

THE CLAVIAN

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No. 20.

MAY, 1913.

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THE CLAVIAN



THE MAGAZINE OF THE Bury Grammar School for Boys.

No. 20.

MAY, 1913.

SCHOOL NOTES.

VALETE!—Baron, Buxton, Cunliffe, Fewtrell, Hartington ii, C. H., Hartington iii, L., Hill i, E., Holmes, Hutchinson, Kay iv, G., Lomax, Midgley, Nuttall i, W., O'Connor i, L., Peatfield, Preston, Rigby ii, T., Rowlands, Scholes i, W., Sharp, Winterburn.

SALVETE!—Bourne, Clark, Cooke, Horsfall, Knox i, T. M., Milne, O'Connor (A.), Pye, Ramsden, Sykes.

Pueri Auctoritate Graves:—

Captain of the School: W. Morris.

Prefects: W. Morris, K. Simpkin, I. Wild, J. B. Wood, J. E. Hartington, J. Y. Smith.

Cricket Captains: First Eleven, J. E. Hartington (Vice-Capt., W. Morris); Second Eleven, G. L. R. Brown; Third Eleven, Metcalf; Fourth Eleven, J. M. Lord.

EXAMINATION SUCCESSES (Oxford Locals Senior):—First Class Honours—G. H. Lees (20th, bracketed equal with eight others); Third Class Honours—J. T. Horsfall.

The Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes' Examination in French took place on April 10th, when 84 boys sat. Messrs. H. T. Bull, R. W. Butcher, P. S. Howarth, L. Holmes and H. B. Webb kindly acted as invigilators.

Fifty-six boys have entered for the Oxford Locals in July, 9 Seniors, 29 Juniors and 18 Preliminaries.

The School Chess Club played a couple of matches against Bolton G. S. on December 16th and February 13th, respectively. Complete results are appended:—

BURY.		BOLTON.		BURY.		BOLTON.	
Morris i,	1	Sheppard i,	0	Morris i,	0	Sheppard i,	1
Maddox i,	$\frac{1}{2}$	Dawson	$\frac{1}{2}$	Maddox i,	$\frac{1}{2}$	Davison	$\frac{1}{2}$
Jackson i,	0	Fishwick	1	Morris ii,	0	Fishwick	1
Morris ii,	1	Parr	0	Jackson i,	0	Parr	1
Binns i,	0	Sheppard ii,	1	Singleton i,	1	Sheppard ii,	0
Hall ii,	0	Bolton	1	Binns i,	0	Bolton	1
Singleton i,	1	Dootson	0	Hall ii,	1	Dootson	0
	$3\frac{1}{2}$		$3\frac{1}{2}$		$2\frac{1}{2}$		$4\frac{1}{2}$

The following boys were top of their respective Forms in the monthly examinations held on February 28th and April 25th:—

Form.	February 28th.	April 25th.
L. VI.	Dykes	Binns i, B. O.
Remove	Scholes ij, A.	Wild ii, L. W.
U. V.	Hamer	Roberts i, W.
V.	Nuttall iii, W.	Jackson iv, S. R.
U. IV.	Haslam	Hall iv, J. W.
IV.	Brooks	Brooks
Transitus	Taylor v, T.	Johnson
III.	Bott ii, T.	Ratcliffe
II. B.	Croasdale ii, J. A.	Croasdale ii, J. A.
II. A.	Hilton iii, F.	Hilton iii, F. }
		Hazlitt }

The final tie in the February Chess Tournament was held on March 4th between Mr. Zucker and Singleton i, the former proving the winner of an interesting game.

Mr. Hugh Taylor has offered the Sports Committee a Challenge Cup and an Annual Prize to be allocated to any event in the Annual Sports which the Committee may select.

Our Annual Founder's Day Service was held in the Parish Church on Tuesday, May 6th, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Vicar of St. Mary's, Oldham, and formerly Head Master of Lancing College, Sussex. We regret that the Rector of Bury, Chairman of our Board of Governors, was unable to be with us, and wish him a speedy restoration to health. The Head Master read the Commemoration of the Founder and other Benefactors of the School, and W. Morris, Captain of the School, read the First Lesson.

We are glad to be able to present the following letter to our readers :—

Dear Mr. Editor,

I gladly avail myself of the opportunity which your kind suggestion affords me, of repeating in your columns the analysis of true Sportsmanship—Public School sportsmanship—which I offered to your young people for their consideration on Founder's Day.

I was anxious to explain that I think a very great advance would be made all round in the effectiveness of our Christian service, if these same principles, now confined chiefly to physical contests and activities, could be extended wholeheartedly into the *spiritual* field. Real Sportsmanship may be analysed into separate ingredients, as follows :—The desire

First : to be on the winning side.

Second : to do one's little bit towards *making* it win. Not to be content with the sort of enthusiasm which spends itself only in shouting.

Third: When one is in play, to *qualify*, in such ways as these:—to know the rules and the power of the game; to understand the strategy and the tactics; to endure hardness, getting into training, and *keeping* there, not taking “breathers” overmuch, nor shirking, nor failing at the pinch.

Next, to play *the game*, and win *fairly*.

And then, to be more keen for the *side* than for one's self; and to show whole-hearted and outspoken devotion to the Cause.

And last: though being well able one's self to give a lead, when occasion requires, yet, as a main policy, to *keep discipline*, to look to the Captain and obey orders—‘Theirs not to make reply; theirs not to reason why’—not because he is infallible but for unity's sake, and because a team of selfish players or of divided allegiance is surely doomed to fail.

St. Mary's Vicarage,

Oldham,

May 19th, 1913.

AMBROSE J. WILSON.

Very heartily do we congratulate W. Morris on his successes in the Public Schools Championship Competition held at Stamford Bridge on Wednesday, April 23rd. Commenting on the various events of the meeting the *Sporting Life* remarks: “Yesterday's racing was good in many respects, and there were several surprises. To commence with, in the ‘Hundred,’ the holder, Burkinshaw-Smith, was well beaten by young Morris, from Bury The broad jump resulted in another surprise from Morris. Humfrey was never doing well, and usually took off well behind the bar, and his best effort was 19-ft. 9½-ins. Morris got in a grand jump of 20-ft. 7½-ins. at his third attempt. The Lancashire lad has a splendid run-up, and should do much better yet.”

Then the *Morning Post*—“Bury Grammar School sent a strong sprinter and a fine long jumper up from Lancashire in the person of W. Morris. A boy who could early show a clean pair of heels to the field in the Hundred and, after running twice in that

event, turn out, and jump 20-ft. 7½-ins. would make a good show in any company. As he ran and "took off" in the jump there were some of us who could not help thinking of the great C. B. Fry when he first beat records at Queen's Club ; there were just the same ease and grace as the form of young Morris carried along the strip."

No wonder some of the Sixth Form enthusiasts are already talking about Berlin and International honours !

A word in recognition of the spirit which prompted J. E. Hartington to support his friend so loyally.

A small Committee, appointed to consider the best way to mark our appreciation of the honour Morris's victories have conferred on his School, has determined to place in the corridor a Shield bearing the Roger Kay arms and a record of the events Morris won, together with framed copies of the photographs of the events as published by the *Daily Mirror*.

Our Annual Athletic Sports, to be held on Tuesday, June 17th, should prove more interesting than ever, after the great success of W. Morris in the Public Schools Championship. There is no possible doubt who the Senior Champion will be, but the Junior Championship should be very open. Hartington ii, C., last year's Junior Champion, did extremely well, and had he still been at School would have gone far in retaining the Championship. Maddox i, Hartington i, Wood i, showed excellent form last year in their various events.

A full list of Cricket fixtures has been arranged for four elevens, but, unfortunately, the first three matches have had to be cancelled, owing to bad weather. The First Eleven will feel the loss of several good players, Eatough, Lomax, Hill and Jones having left. The present team, captained by Hartington i, are all very keen, and intend to give a good account of themselves. The ground is in very good condition and, given fine weather, we should see some interesting Cricket. "Play up School!"

Matches played on Wednesday, May 7th:—Salford Technical First Eleven—87 v. B. G. S. First Eleven—92; Salford Technical Second Eleven—43 v. B. G. S. Second Eleven—76 for 4; Kersal Second Eleven—8 v. B. G. S. Fourth Eleven—53 for 9.

The Swimming Sports were held on Wednesday morning, the 7th May. There is no doubt the Houses have given a strong impulse to the swimming: the audience was only some thirty short of the whole school, and the "form" of the competitors had been watched so closely that the handicapping committee were able to put on the best Two Lengths Handicap we have had since the race was instituted. The race, it will be remembered, owed its origin to the late Mr. C. B. Farr, who kindly presented annually a prize of ten shillings for the first place. This year we have to thank Mr. C. C. Farr, who wishes to continue the race as an annual fixture, in memory of his father.

RESULTS.—Junior Relay: 1, Kay House 10, w.o. Middle Relay: 1, Derby 16; 2, Kay 8. Senior Relay: 1, Hulme 20; 2, Kay 10. Neat Dive (under 15): 1, Whittle; 2, R. P. Taylor. Two Lengths Open Scratch: 1, Marks; 2, Morris ii, R. Two Lengths Open Handicap: 1, R. P. Taylor; 2, Whittle; 3, Metcalf. Plate Diving: 1, Maddox i, J.; 2, Whitehead. Kay House retains the "Hutchinson" Cup."

MEMORABILIA

Scholarship Examination for pupils of Elementary Schools.—Saturday and Monday, June 14th and 16th.

O. T. C. Inspection.—Saturday, June 14th.

Annual Sports.—Tuesday, June 17th.

O. T. C. Field Day at Holcombe.—Saturday, July 5th.

Civil Service Examination.—Tuesday, July 8th.

The King's Visit to Bury.—Saturday, July 12th.

Higher Certificate.—Friday, July 11th to Saturday, July 26th.

Oxford Locals.—Friday, July 18th to Saturday, July 26th.

O. T. C. Camp at Cannock Chase.—Tuesday, July 29th to Friday, August 8th.

Summer Holidays.—Thursday, July 31st to Tuesday, September 16th (both inclusive).

Christmas Holidays.—Tuesday, December 23rd to Thursday, January 15th (both inclusive).

We beg to acknowledge the receipt

Magazines :—Bury Grammar School (Girls), The Oldham Hulmeian, The Bowdonian, "Supera" (Bolton Municipal Secondary School), and the Magazine of the Lady Manners School, Bakewell.

ON THE RIVER AMAZON.

[Reprinted from "*The Pioneer*."]

Rowing on a tangled backwater of a hill-lake the other day I was reminded of the jungle-webbed solitudes of the Amazon. It is seven years since I ascended that vast waterway that all but cuts through the breadth of a continent. Words can convey no idea of the vastness of this, the grandest river in the world. Its very tributaries are equal to the Ganges. Its morasses are desolate continents. To its solitudes men go forth in flotillas of canoes, are swallowed there for months or years, and perhaps return or perhaps do not. There are many more to go ; human life is very cheap and the *Auri sacra fames* very strong. I was not enamoured of my ship when I saw her lying for the first time in the Liverpool docks. I had just come off a White Star Liner on which I used to lose myself and have to ask the way from obliging stewards. The C——, however, could only boast of 1,300 tons and she was so low in the waist when all her cargo was on board that the flying fish used to jump on board at night, attracted by the lights, to the huge delight of the ship's cats.

We had a collision with a dock tender on leaving the Mersey and our first night out it blew so hard we had to put into a small rocky bay on the coast of Anglesea. We put into Havre and Madeira, and in seventeen days time arrived off the coast of Brazil.

I had never before seen the Tropics and I gazed in rapt awe at the scene of so many schoolboy dreams, while Robinson Crusoe and that ever fortunate Swiss family of Robinson, along with Treasure Island and many more, flickered like a cinematograph display through my enraptured mind.

Unhallowed by romance it was truly not a singularly striking picture I beheld. We were in a bay of silver-shining sand dunes, but ahead of us there rolled into the sea the fringe of a mighty forest, and before the foremost boughs which drooped down like veils into the tawny yellow water, two canoes of Indians were placidly fishing. The name of this place was Tutoya. It consisted, as one of the crew had previously confided to me, of "three mud 'uts and a warehouse." We lay there at anchor some ten days, and amused ourselves with excursions up the Parnahyba river in a steam launch the valve of which our chief engineer had managed to replace with a plug of wood. Butterflies of extraordinary size and beauty flitted out of the drooping jungle over the bay and at times strings of blood-red flamingoes passed along the trees like streaks of fire. The only inhabitants of this place were Indians with a sprinkling of negroes. We left without great regret, for it was deadly hot both day and night, and swarms of mosquitoes used to invade us as soon as the lamps were lit.

After this we visited two large old towns, Maranhao and Ceara, of which I recall chiefly the priests and the cathedrals. Their old-world air was something too sleepy to be charming. From eleven o'clock till evening the streets were empty as those of Pompeii. I suppose there are times when the Brazilians work, but I never caught them at it. Our great amusement was the reception of the customs officials. There is no such thing as cheating in Brazil because everyone does it, everyone knows that everyone else does it—and everyone expects everyone else to do it. There was no diffidence or false modesty about these gentlemen who came on board as "guards." They were received by the captain and myself. The captain inquired immediately what sort of present they w

Thus I remember one gentleman who sported a glorious but sadly faded

uniform preferred a request for salt beef and two dozen of stout. It was at once lowered into the boat for him. Stout was in extraordinarily high demand. It cost in Brazil four-and-six a bottle as I learnt to my cost on one occasion in a restaurant at Ceara. My lunch on this occasion came to six thousand odd *reis*. It is not everyone who can lunch in thousands. Later on I discovered a reason for the immense quantity of stout which the steward had in his stores. While we lay at anchor in the river before Manaus I used to hear at night all kinds of whispering and scuffling going on round the decks. Often, too, I heard boats bumping against the sides, and once or twice looking out of my port hole saw them. We were nothing if not economical and at night there were only four lights aboard the ship, viz., the port and starboard, the mast head light and the watchman's hurricane lamp. Nevertheless these stealthy movements used to go on to my no small bewilderment. The captain sleeping in his own deck cabin which was on a level with the bridge heard nothing of it. It was not till we were nearing Liverpool that I was suddenly illuminated. The steward came to me with a long face. "Look here, Doc, I've been going through my stores and I find somehow I am eighty bottles of stout short. You might sign for them and of course I shall pay you; otherwise I shall get in the deuce of a row." It seemed fairly reasonable and I complied. To my surprise I discovered the chief engineer had also had to sign, but he signed for two hundred and forty bottles. The chief officer had done likewise. Even the bos'un and "Chips" (the carpenter) had joined this philanthropic movement on behalf of the chief steward. A month after our arrival in England I heard that the whole crew, except the captain, had been sacked at the instance of the Brazilian Government for smuggling. When I tell you that we (the crew) were entitled to drink stout at sixpence a bottle, it was four and six on shore and could be sold off the ship at anything up to three shillings, you will begin to understand how it was the steward had "got a bit out" in his stores. We left Ceara—to hark back a little—and steamed for the mouth of the river. In a day or two we made the huge island of Marajo which

lies in the mouth like a wedge. It is the size of Ireland, but lest I should be deemed to cast aspersions I hasten to add that it was merely a swamp populated by cattle and graziers. It had its grievance, it is true—a singularly cogent one in this case, for you could not get a scratch there without getting tetanus after it. This is even worse than being under the heel of the English Parliament—at least the people there think so. So low is the island that even from within a mile or two you can see nothing of its shores, only rows and rows of palms rising out of the sea like a mirage of the desert.

On the broad waterway between it and the mainland stands Para, capital of the State of that name, and famous the world over as the great rubber emporium. It is not a busy looking place; but actually it is in a fever of activity as contrasted with other towns. It is hedged and girt and fairly embosomed in the Amazonian jungle. Boa constrictors come out into the warehouses. I saw two killed, one of fourteen the other of eight feet. They told me they reach to thirty and anacondas to sixty. But few people who see anacondas live to tell the tale. By the wharves, which were all sizzling with tar under the fierce sun, crowds of negroes with naked streaming backs were wheeling the big cases of rubber. The rubber comes down in the form of big black balls as large as footballs, and called very appositely "negro heads." Here also we took on board two hundred tons of Brazil nuts. They were shovelled on board like coals and lay in hundreds all over our decks. The crew bought monkeys, marmosets and parrots, especially the latter, and I shuddered for our English language should any of them subsequently escape and set up as professors in their virgin wilds. Also we bought turtles for soup. They used to scramble about and lie all over the decks, usually in dark alleys and corners, causing endless disasters before they became soup.

To pass the time we used to fish off the poop, and the picture still lingers with me of the steward "fishing." He had a long easy chair, and the inevitable bottle of stout beside him. His

attitude was one of such profound meditation that you might have thought he slept. In his hand he held the line waiting for the tug. One day I saw the chief's brawny arm protrude through a porthole underneath the poop, and the steward's reveries were disturbed for half an hour by repeated violent tugs apprising him of "bites." Then the chief sauntered up with the news that he had seen a huge fish sailing round and round and advised the steward to be on the alert.

Para has a magnificent opera house, well-beloved of the citizens, and, besides, a small cathedral. Every other day seems to be a festival, and in the night they divert themselves with fireworks, those that amuse them most being rockets which whistle weirdly as they come down. To hear them you would think you were with Ulysses in Hades. On other days which are mostly Sundays, and don't count, they work. I wandered about Para with the chief engineer who was, of course, a Scotchman from Glasgow. One day we left Para and steamed for the "narrows;" this is a part of the Amazon that reminded me of the Norfolk Broads. If you imagine yourself as a little tin soldier in a penny toy boat threading the mazes of those same Broads you will have an idea of what the "narrows" were like. On either side of us hung dense jungle drooping in the water. We twisted and cork-screwed in and out of silent waterways where the sun shone as on mirrors though the night mists were still wearing away like overtaken ghosts. Monkeys gibbered at us hidden in the tree tops. We passed gigantic trees (*Hevea Brasiliensis*) dead and blasted by the termites whose great mud nests hung from some naked branch high up above the lesser foliage. Most amusing of all were the Indians who lived there. They dwelt in huts built on piles on the water's edge. Under the floors floated their canoes and as we passed troops of naked children ran out, leapt into these canoes and paddled out to be rocked on our swell. This seemed to give them keen enjoyment. Elsewhere we passed the paterfamilias clad in a pair of cotton drawers and standing in the bows of his canoe, in some quiet place among the boskage, fishing. They fished with bows and arrows.

We used to pass them standing still as statues with arrow on string and the bow drawn tight. They might have been posing as William Tells. As soon as a fish leapt they let drive at it and generally hit it. The arrow had a string to it sometimes by which they secured the fish, but more usually they poisoned it and secured the fish after it was dead. While in the "narrows" we passed a melancholy place, a clearing on the banks in the jungle for a cemetery. Here ships going out seaward used to stay to bury men who had died on the river. We passed one steamer that had lost four men from Yellow Fever, and two of them she was about to bury here. The little wooden-cross sown patch was walled in by immense cliff-like jungle on the fringe of which shone the boles of two or three enormous trees like policemen keeping back a crowd. After the "narrows" we came out on the main stream: it was four miles across, but we soon came to a place where a tributary river ran in and here the mass of waters was such that the banks lay dim on the far horizon. The whole broad flood was perceptibly moving and immense islands, some of them acres, composed of intertangled grass and reeds came floating by like bits of solid land. All sorts of water birds were sitting on them. Once or twice whole trees came whirling by as uprooted in some distant flood. We passed by many *monte rios*, the big trading canoes of the Amazon with their huge mat sails flapping the masts and their gaudy cotton-clad crews lolling over the sides. By night great lurid storms used to light up every quarter of the horizon above the interminable forests. We had two pilots from Para, sleek smiling men in the usual black Alpaca coats. One of them played the flute, and when his turn off the bridge came he would sit on the poop and warble into the woods. We kept as close into the banks as we dared, for the current in the middle was very strong. It was an eerie thing as night came down to hear the chorus of the mosquitoes. Like some deep organ pipe vibrant with one long note they filled the darkening arcades of the forest. While we moved we were not much troubled with them; but so insupportable are they ashore that every hut we passed had a huge smoking fire burning, in the lee of which only could the inhabitants find rest.

We passed only one town of any great size, Santarem. The river here narrows to a width of six thousand feet and runs with great force. Beyond this there still exists what is probably the wildest remaining country in the world. Twenty miles into the woods are savages still addicted to cannibalism. I heard many stories of the treachery of these wildernesses. It seems that since the days of Bates's travels they have retrograded. Nor is it likely that these wilds will ever be opened up, the impossibility of constructing a railway, that faithful sponsor of civilisation, being only too obvious, while nothing but canoes can thread their tangled *igarapés*. Of animal life we saw disappointingly little though the forest swarmed with it. Huge earthen nests of the termites hung from the naked limbs of blasted trees. Monkeys gibbered away in the high boughs, level with our cross trees, as we swung past, and flocks of green parrots flew across us with deafening screams, startled from their aerial bowers by some prowling snake. Once or twice, where the eternal jungle wall broke down and left a clear lagoon, flocks of wild egrets rose in such numbers as to simulate a whorl of snow, and slow-winged birds like herons sailed into the air across the reeds. Once we saw a sad looking puma chained up to a post outside a hut, and once a party of Indians flaying a deer. We now came to a part where the banks grew more defined and less hopelessly entangled with creepers and trees. Hereabout were strange rafts of naked dead trees which had one after the other caught on to some projecting point and grown into vast accumulations like heaps of bones. It was curious to see how some of them had begun to indue themselves with earth and to support a scanty herbage. In this way in a year or two an island would be formed.

There were more signs of life on the river here, for we were nearing Manaus, the great river city which lies almost plumb centre in the continent of South America. Every few miles we passed the river steamers burning wood and pouring out clouds of acrid smoke as they churned their way down stream. The decks were hung from stern to stem with gaudy hammocks in which sprawled

the motley passengers smoking cigarettes. Some of these boats had turtles hung all along over the sides like the shields on a Viking ship. At last we cast anchor in the river before Manaus. Manaus lies on the Rio Negro, the mighty tributary of the Amazon, whose deep waters, tinged with the dyes of thousands of miles of rotting vegetation, empty into those of the tawny yellow Amazon. They join, but for a long while they do not mix, and for some miles away from the Negro's mouth there is the serpentine line between the yellow waters and the black. We crossed this line and were immediately on water of almost inky blackness, a startling change after being accustomed to see yellow waters on every side of us. Some miles up the river from the mouth the city of Manaus is built.

It is a jungle city but fitted with quaintly modern advantages, such as pontoons, arc lamps, and travelling cranes. There are great tin warehouses where the rubber is stored. Long trains of canoes, headed generally by launches, come steaming in every day from the wilds, where they have been away perhaps a year. The noise is deafening, for Brazilian steam launches seem to specialise in whistles. Indeed, I heard of one that blew off so much steam in whistling that it came to a dead stop. Once on a time there was a man here who thought he would like to be an admiral. He had never been to sea and knew nothing about ships, but he had powerful friends in politics so he got his admiralty. His command was a smart new gunboat. It was not surprising that in a dangerous river like the Amazon he very soon piled her up on a sand bank. A large British steamer was near so he asked assistance and made fast a chain from the bows of his gunboat along the length of the deck and over the stern. Then he grandly signalled to the British Captain to go full steam ahead, which he did, with the result that the chain made a clean sweep of the deck carrying off the funnel, ventilators, skylights and port rails. There were three of these gunboats always at anchor before Manaus. Each was armed with a Nordenfelt almost as big as itself, and on odd days hung out its washing-like pennants all a flutter from stem to stern. They were boats of very shallow draught, only some

fourteen inches, and were used, I was vaguely told, for chastising refractory villages about the waterways.

Before we sailed we took on board four citizens who needed a holiday. The engineer expressed some doubt whether it was they or their country which needed it most. At any rate they seemed glad to get away and did not leave us till we reached Barbados. They were all needing attention at my hands, but the one who gave me most trouble was a youth about twenty-four who had lost his eyes. His account of the accident was peculiar and, probably, not true. He had been paddling alone on the river when his canoe upset and he fell into the water. All his stores were lost. He managed to climb back into the craft however and paddled on. In about an hour his eyes started to inflame and by night he was blind. For some days he paddled aimlessly, chewing the twigs and leaves which hung over the water, and possessed with a delirious fever. Some Indians found him and took him into Manaos. How much of his yarn was true I know not. He had four arrow wounds on his body, recently healed, which he told us he got in raiding a village for peons. They met with unexpected resistance and some of his comrades were killed. He was short and thick-set, with a face marked with a somewhat low cunning and roguery. Another gentleman who came on board was the Secretary of an ex-President of a neighbouring Republic who also seemed anxious not to shine as a public man at present. There is no doubt the British flag often covers a multitude of sins.

The old-tropical-world air of Brazil is never to be forgotten ; the crumbling forts by sleepy harbours whose pink and blue houses blink out across the molten sea, the liana-tangled jungles, the tawdry gaudy cathedrals, the foppish busy-about-nothing inhabitants, and the tiny white chapels with their single bells and cassocked priests in broad black sombrero hats, all make a picture pathetically humanised by the memory of those ancient navigators who first opened these wasted wonders to the world and sleep there by old bells of Lusitania which tinkle morn and night above their forgotten graves.

A. W. HOWLETT.

SCHOOL REGISTER (*Continued*).

- James, son of Henry Walmsley, confectioner, Bury. Removed from the Lower School Jan^y 1852, æt. 11. Left.
- Richard, son of John Allen of Bury, Chapel Keeper. Removed from the Lower School, Jan^y 1852, æt. 14. Left.
- Francis Birkbeck Allen, son of the above John Allen. Removed from the Lower School, Jan^y 1852, æt. 12. Left.
- John, son of the late Henry Bridge, of Bury, Corn Dealer. Removed from the Lower School, Jan^y 1852, æt. 14. Left.
- John, son of James Openshaw of Bury, Cotton Spinner. Removed from the Lower School Jan^y 1852, æt. 12. Left.
- Samuel, son of John Walker of Belle Vue, Cotton Spinner, Jan^y 1852, æt. 11. Left Midsummer 1858.
- Richard, son of Kay Grundy of Moss Grove, Woollen Manufacturer. June 1852, æt. 14. Left.
- Robert, son of the Rev. Thomas Wolstencroft, Curate of St. Paul's. July 1852, æt. 9½. Left.
- Clement Taylor, son of John Mitchell, Spindle Maker, Bury. Removed from the Lower School August 1852, æt. 11½. Left.
- Micah, son of Thos. Barlow, Manager of a Cotton Factory. Removed from the Lower School August 1852, æt. 12½. Left.
- James, son of Emanuel Parkinson Crossland, Engineer, Bury. Removed from the Lower School August 1852, æt. 13. Left Xmas 1853.
- Joseph, son of James Fletcher, Moorgate, Bury, Grocer. Removed from the Lower School August 1852, æt. 12½. Left.
- William James, son of the Rev. John Hetherington, Wesleyan Minister. October 1852, æt. 14. Left May 1853.
- Thomas Hetherington, son of the above, October 1852, æt. 12. Left.
- James, son of ——— Sellers, Superintend^t of Police. August 1852. . . . Left Xmas 1853.
- Robert Reeve, son of Louisa Clarke, Widow. Ent^d. August 1852. æt. 10. Left.
- Robert Valentine Blake Evanson, son of the Rev^d. R. M. Evanson, Curate of St. Luke's, Heywood. Aug^t. 1853. Left.
- William, son of Nancy Nuttall, Widow. Removed from the Lower School, August 1854, æt. 12. Left Mids. 1858.
- James, son of James Andrews, Assessor of Taxes. Removed from the Lower School, Aug. 1854, æt. 12. Left Mids. 1860.

FOOTBALL.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
				For	Against
30	25	4	1	138	61

While the second half of the season's football has not been quite so successful as last term we expected it would be, yet it has turned out much better than at one time seemed probable. The unexpected loss of Lomax, which for a time quite disorganised the forward line, and the almost simultaneous injury to Jackson, account for our comparative failure at the beginning of the term. However, the team soon recovered its splendid combination, and ended the most successful season the School First Eleven has experienced for many years in a succession of victories equalling that of the first term.

Our hardest-earned victories have been at the expense of Blackburn Grammar School, Manchester Grammar School, Bolton Grammar School and Salford Technical School. In all of these games we have been opposed by teams of greater weight, but have won by reason of greater stamina and better combination.

Of the matches we have lost, that against Bolton Athenæum, after a splendid recovery from what had seemed a hopeless position, was thrown away by a mistake of the defence; against Owens College the whole team was disorganised by the absence of Lomax and Jackson; and against the Bank Clerks we failed to take advantage of a strong wind—almost a hurricance—in the first half, and had a hard task in the second half to keep down our opponents' score to 4—2.

This inability to take advantage of the wind has been very noticeable throughout the season; indeed it has, strangely enough, proved to be our best policy to play against the wind in the first half and trust to stamina to pull us through in the second.

A curious characteristic of all our victories, and one which does great credit to our defence, is the fact that when we have once established a lead in a match, it has never been relinquished in any portion of the game. The way in which the Eleven—the

majority of whom will be available next year—have played in the last few matches augurs well for next season's football.

That we have good reserves to fill what vacant places there will be is evident from the play of Brown, Clegg and Dykes whenever we have had to ask the Second Eleven for reserves.

CRITIQUE.

JACKSON, goal.—Has unfortunately been unable to play during a great part of the term, but when he has played has shown that his skill has been unaffected by his injury. His place has been filled with credit by Scholes and Spibey.

LEES, right back.—Is as safe as last term and kicks more strongly.

NOLAN, left back.—Has proved himself a very strong back. Is faster than last term; still room for improvement in this respect.

SIMPKIN, r

venes in centre with good effect, but is rather too fond of leaving his wing. Feeds his forwards well.

HARTINGTON, centre half.—Is now quite at home in this position. Fast, and tireless worker. Holds the team together well.

HILL, left half.—Very clever, and good shot. Also plays equally well at left inside, left outside, or right inside.

MORRIS i, W. (captain), right outside.—A very speedy winger. Shoots well, but is specially valuable for the excellent centres he puts in.

MORRIS ii, R., right inside.—The most improved man in the team. Is very clever, and combines beautifully with his wing partner and centre, but should shoot with a little more force.

LOMAX, centre.—Has equalled last term's fine play in the few matches in which he took part.

RIGBY, left inside and centre.—Has played well at centre after the departure of Lomax. Opens out the game well and is generally a fine shot.

BUXTON, left outside.—Fast and tricky; centres and shoots well.

BROWN, left half and left outside.—At left half plays with great dash and judgment. Also promises well at outside left.

W. M.

v. Salford Technical School ; 3—2.

The team was determined to win this, the last match of a successful season, and to avenge last year's defeat. Winning the toss, our captain elected to play against the wind. We soon discovered the position whence to expect danger, and accordingly set Simpkin to overwhelm their left outside. The first danger came from this player, as he twice brought Jackson to his knees and narrowly shaved the posts on several occasions. School had not yet got into its stride, although one or two corners were forced which might have been turned to account. Play veered rapidly from end to end, each goal in turn being hotly assailed. Towards the end of the first half Hill shot straight at the goalkeeper, and from the return Rigby drove over the crossbar. The whistle blew with the score 0—0, a rather unusual experience for us ; in fact, it was the first time this season that no goals had been registered before the interval. So far the halves had played a very good game, Dykes and Hartington both defending and backing up well, and Simpkin valiantly suppressing the lively outside left. On resuming play, School quickly attacked, going up in that line which defies resistance. Eventually Hill scored with a fine shot, the goalkeeper being unsighted. Salford now had a spell of attacking, but our backs kicked very strongly and did not allow their forwards to get in a shot. Again play was taken into our opponents' half, and from a penalty for "hands" Hill fired just over the crossbar, shortly to atone for this miss by scoring a second goal through a ruck of players. Salford now took up the running and scored from a corner with our goalkeeper unsighted. Jackson's goalkeeping so far had been perfect, as he coped equally well with low and high shots. W. Morris had twice the mortification of seeing stinging drives hit the post and rebound with a thud. Fine centres were prominent from both right and left wing, where Brown was putting in much excellent work. Rigby received a centre from the right and, touching aside to R. Morris, that player lobbed the ball into the net out of the goalkeeper's reach ; score 3—1. Another breakaway by Salford resulted in their second goal, and this concluded the scoring.

The game had been well and fairly evenly contested, and was one of the most enjoyable encounters of the season. R.M.

SECOND ELEVEN.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
				For	Against
27	13	13	1	72	77

It could hardly be expected that this year's results would be as brilliant as those of last season, in which we constituted a record. We have, however, the satisfaction of knowing that though we have gained fewer victories, the matches, on the whole, have been equally well contested. The lack of forwards who could shoot, and of a half-back line on which we could always depend, has been the cause of several of our defeats. Though considerable rearrangement has been necessary, the positions of full-back and goal have always been well filled. As in the first part of the season, the First Eleven have thought fit to rob us of our best men: it is therefore with pride that we look at the First Eleven results.

The season opened with indifferent success, but, as we were victorious in every one of our last seven matches, no one can deny that it came to a successful conclusion. Throughout the year there has been great enthusiasm among the members of the team, and we have thoroughly enjoyed the matches, our only wish being that there were more of them.

Colours are now held by:—Wild, I. (Capt.), Dykes, Brown, G. L. R., Scholes i, W., Spibey, Wardleworth, Clegg, Askew, Orrell, Marks, Crompton and Packman. I.W.

THIRD ELEVEN.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
				For	Against
26	19	5	2	138	40

The Third Eleven had a most successful season, winning so easily for the most part that we were apt to forget that the programme arranged was as stiff as we could possibly get together. In the few matches in which our opponents were too much for us, we played an excellent game against very big sides. Every man without exception played well and deserves honourable

mention, but if we depended on one more than another it was probably on Dick Byrom. Haworth made a very good Captain.

Colours are held by:—Haworth i, G. (Capt.), Calrow (Vice-Capt.), Nuttall i, W., Rogerson, Peatfield, Stott i, F., Byrom, Fewtrell, Nuttall iii, W., Stott ii, J., Brown ii, B. V.

FOURTH ELEVEN.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals.	
				For	Against
19	8	7	4	56	34

Though the above record is by no means so good as the one we presented last year, we have scored some very creditable victories and done our little best to prepare our younger players for positions in the senior elevens.

The match against Nicholl's Hospital (away) was about the most interesting one of the season, and we did very well indeed to change the half-time adverse score of 1—4 into a victory.

Colours are held by Hardman (captain), Jackson, Arnott and Hutchinson.

HOUSE MATCHES.

First Eleven.

Derby 8, Kay 5.
Derby 6, Hulme 0.
Kay 10, Hulme 0.
Derby 3, Kay 1.
Derby 6, Hulme 0.
Kay 3, Hulme 0.

Second Eleven.

Derby 4, Kay 0.
Kay 5, Hulme 2.
Derby 4, Kay 2.

The "Wike" Challenge Cup is thus transferred from Kay House to Derby.

THE RUBAIYAT OF HOMER CAYENNE JUNR.

1. wen i wos ov ayj thur kaym tome
2. pâshments phrom mi phartha then meni yers ded
3. [unto hoose sôl bē pese].
4. an inthem wer meni kommans an instrukshuns

5. wich luv phor mi ansesters kompels me to phollō
6. e tol me to travel tu meni stranj lans
7. wun ov them Buri
8. on maps twas not vizibel
9. but inmi distres i aplyd unto kūks
10. the ajens phor turists an bawt ther a tickit
11. anso i did get ther
12. i phurst payd a visit as i wos kommanded
13. to the skūl
14. to kontinu the stori mi phartha komenst
15. now as i arivd
16. two wer departin to shō awl the kuntry
17. ther valient skyl an phleteness of phut
18. wun did rayse awl the knuts phrom evriwher
19. an lepht em behindim pantin an blohin
20. but then at the jump e wos mitier styl an bete em to koktats
21. the uther wun ran but notphor a pryz
22. but to cheere up is skūl chum
23. e wos then a sportzman
24. awl wer not athletes but sum stayd at ōme
25. an ther did deside aphayres ov the nayshun
26. wun ov them payd is atenshun to methods kwīt drastik
27. ov dēlin wiṭh suphrajets
28. e wud it em with okki styks an kujel theyr branes out
29. (iph thay av eny sed e with bitta sarkasm)
30. then shut em up in a rume with the phoarth phorm
31. ten minits wud suphyse to kyl em kompletely
32. that then wud endem
33. then in a rume i sor a tawl lanki ladde
34. —scratshin is edde an bitin is penolder
35. ee sawt inspyrashun but non ovit kaym toim
36. ewas a poit
37. mitely e strugld but awl wbs invane
38. e sawt phoŕ a wurd to rime wiv iawatha
39. but lo he wos phlumuxt

40. anuther ther was ov litry bent
 41. e also was in diphikultis
 42. is trubl was this
 43. e kud onli rite wot pepel did not wont
 44. an kud not rite wot pepel did wont
 45. lykwyz was e phlumuxt.
 46. An wun nite i saw a stranj syt.
 47. Not at the skul but in a larj bildin
 48. i erd aman sa it was "thath e nēum"
 49. a grayt festiv bōrd was spred phor the beniphit
 50. ov meni ōl skule chums ther met together
 51. an ye gods they dideat
 52. an aphta the ētin sum mayd spe ches
 53. an grayt wos the aplaws
 54. wen wun aroase ov diminutiv syz butyet veri nimbel
 55. e tol dem ov ōl daiz rite bak to Noah
 56. an veri much thay likt it
 57. an wen e sat down they chantid a weerd song
 58. the wurds an i mistayk not run sumthin lyk this
 59. "Phor es a joli gud phellō an so say orlovus."
 60. an then i did leve em to get the lahst bus.

ROBERT DIGGLES KAY.

THE FIRST EDITOR OF "BRADSHAW."

Robert Diggles Kay, the first editor and compiler of the famous Railway Guide known by the name of "Bradshaw," was a native of Bury and was educated at Bury Grammar School. His father was Richard Kay, for some years a master cotton spinner in this town, whose wife was a daughter of Joseph Diggles, yeoman, also of Bury. Another daughter of Joseph Diggles was the wife of James Wrigley—of the firm (I believe) of James Wrigley and Son, cotton spinners, Gigg. The aforementioned sons-in-law were executors under Joseph Diggles' will, which was proved 26 May, 1815. In 1821-22 and again in 1824 I find Richard Kay

mentioned as carrying on business as cotton spinner at Barnbrook, and in 1824 his residence is given as 40, Union-square. Earlier he appears to have resided nearer his factory, for the son who is the subject of this notice is said to have been born at Moorside, 8 April, 1810.

Richard Kay had three sons and five daughters. Robert Diggles Kay was the second son; he began to attend the Grammar School in 1818, and continued (according to the school record) until 1826. The circumstances in which he left the school, and some account of his subsequent career, are given in a letter he wrote when seventy-five years of age. In that letter he says:—

“In 1825 my father failed in his business as a cotton spinner, just at the time I was finishing a long course of classical studies at the Grammar School, Bury, preparatory to further study at one of the Universities, Oxford or Cambridge, in order to qualify for the Bar. Alas! how soon are all our brightest projects dashed to pieces! In one fell hour I found myself, an inexperienced youth, without counsellor and without means. . . .

“In due course, I found myself an indoor apprentice with a printer in Stockport. He failed two years afterwards. I returned to Manchester, where I completed my apprenticeship under considerable difficulties. [His father had removed to Manchester, and died there in the early fifties, aged about 80.] About 1830 I became connected with St. Stephen's Sunday School, and here it was that I was brought into immediate Christian fellowship with W. T. Blacklock, at that time a youth of much promise, whose habits of life, position, and general sympathies closely harmonised with my own. He was an apprentice with George Bradshaw as an engraver. A real friendship could not fail to result, and our friendship continued uninterrupted for a long series of years. . . .

“In 1837 I had signified my intention of beginning business on my own account, when Mr. Blacklock urged that it might be advantageous to me to join ‘them,’ meaning George Bradshaw—there was no partnership existing at that time. After taking the matter into consideration, I accepted the terms proposed, on the condition only that I was to become a participator in the profits of the branch of business over which I presided, in case of success. This proposition was agreed to, and by the end of 1837 I had furnished plant to fill two little rooms over Copes's Wine Vaults, St. Mary's Gate, Manchester, the whole cost of which, excluding a double-crown Columbian press, was just under £200. . . . Messrs. Bradshaw and Blacklock did not know where to go to seek letterpress

employment. I lost no time in applying to Mr. W. T. Lawn, the late secretary of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, at that time head clerk in the office of Mr. Ritson, then the manager of the Manchester and Bolton Railway and Canal Navigation Company. Mr. Lawn was a family friend of ours. He introduced me to Mr. Ritson, and from that time we made rapid progress. This brings me to the Guide period, the time when it first emerged from its chrysalis in the early part of 1838. . . .

"At this point the firm assumed the title of 'Bradshaw and Blacklock,' and I must record the fact that it was I who introduced the firm to the railway world, a circumstance which formed the basis of their subsequent greatness. . . . I was rewarded by a small commission per thousand copies on the circulation of the Guide in lieu of a 'participation in the profits' of my department. . . . In the course of a very few years the commission became so unsatisfactory that I was glad to relinquish it for a fixed stipend. Had I not received a good education I could not have discharged all the duties that devolved upon me. . . .

"The first four and a-half years of 'Bradshaw' were very critical; so much so that I felt I could not delegate with safety any portion of the editorial duties, and this, together with the discharge of duties connected with the superintendence of the department, began to tell upon my health. I was very anxious indeed to make my department a success, which I did beyond all expectation; though when, in December, 1880, I severed my connection with the firm, beyond a valuable token of esteem from the employes and other outsiders, my labours were not tangibly recognised by those who reaped the benefits of the same."

Robert Diggles Kay was twice married, but left no issue. He died at his residence, "Moorside" (27, Eastbourne-road), Birkdale, in his 87th year, and was interred at the Southport Cemetery. At the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Higher Broughton, Manchester, on July 6, 1898, the Rev. H. W. Towers (Congregational minister) formally unveiled a memorial window at the foot of which is inscribed:

"To the glory of God and in memory of Robert Diggles Kay, originator and first editor of 'Bradshaw'; born April 8, 1810; died October 8, 1897. 'In te, Domine, speravi.' This window was erected July 6, 1898, by his trustees, Sarah Kay, his widow, and Edmund Crayston, his friend, being part of a large bequest to this church. Mr. Kay was for about 20 years a regular attendant at this place of worship."

I believe I am correct in saying that Mr. Kay himself never claimed to be the "originator" of "Bradshaw." Some

months after the unveiling of the memorial window, I had a little correspondence with Mrs. Harriet Christine Collinson, then living at Ingle Dene, Overton, Frodsham, in Cheshire (the only daughter of Robert Diggles Kay's younger brother Joseph), who wrote :

“The idea or suggestion of the ‘Guide’ originated in the mind of George Bradshaw. This idea was carried into effect by my uncle, Robert Diggles Kay, and the ‘Guide’ in its infancy and for forty years later was the production of his brain. He was very naturally proud of his achievement, and justly claimed the honour of being its first editor and compiler. As his sole surviving relative, I have no desire to secure for my esteemed uncle any portion of the credit and honour due to Mr. Bradshaw, the originator of the ‘Guide.’”

In another letter, Mrs. Collinson mentioned that the reason why her uncle left the Grammar School to become a letterpress printer, instead of proceeding to the University and becoming a barrister, was that his father “lost his money through having become bond for a friend.” Her Kay ancestors, she added, were of the same stock as the re-founder of the Grammar School.

WILLIAM HEWITSON.

OLD BOYS' NOTES.

CONGRATULATIONS.—Ben Crapper, of Oldham, Alderman, L. C. C. ; J. T. Cronshaw, Lance-Corporal, O. T. C., Manchester University :—Certificate “B.”; R. D. G. Denning and P. S. Howarth, success of the Old Boys' Dinner ; R. T. Hardman, B.Sc. (Honours in Chemistry), 1910, M.Sc., 1911, and Fellow of Manchester University, 1912 ; C. E. Jones, married ; M. Parkinson, Final Examination of the Auctioneers and Estate Agents' Institute of the United Kingdom ; J. E. Ramsbottom, D.Sc. (Manchester).

“Owensia” notes are somewhat scanty this Term, for most of our Old Boys at Manchester University are chiefly “hoping for the best,” as our Correspondent quaintly puts it. Our good wishes go with F. L. Buxton, J. T. Cronshaw and C. G. Lees in their forthcoming attempt to pass their Final B.A., B.Sc., and M.B., respectively. A. Lowe is steadily pursuing his Engineering Course but has no examination in the near future.

We extend a hearty welcome to A. F. Sykes, S. H. Sutton and J. D. Isherwood who have returned to the old country from West Africa, Calcutta and Uganda, respectively. We understand that Isherwood met another Old Boy, Fred Fletcher, in Nairobi, Uganda. In conjunction with two other gentlemen Mr. Fletcher purchased some 18,000 acres of land in Uganda, at the confluence of the rivers Thererika and Ruitu, tributaries of the Athi. At first the three friends lived together, but, finding in course of time that under this arrangement they could not look after the whole tract, they divided it into three portions. Mr. Fletcher's farm, which he has named Ruika, thus covers an area of some ten square miles. On it he keeps poultry, ostriches and hens. Its most profitable produce, however, is agricultural. Vast crops of wheat are raised, while rubber trees and a peculiar kind of grass, called wattle, flourish exceedingly. In a few years Mr. Fletcher intends to irrigate his land by means of the two rivers and to grow sugar cane and cotton. The hippopotamus, by the way, is found in these rivers and is shot for its hide and flesh, the former being used for making whips, the latter for food. The king of beasts, too, is an inhabitant of these regions, and when Mr. Fletcher first went out no one was allowed outside at night after seven o'clock. The nearest town is Nairobi, some twenty miles distant, and through it passes the new Uganda railway.

J. E. Ramsbottom who has recently secured his D.Sc. at Manchester University, is Chemist to the Government Airship Factory at Farnborough, near Aldershot.

B. Hardman is ~~chief~~ Chief Chemist at the Kodak Factory, Wealdstone, Middlesex.

The following extract from a letter sent to Mr. Denning in connection with the Old Boys' Dinner will no doubt be of interest to our readers:—

"You may be interested to hear that some years ago I was walking along George Street, Sydney, New South Wales, when the wind blew a newspaper to my feet. It was a copy of

the "Bury Guardian" containing an account of Bury winning the English Cup. The address, which had been written on the paper, was Mr. — Briggs, 27 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W. I took the paper round to him and found that he was an old Bury Grammar School boy who remembered Mr. Tomlinson and the Rev. W. H. Howlett very well.

With kind regards,

I remain, Yours faithfully,

T. ROSTRON HEWART."

A presentation was recently made at Exeter to W. J. Billiatt for having crossed part of the Australian Continent with Stewart's party. Mr. Billiatt came from Grantham and was a boarder under Mr. Hilliard.

The oldest 'Old Boy' present at the Old Boys' Dinner was Alderman Battersby, who left in 1845. Is he the oldest 'Old Boy' living?

The following Old Boys have recently become subscribers to the School Magazine. We are grateful to Mr. Norton for his valuable help in this direction: A. H. Gregson, 8, Fort Road, Sedgley Park, Prestwich; H. Whitehead, 11, Newhall Road, Jericho, Bury; J. Ramsbottom, Lodge Mills, Shuttleworth; R. T. Hardman, 32, Stockton Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy; H. P. Cain, Stubbins Villa, Ramsbottom; J. Lord, Manley Park School, Manchester; A. McFarlane, East View, Woodside, Horsforth, near Leeds; C. C. Farr, Union Bank of Manchester, Bury Branch; H. A. Shaw; E. Alcock, L. & Y. Bank, Silver Street, Bury; Lewis Holmes, 23, Royal Street, Bury; E. Lord, London City & Midland Bank, Silver Street, Bury; B. R. Nicholson, 21, Albany Road, Victoria Park, Manchester.

In Waddington Church, Yorkshire, there is a stained glass window composed of three panels. The window represents Moses holding in his hand the two tables of stone, and surrounded by the Israelites. Underneath the window is the following inscription:—

"In loving memory of the Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Holker of Colthurst in this parish. Born March 28, 1828, died May 24, 1882. From his wife Mary Lucia."

Sir John Holker received part of his education at the Bury Grammar School, and afterwards became a Q.C. and Attorney-General under Lord Beaconsfield.

SOME NOTES ON THE OLD BOYS' DINNER.

There is no doubt that the Old Boys' Association, as re-organised over a year ago, is in a prosperous condition. The Second Annual Dinner was held in the Athenæum on Founder's Day, and there were 174 persons present.

The Head Master, the President of the Association, was in the chair, and a very happy evening was spent. The Hon. Secretaries, and in fact all the Committee, are to be heartily congratulated upon the success which has crowned their efforts.

We are informed that over 1,000 circulars were sent out. This must have meant a very great deal of work for the Hon. Secretaries. All Old Boys become members of the Association on their names and addresses being given to the Hon. Secretaries, who have many names of Old Boys whose addresses they cannot trace although they have made diligent search for them. There must also be many Old Boys who, through no fault on the part of the Hon. Secretaries, did not receive circulars. If any such read these notes, may we ask them to send in their names and addresses at once so that the Hon. Secretaries may have as complete a list of Old Boys as possible.

At the President's Table were seated those Old Boys who left the School many years ago. Amongst these was Alderman Battersby who left the School in 1845. He was the oldest Old Boy present.

Mr. Thomas Kay, the Mayor of Stockport, was the Guest. Mr. Kay has done much for the School. He brought with him

a very fine bronze bust of Seneca as a present to the School. It has been placed in the VI. Form Room.

The Old Boys were divided into groups, according to the year when each left the School. There were representative Old Boys present from the year 1845 to the year 1911. This covers a very long period of time.

The groups were separated from each other by red tape. We could not tell why red tape had been used, but we suppose that one of our Hon. Secretaries had allowed his legal mind to get the better of him. However, the red tape was not allowed to hamper the proceedings in any way.

After the toast of the King had been honoured, the Chairman gave us permission to smoke. We do not think that we have ever before seen so much tobacco smoke at one time.

One of the most striking events of the evening was the welcome given by the Old Boys to the Rev. E. J. S. Lamburn when he rose to respond for "The School." The Old Boys value an old Friend.

During the evening the President received a telegram of congratulation from the Old Boys of the School who live in London. They also were having a Dinner to celebrate Founder's Day.

There were many songs, instrumental solos and recitations, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

We noticed that several Old Boys who were present at the First Dinner were absent this year. No date can possibly suit everyone. It is intended always to hold the dinner on May 6th, Founder's Day, so that all Old Boys should keep this date free if possible.

The following are the Officers of the Society :—

President : The Head Master.

Chairman of Committee : Saml. Woodcock, Junr.

Hon. Treasurer : Cecil Farr.

Hon. Secretaries : R. D. G. Denning and P. S. Howarth.

Committee : John Downham, representing the years (1845—1870),
H. T. Bull (1871—1880), Frank Metcalf (1881—1883),
John E. Brown (1884—1886), Wilfred A. Ashworth
(1887—1889), Harold Ashworth (1890—1892), V. H.
Nuttall (1893—1895), Harold Whitehead (1896—1898),
J. W. Burgoyne and J. R. Crompton (1899—1901),
J. H. Sleigh (1902—1904), R. S. Ashworth (1905—1907),
W. Anderson (1907 to date).

We hope to be present at the next Annual Dinner.

TO THE B. G. S. S. C.

There is a time when on the languid pool
The west wind plays, with breaths of cooling air,
And thick leaves rustling scatter here and there
Bright gleams of light 'mid shadows dark and cool ;
The ripples gently murmur in the sedge ;
The swallows dart with twittering flight above
The surface, and the cooing of the dove
Sounds from the drowsy elm-trees on the edge
Of the clear water ; and the placid trout
Lies basking on the pebbles of the stream :
And all the landscape quivers in the heat.
Then swimmers love to plunge with careless shout
In the translucent depths where sunbeams gleam
Amid the limpid waters clear and sweet.

J. B. W.

"LA CRITIQUE DOIT ÊTRE BONNE FILLE."

Our Annual Entertainment is considered by the people of Bury as an important social event which must on no account be missed. For many years they have been delighted with excellent and varied programmes, while the freshness of the youthful actors is.

always a welcome relief from the affectation so characteristic of a professional performance. Accordingly, on February 3rd, a good mustering of parents and boys eagerly awaited the rise of the curtain.

I sometimes wonder how many of those present realise the real value of these entertainments. It does not, as most seem to think, lie in the amount of money taken, but rather in the way they affect the imagination of the performers. If, as is often the case, a boy has dramatic ability, and enters thoroughly into the spirit of his part, his imaginative powers develop amazingly, and a man of some imagination is an acquisition to any class of society.

The first item was an amusing little farce, entitled "Packing-up." It dealt with the blunders—and bad temper—of a young husband who, man-like, imagined he could pack his effects in two minutes, and bullied his wife unmercifully. The parts were well sustained by Smith, J. Y. (Mr. Chugwater), Miss K. Howlett (his wife) and Mr. Warrilow (luggage man). A generous round of applause rewarded their efforts.

Turns of a more serious nature followed. W. Holding, fresh from his success at the local Musical Festival, gave a beautiful rendering of "The lark now leaves his watery nest"; then came in quick succession a violin duet by the brothers Morris, an amusing action-song "The tall top hat," an exhibition of bar-bell exercises by the Junior School, and a humorous duet by Messrs. Spivey and Denning, each of which received well-merited applause. A recitation by Binns i, concluded the first half of the programme. Binns has the makings of a very capable elocutionist; he has dramatic power, a good accent, and sufficient imagination to enter thoroughly into the spirit of his rendering.

The whole of the second half was filled by a comedy entitled "The First Day of the Holidays." The theme of this play was by no means new—an old professor and a few country bumpkins at the mercy of two schoolboys—but the audience was not very critical and enjoyed it immensely. Candidly speaking, I do not think the above was worthy of the actors. Those of us who

remember the glorious times of "She stoops to conquer" and know what the boys are capable of, feel inclined to protest against the waste of talent involved in the production of such pieces as "The First Day of the Holidays." With so much good material to hand, with Sheridan, Goldsmith and many other well-written works at our disposal, it is rather annoying to see so much talent frittered away on trivialities; moreover, the colour and humour of Old English Comedy would prove invaluable in that development of the imagination to which I have already referred. Nevertheless, whatever we may think of the play, there can be no two opinions about the acting; there was not one performer who did not rise to the occasion. Mr Hignett made a capital old bookworm, while his nephews were ably played by Greenhalgh and Stott ii. The latter was a little inclined to 'sing' his words and at times gave one the impression that he had not entered into the spirit of his part; Greenhalgh, on the other hand, was occasionally a little too grown-up in his manner. As the cobbler's son, S. C. Jackson was slightly 'throaty' in his delivery, but otherwise quite good. I cannot, however, deny myself expression of the pleasure I derived from the performance of Nolan, as the constable, and Wild, as the cobbler: Wild should be much to the fore in future representations, for his impersonation of the cantankerous old 'boot-bungler' was natural and convincing, while Nolan, who had the somewhat difficult task of providing the low comedy, was quite at his best as the village Paul Pry.

Thus was another histrionic success registered on our School annals. The entertainment was not without its faults, but as each year these seem to grow fewer in number, I think we may confidently look forward to even greater achievements upon our stage.

CRITICUS.

HOUSE SOCIALS.

DERBY.

A Social in connection with this House was held on Friday, April 11th, and was a most enjoyable function. Tea was served

in the Dining Hall at 5 o'clock, after which games were played in the Kay Hall by the smaller boys under the direction of Mr. Round, games and competitions being indulged in by the bigger boys. Spencer won the Photo. Competition with 15 out of 16 marks, and D. Burgoyne the Advertisement. At 7 o'clock the whole House assembled in the Kay Hall, and, after a few remarks from the House Master, Mr. R. D. G. Denning, an excellent entertainment was provided of songs, recitations, boxing and wrestling, those contributing being the House Master, Hartington i, Binns i, Buxton, Hilton i, and Park, the accompanists being Isherwood and Y. Smith.

"God Save the King" and resounding cheers for the House concluded an excellent evening at 8 o'clock.

HULME.

A Social Evening for the Hulme House was held at the School on Wednesday, April 16. About 50 past and present members of the House sat down to tea at 6 p.m. under the charge of the House Master, Mr. C. H. G. Sprankling. The House President, Col. G. E. Wike, joined a little later, and, in a short speech, gave the boys some good advice in his well-known style. After tea an Advertisement Competition and Whist Drive were gone through, the winners of prizes being I. Wild (advertisements, 22 out of a possible 24) and Cooke (whist, 90 points from 10 hands). The smaller boys enjoyed games in the Central Hall, the proceedings being brought to a close about 8-30 p.m.

O. T. C. NOTES.

Everything is going very well indeed. Everybody is quite keen, and progress is being made month by month. We are more efficient than we were six months ago, and six months hence we hope to be more efficient still. Our numbers have gone up and altogether we are one hundred and twelve strong. This has necessitated our getting nineteen more rifles from the government stores and we had to get some new equipment last autumn. What is more, it looks as if we shall need a further small supply at no

distant date, and there is a prospect of an immediate supply of a few great-coats before camp. These are to be procured through the energies of the corps itself.

The musketry practice is well on. We have taken advantage of the light weather both after school and on half-holidays. Progress is necessarily slow. It would be improved by the addition of one or two new miniature rifles. The firing end of the range has been improved by the building of a comfortable platform, for which our thanks are due to Mr. Henry Whitehead and Mr. Thomas Kay, of Stockport.

Our programme for the summer is extensive, instructive and interesting. It will be necessary for cadets to sacrifice freely of their spare time, and there is no doubt they will do it.

On May 6th, as usual, there was Church Parade in the morning, followed by some interesting work in the afternoon. On Saturday, June 7th, there will be a full parade at School as a final preparation for the Inspection which will be held on June 14th. On July 5th, a field day at Holcombe will be held, and on July 29th, we go to camp. Most important of all, on July 12th, we have a part in the military arrangements for the visit of the King and Queen. An additional field day or two may be arranged, but this will depend partly on what progress we make in musketry.

During the past year we have sent in candidates for Certificate A. Wood i, Wild i, Morris i, F. Jackson, Hartington, Lund, Jobling and Wolstenholme, are wholly or partially through. The practical part was examined by Major Adair, and the tactical exercise set was the protection of the Fever Hospital against attack from the north.

This year the camp is to be held at Cannock Chase, and the Officer Commanding hopes that all boys who are eligible will attend. The training given is very good indeed, and, as a holiday, is highly satisfactory. The weather, of course, is a very important factor, but so it is wherever one spends a holiday. Last year the Commanding Officer did not recommend any one to go to camp, since he had not had experience of O.T.C. camps then. Now, however, he has no hesitation in saying that he regards it as ten

days excellently spent. The life is healthy, the food is good, conditions are sanitary, exercise is ample but not too much, and everybody is well cared for. Cadets and parents think of it! What could you wish for more? We hope for a "ripping" time this summer.

Before Christmas we had a Hot Pot Supper at the School. It was so much of a success that we hope to have another this winter. A hundred and fifty were present, including the Head Master, and most of the other masters, and Col. Wike. The Head Master and Col. Wike spoke to the boys briefly but to the point, and afterwards "The Garricks" gave an entertainment which was very highly appreciated. "The Garricks," it should be said, are old boys who have taken upon themselves the task of lightening the lives of others, and this they do very successfully.

FIELD DAY AT KNOWSLEY.

Ninety cadets paraded at School on the morning of the 13th March, at 7-15, and journeyed by rail to Huyton. From there the contingent marched to the eastern entrance to Knowsley Park and joined the contingents from Liverpool College, Liverpool Institute, St. Bees and Rossall. These formed part of a force of invaders supposed to have landed at Hull and marched across England to Manchester, which city they had taken. From there detachments had been sent out to occupy the various towns of Lancashire. A number of cadets supposed to be defending Liverpool were occupying Knowsley Park. These were the contingents from Stonyhurst, Shrewsbury, Wellington and Ellesmere Schools. It was necessary for these to be driven out before the invading force could occupy Liverpool, and this was the special idea of the scheme. The invaders were under the command of Major Trist, of Rossall, and Major Percival, D.S.O., from the War Office, acted as Umpire. On the whole the honours of the day fell to the invaders. The boys were acquainted with the scheme beforehand, and, I think they fully appreciated the manœuvres and enjoyed the day which was fine and warm. They arrived at Bury about 7 o'clock in the evening.