

THE CLAVIAN

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No. 19.

DECEMBER, 1912.

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THE MAGAZINE OF THE Bury Grammar School for Boys.

No. 19.

DECEMBER, 1912.

HARD LINES!

The Editor unreasonable, on topics that are seasonable

Commands that I should write to you in verse,

So your kind indulgence lend, try to read it to the end

And remember that I really could do worse.

With dancing, skating, singing, the happy days are ringing

In this the merry season of good-will,

And with vigour truly comic, our regions gastronomic

With eatables and drinkables we fill.

Then consider for a minute the joy we each find in it,

And reflect upon the silly things we do,

Let us ask ourselves the question, is it worth the indigestion,

And the headaches, and the sickness, and the "flue"?

Still this gay and jolly season sets aside all care and reason,

And we answer to the call of youth and joy ;

To the old folks 'tis a pleasure to recall the days they treasure

And the memories that Time can ne'er destroy.

W. S. M. G. B.

narrow margin of two votes, in a House twenty-two strong. Mr. Nicholas, the new Vice-President, received a hearty welcome and spoke on the losing side.

A further addition has been made to the portraits of Masters and others in the Head Master's room. Mr. H. Pilkington Young has sent a photograph of Robert Pilkington who was appointed Usher in succession to his father, and held that position from 1755 till 1777. In his Will our Founder, the Rev. Roger Kay, requested that the first usher should be Mr. Edmund Pilkington, who was accordingly appointed 6th May, 1730. The photograph is taken from a medallion now in the possession of Mr. R. Wolfenden, 1, Exchange Street, Liverpool.

Our Annual Prize-giving was held in the Roger Kay Hall on Monday, November 4th, the Rector of Bury, Chairman of the School Governors, presiding.

The Head Master referred with just pride to the many celebrated men the School could claim as "old boys"—men like Henry Dunster, Francis Fawkes, Sir John Holker, the Rev. James Wood, the Rev. Roger Kay, the Rev. Henry Pendlebury and Sir George Verdon—and also to the numerous successes gained during the past twelve months.

The Chairman spoke of the great loss the school had sustained in the death of Canon Evans, who was for so many years a member of the Board of Governors, and to whom his colleagues always looked for that wise and sagacious counsel which was one of his marked characteristics.

The Dean of Manchester, Bishop Welldon, after congratulating the Head Master upon the successes announced in his report, ventured to predict that in coming days the great offices of

Church and State would be far less limited than they had been to a certain number of public schools, but that they would be distributed over the schools of the country generally. He urged the boys to be punctual and accurate and to cherish a love of information.

The Dean subsequently distributed the prizes and secured a whole holiday for the boys.

The following items contributed to the evening's entertainment :—Songs (*a*) "O fair and sweet" and (*b*) "Bonnie Dundee," by the boys of the Junior School; the Trial Scene from the "Merchant of Venice," presented by the following boys :—J. B. Wood (Duke of Venice), J. Y. Smith (Shylock), J. M. Maddox (Antonio), J. E. Hartington (Bassanio), L. Nolan (Gratiano), K. Simpkin (Solanio), I. Wild (Clerk), B. O. Binns (Portia), E. Hill (Nerissa).

We have to thank Mr. F. W. Howarth for the gift to the Grammar School of a portrait of one of its most famous "old boys," the Very Rev. J. Wood, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of Ely.

Also Mr. J. W. Burgoyne for a stuffed Curlew which is to be found in Room 8.

The visit paid last term by a party of Masters and boys to the hat factory of Messrs. Adam Ashworth & Sons was arranged by Mr. Sprankling.

Very heartily do we congratulate Mr. Williams on having secured the degree of Mus.Doc. (Oxon.), the highest distinction open to the musical profession.

In recognition of his recent marriage, and as a token of esteem during his twenty years' service, the Master and boys of the Bury Grammar School have presented to Mr. J. L. Norton a pair of beautiful pictures. One is entitled "Aerial Poachers" and the other "Highland Raiders." They were handed to Mr. Norton after prayers, on November 23rd, by the Head Master, who at the same time added a few complimentary remarks on the excellent service Mr. Norton had rendered during the twenty years he had been with us.

Kay House have secured another year's lease of the Cricket Cup and the Shooting Cup. As they already hold the Football, the Sports and the Swimming Cups, they can now claim the honour of having created the record of winning all five cups in one year.

The Shooting scores were: Kay, 163 points; Hulme, 150; and Derby, 142. Rigby (Kay) achieved a record with his maximum score of 28.

Mr. E. W. Mellor, Vice-Chairman of the Council of the Manchester Geographical Society, described his 1,100 miles journey down the White Nile from Uganda to Khartoum, to the scholars of the Boys' and Girls' Sections of the Bury Grammar School at the Athenæum on Thursday, 5th December. The Head Master, in introducing the Lecturer, said that the district the latter was about to describe was a few years ago the scene of murder, bloodshed and rapine. When the English people took over its administration the scene was changed, and peace and progress asserted themselves.

Mr. Mellor escorted us in imagination down the river from Uganda to Khartoum, describing the points of interest one by

one, and illustrating the journey by means of maps and geographical panorama views thrown upon the screen. He then traversed the whole route once more by means of admirable cinematograph views, including the "wooding" of a Government steamer, a native war-dance, and the Gordon College and its students. Hearty cheers for Mr. Mellor ended an exceedingly pleasant afternoon's entertainment.

The following letter has been received by Mr. Norton's brother from an old West of England Grammar School boy now stationed in Australia. It is given to our readers in the hope that it may prove interesting as a picture of actual life in the Colonies :—

Marble Bar,

Nor'West Australia,

Aug. 28th, 1912.

Dear Dr. Norton,

I have been wanting to write to you for a long time but have not had the chance. You will see by my address that I am on a station in the nor'west of this jolly fine country. The life up here is grand but jolly hard at first, but I am getting to like it more and more every day. We are up at dawn and in bed at dusk—we have no twilight up here—and we are very rarely at the homestead. We go away for weeks at a time mustering cattle and changing them from one part of the country to another. We have 3000 cattle, 8000 sheep, and about 120 horses, so we are kept pretty busy. Next month we are going to shear and after that is finished I am going to take 300 "killers" (bullocks) down to Port Headland, which is about 120 miles away, for shipment to Perth. We are three white men on the station, and twenty blacks and about the same number of "gins" (black women). At present I am getting £1 per week and tucker as a learner. I get a "rise" in a few months' time. The Government are now

starting to open up the far Northern Territory, so in a few years there will be fine openings for cattle and sheep stations, and very little capital is needed to start them in a small way. Sheep pay for themselves in the first shearing and are, therefore, the chief thing now, as cattle are rather low in price but are getting better gradually.

Well, I must close now. Please give my love to Dicky and tell him I will write and answer his jolly letter the first chance I get.

Yours very sincerely,

SAM.

MEMORABILIA

Christmas Holidays.—Friday, 20th December to Wednesday, 15th January (both inclusive).

School Entertainment.—Thursday, 30th January.

Lancashire and Cheshire Examination in French.—Thursday, 10th April.

Si memini, fuerant tibi quattuor Ælia, dentes :

Expulit una duos tussis et una duos,

Jam segura potes totis tussire diebus :

Nil istic quod agat tertia tussis habet.

Martial Epist. i. xix.

Two fits of coughing lost to you

Four teeth, Ælia ; each fit two,

I think you said :

No need then fit the third to fear,

Since the two first have left, 'tis clear,

None in your head.

SCHOOL REGISTER (*Continued*).

- John son of Richard Lomax, Surveyor of Taxes. Went afterwards to the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool.
- Samuel son of R^d. Hacking, Machine Maker, Heaton Grove. anno 1846.
- William son of Mr. W. P. Woodcock, Solicitor. 1846.
- Henry son of Mrs. Chadwick, Stand-in-Prestwich.
- Samuel Cornelius son of Mrs. Fletcher, Widow, Bury Bridge. 1847.
- Edward son of John Holt.
- James son of Peter Sharples, Auctioneer.
- Roger son of Robert Hampson, Inn-keeper.
- Ja^s. son of — Kearsley, Esq., Ainsworth Lodge. 1847.
- Charles son of W. Robinson, Esq., Solicitor, Lancaster. Ent^d. Jan^y. 1848. Left Xmas 1850.
- Samuel son of James Kay, Tailor, Heywood. 1848.
- William son of Henry Crompton, Druggist, Bury.
- Frederic son of Mrs. Livsey, Widow, Bury. 1848.
- Thomas son of Lawrence Rogers Openshaw, Cotton Manufacturer, Brick House. *æt*. 10. 1848.
- Frederic son of Ralph Crompton, Clerk of the Parish Church 1848. Medical Student at St. Andrews, 1851.
- David son of — Groom, Surveyor of Taxes, 1848. Left August, 1853.
- Henry son of J. H. Fisher, Levenshulme near Manchester, 1849. Left Xmas 1851.
- William son of Mr. Holden, Paper Manufacturer, Heywood, Bury. 1849.
- Edward son of John Shearson, Solicitor, Bury. 1849. Died Nov^r. 1851 at sea.
- Charles son of John Walker, Cotton Manufacturer. *æt*. 11. Belle Vue, Bury. 1849.
- Robert son of Mrs. Nuttall, Widow. *æt*. 13, 1849.
- William son of Thomas Bott, Surgeon, Bury, 1850.
- James son of Mrs. Fletcher, widow, Starkies, *æt*. 12., 1850.
- Samuel son of W. P. Woodcock, Solicitor, 1851, *æt*. 13.
- Henry son of H. H. Fishwick, Land Surveyor, Rochdale, ent^d. 1850.
- James son of James Redfern, Shop-keeper, 1851, *æt*. 13.
- Thomas son of Mrs. Nuttall, widow, Redvales, *æt*. 12., 1850.

Henry Crewe son of John Boutflower of Manchester, Surgeon, 1851, Midsummer, *æt.* 13. Left Midsummer 1855.

John son of William Hutchinson, Esq., of Wood Bank, Jan^y. 1852. *æt.* 12—removed to Leamington Coll. School.

William son of Wm. Hutchinson, Esq., Wood Bank, Jan^y. 1852. *æt.* 10. Left Christmas 1858.

John son of Thomas Bott, Surgeon, Jan^y. 1852, *æt.* 11. Left Xmas 1855.

Charles son of John Haslam of Bowden, Gentleman. Jan^y. 1852. *æt.* 10. Left Xmas. 1852.

Mark Hewitson son of Joseph Ridley of Heywood—Excise Officer—Removed from the Lower School—Jan^y. 1852. *æt.* 12. Left.

Ellis son of Joseph Crossley—Bury—Builder. Removed from the Lower School 1852. Jan^y. *æt.* 11. Left.

REV. ROGER KAY'S PORTRAIT.

THE DONOR AND HIS FAMILY.

At a meeting of the trustees of Bury Grammar School, held on May 6 (Founder's Day), 1804, the following resolution was passed: "That the treasurer be requested to return the thanks of the trustees to Mr. Nuttall for his present of the Founder's picture, and that it be placed over the entrance at the head end of the school."

The donor of the portrait (which now hangs at the east end of the Roger Kay Hall in the new school) was John Nuttall, a maternal great-grandson of the Rev. Roger Kay's brother, Richard Kay, Woodhill, Elton. John Nuttall was a trustee of the school at the time he made the gift: he was elected on Founder's Day in 1790, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of George Ormerod, merchant, whose wife was a daughter of William Hutchinson, merchant (ancestor of a late governor of the school, Major Henry Ormerod Hutchinson), and whose grandson was Dr. George Ormerod, the historian of Cheshire.

Born in Bury, 18 May, 1769, John Nuttall was the son of Robert Nuttall, merchant, and was educated at the Grammar School and at Cambridge University. Robert Nuttall was elected a trustee of the school on Founder's Day in 1759, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of his father, Thomas Nuttall, merchant, 2 May, 1759, and he held that position until his death, 2 February, 1776, at the age of 47 years. Robert Nuttall's wife (to whom he was married at the Parish Church, 1 February, 1752-3, and who died at Woodhill, 6 July, 1802, aged 72) was Mary Kay, daughter of Roger Kay, of Woodhill, gentleman, son of Richard Kay, of Woodhill, and nephew and heir of the Rev. Roger Kay (the benefactor, who survived his wife about thirty years, having no issue of his own marriage). The Founder's nephew and heir was born 4 August, 1692, and died at Woodhill, 22 January, 1734-5, his wife surviving him some forty years.

Robert Nuttall and his wife Mary Kay were first-cousins : Robert's father, the aforementioned Thomas, and Robert's wife's mother, *née* Susan Nuttall, were brother and sister. Along with a younger son (John, also a merchant, who died at Amsterdam), Thomas and Susan were the children of Robert Nuttall, merchant, Bury, who was married by license at Manchester Collegiate Church (now the Cathedral), 24 April, 1703, to Susannah or Susan Openshaw, daughter of John Openshaw, also of the parish of Bury—probably of Pimhole, then a pretty rural locality, famed in the eighteenth century for its flowers. This last-mentioned Robert Nuttall was a trustee of the Grammar School for a number of years, from 1731, and, along with his son Thomas, an executor under the will of the Founder's nephew and heir. Thomas Nuttall's wife, Richmal (married at the Parish Church, 23 September, 1727), was the only daughter of Richard Kay, yeoman, the builder and first occupier of Lower Chesham Hall, off Bell-lane, whose second son, Samuel Kay, M.D., was one of the first physicians of the Manchester Infirmary.

The Nuttalls at one time owned extensive properties in Bury, Heap, and Tottington, their estates then including Bridge Hall

and Broadoak. In Bury they had substantial premises on the west side of Manchester-street (now Silver-street), opposite Moss-lane, with the original Presbyterian Chapel in the rear. The quaint old local annalist, "Veritas" (John Ainsworth), in his "Walks Round Bury," says :—

The rising of the Nuttall family to affluence was through the instrumentality of the Openshaws, and they cut as conspicuous a figure in wealth, splendour, and trade as any of the ancient families in Bury. The old mansion and warehouse belonging to the Nuttalls were situate at the top of Moss-lane, in Manchester-street. They had lands, rich gardens, and hot-beds in abundance. Their domestic and foreign trade as woollen manufacturers was very extensive The establishment of the family was splendid. They had men and maid servants, horsemen and carriages, while their power and name had great influence in Bury John Nuttall was educated at college, where, by his amiable disposition, he gained the approbation of all who had the pleasure of associating with him. When Mr. Whitehead, the Bury postmaster, called at Cambridge, he stepped into the college, and on mentioning John Nuttall's name, they said, "We never had such a gentleman in this college for punctuality, honesty, and uprightness." He was most highly respected in his station, and when he left the college his companions and servants declared that there never was a more honest and sincere friend.

This same John Nuttall (Grammar School "old boy," trustee, and donor of the Kay portrait) was married twice ; first, at Manchester Collegiate Church, 12 December, 1793, to Elizabeth (who died 7 April, 1799, aged 25), daughter of Jonathan Haworth, of Horcroft, in this county, and sister of Edmund Yates's wife ; second, to Elizabeth Parker, sister of Admiral Sir William Parker and niece of Earl St. Vincent. His sister Richmal was the wife of the Rev. Randall Andrews, vicar of Ormskirk, and another sister married Colonel Clayton, of Little Harwood and Carr Hall, Lancashire. On his second marriage, John Nuttall took up his residence in Cheshire, first at Norley Bank and afterwards at Overlegh Hall, where he died 27 November, 1813, aged 44. He was interred at Bury Parish Church, and within the tower entrance there is a tablet to the memory of his parents, his first wife, and himself.

By the marriage of John Nuttall's granddaughter Susan Eliza, the only child and heiress of his son Robert (issue of John's first marriage), with Albert Hudson Royds, of Falinge, Rochdale, the remaining Nuttall properties in this district passed to the Royds family.

WILLIAM HEWITSON.

THE SECRET OF THE CANYON.

It was evening. The sun had dropped behind a ridge in the far west; a few rays struggled over and round the snow-covered peaks, causing strange lighting effects in the gloomy valleys. A slight haze overhung all.

"I guess we'll fix up here for the night," said the American.

Both men separated without further ado. Six months in the Canadian West had taught the Englishman the value of taciturnity. Just now, the business in hand was to collect firewood.

The American had made his way down the slope to the left. The other accordingly took the opposite direction. An old track, worn in the course of centuries by the Indians, and which a long period of disuse had not effaced, led upward among the crags. Eventually it issued upon a flat piece of ground that ran out for some dozen yards or so, and then was swallowed up in a thick, white mist. From somewhere in the far distance came the faint, dull murmur of falling water.

The Englishman perceived that he was on the edge of a ravine.

He explored cautiously for a means of descent. The sound of water probably betokened also the presence of trees. He hastened down over the rocks. The mist grew thinner as he descended. It was but the faintest of haze when he reached the bottom. The waterfall was still invisible, but in the middle of the canyon a stream, issuing mysteriously from the haze, flowed

by, silent and oily, only to be enveloped again in the grey curtain of the distance.

The man's attention was strangely attracted to that stream. He felt a curious fascination which he could not define.

A weird feeling pervaded the valley.

As he drew nearer, he noticed on the banks a yellow patch here and there. It was like sand, but there was a difference.

He had not been in those regions for six months without knowing the meaning of what he now saw. He wondered vaguely that his pulse should keep at the normal. The only sign of emotion was that once or twice he swore softly to himself

It was gold. There was no doubt about that, and as he gazed on it he saw how inevitable it all was: his breakdown in health, his wanderings among those vast silences, this last forage in search of firewood—all had been arranged beforehand by a benevolent Providence in order that he might become chairman of a gold-reef company.

He sat down on the margin of the stream to think out his new position in the world.

A few minutes later he looked up.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" he said. He had made the remark several times already, but this time it had no relation to his discovery. His eye had caught sight of something on the far side of the ravine—a tall, dim figure descending swiftly. There was something uncanny in that descent, something supernatural. Over rough, sharp crags, boulders, and treacherous shingle the form seemed rather to glide than to clamber.

It made no noise.

Wonder and amusement mingled as the stranger drew nearer. He was dressed as no other man had dressed in those regions, or elsewhere, for the last hundred years.

Those were the first impressions his advent gave. The final one, and the one which afterwards clung most in the watcher's memory, was that of his terrified haste, and to his surprise the

Englishman perceived that the man was not hurrying to him ; that he had not even noticed him ; he was bent on some object farther down the ravine.

Curiously he followed the stranger. Once he shouted, but his voice had no effect. He set his teeth, and ran hot-foot.

The gloom had by this time deepened considerably, but some three hundred yards ahead he could distinguish the dim outlines of a settlement. He did not think it at all curious that he should not have seen those log-cabins before. He was less conscious of his own feelings than of those of someone else. Somehow, he realized that he was sharing the emotions of the man in front. Predominant among those emotions was a wild, despairing need that amounted to anguish, of reaching the buildings ahead, and intermingled with that sensation was the realization that he never would reach them.

He seemed to run for an eternity, and those log-cabins were still the same distance away. Yet they became more distinct. He could see one clear in every detail. In a somewhat different perspective he could see also dim, savage figures clustered round that one hut. He knew rather than saw that they were Indians. Two were dragging out of the hut the inert form of a woman.

Suddenly the man in front flung up his arms, and simultaneously the Englishman was conscious of a vast relief. He had a feeling that his mind had been restored to him. He stopped, and noticed that he was sweating with a perspiration that was icy-cold. He hastened to the spot where the man had fallen ; there was nothing on the ground. Ahead, there was only a thick mist that was rapidly growing black in the approaching night.

For a moment he stood hesitant, looking around, and then something within him seemed to snap. He clambered wildly up the side of that ravine, not attempting to quiet his panicky nerves until he came within sight of the camp fire.

The American had finished his meal, and was smoking placidly. Any annoyance he might have felt at the other's

tardiness had passed. He began to draw liberally on his amazing hoard of anecdote. It was not until an hour had passed that the Englishman attempted to turn the flow.

"Queer place about here," he said.

The other readily took up the thread.

"All places are queer that are never reached by a breath of life, year in, year out. But the strangest parts of the world are those that once pulsated with life, and now know the throb no more."

"Way back in the old days, when men had less need than now, but were more anxious, to get away from the wickedness of the world, there was a religious community settled in these parts. They are gone now, and not a trace have they left—not even a ghost. Yet, somehow, there's an unnatural desolation about the place that could not have been here before they came. I don't know why. It's like the darkness that becomes more intense when a light has flared through it and then gone out."

The Englishman merely nodded his head.

"There's something uninteresting about religious communities," the other went on. "This one only showed the slightest sign of becoming interesting when their leader 'fell away,' as they say. He discovered traces of gold, and instead of leaving the stuff alone, he would spend days together among the mountains, trying to locate a gold-mine. Naturally, this caused trouble. Gold was the root of all evil. Some took one side, some the other. Eventually things reached such a pitch that the settlement broke up, and left their leader and his wife alone to the valley and all they might find in it. And then, one day when the old chap was up in the mountains as usual, along came a party of Indians and collared his wife. I fancy he must have seen them and hurried down, for long afterwards the bodies were found—the woman's among the charred ruins of the cabins that the Indians had
with an arrow still sticking in the skeleton"

"But, as I say, there's something uninteresting about a religious settlement, and consequently there's nothing remarkable about that story. That's why I've never troubled to polish it up. It's just as true as when it was first told to me."

"Rummy go!" said the Englishman. "Rummy go!"

OLD BOY.

THE FURTHER RUBAIYAT OF HOMER CAYENNE.

1. agen sum tymelata i adstil anuthertrip
2. an phound miselph wonce mohr atte the skool of Bury
3. wer i sor meni syts stranj an wunderphul
4. ophwich i wil speke toyu.
6. ther wos wun mity bigun cladina toga
7. wich swept bee indim
8. in manna so grasephul.
9. veri lernéd wos e anad phrens midst the nuts
9. wun e kawld tout an did ophten
10. rephertoim intohnes oph enderement
11. A yuthe tük mi phansy is hayr was so nyce
12. his naym methinks pinkalsh orzum such palaver
13. e tol me e kohmbed is lox both mornin an evenin
14. an partid it daly with is nife an phawk an gresed
it with butta.
15. anuther yuthe wos ther oph bukolic naytur, larj in
proporshun,
16. an did seme tome shawt asto speche
17. but did ahsk meni questyuns but orlwius the saymwun
18. an thatwus "get out"? which to me soundid phunnili
19. then did i leve im, an sawt phresh amewsmment
20. wereupon i saw a syt
21. phit phor the gods
22. i beheld phurst is phete anthey eld my atenshun . . .
23. atte wonce wos i blindid an much overcum
24. i onli rekovered aphter meni long ours

25. oph artiphishul respirashun.
 26. i wud phayn tell you oph is sox but mi langwidj doth phayl me
 27. is naym it was Jaxon an verinycetoo.
 28. then phor won brefe moment
 29. i saw wun oph philatelic äpērans but as i adrest im
 30. they bore him awā.
 31. . . . vanely he strugld but twas ~~not~~ a bitagood
 32. . . . dyre dizeze ad oertaken im, they kawld it the chicken
 pocks.
 33. By chans i was present at won oph thayr phestes
 34. [ye gods ow they ayte !]
 35. anuther nib pinkalsh wun of the boize, grayte at ye chase
 36. an untin the slippa.
 37. ther dīnd too one krawshaw : a politykal adjitayter,
 38. e layd down is vues untothem dayly an forsooth they did lik em.
 39. then kaym one kawld Nuttall oo servd owt the vejītibles
 40. an wos bynomenes so stingy aswotedid lūk.
 41. . . . e eapt up ther playts ire an ire
 42. an even mayd won orse phawl to ryse no mohr.
 43. menshun must nedes be mayd oph wor—burton a smylin
 cherub
 44. is cheef dish wos ‘sumofthatplesesir’ butwer e did put it awl
 45. i kannot say.
 46. An as i wos wotchīn i herd a big uprore
 47. terrorstruk wos i an prepared i phor phlyt
 48. and twere well that i didso
 49. phor as i lūked i saw a bein oph tremenjous syz
 50. is ize blazed with phyr
 51. is ands razed aloph
 52. asiph to herl thunderboltz.
 53. i phled oph interror anran quamcelerrime
 54. uthers phled urridli sayn “Phli !” “Phli !”
 55. here kums the Pidjun !
 56. but appily ĩ eskaypd anso ave sirvived
 57. to tellall mi tayl.

LEADING LIGHTS.—IV.

Biographers have pictured the life of the schoolboy in such glowing colours that we fear wrong impressions have been created among their readers. The chief point to be noticed is the sameness of the daily routine, which, by no stretch of the imagination, can be called either romantic or exciting ; and when, through an unbecoming spirit of levity, former writers had hoped to conceal their scanty store of facts, they merely succeeded in emphasising this truth. However, to our task.

Tom Eatough was born at Heywood on December 17th, 1893. The little we know of his early years is hardly of sufficient interest to justify detailed narration ; but he confesses, somewhat shamefacedly, that his earliest ambition was to be a soldier. Presumably, then, except for this one aspiration, his youthful days differed but little from those of other and more ordinary children ; and, for a while, his talents developed unseen.

The metamorphosis occurred in 1906, when he secured a L. C. C. Junior Exhibition, with which he invaded our precincts. Here his triumphant career continued unchecked : passing from form to form, he invariably secured the yearly prize, while his examination successes included several certificates for the Oxford Local and the Higher Certificate Examinations. In 1912, however, he performed one of the most glorious scholastic achievements ever recorded on the school's roll of fame : by dint of a characteristic dogged determination he secured at his first attempt the twelfth place in the Civil Service appointments.

So much for Eatough the scholar. His prowess in the realms of sport long since won our admiration. A shining light of our cricket eleven, his well-timed strokes were the delight of the spectators, while his bowling—he was one of the few trundlers who use their brains as well as their muscles—was reckoned as near perfection as possible. Glorious, too, were his exploits on the football field ; and we may safely affirm that the school has never possessed so reliable a centre-half.

But Eatough the scholar and athlete must always yield place in the hearts of his friends to Eatough the iconoclast. In this pose he always professed great scorn for all doctrines that savoured of conservatism; and many were the attacks he delivered against obsolete institutions. Many, too, were the victims of his verbal lashings, though his ready smile dispelled all suspicion of personal animosity.

It is worthy of note that Eatough in his time has held the captaincy of the school, and has successfully skippered both the cricket and football elevens. From a recent letter we learn that he has joined a London football club, and we have every confidence that he will maintain the reputation of the Bury Grammar School team. The same epistle also reveals the fact that he is installed in Somerset House, where he doubtless plays no small part in the government of the realm.

Here we will leave him. In this school there have been many boys, brilliant, capable and respected, but not one of these has ever used his influence to better purpose than did the subject of these rough lines.

KYSS.

A VISIT TO HADLEIGH CASTLE, ESSEX.

[About four miles from Westcliffe-on-Sea are the ruins of Hadleigh Castle, built by Hubert de Burgh.]

It was a glorious spring morning; the trees were showing their first green shoots, countless birds twittered merrily, and the air felt quite warm as I walked rapidly westward through the dirty streets of Leigh-on-Sea. Groups of heavily-booted fishermen stood here and there, idly gazing out to sea, or eagerly discussing the season's trawling prospects. But attractive as this former old-world fishing village, now modernized by the presence of the railway, might at other times prove to be, I pressed on, and passing the gas-works and a number of cockle-sheds, I soon found myself in fields with the railway on my right and a creek of the Thames

on my left. Crossing the line and pushing steadily on, I saw before me the object of my visit. On the top of a rounded eminence stood the ruins of an ancient castle which had waged a war with Time—and lost. All that is now left comprises the foundations and the battered remains of two towers. Yet these broken walls, scarred with the storms of nine-hundred years, are eloquent testimony to the strength of Norman building. Reclining on the grass where once had been the Norman hall, I looked around. At my feet, looking like a child's toy, lay the railway; beyond, level and uninteresting, and relieved only by a few isolated farmhouses was Cauvey Island; westwards, a dark smoky cloud on the horizon indicated the position of London; to the south, several liners were forging their way up the estuary, while beyond lay the shores of Kent, with, eastward, the open sea.

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I got up and walked to the edge of the hill. The railway had vanished; in the estuary, the steamers had given place to a couple of sailing vessels, lazily ploughing their way; on Cauvey Island was no sign of habitation. At the foot of the hill a shepherd, quaintly attired, was endeavouring with the aid of two lively black dogs to round up his scattered flock. Turning round I saw instead of ruined walls a strong-built castle, commanding the whole region. On the watch-tower the helmet and spear of a warrior showed that ward was being kept. As I looked, a horseman rode wearily up the hill and disappeared within the castle. Soon it was evident that rapid preparations were going forward. In half-an-hour or so the sun shining on the bright spear-heads and helmets of a number of soldiers showed why the single horseman had come with such haste—Lord Hubert de Burgh was coming home. As the Earl, deep in thought, drew near, the castle gate was opened while in the archway stood a guard of honour. The Earl, looking neither to right nor to left, passed in with his attendants, the gate was closed, and the scene took on once more its aspect of uneventful, monotonous quiet.

A few birds, which had been disturbed by this unexpected excitement, returned to their feeding, and the general air of sleepy life was restored.

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I was brought back to the present by the shriek of an engine-whistle below me. Rubbing ~~my~~ eyes as the train rattled past, I realized that I had been asleep. The sun was now high in the heavens as I took a last look round and started off down the hill on my homeward way. An hour's walking brought me through Leigh once more, along the coast, and so home in time for lunch.

C. R. C.

KAY HOUSE SOCIAL.

The Kay House autumn "social" was held on Saturday, 7th December. There were sixty-three members present, among whom we were glad to welcome several old Kayans. Messrs. S. C. C. and C. E. Jones kindly contributed to the concert programme, the other items being by W. and R. Morris and W. L. Holding, with Simpkin i, K. as accompanist. There seems to be much buried talent lying around ; it has never been searched for because there is enough first-class material ready to hand ; but it is not fair to draw always on the same, and some excavating work will have to be undertaken, in sections, by each form, before our next social.

The amusements generally seemed to go with a swing, thanks largely to the committee and other helpers, many of whom have now become expert "social" organisers. In the whist drive the first and second prizes went to Messrs. E. Lord and T. Turner, respectively, both Old Kayans ; G. L. R. Brown distinguished himself at the other end. The smelling contest resulted in a tie between Simpkin ii, N. and Hamer i, J., while the shadow-guessing prize went to N. Whitehead.

OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.

WITH THE O.T.C., JULY 6TH.

[BY OUR SPECIAL CIVILIAN WAR CORRESPONDENT].

It is wonderful how many passengers a Bury tramcar can hold when occasion demands ; yet it required two cars to convey the Grammar School contingent of the O.T.C. from the Parish Church to the Jericho terminus.

The enemy (Old Boys, commanded by Lieut. Sleight) were to try to seize the farm known as Nab's Wife—a by no means easy operation ; while Lieut. Spivey, with Colour-Sergt. Rogers and the rest of the Grammar School contingent (*i.e.*, present boys) were to anticipate them, and guard the important position, which lent itself admirably to defence. In fact, it must have been a desperate enemy that would attempt the capture of a position that commanded well nigh every approach. Their attack, however, was conducted with great skill, and only the most careful disposition of outposts by the home force frustrated their design. There were five of these outposts, and they were so arranged as to be in quick communication both with each other and with the rest of the force, who themselves took post on a shelving slope commanding the valley below, but exposed to the heights above. It was here that they suffered severe loss at the hands of one section of the enemy, who, availing themselves of every scrap of cover, slowly worked their way aslant the opposite slope. This skilful manœuvre, however, was rendered futile by a reckless dash made by the rest, and larger portion of their force, who, after being decimated by the fire from our survivors on the slope, were surprised and forced to surrender by a skilful converging movement of two of our outposts. Thus the home force proved victorious ; but, considering the strength of the position assigned to them, it must be allowed that an almost equal share belonged to the attacking party.

The annual camp was held on Salisbury Plain from July 30th to August 8th. The weather was not very good, but on the

whole an instructive and enjoyable time was spent. Thirty-three members attended and had the advantage of taking part in military operations on a big scale, many thousands of troops being engaged on most days.

The thanks of the corps are due to the Governors for so generously paying the camp deficit.

On Saturday, September 21st, the cadets of the O.T.C. paraded for a field-day, in which both the Senior and Junior Sections took part. The Juniors, who were to be the attackers, paraded half-an-hour before the Seniors, and marched to Sailor Brows, on the Radcliffe-Whitefield New Road. They soon came into contact with the enemy, who were acting under the advice of Cadet Officer Blomley and Col. Serg. Rogers, and a lively action began. The fire of the attack now proved its superiority, and the enemy were forced to beat a retreat. This was carried out in perfect order, but No. 1 Section of the attackers pressed on with such vigour that a further retirement, through the mill yard, was necessary. Lieut. Spivey followed along the river bank as soon as he had reformed his men, and dividing his force into two parts, gradually advanced his firing lines until he was in a position to charge with the bayonet. After the extermination of the enemy, friend and foe marched home together, well satisfied with the afternoon's work. W. W.

On October 5th the corps had the last field-day of the season. It was another convoy scheme at the foot of Holcombe Hill. Although not perfect it was a great improvement on the previous effort. Major Adair again watched the operations, and said that he noted a great improvement in discipline and steadiness. The corps is deeply indebted to Major Adair for the kindly interest he takes in its welfare.

PROMOTIONS.—Lance-Corporal Hartington to Corporal, Private S. C. Jackson to Lance-Corporal, Private G. H. Dykes to Lance-Corporal.

OLD BOYS' NOTES.

CONGRATULATIONS.—S. V. Brown, Assistant Master, New College School, Oxford; F. L. Buxton, Final B.A., General, Manchester; N. Crompton, Final Law; C. C. Farr, Manager, Bury Branch, Union Bank of Manchester; Col. Henry Fishwick, re-elected Chairman of the Rochdale Education Committee for 1913; Dr. John Gow, Accident-room House Surgeon, Manchester Royal Infirmary; Gordon Hewart, K.C.; J. N. P. Holt, Inter. Vet. (Liverpool); E. Hordern, Assistant Director, Royal Indian Marine, at Bombay; P. Hutchinson, B.Sc., London; S. C. C. Jones, 1st Dental, and Second Class Matriculation, Manchester; T. Kay, First Freeman of Heywood and Mayor of Stockport; G. B. Murgatroyd, married; J. L. Norton, married; J. Parks, re-elected to the mayoral chair for 1913—his fourth year as Mayor of Bury; H. A. Shaw, Studentship Examination of the Institution of Civil Engineers; S. H. Sutton, Hon. Secretary of the Indian Football Association; W. Wood, Cox of the Downing College boat in the Mays and Henley Races.

Mr. Gordon Hewart is the second "old boy" of Bury Grammar School to take silk, Sir John Holker having been made a Q.C. in 1866, at the age of 38.

George Speight, B.A. (Oxon.) died *æt.* 73.

W. H. Downham died *æt.* 82.

Frederick Calrow died *æt.* 47.

A series of articles Captain A. W. Howlett, I.M.S. has contributed to the "Manchester Guardian" have recently been published in book-form under the title of "Many Camps" by the Pioneer Press of Allahabad. These sketches of Indian life and scenes give an admirable picture of what that life means to the

small but ever-increasing band of men and women who have elected to pursue it, and is, therefore, specially valuable to those of us who have never ventured 'east of Suez.' No one, for instance, can fail to gain a very real conception of what an Indian Dust-Storm implies from a perusal of one of the later articles entitled "The Coming of Night." The Head Master has presented a copy of the book to the Assistant Masters of the School, who will be glad to place it at the disposal of any of our readers. Copies may be bought, price 2/4, through Messrs. Galt, of Manchester.

CAMBRIDGE,

December, 1912.

Dear "Clavian,"

Once more we mourn the loss of the dear departed, and this time we have no longer the consolation of welcoming ingenuous "freshers." We observe with profound regret that the modern Buriensian prefers the teeming activities of the metropolis to the cloistered seclusion of the Cam. Pause and reflect, ye who now tread where we have trod. Reflect ere ye reject the wisdom of reverent dons and barter your souls for filthy lucre. At Cambridge you will find loving hands to welcome you and batter your "square" into a semblance of respectability. Your morals will be cared for by a benevolent Dean, and a vigilant Proctor will see that mother's darling does not stray from the paths of rectitude. Contrast with this prospect the terrors that await you in London. 'Tis true that certain lewd fellows of the baser sort will swear they are your old school-fellows, and profess their willingness to "see you through." Trust them not. Externally they are respectable and wear irreproachable pot-hats, but within they are ravening wolves. With this warning we appeal to the present boys of our old school to preserve the connection which has long existed between their school and the 'Varsity, to their mutual benefit. Few incidents of note can claim to redeem the present term from the accusation of dulness. As usual, we turned out

in thousands on the immortal fifth, and shewed our disapproval of artificial light by turning out the street lamps. In this practice, we ourself ruined a pair of those appendages which are so necessary to preserve the equilibrium of the male attire. On the other hand, our raid on the station was repulsed by the mounted Roberts, whose steeds were somewhat nettled by the fiery missiles hurled at them. As the night was wet and slushy we can sympathize with the College boot-blacks next morning. The 'Varsity Rugger team, though beaten by the Springboks, have by their numerous successes inspired a confident anticipation in their triumph in the forthcoming encounter with the sister 'Varsity. With regard to individuals we have few remarks to make. Ainsworth is still here reading for whatever Tripos he has not yet taken. Wood, whose rooms are adorned by a gaily-inscribed rudder, devotes his life to the education of a Downing crew which shall emulate the historic successes of its predecessor in last year's Lents. Norris has been caught red-handed in the act of keeping a nine o'clock lekker; whilst Jones has taken to that brutal game called Rugger and tells us he likes it because everybody-execrates so beautifully. Of course we have all worked hard and sought our beds at early hours (of the morning! *Ed.*), with which assertion we will conclude.

Yours,

CANTAB.

[Our correspondent has proved himself a reliable prophet, for, just before going to press, we learn that the Light Blues have prevailed over the Oxonians by 10 points to 3.—*Ed.*]

FOOTBALL.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals.	
				For	Agst.
15	13	1	1	78	29

We have had a very successful season up to the present, equalling our splendid first term record of last season. Only one

match, that against Bowdon College (away) has been lost, and that defeat was brought about by the team failing to adapt itself to the exceedingly severe conditions. Unfortunately we were deprived of an opportunity for revenge for this defeat, the return fixture being cancelled owing to fog. Undoubtedly the strongest combination we have yet met was the "Old Boys" team, with whom we made a draw in the first game of the season. We have repeated our last year's performance of beating Blackburn Grammar School, and improved on last year's team in beating Fairfield (away) and Owens' College (home). There is every prospect of our equalling, or even surpassing next term, what we have already done, as in all probability our team will remain unchanged and will have had additional experience.

Our forward line has been excellent and combined well. It is perhaps rather too much addicted to the short passing game, which is certainly the best game under good conditions, but ought to be abandoned in favour of long passing on very bad grounds. Occasionally there have been lapses in front of goal; these, however, have only once affected the result. The half-back line is also very good, but the outside halves at times neglect the opposing wing men, through coming too much into the centre. The full-backs tackle very well, but do not kick strongly enough. There is now a very good understanding between halves and backs. The goal-keeper has been all that could be desired.

INDIVIDUAL CRITICISMS.

JACKSON, goal.—Has worthily filled Sharp's place. Is particularly good at ground shots. Has played several magnificent games.

LEES, right back.—Has developed into a very safe back. Is fast and tackles very well, but should kick more strongly.

NOLAN, left back.—A good back, and has now a good understanding with right back. Tackles well, but is not very fast.

SIMPKIN, right half.—Greatly improved from last year. Tackles very well and uses his weight. Should not leave his wing so much as he does.

HARTINGTON, centre half.—Splendid centre half. Infuses plenty of vigour into his play. Distributes the ball well and always seems to be where he is needed.

HILL, left half.—Rather small, but makes up for lack of weight by skill. Sometimes tries long-range shots where a pass would be more useful.

MORRIS i, W., right outside.—Very fast, centres and shoots extremely well.

MORRIS ii, R., right inside.—Combines very well with his wing and centre. Has scored several really good goals, but ought to be a little less unselfish and make more individual efforts.

LOMAX, centre.—Splendid centre forward. Fast and very fine shot.

RIGBY, left inside.—Passes well, good shot and has scored many brilliant goals, but often unaccountably misses easy chances.

BUXTON, left outside.—Very fast and makes good use of his weight. Centres and shoots well.

CAPTAIN.

Dec. 7.—School 1st. v. Manchester Grammar School 1st.

Won 3—1.

From the beginning Bury attacked strongly. The Manchester goal had several narrow escapes and at last Lomax broke through and scored with a fine shot. After this success the School redoubled their efforts and Lomax again scored from 20 yards range, placing the ball well out of the goalkeeper's reach. Shortly afterwards Manchester scored from a breakaway on the right. Play then slackened a little and half-time arrived with the score 2—1 in favour of Bury.

The second half was for a time very even, but at last the Manchester forwards broke away and their centre-forward almost scored, Jackson bringing off a marvellous save. Shortly before the close, however, R. Morris gave Lomax a beautiful pass from which he scored, thus putting the result beyond all doubt. Though the ground was very heavy and on that account in favour of Manchester's weightier team, the Bury boys proved superior at all points. It was good play by the whole team that enabled us to repeat last year's victory.

SECOND ELEVEN.

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals.	
				For	Agst.
13	5	7	1	30	30

Though, at first sight, our results do not seem to be very favourable, the season has so far been fairly successful. It is true that we cannot boast so many victories as last year, but beyond all doubt this is due to the fact that we have been heavily handicapped. On all but two occasions the First Eleven has found it necessary to rob us of one or more of our best men, and this has made continual rearrangement necessary. We can never do justice to ourselves as a whole unless there is perfect understanding among us, a thing which cannot be gained unless we have a fairly permanent eleven. We have, however, had several well-contested games and the team has in no way been lacking in enthusiasm.

Brown and Dykes, the only two members of the defence whom the ravages of the First Eleven have left in a permanent position, have been particularly commendable. The forwards on the whole have been good, but their shooting is rather weak and they lack life in the centre. Sharp gives some splendid passes, which Orrell, on more than one occasion, has been able to turn to good account. It gives us every satisfaction to note that the team shows signs of great improvement, and we hope to record much better results before the end of the season.

Colours are held by :—Wild, I., Brown, G. L. R., Dykes, Scholes i, W., Clegg, Wardleworth and Spibey.

THIRD ELEVEN.

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals.	
				For	Agst.
11	7	3	1	45	22

So far the Third Eleven have been very successful. They beat Blackburn G.S. Third at Blackburn, and won a particularly hard game against Salford Secondary School, away, by 4 to 2 after being two down at the interval. On this occasion they showed most praiseworthy dash and determination; but dash has not perhaps been quite so conspicuous on other occasions. If they can remember that it is above all things necessary to keep well on the ball, they should be even more successful in the latter half of the season, as there is not a really weak place in the team.

Old Colours:—Calrow (Vice-Capt.), Rogerson, W. Nuttall i, Haworth (Capt.).

New Colours:—Stott, F., Peatfield and Byrom.

FOURTH ELEVEN.

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals.	
				For	Agst.
9	3	4	2	19	22

The Fourth Eleven has been severely handicapped this term by the absence, through illness, of two of its best players. The Captain has, therefore, found it difficult to get together a thoroughly serviceable team, and there are one or two positions which have not as yet been adequately filled. He has, however, some very promising material at his command, and hopes to be able to present our readers with a much better report before the end of the season.

HOUSE MATCHES.

1st Eleven.

Derby 8, Kay 5.

Derby 6, Hulme 0.

Kay 10, Hulme 0.

2nd Eleven.

Derby 4, Kay 0.

Kay 5, Hulme 2.

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL SONG.

We reprint a copy of the first School Song : it has been superseded by the one now in use, written by the late Archdeacon Blackburne :—

When Britannia comes to Bury
 'Tis to borrow Bury brains,
 And she is not mercenary
 In her payment for our pains ;
 For many a boy that trudges
 With Lexicon in hand
 May be numbered with the Judges
 Or the Bishops of the Land.

CHORUS.

We're Bury Boys ! We're Bury Boys !
 There's something *grave* about us,
 With ease we grip our Scholarship !
 Examiners cannot rout us !
 So we'll greet the name of Roger
 With Hip-hip-hip-Hooray !
 The Prebendary Roger !
 The Reverend Roger Kay !

When Britannia comes to Bury
 For a General or two ;
 Or an Admiral to ferry
 Her across to Timbuctoo,
 We can answer : " We've a steady
 Stock of Bury boys on hand
 In the rough and in the ready
 To be Leaders of the Land."—*Chorus.*

Bury Boys have lived on Science---
 Science lives on Bury too !
 For the Arts place great reliance
 On what Capital can do ;
 And we're death on drones and drivel ;
 Labour is our Engineer—
 And they'd always call him " *Civil*,"
 If he learnt his business here !—*Chorus.*

Oh ! As long as Britain's glory
 Echoes over land and sea,
 Babes unborn will hymn the story
 Of the Clavis, which is " Key : "
 And this Key of Roger's finding
 Has unlocked full many a gate
 For the Boys of Bury, *grinding*
 To be *filed* among the Great !—*Chorus.*