dignity and urbane manners made him a figure of some awe to his pupils, but he had a dry wit; in his retirement speech he included a Latin quotation, adding, 'I shall translate for the benefit of my colleagues—' (perfectly-timed pause)—'in the Classics Department'. The scholar-schoolmaster is becoming increasingly rare, as are those who can appreciate him; we were fortunate to have such good examples with us for so long.

Mr Bird retired in 1974, the same year, it will be recalled, which saw two General Elections resulting in the return to power of a Labour government committed to the abolition of the remaining maintained Grammar schools. Since Mr Bird had built up a school which united the traditional emphasis on humane learning with the practical and technological training which was increasingly being required by the wider world, such a proposal must have seemed particularly short-sighted. Each of our Headmasters has had to cope with one particular testing crisis: for Dr Hall it was the creation and preservation of the School itself, for Mr Parker Mason World War I, for Mr Dennis World War II, for Mr Bird the post-war expansion and modernisation of the School. For Mr Filleul the crisis was the change (really of course a reversion) to independent status. This was a difficult decision: the Government's threats proved in the end incapable of execution, and as we know there are still a few non-independent Grammar Schools; but this could hardly have been foreseen in 1976. There were also fears that the character of the School would be changed for the worse by the severing of ties with the State sector, but few would be so simple-minded as to argue that this has been the case. Rather, we have had to contend against enormous social changes, some good, others definitely bad, which have called into question the standards which the best schools of all types have always upheld. We cannot now, even if we wanted to, become the School of 1887, 1937, or even 1977: nostalgia is as profitless as it is delightful.

When Mr K. P. Thompson ended his History, in which he himself had so far gone wholly unmentioned, he permitted himself a few pages of personal reflection: perhaps I, who served a mere seven years to his forty-six, may be allowed one paragraph—for after all history is at least as much individual as social memory. My many vivid memories of individuals must belong to oral history only, at least until a safer time-span has elapsed, and even then perhaps could only appear in a less respectable publication than *The Hulmeian!* When I was asked by Mr Filleul to collect materials for a Centenary exhibition I knew relatively little about the School's past, but I have found its story interesting not only in itself but as a small scale model of larger changes in English life over the last century. Things have altered, yet remained the same: on the threshold of co-education we find ourselves an independent school, charging fees, competing with other local schools for pupils from a wide catchment area, and having to absorb a new type of curriculum and examination system. In all these respects the situation is exactly as it was in 1887—as Eliot put it, 'history is a pattern of timeless moments'. Yet one of the fascinations of a Common Room is that history is preserved there as well as made, in the interplay between representatives of different generations of educational theory and practice. I arrived, in 1979, in time to know Mr Bonnick and Mr Lowe (the latter described himself wryly as 'Trevor Dennis's last mistake'), who had been appointed in 1946: and this surely indicates a major source of strength on which the School has been able to draw, the synthesis of continuity and innovation. We cannot doubt that this balance will persist under Mr Briggs and in the face of all the challenges he will meet: but to tell that story will be the privilege of a future writer.

Paul Dean



Mr P. D. Briggs, the sixth Headmaster of William Hulme's Grammar School.

(Photo: R. A. Haynes)

HOUSE NOTES

BYROM HOUSE LETTER

Michaelmas Term

P. Sharman was appointed Head of House with R. J. Moore and C. L. Gardner as his deputies. A. Y. Hessayon, M. I. Rosenthal, M. Silgram, M. Lovell and D. P. Howells were appointed House Prefects.

Byrom's senior rugby XV proved to be, in the view of Mr Seddon, one of, if not *the* best he remembered. I would concur. A strong pack set the ball up well for the backs who were fast, handled well and had an outstanding fly-half in B. Armstrong, who was well served by A. Crowther. On two occasions the pack, led by P. Sharman, scored tries which came preciously close to being classed as the now illegal "flying wedge"! O. Wilson-Barnes had many good games for us. Only the results of our weaker second XII prevented us winning the League.

The Senior Knock-out side, captained by A. J. Hessayon, went out to Whitworth in a closely fought game. Fine running in the backs, particularly by J. J. Garlick, and effective tackling by the flankers were Byrom's strong points. For a short spell we actually led, but in the end the superior Whitworth pack wore us down and we lost. Even greater credit must go to the teams involved in the 7's. Byrom finished on equal points with Fraser, but lost out as they had scored two fewer 'match' points. The first team defeated Heywood easily and crushed Gaskell 24-0 with fine play from J. Garlick, A. Chow and A. J. Hessayon. However, in the final we met Whitworth, who must have had one of the best sides ever in our 7's. We were completely overwhelmed.

This year's Junior Knock-out side should have taken away the trophy and sadly were 'robbed' in common games' parlance. The team was well-trained by N. F. Taylor and as a result of this the Byrom pack fought a gruelling match against Heywood which went into extra time and the "sudden death". N. Hall, S. J. Richardson were outstanding in the pack and P. J. Davies at 'fly-half'. It took two players usually to bring down Bellass of Heywood and little J. E. Goodman, J. N. Symms and J. Griffiths tackled magnificently throughout. Heywood were unlucky to lose and ironically we prevented them from winning the final. All the pre-match talk was of how many squad players Fraser had and that Byrom had 'no chance' in the final. In the event Fraser were completely outplayed on a muddy pitch. The Byrom pack not only kicked on the ground balls in 'kick and rush' tactics, but also picked up and handled to cross the Fraser line. Crucial was Taylor leading the scrum, backed up by N. Hall, M. Jones, R. Jones, M. Sowerby and S. J. Richardson. Equally vital was the kicking of P. J. Davies at 'fly half', well served by M. Ekstein, S. McKenzie scored an excellent try and J. Griffiths defended well at full-back. Two-thirds through the match Byrom were leading 12-0 and Fraser had never even threatened us. Then came disaster. This was a sporting, clean match in which the referee never blew for any foul. Sadly, as one of our key players ran and then kicked ahead to chase his punt, he was brought down by a very clumsy, late, high tackle which the referee did not witness. There was no intent to foul, it was just bad rugby, but P. J. Davies had to come off and had four stitches put in his head. N. Taylor now had to come out of the scrum and from that moment the match turned and was lost in extra time. We had players like Symms injured, so did Fraser. If a player is injured by a good tackle in the course of the match that is just bad luck and one must accept defeat with good grace. This result was a cruel injustice to a spirited team who rightly felt "we was robbed". As an ex-Fraser master myself, tutored by Mr F. J. Smith, perhaps the outstanding Housemaster in Hulme's history, I can clearly hear his judgement. "Not the way we like to win a match". Many Fraser juniors to their great credit acknowledged that their terrific fight back was not the unqualified revival they would have liked to have had.

Lent Term

A. G. Crowther, B. Armstrong, M. R. Lawman, T. J. Burden, P. A. Oxley and A. Ruia were appointed House Prefects.

Byrom's senior lacrosse X was a good side and went through the season unbeaten. B. Armstrong again volunteered to play in goal for the sake of the House and it was wonderful to see that his willing spirit—and skill—earned him a trip with the School squad on its tour to Cambridge University. D. P. Howells, A. G. Crowther and P. Sharman all played well. It was pleasing to see the "ever enthusiastic" C. P. Williams develop into a very competent attack player with an extremely hard and accurate shot and he scored most of our goals. I also hope that he has realised that as he likes his lacrosse, he only gets a game because there are nine other people willing to play—whether they like the game or not. It was interesting to see one of our good rugby players, M. Lovell, develop over the season into a really good lacrosse player. He shows commitment on the game's field to any sport. With a little coaching he could be a School X calibre player. He is the complete opposite of those rugby players, some in Byrom, some in other Houses, who sadly have undermined the House lacrosse this season by their refusal to treat the game seriously. It is an attitude they would find intolerable from their fellow team members on the rugby field and it is deleterious to the development of the younger players, such as R. Malone of Byrom.

In the Knock-out we played Dalton in the first round and only lost by two goals. R. J. Moore, C. L. Gardner, A. G. Crowther, S. M. Arundel and, of course, B. Armstrong in goal, all played well. Dalton went on to win the Knock-out and possibly with J. J. Garlick in the side, this might have been our year. However, he did not wish to turn out for the School, so he was not wanted in the Byrom side and good luck to Dalton on their ultimate success. The Juniors came up against the formidable Heywood side and only the fine display of N. F. Taylor in goal (though he initially had a bad spell) kept the result below a cricket score. 8-0 was a creditable result as J. Griffiths and J. N. Symms played valiantly and skilfully to contain Heywood. In the six-a-sides we came nowhere. The same happened in the inter-House swimming, where only J. N. Symms and R. Hulse gained us a few points.

The House Fourth year Lacrosse team had a very good season, but sadly bad weather prevented a vital 'play-off' against Gaskell.

In the inter-House Cross-country relay the School's outstanding runner S. Green ran the fastest time by a large margin but was disqualified as he had not run in a proper House vest. His superb run then negated all the excellent efforts of R. J. Ketteridge, W. E. Hockenhull, J. N. Symms, N. Hall, T. J. Burden and others and we were relegated to last.

Returning from a bout of 'flu the Byrom Housemaster wondered what the state of the House Music entry would be. He need not have worried. In the capable hands of P. Sharman, all had been well organised and a varied programme of items from electric guitar to a small group singing "Postman Pat" was put on. Strong performances were given by P. Sharman (violin and piano), R. J. Ketteridge (clarinet) and M. B. Ogier (organ). Other good contributions came from A. S. Hogben (piano), M. R. Tallis (trumpet) and M. J. Hulston (trombone). A highly technical guitar solo by R. J. Moore concluded our programme. Nobody could match the talent of Whitworth this year and it was a signal achievement to come second.

A. G. Crowther was left belatedly with the task of producing the House play and it was this delay which seriously handicapped our result. In the circumstances he did an excellent job and Byrom produced a concoction entitled "What's on TV?". The highlight was probably the tuition of the audience and 'Big Ted' in 'Playschool'. In M. P. Grey we had a talented actor in a comic role. Much hard work went into this production and with different material, I think a far better result would have come. But D. J. Morris, A. G. Crowther, S. P. Stogsdill, M. C. Sowerby, W. E. Hockenhull, A. Ruia, J. N. Symms and J. R. Marland all made valuable contributions to a quite entertaining play. J. N. Symms, although in a minor part, carried a lot of the burden for Crowther in production. Crowther has decided now that he will not produce next year's play, but will act in it. Such a clear early decision by our original producer would have enabled Byrom to do much better this year! As it was we came third in a year when the plays below us left a lot to be desired.

Midsummer Term

A busy examination term was marred by poor weather. Our Senior Cricket XI was easily defeated in the first round of the Knock-outs by Gaskell. Gaskell scored 209 for 5 wickets and we could only muster 114. R. Malone was our sole School cricketer. In the Juniors, after a ridiculously easy win over Whitworth we were again despatched by Gaskell who scored 210 for 5 wickets and we could only reach 111.

In the inter-House Swimming Competition our Seniors came "nowhere". The only significant contributions in the Middle school group came from R. J. Ketteridge, but he had to miss the finals because of a clash of commitments. However, our Juniors gave us much more hope with useful performances from M. P. Grey, L. J. McCloy, J. N. Symms and R. N. Hulse.

In the Athletic Sports we were weak at Senior level. M. Lovell came second in the 100m and third in the 200m. Our relay sprint team came third. In the Middle events N. Hall came third in the 400m, J. Symms came second in the 800m. Our best effort came from M. Grey who came first in both the 800m and 1500m. J. Symms came third in the Triple Jump. Amongst the Juniors we were without our best athlete P. J. Davies who was at Wimbledon. However, J. Goodman came third in the 200m, M. R. Jones came second in the 400m and N. D. Williams second in the Triple Jump.

Our only fifth former to appear was R. J. Ketteridge, who typically slotted in where needed and he ran well. Sadly we record that S. Green of Byrom achieved national honours and is to run in international events, but was notable only for his absence on Sports Day. He was typical of many in the fifth year in this respect in a number of Houses.

Finally, I wish to record my thanks to P. Sharman who, as Head of House, had little support from his peer group, apart from the Deputy Head of House R. J. Moore. It is doubly difficult in such circumstances, but I am optimistic for next year. The present Lower Sixth boys have noted to what extent Sharman stood alone and his example has not been lost on them.

A.M.B.

DALTON HOUSE

Michaelmas Term

The following appointments were made:

Head of House: R. J. Walsh

House Prefects: R. D. Swain, N. Ahmad, P. H. Klass, A. P. Cleary, A. St. J. Dawes, S. P. Dove, N. I. M. Eccles, S. Pilling, M. J. Copson, S. J. Marsland, N. A. Meech

Rugby Captains:

Senior Knockout: R. D. Swain

Junior Knockout: P. D. Higginbottom

Senior League: P. H. Klass

The Term started with the disappointment of finding that J. Charlesworth, a likely School Prefect, had left School. His all-round ability, enthusiasm and leadership was going to be missed. Small numbers in the Sixth Form meant that we would regularly have to rely upon inexperienced members of the House. Frequent injuries and absences prevented our fielding a consistent 1st XV rugby team, but hard work from our captain, P. H. Klass, brought the most out of the players available. The first match, against Gaskell, produced good teamwork and a comfortable victory. In the second match, Byrom were too strong, and they proved to be the only team to beat us all season, which they did twice. Most of the time, we relied upon the speed of R. J. Walsh from scrum half or N. I. M. Eccles or S. P. Dove on the wings, although we also scored some good tries from forward play. D. Langton, new to the School, played well at wing forward or scrum half, until he was selected for the School squad. The 2nd XII did not always manage to field a full side, but the leadership of A. St. J. Dawes and S. P. Dutton helped produce many good matches, over half of which were won. Many second teamers had games with the first team, and some kept their places. At the end of the season, all seemed to enjoy their rugby, and there was much more success than had initially been expected.

The Raymond Cox House Rugby VII's was an enjoyable tournament, but we did not have enough strength and speed to have any real impact. Our 2nd team won both preliminary matches, but lost in the Final. Dalton finished equal third.

Our Junior Knockout captain, P. D. Higginbottom, was injured for the first match, and, as we had few School team players, we stood little chance against a strong Fraser team, and were comprehensively beaten. Our Senior Knockout captain was also injured for the first half of the Term. This prevented much practice before the first match against Whitworth, who had mostly School squad players, with a very strong pack. Despite this, Dalton took part in an excellent game, and could have won had the backs been able to work together better. A very close result just went against us.

Although Dalton did not win anything during the Term, the hard work that was shown, especially by the Seniors, was very commendable.

Lent Term

The following appointments were made:

House Prefects: D. D. Langton, A. W. Kloss, P. N. Sheriff, S. W. Dutton, A. J. Hilder

Lacrosse Captains: Senior Knockout—R. D. Swain

Junior Knockout—G. Mullins

Senior League—R. J. Walsh

Cross Country Captain: N. I. M. Eccles

Swimming Captain, House Play Producer: A. St. J. Dawes

A very busy Term commenced with the Senior Knockout being played before little League lacrosse had been possible. An 11-3 victory over Whitworth was helped by the goalscoring ability of R. L. Jones, the School's 2nd team goalkeeper! The second round match against Byrom produced two very good goalkeeping performances, and Dalton eventually won 6-4. In the Final, Gaskell were the opposition, and poor defensive play put us three goals down early on. Only in the fourth quarter did our superior midfield of N. A. Meech and A. G. Cleary finally tell when, from the scores being level, we produced a victory by 7 goals to 4.

The Junior Knockout team had little experience, and had not expected to do well, but regular practices organised by captain G. Mullins paid off. All worked hard in the first match against Fraser, and excellent goalkeeping by our captain helped us to secure a 5-4 victory, the winning goal coming in the last minute. A more comfortable 7-4 victory over Whitworth brought us into the Final against Heywood, most of whom had had School team experience. Tactical coaching by House Prefects brought its early reward with two goals for Dalton, but only in the last quarter did the match run away from us, and we lost 2-5. The hard work from the less skilful players was very commendable.

The Hewlett Cup six-a-side tournament was a bit of a disappointment, for we thought that we had some useful teams. The only two teams to get through to the Finals both lost. Although we only finished 4th, much enjoyment was gained from participating.

The Senior League side won half of their matches, relying on the midfield play of R. J. Walsh and S. J. Marsland, and the goalscoring of N. J. Ridings. The second team was usually weak, but most enjoyed their matches.

As always, the Inter-House Road Relay was an event that brought the whole House together. Lack of practice showed in the lap times, with only three runners gaining places on their laps. It was very pleasing to have a lot of boys willing to participate.

Dalton appeared to have a strong team of swimmers in most year groups, and reached five of the six relay finals (the other team finishing first but being disqualified), and had 14 individual finalists, more than any other House. The willingness of reserves to take part, even though they stood little chance of qualifying, was commendable. In the Finals, three 1st and six 2nd positions were enough to give us victory by five points. Two 1st positions in the Relay competition brought us with a chance of victory in the final race, but the second trophy eluded us.

Much hard work went into the production of the House Play, "The Tiger's Bones", by Ted Hughes. A lot of boys were involved in the acting and backstage, helping the producer, A. Dawes. When the play was performed before the School, it was very well received, with its creative set and a confident cast. The stylish publicity and programme also contributed to a very good performance. After praise from the judge, we narrowly lost 1st place to Heywood.

Midsummer Term

The following appointments were made:

Senior Knockout Cricket Captain: A. P. Cleary

Junior Knockout Captain: G. Mullins

Athletics Captain: A. St. J. Dawes

A very short Term had much to be packed into it. During the first few weeks, most boys from the Third, Fourth and Fifth Years attended athletics trials at lunchtimes, and the House squad started to take shape. Heats had been scheduled for after the School exams, and some of our School leavers were unavailable, hence depleting our Senior squad. We gained a useful number of Finalists for Sports Day, when most of our Fifth Year boys were able to return, but none of our Upper Sixth. Dalton had some very good results, especially with the Middle Relay team just missing a School record, and N. I. M. Eccles and A. St. J. Dawes coming 1st and 2nd in the Senior 800m and 1500m. Other winners were S. P. Dove (Senior Long Jump), S. N. J. Roffey (Middle High Jump), C. A. Willott (Middle Long Jump) and M. R. Hargreaves (Junior 100m). Willott also won the Cardwell Cup as the best Middle School athlete. Dalton's final position of 2nd was very creditable.

A bye in the 1st Round of the Senior Knockout brought us against Gaskell, who had made a very large score in the previous round. Good bowling from N. J. Ridings and A. W. Kloss restricted our opponents' score to 76, and we won with the loss of only one wicket, Ridings being our top scorer. The Final, against a strong Fraser side, produced good performances from our non-recognised batsmen, although our score of 130 for 4 was hardly enough. Good bowling and sharp fielding kept the Fraser scoring rate down, but they overtook us with just one over remaining. We finally gave up the trophy that had been in Dalton's possession for several years. Our Junior Knockout team had only two School players, and faced Heywood's strong team. We kept down their scoring rate, but our batsmen were not good enough, and we lost by 50 runs.

The one social event of the Term was just before Half Term, when a coach was filled to go to Alton Towers. A very enjoyable day was had by all, with perfect behaviour throughout.

Very best wishes and hopes for success in the future are sent to all leavers, who are going to Further Education or to start work. I hope that all have enjoyed their time in the School, and feel that they have contributed to the life of the House and the School.

M. D. Wood