

THE CLAVIAN

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No. 24.

APRIL, 1915.

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THE MAGAZINE OF THE Bury Grammar School for Boys.

No. 24.

APRIL, 1915.

IN MEMORIAM.

In every wood the fluty notes of spring
Awaken tree, and bird, and beast, and flower :
The primrose decks each copse, and violets fling
Their perfume o'er each shady sylvan bower ;
In varied choir the woodland wakes to song,
Sweet throstle-notes and blackbird-whistles swell
With the low humming of the laden bee,
Labouring to fill the much-depleted cell ;
And, when is hushed at dusk the daylight throng,
In unmarred joy the nightingale among
The moonlit glades pours forth her harmony.

Immortal bird ! undying as cold grief
That blights the heart's spring as an April frost
Blights and withers the early-opening leaf
And slays with cruel bite the flowery host.
Our hearts are shrouded in a mist of pain,
That curtain-wise shadows the golden day ;
The warm, warm sun wrapt in cloud-fantasies
Wraith-like through fog-cloaked spaces speeds his way ;
And Sorrow builds of mist her ghostly fane,
Piling its joy-riven pinnacles again,
That veil the happy light from tear-dimmed eyes.

Mute is the voice that once we knew so well,
 Empty the custom'd place he so long fill'd—
 Silence and emptiness unchangeable :—
 The presence gone ! The well-known accents stilled !
 Ah ! the unbroken silence of the grave ;
 Ah ! the unending emptiness of death
 That with slow foot o'er mortal senses creeps,
 When life to breathlessness gives up its breath ;
 When the soul ventures on the ether-wave,
 Alone, alone through untold time to brave
 The unknown perils of the bare star-deeps.

B. O. B

SCHOOL NOTES.

The Rev. Edward John Sewell Lamburn was appointed an assistant master at the Bury Grammar School in August, 1876. At that time the staff consisted of the Head Master, the second master or usher, and a third master. There was also a French master. Mr. Lamburn was third master. He has been taken from us, but we can all recall him to our memories last term as he sat in the Fifth Form Room in the ancient chair which had seen the installation of so many Head Masters. Around him were piled heaps of exercise books, and errors were carefully noted in red ink. Many a time as I have left the school at 4-30 p.m. or 5 p.m. I have seen him at his desk hard at work, for he disliked arrears. Thoroughness was his motto, of which the School still retains traces in its Senior Forms. And this rested on the plinth of duty. Duty stood first, and his actions were regulated by it, and from it he never swerved. Of his work as a Parish Priest I shall not speak, except to say that many have spoken in the highest terms of his sermons. It was on "speech days" that he was most famous, and many of us can remember his careful drilling of the actors and his delight in the preparation for the great Shakespearean speech. It was glorious to see such enthusiasm. He never courted popularity, and yet none of us can ever forget the spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm when he rose up at our Old Boys' Dinner to respond to the toast of the

Assistant Masters of the School. It may be hard sometimes to gauge the power or influence of a master's work upon school life. And yet he must have left in that long service of school work of 38 years a deep mark, which only grew deeper as the years passed, and no old boy who was present at those dinners will ever forget his impassioned appeal to the old boys to put duty first, though it were to their own hindrance. He passed away from us on the 16th of March after a brief illness, and was buried on the following Saturday in St. Paul's Churchyard, six of the senior prefects acting as bearers. Old Boys will regret the loss of his cheery speeches, and Masters and Old Boys past and present will wish to express their sympathy to his wife and family in their loss.

W.H.H.

VALETE !—John Bridge, E. O. Broome, H. Crompton, J. E. Hartington, J. M. Lord, C. H. Scholes, J. H. S. Smith, N. V. Smoult.

SALVETE !—James Bridge, W. S. Calvert, C. Clough, R. M. Denning, C. O. Halstead, J. Hamer, S. Hamer, G. E. Heywood, H. W. G. Hignett, E. Hurst, H. Hutton, E. F. M. Maddox, A. J. M. Maddox, H. Spibey, T. S. Sorsbe, B. Sykes, F. G. Sykes.

Pueri Auctoritate Graves :—

Captain of the School : J. M. Maddox.

Prefects : J. M. Maddox, R. Morris, W. E. Rigby, G. H. Dykes, B. O. Binns, G. L. R. Brown, F. F. Marks.

Football Captains : First Eleven, W. E. Rigby ; Second Eleven, J. M. Maddox ; Third Eleven, Hamer i, J. ; Fourth Eleven, Taylor ii, F.

Cricket Captains : First Eleven, R. Morris ; Second Eleven, J. M. Maddox ; Third Eleven, Hamer i, J. ; Fourth Eleven, O. H. Hall.

Hon Sec. (Sports): J. Whittle : Assistant : L. Wild.

Hon. Storekeeper: F. F. Marks ; Assistant : C. E. Hartington.

Fifty-one candidates entered for the Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes French Examination on March 26. We owe our thanks to Messrs. H. T. Bull, P. S. Howarth and H. Sellen for kindly supervising our efforts. Since the Board of Education is opposed to pupils under 15 entering for a public examination, our entrants have dropped by nearly half.

J. M. Maddox, son of the Rev. J. M. Maddox, Vicar of St. Mark's, Bury, has been successful in winning the Bishop Lee Scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge. It is of the annual value of £115, and is held for three years. This is the first time the Bury Grammar School has won the scholarship. It is confined to sons of active clergy in the diocese of Manchester, and was founded by Bishop Prince Lee. The examination is in classics and Greek Testament. Men from various schools in the country, and one at Trinity College, competed, so that Maddox's success reflects great credit on himself and the school. The news of his son's success was conveyed to the Rev. J. M. Maddox in a letter from the Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Knox, who is one of the three trustees of the fund, the other two being the Dean of Manchester and the Chancellor. In July Maddox was successful in passing the examination of the Joint Board of Oxford and Cambridge, with a very fine set of Latin and Greek verses. On the strength of this examination the authorities at Trinity College, Cambridge, have awarded him a sub-sizarship of £35 per year. He will, therefore, proceed to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, with scholarships of the annual value of £150.

The Debating Society has held five meetings this session :
 (1) December 17th: speaker, Mr. Hignett. Morris i. moved
 "that England was justified in taking part in the war." Rigby

seconded. Maddox i. opposed and Spibey supported him. After an interesting debate, in which the opposition displayed much persistence and resource, the motion was carried by 9 votes to 3.

(2) January 28th: speaker, Mr. Hignett. This was an informal meeting, in the nature of a literary and scientific *causerie*. In particular, some poems of Tennyson were read and discussed.

(3) February 11th: speaker, Mr. Hignett. Maddox i. championed the cause of the Beautiful v. the Useful, and was ably supported by Wild. Jackson i. and Mr. Hendrie spoke on behalf of the Useful. Beauty eventually won by a casting vote.

(4) February 18th: speaker, Mr. Woodd. Jackson i. moved that civilization is not a failure. G. L. Brown opposed. Wild and Maddox i. spoke third and fourth. Ten other speeches were made. The motion was carried by 3 votes.

(5) March 4th: speaker, Mr. Woodd. F. Cook moved that we are too fond of sport. Morris i. opposed. Maddox i. spoke third. Hamer i. spoke fourth. The motion was lost by 14 votes to 3.

Taking advantage of stray fine days, the Wednesday afternoon rambles in connection with the Bury Grammar School have been resumed, and at Heaton Park on January 27th some 39 boys were permitted to enter and inspect the large Y.M.C.A. Hut. Many of the "Pals"—off duty—were present, and were pleasurably entertained by Masters Whittam, Hazlitt, Thorpe and Melia, who sang "Rule Britannia" and the "Marseillaise" (in French), the rest of the boys joining in the chorus. In the park, many separate units were receiving instruction, and the boys, from their own school training, fully appreciated the varying degrees of efficient movement shown by the willing, if erratic, recruit to the more finished cohesion of those with longer training. They were also fortunate in seeing some 100 men go through the Swedish drill, and the prompt carrying out of sharp orders was for the boys an instructive object lesson out of school.

On Wednesday, February 10th, a party of 19 boys had a glorious tramp over Ashworth Moors and the Norden district, returning by Windle Nick and Cuckoo Narrow.

A party of boys, under the charge of Messrs. C. H. G. Sprankling, A. C. Round and Hendrie, paid a visit on Wednesday afternoon, 17th February, to the Bury Infirmary, in order to see an X-Ray demonstration. Dr. Sonntag, who was in charge of the demonstration, first explained how the mercury was vaporised for the mercury break in the Rumkorf coil, and then how the focus tube worked; and he exhibited the screen of barium platino-cyanide on which the rays are received. A purse containing money was placed between the focus tube and the screen, and the shadows cast examined. It was possible to count the money inside the purse without opening it. One of the boys then went on to the table and had a damaged shin bone examined. The doctor asked if any of the smaller boys would care to go on the table in order that the action of the heart might be seen. A "victim" was soon forthcoming, and some amusement was caused by the metal objects in the boy's pockets showing up black and prominent on the screen. The doctor then showed some wonderful 12-in. sparking, and as the coil in the school laboratory is only capable of a 5-in. spark, this was quite a novel sight.

The operating theatre was next visited, and there were seen the various anæsthetics, and the method of their administration was shown. The sterilising plant was next examined, and then an adjournment was made to the Board-room, where some interesting X-Ray photographs were seen, the doctor explaining any necessary details. Before leaving the Infirmary a visit was paid to the model laundry in the grounds.

The thanks of both boys and masters are due to the doctor, not only for his lucid explanation of the technical difficulties, but also for his kindness in devoting so much of his time to appease the curiosity of the modern schoolboy.

S.C.J.

"Jacob's Ladder," a picturesque and winding steep leading down to a narrow footbridge spanning the river Irwell at a point near Nuttall Hall, witnessed an unusual event on Wednesday afternoon, February 24th, in the sudden quietude of some 36 schoolboys of normal—or rather abnormal—lung power. A short acquaintance with such a healthy crowd would enable anyone to appreciate the amount of self-repression exercised by them in enduring the agony of sitting still, while an expert photographer of 12 years was making cock sure that "he'd got 'em" all on the range-finder of his kodak camera. Their release was the signal for sounds other than musical. In passing through the ruined village of Nuttall the windowless cottages and tumbled walls of an old mill so impressed the youngest member of the party that he pertinently and seriously asked, "Have the Germans done it?" The remains of a massive stone water-wheel race proved interesting, and a short account of the rise and decline of water-wheel power was listened to with interest. Later the castellated tower and walls of a farm building aroused the war fever in the more imaginative, only to end in disappointment when they learned its pacific uses. Near Brandlesholme Hall two large motor waggons were seen in a field, and a driver, in response to the inquiring boys, told them that the ground was being prepared for the erection of a new mill to manufacture a captured German silk trade.—A.C.R.

Mr. L. Holmes, an old scholar of Bury Grammar School, has been appointed Temporary Master in the Junior School.

Mr. Sprankling has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Philatelic Society.

A lecture on Belgium and the war was given in the Kay Hall on 16th February, by the Rector of Bury (the Rev.

J. C. Hill), chairman of the Board of Governors of the School. There was a good attendance of past and present boys and friends.

The Rector said he thought boys at a school like that ought to be intelligently interested in that tremendous war, in which, perhaps, before it came to an end, some of them might have to play an active part. He did not believe there was any headmaster in England who could say that his sons were doing more for their country at the present time than the Headmaster of the Bury Grammar School. (Applause). Three of his sons were engaged in the work of attending to the sick and wounded. He supposed they were all quite sure that our country had gone into the war with perfectly clean hands. We did not want to fight; we were in because we were compelled to go in by obligations of honour and self-interest. It was quite true to say that no nation, with one exception, wanted the war. Servia, Russia, France and Belgium did not want war; he did not imagine Austria wanted war; and he was quite sure Turkey did not want war; but Germany did. Germany thought that Russia was not prepared, that France could very easily be crushed, that Belgium did not matter, and that Great Britain would stay outside; and so Germany sent her ultimata to Russia and France, and she absolutely refused to listen to any counsel which made for peace, because she had got it into her head that now was the time for her to strike—first on the West, and then on the East, and make herself not only mistress of Europe, but as she fondly hoped, mistress of the world. The Germans believed that war was the best thing for any state; and that when they went to war they could tear up treaties, hack their way through, be as frightful as it was possible to be, disregard all laws of honour and humanity, make war on old men, women and children; fire on churches and hospitals, and, in fact, do anything that could cause them to appear more terrible and so help to win the victory on which they had set their hearts.

A number of views of magnificent buildings in various towns of Belgium now devastated by the Germans, and of soldiers and warships were exhibited.

The annual prize distribution took place in the Roger Kay Hall of the School on Tuesday, 15th December. In consequence of the war the proceedings were of a quiet character, there being no entertainment. The prizes were presented to the winners by Colonel Deane, Commanding the Lancashire Fusiliers' Depôt, Wellington Barracks, Bury. Colonel George E. Wike, a member of the Board of Governors, occupied the chair in the absence of the Chairman of the Board, the Rector of Bury (the Rev. J. C. Hill). Colonel Wike said it was a disappointment to find that the Chairman of the School was not able to be present. He congratulated the Head Master on the roll of honour he had read. There appeared in it the names of three of his (the Head Master's) own sons. It was a proud position for any Englishman to be able to state that he had three sons serving the country at the front. He also congratulated the Head Master on the result of the school work, and said he believed the classical work had been exceedingly good indeed. Colonel Deane attached the badge on the head boy of the school, J. E. Hartington, amid cheers.

Subsequently the Headmaster read the following extract from a letter from the Rector: "I was not going to have said much, but the burden of my remarks would have been that the war had completely vindicated the public schools of England. My own, one of the smallest in numbers of the famous public schools, is able to issue a list of 'some Harrovians in the Army' which—incomplete as it admittedly is—shows over 1,250 names, from General Smith-Dorrien, who saved the Army in the rearguard action in August, and General Wolfe Murray, the new Inspector General, to hundreds of lieutenants; and I believe it is more or less the same with all our schools. The worst of it is that already Harrow has lost over 60 of her sons; and I fear that is but a small proportion of what the loss will be before all is over. I think our school—I mean Bury—has done well; and I doubt if there is another headmaster in England who could say he had got three sons at the front engaged in the noble work of caring for the wounded and the sick."

In his report the Headmaster said he had already read the names of the "old boys" who had the honour to serve their country at the front. The war obsessed all. Though the school had been more than ordinarily successful he would content himself with recording simply its scholastic and athletic distinctions :— W. Morris, Classical Scholarship, £30, at Emmanuel College, Cambridge ; Lancashire C.C., £60 ; Kay Scholarship, £30. J. M. Maddox, Lee Scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, £115. A. N. Phillips, Archbishop's Scholarship, £50, at Queen's College, Cambridge. Queen's Exhibition, £10 ; Kay Scholarship, £30. J. B. Wood, Openshaw Scholarship, £30 at St. Edmund's Hall ; Haworth Scholarship, £15. J. Y. Smith, Bury Corporation Scholarship, £50, Peterhouse, Cambridge. E. Jones, Mathematical Tripos, Part II., II., Christ College, Cambridge. G. H. I. Lees, Dauntsey Medical Scholarship, £45, at Victoria University ; Kay Scholarship, £30. W. Morris, Champion, Public Schools' Cup, being 1st in long jump, 1st in quarter-mile, 2nd in the 100 yards. J. M. Maddox, 2nd in mile. The "old boys" had made a noble response to their country's call, and he hoped it might be possible to place their names in the Kay Hall by some suitable memorial, that their service may be remembered for all time. It seemed to him the "old boys" would be better able to stand the strain and stress of the trenches if they knew that they, on that 15th of December, had remembered them at the prize giving, and that when they were shedding their blood for their King and country, they in that comfortable and peaceful hall, away from the shrieking horrors of shell and shrapnel, were giving to them those silent memories. He had reason to be proud of the school and the "old boys." They had done their duty nobly at the country's call for King and Fatherland ; and "we also serve who can but stand and wait."

Colonel Deane, after expressing regret at the Rector's absence, said he was proud to be there and present those prizes. He referred to the completeness of the Grammar School and to how very up-to-date everything was, and congratulated the masters

and the school on having won those two splendid scholarships at Cambridge, his old university. The school had done extremely well in athletics, and was to be congratulated upon holding the splendid trophies, including the Public Schools' Challenge Cup won at Stamford Bridge. It showed they worked hard to make themselves fit and strong. He referred to the Officers' Training Corps, and to the magnificent roll of honour, which contained something like 150 names of "old boys" who had come forward to serve their country in the hour of need. He thought Captain Spivey was much to be congratulated on the smartness of the corps, and the trouble he must have taken. The rifle range was one of the best he had ever seen ; it was a magnificent one, perfectly equipped.

MEMORABILIA.

Sports Day—Wednesday, 19th May.

Whitsuntide Holidays—Thursday, 20th May, to Monday, 7th June.

Swimming Sports—Monday, 7th June.

Elementary Schools Scholarship Examination—Saturday, 12th June, and Monday, 14th June.

Higher Certificate Examination—Friday, 9th July, to Saturday, 24th July.

Oxford Locals.—Thursday, 15th July, to Saturday, 24th July.

Summer Holidays—Thursday, 29th July, to Wednesday, 15th September.

Half Term Holiday—Monday, 1st November.

Christmas Holidays—Wednesday, 22nd December, to Wednesday, 19th January, 1916.

SCHOOL REGISTER (*Continued*).

- John William, son of John Billiatt, of Honington, Lincolnshire, Farmer, æt. 15. Feb. 1858. Left Mids. 1859.
- Walter Hugh, son of Robert Haldane Paterson, of Brigg, Lincolnshire, Surgeon, æt. 11. Feb. 1858. Left Mids. 1860.
- Arthur, son of William Bentley, Engineer, æt. 14. Rem^d from Lower School Feb. 1858. Left Xmas 1858.
- Robert Valentine Blake Evanson, son of the Rev. R. M. Evanson, Incumbent of Ainsworth, Bolton-le-Moors. March 1858 [a re-admission]. Left Mids^r 1858.
- Roger, son of Richard Walker, Iron Founder, æt. 11. Removed from Lower School Aug^r 1858.
- Robert, son of Thomas Openshaw, Cotton Spinner, æt. 13. Removed from Lower School, Aug^r 1858. Left Xmas 1859.
- Thomas James, son of John Hoyle, Manager, æt. 13. Removed from Lower School, Aug^r 1858. Left May 1859.
- Robert Wright, son of John O'Neil, Manager, æt. 11. Removed from Lower School Aug^r 1858. Left Xmas 1860.
- William, son of John Jameson, Surgeon, of Heywood, æt. 12. Removed from Lower School, Aug^r 1858. Left Mids. 1859.
- Robert, son of James Whitworth, Woollen Manuf^r of Park Hills, Bury, æt. 15. Rem^d fr: Low: Sch. Feb: 1859. Left May 1860.
- Thomas, son of William P. Woodcock, Solicitor, of Bury, æt. 13. Rem^d fr: Low: Sch. Feb. 1859. Left Mids. 1859.
- John, son of Samuel Houghton, Manager, of Elton, æt. 13. Rem^d fr: Low: Sch. Feb. 1859. Left Mids. 1859.
- Harold, son of Ralph Crompton, Parish Clerk, of Bury, æt. 12. Rem^d fr. Low: Sch: Feb: 1859. Left Xmas 1859.
- Henry Septimus, son of Thomas Bott, Surgeon, of Bury, æt. 11. Rem^d fr: Low: Sch: Feb. 1859. Left Xmas 1860.
- Robert, son of Henry Peel, Cotton Manuf^r of Lower Chesham, Bury, æt. 14. Rem^d fr: Low: Sch. Feb. 1859. Left June 1860.
- Frederick Henry Appleton, son of Philip Hardcastle, Wesleyan Minister, Bury, æt. 13. Rem^d fr: Low: Sch: Feb: 1859. Left Mids. 1859.
- James Richard, son of John Bridge, Corn Dealer, of Brandlesholme, nr. Bury, æt. 14. Rem^d fr: Low: Sch: Feb: 1859. Left Mids. 1860.

ROLL OF HONOUR (*Revised*).

Those marked * have already been at the front.

- Alcock, E., Private, 5th Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers, Egypt.
 Andrew, J. H., Private, Public Schools' Batt., Leatherhead.
 Ashworth, E., Captain, 5th Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers, Egypt.
 Ashworth, Robert S., Sec.-Lt., 5th (Res.) Batt. Lanc. Fus., Bury.
 *Appleby, W., Sec.-Lieut., 2nd Batt. Lanc. Fus., Exp. Force.
 Ashworth, W. P., Pte., 7th Batt. King's Liverpool Regt. Canterbury.
 Anderson, W., Private, 9th Royal Scots Highlanders, Edinburgh,
 ("Dandy Ninth.")
 Ashworth, H., Sec.-Lieut., 11th Batt. East Lanc. Regt., Accrington.
 Ashworth, S., Private, 19th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regiment.
 Barnes, Harry, Sec.-Lieut., 5th (Res.) Batt. Lanc. Fus., Bury.
 Bridge, John K., Lieut., 5th Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers, Egypt.
 Blomeley, Cyril, Sec.-Lieut., A.S.C., Welsh Division, Northampton.
 Bott, J. H., Private, 19th (Service) Batt., Manchester Regiment.
 Briggs, A., Public Schools' Battalion, Epsom.
 Boardman, A., Private, 4th Devon Regiment, India.
 Baxendale, J., Private, Public Schools' Battalion, Leatherhead.
 Blacow, E. M., Private, 17th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regt.
 *Barlow, Harold, Lance-Corporal, Civil Service Rifles.
 Buxton, Gilbert V., 5th Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers, Cairo.
 Butcher, R. W., Captain, 5th Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers, Cairo.
 Brown, Harry, Private, 5th Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers, Cairo.
 Boardman, T. H., Major, Kensington Batt. Royal Fusiliers.
 Bentley, Harold, Private, King's Own Royal Lancasters.
 Brunskill, E., Sergeant, 21st (Service) Batt. Manchester Regiment.
 Bradley, Hubert, Private, West Lanc. Div. R.E., Signalling Section.
 *Brierley, J., Midshipman, Royal Navy.
 Brown, Wm., Midshipman, Clan Macnaughton. (Drowned).
 Bouchier, Alan, Private, 16th Batt. Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
 Brierley, Walter, Royal Navy, Anglesea.
 Brooks, Jas. H., Private, 13th Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers, Chesterfield.
 Butcher, R. H., Sec.-Lieut. Warwickshire Regiment.
 Belchamber, H., Queen's Westminsters.
 Cartman, Tom, Private, 16th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regiment.
 Cain, Frank B., Private, Public Schools' Batt., Epsom.
 Cornell, Tom, Trooper, 11th Hussars, Colchester.
 Crabtree, Harold, R.A.M.C., Aldershot.
 *Calrow, James, Sergeant-Major, 1st Life Guards.
 *Clarabut, Reginald B., Sec.-Lieut., Civil Service Rifles.
 Coates, Thomas Gordon, Pte., Pub. Schools' Batt., Kempton Park.
 Coupe, C.A., Despatch Rider.
 *Calrow, Eric, R.A.M.C., 2nd West Lanc. Field Ambulance.
 Cornell, S. W., 22nd (Service) Batt. Manchester Regiment.
 Cain, Herbert P., Sec.-Lieut., 5th Batt. East Lancashire Regiment.

- Crawshaw, George, Sec.-Lieut., R.A.M.C., Southport.
 Crompton, Neville, Sec.-Lieut., 10th Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers.
 Cornall, W. E., Private, 22nd (Service) Batt. Manchester Regt.
 Chadwick, Roy, Sec.-Lieut., A.S.C.
 Clay, Geoffrey, Private, A.S.C.
- *Calderbank, Arthur, Private, M.T., A.S.C., France.
 Collins, Arthur E., Sec.-Lieut., R.E., Field Telegraph.
 Crompton, Sidney, Corporal, King's Own Rifles, Liverpool.
 Downham, Harold, Private, 7th (Salford) Batt. Lanc. Fus. Egypt.
 Downham, Fred, Trooper, 13th Hussars, Colchester.
- *Douglas, W. R., Captain, Manc. Regiment, T.F., Cairo.
 Douglas, T., Corpl., Fort Garry Horse, 1st Canadian Contingent.
 Dawson, Hubert, Private, 16th (Service) Batt. Manc. Regiment.
 Dawson, J. A., Royal Horse Guards.
- *Derbyshire, F., 11th Hussars.
 Dutton, — Private, 7th (Salford) Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers, Cairo.
 Dobson, A. P., Sec.-Lieut., 8th Berks. Regt., Machine Gun Section,
 25th R.L.R. Cyclist Battalion.
 Farrar, H. T., Sapper, 62126, 9th Signal Co., R.E., Telegraph
 Section, Stanhope Lines, Aldershot.
 Fitton, Arthur, Assistant Paymaster, H.M.S. "Royal Arthur."
- *George, W. R., Qr.-Master-Sergeant, R.A.M.C.
 Geldard, G., Lce-Corpl., 5th Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers, Egypt.
 Gleave, John, Tpr., Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry, S'port.
 Greenhalgh, Roy, Private, 20th (Service) Batt. Royal Fusiliers.
 Gregory, Bertram.
 Hardman, R. T., Sec.-Lieut., Loyal North Lancasters.
- *Hall, Harry, Private, 3rd Batt. Black Watch.
 Holt, A., Private, 5th (Res.) Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers, Bury.
 Hartington, J. E., Sec.-Lieut., 5th (Res.) Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers.
 Hamilton, Harold, Private, Queen's Rifles, Edinburgh.
 Halstead, T., Private, Public Schools' Batt., Leatherhead.
 Hutchinson, A., Private, Public Schools' Batt. Leatherhead.
 Hutchinson, F. Stacey, Private, 4th Batt. King's Liverpool Regt.
 Houghton, William, 11th (Service) Batt. Royal Fusiliers.
 Holmes, H. E., Private, South African Rifles.
 Holmes, P. L., Private, King's Royal Rifles.
 Holmes, E. O., Private, Middlesex Regiment.
 Hordern, A. V. C., 1st Rank Chaplain=Colonel.
 Hamer, C. O. Private, Public Schools' Batt., Epsom.
 Hall, Norman, Lieut., 5th (Res.) Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers, Bury.
 Hall, George, Sec.-Lieut., 5th (Res.) Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers, Bury.
 Howorth, F., Bandsman, 5th Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers, Egypt.
 Hayes, H. H., Private, 16th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regiment.
 Harding, F. S., Private, 17th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regiment.
 Howarth, H., Private, 17th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regiment.
 Howarth, J., Private, 17th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regiment.

- Howarth, E., Private, 18th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regiment.
 Halstead, J. F., Private, 19th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regt.
 Hilton, Harold, Gunner, R.F.A., Athlone.
 Hopkinson, J. K., Lance-Corporal, 11th Hussars, Colchester.
 *Hulme, Arthur, R.A.M.C.
 Howarth, Wright, Private, Middlesex Regiment, Shoreham.
 Hunter, James, Private, Canadian Contingent.
 *Howlett, A. W., Capt., R.A.M.C., 1st Gloucester Regt., Exp. Force.
 *Howlett, C. G., Capt., I.M.S., X Ray Dept., Exp. Force.
 *Howlett, L. W., Lieut., R.A.M.C., Rawul Pindi Base.
 *Hill, A. Conrad, E.R.A., H.M.S. Erin.
 Horrocks, Thomas Chadwick, E.R.A., H.M.S. Birmingham.
 (Mentioned in despatches).
 Haslam B., Trooper, Duke of Lancaster's Yeomanry, Southport.
 Holt, J. N. P., Sec.-Lt., West Lanc. Territorials, R.A.M.C. Transport.
 Howarth, F. W., 21st (Service) Batt. Royal Fusiliers.
 Jackson, Frank, Corporal, 19th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regt.
 Jackson, F. Trooper, 2nd Life Guards, Windsor.
 Jones, Ernest, Private, Inns of Court, O.T.C.
 Jackson, — Private, 19th City of London.
 Jobling, Joseph H., Sec.-Lieut., 17th (Service) Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers.
 Kay, J. F., Private, Public Schools' Battalion, Epsom.
 *Kay, Frank, Private, A.S.C., 1st London Division, T.F.
 Kay, Geoffrey C., Lieut., 5th Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers, Egypt.
 Lucas, T. F., Sergeant, Middlesex Regiment.
 Lucas, W., Private, 11th Fusiliers, Colchester.
 Lord, E., Trooper, Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, Tidworth.
 Lauria, F. B., Lance-Corporal, Loyal North Lancasters.
 Lauria, W. D., Private, King's Royal Rifles.
 Lord, Arthur, Royal Flying Corps.
 Lord, Harvey J., 19th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regiment.
 Lees, G. H. I., Private, 20th (Service) Batt. Royal Fusiliers.
 Lomax, A., Gunner, R.F.A., Lytham.
 Murgatroyd, Jas. H., Sec.-Lt., 13th (Service) Batt. L.F., Grantham.
 Mason, George, Private, 5th Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers, Egypt.
 *Minton, B. E., Trooper, 11th Hussars, France.
 Merriman, J., Gunner, R.F.A., Egypt
 Meadows, James, Tpr., 11th Cav. Res. (18th Hussars), Tidworth.
 Mills, B. H., Private, 7th Manchester Territorial Reserve.
 Morris, Wm., Private, 20th (Service) Batt. Royal Fusiliers.
 Moorhouse, Percy Farrar.
 Nuttall, Frank A., Trooper, 48th Highlanders.
 Newton, J. J., Private, Public Schools' Batt., Epsom.
 Nuttall, A. E., Private, 17th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regiment.
 Nuttall, Lance, Private, 5th Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers, Egypt.
 *Nuttall, Thomas Rupert, Captain, A.S.C., Exp. Force.
 Nuttall, Alfred, Private, R.E., Canada, Toronto.

- Nuttall, Wm., Sec.-Lieut., 17th Batt. Lanc. Fus. (Bob's Own).
 Olive Sydney, Private, R.E., Canadian Plymouth, Oct. 15/14.
 Openshaw, G. N., Capt., Loyal North Lanc. Regt. Tidworth.
 Orrell, H., Private, 5th City Batt., Manchester.
 Openshaw, G. A., Private, 3rd Public Schools' Batt., Leatherhead.
 *O'Neil, John, Private, M.T., A.S.C., France.
 Openshaw, Edgar N., Sec.-Lieut., Queen Mary's Surrey Yeomanry.
 Oldroyd, Tom, Private, Oxford & Bucks Light Infantry.
 Pickering, Frank, Major, R.E., Capetown.
 Packman, John Booth, Sec.-Lt., 5th (Res.) Batt. Lanc. Fus., Bury.
 Peacock, C. I., Trooper, 11th Hussars, Colchester.
 Peacock, A. H., Captain, 5th Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers, Egypt.
 Parkinson, Frank, Lieutenant.
 Pilling, Tom, Duke of Lancaster's Yeomanry, Southport.
 Pickup, — Private, Public Schools' Batt., Epsom.
 Parkinson, J. B., Private, 5th Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers, Egypt.
 Rothwell, Arthur, Private, Royal Fusiliers, Epsom.
 Ramsbottom, Reginald, Private, 20th (Service) Batt. Royal Fus.
 Ramsbottom, S. W., Private, 1st City Batt. Manchester Regiment
 Rostrom, Clarence T., Sec.-Lieut., 10th Loyal North Lanc. Regt.
 Renshaw, J. T., Lieut., 5th Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers, Egypt.
 Redfern, W. D., Private, Middlesex Regt.
 Redford, Arthur, Sec.-Lieut., 11th Middlesex Regt.
 Rogerson, H. S., Private, 2nd Salford Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers.
 Rothwell, Arthur, Private, Royal Fusiliers.
 Rothwell, James, Private, Public Schools' Batt., Epsom.
 Redman, G. A., Captain, London Rifle Brigade.
 Robinson, J. P., Lance-Sergt., 13th Lanc. Fusiliers, Chesterfield.
 Rigby, Harold, Private, 20th (Service) Batt. Royal Fusiliers.
 Rostron, W. P.
 Round, C. M., O.H.M.S., Leyland.
 Smith, Alec., L.-Cpl., 12th Cavalry (Res.) Regt., Aldershot.
 School of Musketry, Hythe.
 Stott, H., Private, 5th Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers, Egypt.
 Smethurst, Robert, Private, R.E., Dispatch Rider.
 Sleigh, Wm. W., Lance-Corpl., Public Schools' Batt., Epsom.
 Smith, Roger, Private, 16th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regt.
 Sheppard, Arthur E., Trooper, 20th Hussars, 13th Cav. Reg. (Res.)
 Shaw, T., Private, 19th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regiment.
 Smith, A. W., Cpl., 1st Canadian Contingent.
 Simmonds, P. G., Private, 8th Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers.
 Smith, Fred, Engineer employed by French Government.
 Slack, F., Private, 20th (Service) Batt. Royal Fusiliers.
 *Sykes, A. F., Private, French Army, Cotonou.
 Sykes, J. Donald, Private, R.F.A., Kildare.
 Sykes, Wilfrid, Private, 7th Batt. Manchester Regt., Khartoum.
 Sharp, J. C., Private, 21st (Service) Batt., Royal Fusiliers.

Sinclair, Norman, Private, Public Schools' Batt., Epsom.
 Sutcliffe, A. T., 14th Coldstream Guards.
 Stringfellow, F. M., 10th Border Regt., Shoeburyness.
 Stevens, N. F.
 Scott, E. A., Capt., 21st (Service) Batt. Northumberland Fusiliers.
 (2nd Tyneside Scottish).
 Smith, A. O., Gunner, County Palatine Artillery.
 Smethurst, James, Gunner, County Palatine Artillery.
 Tothill, W. N. Private, 6th Loyal North Lanc. Regt.
 Taylor, Leonard, Private, 21st (Service) Batt. Royal Fus., Epsom.
 Taylor, T., Driver, M.T., A.S.C., Bulford.
 Turner, T., A.S.C., Aldershot.
 Wearing, Walter, Trooper, 12th Hussars, Aldershot.
 Wild, Richard N., Private, Hauraki Regt., New Zealand Contgt.
 *Whittam, John, Private, 4th Seaforth Highlanders.
 Warburton, Rev. Walter, Chaplain, 6th Border Regt., Grantham.
 Woodcock, F., Major, 5th Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers, Cairo.
 Wardleworth, Douglas, Lieut., R.A.M.C., Exp. Force.
 (Drowned at Havre, November, 1914).
 Webb, W., Capt., 5th Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers, Cairo.
 Wild, A., Private, 20th (Service) Batt. Royal Fusiliers.
 Welsh, A. G., R.N.R., Assistant Paymaster, H.M.S. Michigan.
 Wilkinson, J. P., Private. 1st London Sanitary Co., Duke of
 York, R.A.M.C., Chelsea
 Woodhead, Ernest, Private, King's Own Loyal North Lancs.
 Wilson, J., 19th (Service) Batt. Manchester Regt.
 Yapp, Clarence W., Sec.-Lieut, 5th Batt. Lanc. Fusiliers. Egypt.

THE SCHOOL'S FIRST KNIGHT.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM FAWCETT.

Of the five "old boys" of Bury Grammar School on whom the honour of knighthood has thus far been conferred, the first was William Fawcett. Born at Shibden Hall, near Halifax, in 1728, he was the son of William Fawcett (or Faucitt), of Bull Close, Halifax, whose wife, Martha, was the daughter of James Lister, of Shibden Hall. The father died when the son was very young, and William Fawcett was brought to Bury, where his widowed mother kept house for her bachelor brother, the Rev. John Lister, headmaster of the Grammar School from May, 1730 (his appointment as such being the first on the Kay Foundation), until his retirement in August, 1749.

At the Grammar School, it is stated, the headmaster's nephew was "well grounded in classical learning, and became also remarkably proficient in mathematics." There is still preserved at Shibden Hall one of his signed Bury Speech Day recitations, dated Founder's Day, May 6, 1742. When not more than about eighteen years of age he was serving as a Cadet or Ensign in General Oglethorpe's regiment, under Marshall Wade, and he received his "baptism of fire" in fighting against the Young Pretender, 1745-6. The present Squire of Shibden Hall (a namesake of William Fawcett's uncle) writes :

I have in my possession a miniature of the Old Pretender, or James III., if anyone like to call him so, which recalls the passing of the Young Pretender through Preston. The paper in which it is wrapped informs us that it was given to Martha Fawcett—the Bury headmaster's sister—by the Prince himself, at a ball in Preston, to which the lady clandestinely went. But if anyone went from the schoolhouse in Bury to such a ball I should prefer to think that it must have been Mrs. Fawcett's daughter, Barbara, rather than the mother, the latter's forty-three years of life hardly seeming to justify such frivolity.

Possibly a lady of the family was kindly disposed towards "Bonnie Prince Charlie," but the headmaster himself was no more a Jacobite than his nephew, as may be gathered from a letter written from Bury to Dr. David Hartley, in which Mr. Lister says :

The country here and West Riding of Yorkshire is well affected, and I believe the whole Nation was never better affected in any reign than 'tis at present. My nephew Fawcett, a Cadet in Genl. Oglethorpe's regiment, and now with the Army upon a march to face the Rebels, writ to us only a few days ago that they expected to reach Newcastle by Tuesday last, and that they were all in good spirits. The important day of battle draws near. Pray God grant them good success in it, and that their army may not miscarry through the wickedness of the Nation !

In a biographical sketch of the subject of this notice which appears in the "Annual Register" for 1804 it is stated :

He has very frequently been heard to declare that from his earliest youth he always felt the strongest predilection for the Army, which his mother and nearest relatives constantly endeavoured to dissuade him from ; but, finding all their arguments ineffectual, they either bought or he had given an Ensigncy in General Oglethorpe's regiment The war being then going on in Flanders, he gave up his Ensigncy and went there

as a volunteer, furnished with letters from the late Marquis of Rockingham and Mr. Lascelles (afterwards Lord Harewood) to the commander and several others of the officers. This step was at that time far from unusual for young men of spirit, of the first rank and fortune, to take. He entered as a volunteer, but messed with the officers, and was very soon presented with a pair of colours. Some time after he married a lady of good fortune and family, and at the pressing entreaties of her friends he most reluctantly resigned his commission; which he had no sooner done than he felt himself miserable, and his new relations, finding that his propensity to a military life was invincible, agreed to his purchasing an Ensigncy in the third regiment of the Guards. Having now obtained the object of his most anxious wishes, he determined to lose no opportunity of qualifying himself for the highest situations in his favourite profession. With this view he paid the most unremitting attention to his duty, and every hour he could command was given up to the study of the French and German languages, in which, by the assistance of his classical learning, he soon became such a proficient as not only to understand and write them both, grammatically and elegantly, but to speak them fluently.

Among his subsequent promotions and appointments were those of Adjutant in the Guards, aide-de-camp to General Elliot and the Marquis of Granby (in Germany, in the Seven Years' War), Major in the Guards, Lieutenant-Colonel ditto, Lieutenant-Governor of Pendennis Castle (Cornwall), Major-General, Adjutant-General at headquarters, Governor of Gravesend, Knight of the Bath, Governor of Chelsea College, and member of the Privy Council. When his military reputation was at its height, he was "the most influential officer on the headquarters staff, and practically the commander-in-chief of the British Army." In 1786, the year in which he was knighted, he married, as his second wife, Charlotte, widow of Dr. George Stinton, Chancellor of Lincoln (*ob.* 1783.)

What is regarded as "a good account" of Sir William Fawcett's career is given in the "Dictionary of National Biography." A tribute to his memory is paid in the "Annual Register" for 1804 in these words:

His manners were formed with equal strength and softness; and to coolness, intrepidity, and extensive military knowledge he added all the requisite talents of a man of business, and the most persevering assiduity, without the least ostentation. Notwithstanding his unassuming modesty, his

abilities were so generally known that he was fixed upon as the most proper person to manage and support the interests of his country in settling many of the concerns of the war in Germany, and by that means necessarily became known to the great Frederick (that supereminent judge of merit such as his), from whom he afterwards had the most tempting and dazzling offers, which he declined without hesitation, preferring the service of his King and country to every other consideration. The manner in which he performed the duties of his several offices will long be gratefully remembered.

Sir William Fawcett died at his house in Great George-street, Westminster, on March 22nd, 1804, and a contemporary account of the funeral, at Chelsea Hospital, says :

The honours paid to his memory by the most exalted characters in this kingdom are perhaps unparalleled, and bear the most ample testimony to his merits. On Saturday, the 31st [March], at half-past one, his body was removed from George-street. The hearse was preceded by the horse of the deceased, bearing his sword, &c., followed by the Prince of Wales, Dukes of Clarence and Kent, Lords Jersey, Chesterfield, and Curzon, &c. On reaching the northern gate of the college the corpse was met by the Dukes of York and Cambridge and a great number of general officers, and the pall was supported by eight Generals.

Lady Fawcett survived Sir William a little less than twelve months. She died on March 11th, 1805, and was buried by the side of Sir William in the chapel of Chelsea Hospital. With regard to her testamentary dispositions, a chronicler of that time says : "She has left all she received from her first husband to his relations ; all from her second husband to his ; and divided her own fortune between her own relations and Sir William's."

WILLIAM HEWITSON.

THE LATE REV. E. J. S. LAMBURN, B.A. (Lond.)

AN OLD BOY'S APPRECIATION.

A Christian gentleman and a conscientious and capable master. These words undoubtedly describe the late Rev. E. J. S. Lamburn, who, for almost forty years, honourably and efficiently discharged the responsible duties of a Master at the Bury Grammar School. The first thoughts of every boy, past and present, on realizing that their friend and master has passed away

are certainly full of the deepest regret, and to great numbers of Old Boys there is the knowledge of the loss of a true personal friend. But on deeper consideration there comes a feeling of pride in having been associated with Mr. Lamburn, and of thankfulness that he has been spared to live the noble self-denying life we have all seen and which will long remain as a brilliant example for everyone. To him Christianity was real and necessary for his everyday life and work. In this spirit he each morning spent some time at Church before commencing his duties at School.

Old Boys will remember well the feelings of dread in which they found themselves rising through Forms I. and II. and finally receiving promotion into Form III. which in the writer's time at School was that over which "Lammy" ruled supreme and enforced his authority by means of cubes which were cumulative. Many will remember the twelve months' hard gruelling work they did in that form, and, in some cases, their occasional lapses from duty or behaviour which brought about detention and other like punishments. One unfortunate youth apparently incurred "Lammy's" disfavour almost daily, for the writer seems to remember with monotonously recurring regularity these words—"My—dear——Joey——standonthebench, take——6——cubes——and——stopinforamonth." In short, to almost all boys, the year in Form III. was a trying time.

Now comes the strange fact, but fact it is. Every Old Boy will frankly tell you that he realizes the good work which was done for him during that year with "Lammy" and how the information imparted to him in the lower forms was by "Lammy" enlarged and cemented to form a solid foundation upon which the remainder of his education was established. Further, the fear in which the boys held their Master in Form III. has in every case the writer knows been converted into the deepest affection with a full appreciation of the benefits at any rate offered, even if not fully accepted.

In confirmation of this, one need only recall the enthusiastic reception accorded Mr. Lamburn when he rose to speak at

the Annual Dinners of the Old Boys' Association, and how attentively all listened.

To every Old Boy there will come the recollection of incidents innumerable in which "Lammy" was the central figure, but the main impression is always of the hard-working master who gave of his very best for the school he was proud to serve.

Of his many spheres of labour outside the school it is for others to write, but it is well known that everywhere his work was acceptable and valued.

It is to be hoped that the Old Boys' Association will take steps to ensure that, even in these troublesome times, the memory of Mr. Lamburn shall be perpetuated at the school in a suitable manner and one worthy of the man who did so much for the school and all who passed through it.

E.O.M.

O. T. C. NOTES.

Since the last issue of the *Clavian*, great changes have been completed in the rifle range. The executors of the late Mr. Thomas Kay have carried out his wishes, and we have now a most up-to-date shooting range. The Old Boys who attend drills at School have very generously installed electric light, so that by day or night we can go down to the range and shoot in a miniature Belgium—a pre-devastated Belgium. These two gifts have proved a great boon to us already, but their value will be still greater as time goes on.

"We can no other answer give but thanks."

This term we have had two shooting competitions against teams from the 19th Service Battalion, Manchester Regiment. In the first match we defeated the 19th, but when they came again they defeated us by one point. This must be very gratifying to all true-hearted Britons, as it is a guarantee that one battalion at least of the new army possesses men who can shoot well.

Capt. J. H. Spivey and Sec.-Lieut. H. A. Hendrie were attached to the 19th Service Battalion, Manchester Regiment at Heaton Park for the Christmas holidays, to assist in the training of that battalion. The weather was bad the whole time, but they managed to spend a busy but happy and profitable month.

On March 1st we had the new experience of combining with Manchester Grammar School O.T.C. in field operations in the Harden Moor District. The Bury contingent based on Mount Pleasant had the rather difficult task of preventing the Manchester contingent based on Turn from proceeding to Walmersley. This meant that we had a very wide front to watch with about seventy men. Our extreme right was at Cheesden and our left was Walmersley Road, which we were not allowed to use. Our forces were disposed as follows. Sec.-Lieut. Hendrie led a party to Grant's Tower and then pushed forward to Fletcher Bank Quarries, where they caught sight of the enemy advancing along Bamford Road to Cheesden Bridge. Sergt.-Major Howarth was stationed at Wham Hill Farm with a party about thirty strong, awaiting the onslaught of the Mancunians. Capt. Spivey had his headquarters at Throstle Hill and also his reserves of about twenty. All that was seen of the enemy was a large party in the vicinity of Gate House, but this party did not venture further eastwards, much to our disappointment, as we were longing for them to move and give us a chance of attacking them in front and on their right flank. We felt we should have scored a decided victory there, but we were denied by the decidedly unsentimental bugle, which sounded the "cease fire" at four o'clock. We had a most enjoyable day, but considerable disappointment was felt that there was a lack of bloodshed; the scalping knife had had no chance. Hard luck!

On March 27th a still greater and more sanguinary battle took place on the same ground. One of the conflicts of the Heptarchy was brought up to date—history repeated itself if you

like ! Instead of Danish battleaxes and Saxon boar spears were deadly rifles and carbines, and it is even suggested that the methods of the ring were at times adopted.

The facts were these. A horde of wicked, landgrabbing Yorkshiremen had crossed the Pennines and invaded peaceful Lancashire. (They ought really to have been Germans, but who would even *act* the part of Germans now? May no Briton be guilty of such a sacrilege !) The invaders had occupied Heywood, and having learned that a Lancastrian convoy had started from Blackburn to Manchester and that it was at Edenfield on the evening of March 26th, the officer commanding the advanced guard of the Yorkist forces at Heywood determined to capture it. With that end in view, the Bury O.T.C., *plus* the National Reserve, were sent out to the ground mentioned above.

Sec.-Lieut. Hendrie again occupied the Fletcher Bank Quarries, which he reached by a forced march at 3.5 p.m., much to the surprise of the O.C. convoy, who, by the way, was O.C. Manchester O.T.C., who were escorting the convoy. Headquarters were established at Wham Hill, so that the junction of the road converging on Cheesden Bridge could be effectively watched. At 3.25 Capt. Spivey received word from Lieut. Hendrie that the convoy was sighted in Bamford Road moving east and that he was being attacked, and would retire towards Throstle Hill if overpowered. Capt. Spivey then sent messages to the National Reserve (behind Harden Moor) to proceed to Wham Hill and hold the roads while the cadets there would push up the Bamford Road. This was done because we were not yet sure that Rochdale Road was clear of the enemy, and we did not desire to be attacked in flank. Moreover a message was received at headquarters that our left was hotly attacked by fifty of the enemy and that the National Reserve had gone to reinforce Lieut. Hendrie, while a party of Old Boys were occupying Wham Hill. Instructions were sent to these to support the party moving westwards along the Bamford Road, but owing to a breakdown in communications, this message did not reach them and they remained at their

posts like true Britons, but incidentally did not get in at the kill. Meanwhile, events were moving rapidly at the quarries. Prisoners were being taken wholesale and the carnage, according to friendly inhabitants, was terrible. The convoy had broken down, the escort had come to close quarters, and having failed to settle by means of hard fighting, recourse was had to argument, almost, but not quite, on parliamentary lines. The honours of the day belong to Sec.-Lieut. Hendrie, who proved himself a hard nut to crack both in the military and argumentative parts.

The convoy did not get through, but that was hardly to be expected. The Mancunians had a well-nigh impossible task unless they had had with them a party of engineers to improvise tracks round the quarries. Even then there is the possibility that the delay in doing this would have left time for the full force of the allies to be brought against them, when they would have been seriously outnumbered. Still the object aimed at was achieved. The cadets got some idea how to set about catching a convoy, and we are indebted to the Manchester Grammar School O.T.C. for coming out with us.

A new feature in the corps is the band. It has been raised and trained so far by Hartington, who is to be congratulated on what he has done. They made a very creditable show on March 27th, and it is hoped that by getting the services of a sergeant-drummer from the Barracks for a little while we shall shortly have a band second to none. The O.C. awards Hartington the lance-corporal's stripe.

A signalling section has also been started and promises well.

It should be a source of satisfaction to all interested in the corps to know that our old members still keep joining the forces. Over twenty past and present members have taken commissions. Many are doing their parts as excellent non-commissioned officers and many again are efficient men in the

ranks. We have reason to feel proud of them all, and we do feel proud of them. They are doing for posterity what our forefathers did for us : they are prepared to do the greatest thing that man can do upon this earth. All honour to them ! They are giving all ; they are occupying humble positions, not because they are unfit for higher posts, but because of the system under which positions are given out. Nevertheless, whatever positions they occupy, we know full well that they will under all circumstances maintain the honour of the corps, the school and the country to which they belong.

LEADING LIGHTS.—VIII.

It is always well to play the iconoclast, to shatter creeds and demolish idols, to reduce the world to chaos and the good bourgeois to impotent weeping. Without a little occasional excitement we tend to settle in grooves and become fat-witted. One custom we purpose destroying now. Generations of writers in this series have done their work on sound, if old fashioned, lines. Their usual gambit was an account of the portents—sweating statues, improper comets, and what not—attending the birth of the great men whose fortunes they followed. Then followed a triumphant career at school : First Eleven Colours, Higher Certificates and other badges of respectability being pinned with a fine indiscrimination on to the shoulders of the luckless “hero.” They wrote, these good biographers, a sound Victorian panegyric. The method has its uses, of course : too much originality is bad, even in a biography. Many reasons, however, prevent us adopting it here. In the first place, J. B. Wood belongs to that class of men whose genius is best shown in a study of their mental processes. For such studies the old-fashioned biography is ill-adapted ; and in a eulogy containing several pages devoted to material successes, psychology is apt to be crowded into a meagre half-paragraph. Secondly, we are just a little weary of the conventional biography and, finally, as we have hinted before, we are in an iconoclastic mood.

To most J.B. is a familiar figure. Until quite recently his high brow, surmounted by a monitor's cap, was a landmark in the Grammar School. Few, however, have realised the true proportions of the mind behind that brow and under that cap. Nor until we do so, shall we grasp the key to his complex being. With J.B. the intellect is everything and its thorough development the teleological conception of every sound man. As may be readily conceived, therefore, he attaches great importance to Education. But not Education in the popular sense! It is not enough to have absorbed all that has been laid before you at school. That is only half the battle. You must, if your mind is to grow, be a man of wide interests; and a large part of your culture must be self-acquired. Study the classics by all means. Train your reason with mathematics. But do not let these limit your intellectual vision. The modern world holds problems in plenty; and these the resolute scholar sets himself to solve. Wonderful literatures are boasted by France and England. True they are less antiquated than the Latin and Greek authors; what of it? They are just as fine and nearer to our hearts. To sum up, his philosophy of education urges multifarious interests as the shortest cut to a broad mind.

Such was his view, strongly held, strongly expressed. Holding an opinion, however, is less important than proving it, and the most effective form of proof is a tangible example of its success in actual practice. Of the practicability of his own philosophy J.B. himself is the best example. The breadth and vigour of his mind bear ample testimony to the excellence of his Education. Let me explain further.

In the later years of his school career, J.B. was preparing for a classical scholarship at one of the older Universities. Now most boys in such a situation are content to work steadily on the orthodox plan: to regard, that is to say, their work as a matter of so many hours a day. Some even go to the lengths of making elaborate timetables. Not so J.B. For him the classics were, for the time being, the dominating element in his life. He loved his

work ; he had an eye for its finer points ; and he thought deeply on the problems which arose from it. Was he reading Euripides ; he knew the finer English versions by heart and had gone deeply into the question of Greek histrionics. Or Homer ; the historical value of the great epics had not escaped him. Moreover there was for him a strong connection between the ancient and modern worlds, so it is not surprising that one of his minor diversions consisted in comparing historical persons with eminent men of his own time. And his views on established institutions were not infrequently heterodox.

Thus he found pleasure in his work. At the same time it must not be supposed that these were his only interests. For him the world which lay at his feet was a great and interesting book, the pages of which it behoved him to turn. And turn them he did with no uncertain hand. He has studied almost every kind of subject ranging from Psychology to Japanese fencing, from the Constitution of Russia to Gothic architecture. Nor has there been anything superficial about his work. Whatever he has done he has done with a thoroughness altogether characteristic. Thinking, theorising, contrasting, he has spared no pains to obtain his objective, whether it was the solution of an intricate problem in dynamics, or the mastery of an involved "field-scheme."

Space forbids us dwelling any longer on this aspect of our subject, fascinating as it is. We turn to consider the result of this broad education. And it is principally seen in the breadth and vigour of his mind. J.B. never swallows a ready-made opinion. Whenever a theory is propounded, he twists and turns it in every conceivable manner until he has either discovered its root-fallacy, qualified it if it be too iconoclastic, or decided on its validity. Further, he is not at all prone to fulminate against an institution merely because it is old and tradition-ridden. For instance, unlike one other subject of these memoirs, he has no rooted antipathy towards the public-school system. Judge-like, he has summed up the pros. and cons. and come to the conclusion that, as in everything else, there is much to be said on either side. He adds,

however, a qualification to the effect that it is useless to hold up the great public school as the model which lesser institutions must slavishly copy. Each school, he contends, has its own traditions to foster and develop. And in this matter he is for sturdy independence not craven emulation. What better example of the fairness of his mind could we ask !

Of course he has his faults. Self-cultivation is always a perilous task ; and no one can successfully elude all its gins and pitfalls. Yet the faults usually ascribed to J.B. only go to prove the superficiality of his critics. He is, it is true, addicted to hyperbolic idealism. He is so much given to seeing a thing as a whole that he frequently neglects to attend to the minor details of the scheme. It is the fault of all idealists ; and it is a lovable fault. Yet the censorious, wilfully or not, often misunderstand it. It was so in the case of Napoleon ; it was so in the case of the man who invented the decimal system ; and it is so in the case of J. B. Wood. He saw the whole and neglected certain parts ; so his critics called him inaccurate. But it was not Inaccuracy. Inaccuracy means, or at least implies, leaving out the important details and so ruining the scheme. J.B. omitted details, but not the all-important detail. And his schemes did not miscarry.

EBOR.

OLD BOYS' NOTES.

CONGRATULATIONS.—S. V. Brown, Chemistry Master, Liverpool Institute ; Dr. W. R. Douglas has been appointed by the Egyptian Government Examiner in Surgery at the University of Cairo for the Medical degrees of the University ; P. G. Gow, M.A., B.Sc., Master at St. Bees School, married ; R. J. Mitchell, Clerkship in the Admiralty Division ; H. A. Shaw, Associate Membership Examination of the Institute of Civil Engineers ; J. B. Wood, St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford (Classics) ; Rev. W. Wood, Curate at St. Peter's, Bury.

OXFORD, April, 1915.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I take up my pen for the difficult task of writing you an Oxford letter. I say difficult, and so I find it for various reasons. I have no news of old boys with which to regale an interested public, for the simple reason that I am at present, unfortunately, the only representative of the old school in the elder university. It would be of little use for me to describe my own delightful but subdued existence in the city of spires beneath the all-pervading war cloud. Suffice it to say I have quite settled down to the regular and peaceful life of the university, which, though far below its usual level, passes my expectations. The 'varsity, as you know from the papers, is far from its normal strength and, as a result, the most striking feature of the streets is the great number of dusky children of an alien race one meets. The town is full of wounded and of "Kitchener's Army." The Examination Schools, Town Hall and Masonic Building are all turned into hospitals and all are practically full. New College gardens are given up to the wounded. Balliol was for a time full of new officers. The Refugees are not quite so much in evidence as they were last term, though still abundant. All sport is at a standstill; the 'varsity and most of the college clubs are closed. A few friendly matches are played between colleges, and occasional "fours" rowed upon the river. Boating is only kept alive for the sake of the future. The men who are "up" are mostly quietly working for "schools." We celebrated our Founder's Day by an early service and choral evensong, followed by a slightly more elaborate "Hall." St. Edmund of Canterbury was, in the words of our Vice-Principal, "the only canonised Don." His cult is also celebrated privately in the dead of night on All Hallows E'en; more of these "mysteries" I dare not reveal, I can only hint at the solemn vows and Catilinarian pledge exacted by the inspired Bacchants from the trembling "fresher" and at official priests in weird fetish masks bearing deadly sacrificial weapons—but no more lest I draw upon my head the dread vengeance of the Holy Brotherhood.

Should the war continue, it would scarcely seem worth maintaining the terms, as already, exclusive of aliens, "crocs," and men still awaiting gazetting, there cannot be more than two or three men per college still "up." For myself I am, like the laws, condemned to a somewhat noisy silence amid the clash of arms; I can only offer my best wishes to those who have thrown their weight into the "world-scrum" (nice Teutonic sound, that word!) and exchange meditations with my fellow-philosopher of the sister university.

I will close by begging you to use your extensive influence with the rising generation to procure me a comrade in my Elysian solitudes.

J.B.W.

CAMBRIDGE,

LENT.

Dear Sir,

To those who knew her in happier days, Cambridge presents a heart-rending spectacle. With a good half of her sons absent, a proper decorum pervading her halls and courts, and the silence of death abroad in her streets of an evening, she is not the ideal dwelling-place of mirth or even of the facetious correspondent. Try we never so hard, we who are left cannot keep up our spirits.

Now alas! there are only two old Buriensians in residence, Morris having elected to serve his country in the humble role of private. For his action we honour him deeply. But when we consider what a genial companion we lost when he departed, we find it hard to maintain even a bare show of patriotism.

Smith is savagely morose. More than anyone else he is labouring under a sense of personal grievance, for he knew Cambridge at her brightest and best. Nowadays he rarely stirs abroad. And when he does, he makes matters so unpleasant for us, that our anxiety to speed the parting guest becomes only too apparent.

Philips is as bland as ever. His duties are many. He is a Scoutmaster, an ordinand, and a classical student. Further, he brews an anæmic something which he calls "tea."

We were all sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Lamburn. To most of us he was something more than a master, and we cherish many a recollection of favours given with an unsparing hand. Therefore may we add our humble tribute to his memory.

Yours etc.,

J.V.S.

IN MEMORIAM.

27th December, 1914.—W. H. Mitchell, *æt.* 62.

28th " " Hugh Taylor, *æt.* 41.

2nd March, 1915.—Gilbert Bullivant, *æt.* 70.

16th " " Rev. E. J. S. Lamburn, *æt.* 61.

—Reginald Hall, on the "Engelhorn,"
æt. 21.

—William Brown, Midshipman on the
"Clan Macnaughton," *æt.* 19.

LE TOUR DU MONDE.

[Continued from page 85, No. 21].

The second half of our journey occupied six weeks and consisted of three sections, viz., the voyage from Australia across the Pacific to Vancouver, the railway journey right across America to Montreal, and the voyage across the Atlantic to Liverpool.

Starting from Melbourne, we boarded the midnight express from that city to Sydney—a run of 600 miles. There we spent a most enjoyable fortnight before commencing the six weeks' journey, and thoroughly appreciated the magnificent facilities for surfing, a sport so dear to the Australian in the tropical summer.

It was with a delightful feeling of anticipation as to this most interesting and varied route that we embarked on the *Niagara* one Monday morning. She was a splendid new triple-screw steamer of 20,000 tons, belonging to the Canadian-Australasian Royal Mail Line. Being the largest steamer crossing

the Pacific, and being fitted up with the *ne plus ultra* in luxurious accommodation, she had a very full passenger list. Among others we had on board Earl and Lady Grey, Lord Rochdale, and later on, the Maori King from New Zealand. As we cast off from the wharf, a most enthusiastic crowd, holding gay-coloured streamers, bade us a long *bon voyage*. Amid answering farewells, the ship slowly glided out and our voyage had begun.

The passage from Sydney to New Zealand occupied not quite four days. The trip is generally a rough one, but we were favoured with good weather, and soon settled down. During the 22 days it took us to go from Sydney to Vancouver, we enjoyed immensely the amusements provided for us. These comprised the usual sports, deck-games, dances, concerts, fancy-dress balls, whist-drives, cricket, mock trials, and all that the ingenuity of a thousand people with nothing to do all day but amuse themselves can contrive. Having a full ship, things went with a swing. Moreover, we were favoured in having a number of actors and actresses aboard, besides a famous troupe of acrobatic children. These all helped to raise the standard of our concerts. The ship's orchestra gave us good selections during dinner every night and also helped in general entertainments.

The port we touched at in New Zealand was Auckland—the Queen City. Bending towards the water, with houses and gardens nestling in cosy nooks on the terraced slopes and on the numerous bays that indent the shore, the city presented a unique spectacle. As we had to stay nearly two days here to ship cargo and provisions, there was plenty of time to have a good look round. A party of us organised several excursions through the surrounding country in motor cars. We visited Mount Eden, an extinct volcano about three miles away, from which we had a fine panoramic view. We went to Manukau Harbour and crossed New Zealand at its narrowest point. The country and scenery were magnificent, being very hilly and very English in appearance. Auckland seems to have a monopoly of extinct volcanoes, there being over sixty within a radius of ten miles. The weather was

sunny yet temperate ; quite a relief after the parching Australian summer.

At Auckland we picked up about 250 more passengers, among them being the Maori King, who was bound for England to see King George about some land dispute. Consequently, there was a large number of Maoris on the wharf to see him off. They got frightfully excited and, after several harangues, uttered loud war cries with much gusto as the ship left the wharf.

Our course was now shaped for Suva, the capital of Fiji, which we reached after a three days' run. It looked delightfully picturesque and oriental as we entered the harbour about midday. There was a crowd of natives on the wharf to greet the steamer's arrival. Conspicuous among them were vendors in brightly-coloured sulus, who pressingly offered for sale tempting baskets of fruit, pieces of coral, mats, fans and other products of native industry. In spite of the tropical heat, a party of us had a pleasant drive through the surrounding country and saw several plantations of sugar, tea, coffee and rice. Here flourishes the spreading mango tree, with its dense foliage of lance-shaped leaves ; the bread-fruit tree ; and the cocoanut tree, with its graceful feathery head.

After our drive we invaded the Post Office and curio shops, and bargained with the natives. The typical Fijian is a fine fellow of splendid physique and noble carriage, with a magnificent head of thick curly hair, almost like a busby. He is fond of fighting, but scorns domestic or agricultural work, which he leaves to the Indian immigrants and to the natives of the Solomon Islands, who will soon oust him from his position. Nature has lavishly given him all he requires without toil. However, the Fijian makes an excellent policeman in his picturesque native garb, and this is an occupation after his own heart.

We next steered for Honolulu, the Paradise of the Pacific. Leaving Suva on the Tuesday, we had a strange experience. The next day was also Tuesday ! We had to have two Tuesdays in one week to bring our ship's time into line with that of the

Western Hemisphere. When travelling eastwards the clock is always put on a certain amount each day.

We crossed the "line" about four days before reaching Honolulu, and at this port the heat became more tolerable. The capital of the Isle of Oahu and the chief port of all the Hawaiian Isles, Honolulu enjoys an ideal climate, being temperate and equable. To a fine climate Nature has added a corresponding beauty of landscape, for there are mountains and valleys, bays and cataracts, cliffs and beaches in varied form and beauty, together with foliage rich in colour and rare in fragrance. Everywhere amid the luxuriant growth of trees and creepers, one caught a glimpse of charming bungalows and villas. The wealth of tropical vegetation, the abundance of fruit, the waving palms, the wide acres of sugar cane, the happy natives, and the sea breaking in long rolling waves over the coral reefs, backed by the volcanic hills—all these formed an incomparable picture.

Honolulu is the strategic centre of the United States interests in the Pacific, and is a thoroughly up-to-date American city in an oriental setting. It reminded us of Colombo minus the rickshaws and the intense heat. There are a great number of Japanese settlers in the town. We visited the Manoa valley, the magnificent Aquarium, and the beach, in the time at our disposal, and it was with feelings of regret that we turned our steps shipwards.

We next headed for Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, which we reached a week later. A hurried survey of this pretty and beautifully laid out town was all we had time for. The next day we reached Vancouver, after a record run of three weeks, and the first stage of our journey was over.

Of the journey across America, I must only make brief mention. After looking round Vancouver, we boarded the famous Canadian-Pacific Railway. It is possible to cross the American Continent from Vancouver to Montreal without changing trains, taking five and a half days. However, we decided to see some-

thing of the United States as well as Canada, and also to see the Niagara Falls, breaking our journey at a few places.

The Selkirk and Rocky Mountains were magnificent and awe-inspiring. It was spring, and the snows were melting away beneath the brilliant midday sun. Seated in the rear of the train in the Pullman observation car, we eagerly drank in the glorious sights of these wonderful mountains as the train toiled slowly up to the summit.

After the Rockies, our line of travel across America was roughly as follows: across the pastoral plains of Alberta and the immense wheatfields of Saskatchewan and Manitoba to Winnipeg; then into the United States via Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, and the Great Lakes; and lastly via Detroit, Toronto, Niagara Falls and Montreal. Short stays at these places broke the monotony of the railway journey.

At Montreal we embarked on the R. M. S. *Tunisian*, belonging to the Allan Line and bound for Liverpool. The passage to the mouth of the St. Lawrence was ideal, the sea being as smooth as a mill-pond. We touched at lofty Quebec. Towering above us with its grim fortress, it strongly resembled the "Rock." Off Newfoundland we were completely held up for a couple of days by fog and icebergs, and were devoutly thankful when the fog finally lifted and allowed us to proceed to Liverpool.

ARTHUR E. WILD.

FOOTBALL.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Goals.

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.
21	15	4	2	72	33

The present season has been, in many respects, one of the most curious on record. In the first place, we have played an exceedingly small number of games. Though our list of fixtures was almost quite full in September, no fewer than eleven matches had to be cancelled on account of the war, and five more owing to bad weather or other reasons.

Then again, it is doubtful if the team has ever before suffered so much from injuries and sickness. The first half of the season passed over fairly well in this respect, but after November 28th we were unable to field a full team again before the close of the season. Moreover, we were still further handicapped by the loss of our captain, J. E. Hartington, who left at Christmas to take up a commission in the Lancashire Fusiliers. He was, undoubtedly, the finest player in the team, and at centre half-back was always a thorn in the side of our opponents. An untiring worker, equally brilliant in defence and attack, a clever head, an excellent shot, and, above all, a popular captain—he has the team's best wishes for his future success.

Turning to the play of the Eleven, one feature stands out prominent, and that is the excellent work of the half-backs. The forwards have several times displayed a lamentable want of shooting powers, and the full-backs still play rather too often into touch. But both these divisions could always rely upon the splendid assistance of the middle line. Marks, Hartington and Dykes—the half-backs with whom we started the season—formed the most effective trio the School has ever had. They fed the forwards with admirable skill, tackled with fine judgment, headed and shot well. Hartington ii. has since come into the line, and has already shown himself a worthy successor to his brother.

Once more we achieved our ambition by defeating Manchester G.S. 2—1 at home, though we had three reserves in the team, and only ten men during the last part of the game. We won by the same margin in a well-contested game with the Lancashire Fusiliers' Band, but scored rather an easy victory over the Bantams.

Colours have this season been awarded to Bentley, Crompton, Whittle and Spencer.

Howard and Bridge ii. of the Second Eleven have made good substitutes, as also have Bridge i., Isherwood, Hardman and Whitehead.

SECOND ELEVEN.

Goals.

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.
27	16	9	2	115	63

The Second Eleven have successfully weathered all the vicissitudes of the football season, although the team has undergone several alterations. Until Christmas, Hartington played centre-forward, and his speed and dash were very useful; he was a good goal-getter of exceptional merit. Bridge, J. filled the position of centre-half with intrepid vigour, though with pronounced vagrant propensities; he left School early in the Easter term. Isherwood and Howard have proved themselves steady and reliable backs, and, if rather slow, are generally where they are wanted; they possess, moreover, no feeble powers of propulsion. Simpkin, our vice-captain, has often taken their place with ability, and shown himself equal to disposing of a dangerous opponent in the approved style. Hardman is a slight but tricky forward, who knows how to use his head, and passes accurately; he combines particularly well with Bridge, W., and as a left wing these two would be hard to beat. Bridge is fast and skilful, and can shoot to perfection. When Hartington was promoted to the First Eleven, the post of honour fell to Hardman. Pye is a player of great dash and a dogged perseverance, which is not content until the ball is resting safely in the net. Metcalf, our right outside, is learning how to use his weight, and when in full career down the wing is a formidable figure; he has put in some useful centres. Hall has played faithfully at left-outside; he has scored several fine goals, but he excels at taking corners, an occupation which gives scope to his slow, measured kick, and perfect precision. He does not always use his speed to full advantage, and might keep the ball in play a little more. We lost the services of a clever forward, highly skilled in head-play, on the departure of Stott, very early in the season. For some time we numbered Heap among our company, and his powerful and accurate kicking gave great promise; he also left us. Mills, Wild, L. and Jackson, J. C., have played well for us when called upon; Wild will develop into a valuable centre-

half. In goal, Whitehead has borne the brunt of the work, and borne it well; his performance in the Manchester match was specially worthy of commendation. Smith has occasionally filled his place.

The general play of the team has been efficient and vigorous; the forward passing has been good, though the shooting has seldom reached that standard. Combination has at times been excellent, but once or twice, as against Hulme G.S. at Manchester, execrable; there, however, we played one short until half-time. Good understanding has existed among the defence.

The Second Eleven, in addition to its functions as a team, acts as a "Special Reserve" to the First Eleven; for we realize the paramount importance of putting into the field the strongest First Eleven we can provide, and make its interests take precedence of our own. Thus whenever a place in the First Eleven falls vacant it is adequately filled from the pick of the second team. It is with no small pride therefore that, while adhering strictly to this principle, we are able to present such favourable results.

THIRD ELEVEN.

Goals.

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.
24	16	6	2	98	50

We have had a strong team and a very successful season though, in common with other teams, we were unfortunate in having several interesting games cancelled.

DAVIDSON is a capital goalkeeper though he might with advantage get upon the ground more often.

HASLAM, WILD, DAVENPORT and occasionally CORNALL all played well at back.

HAMER i. J., Captain and centre-half, showed good judgment and never flagged.

R. P. TAYLOR and JOE MORRIS worked hard at half and when needed played dashing and effective games at forward.

CALVERT and DUNCAN formed a skilful and effective left-wing.

OSCAR HALL, Vice-Captain, was a hardworking and valuable centre-forward.

WILKINSON was a thoroughly good inside-right, and MILLS, at outside right, was invaluable until the Second claimed him.

SAM LORD, who played moderately at forward, finally showed himself a most useful half-back, and will certainly come on in future in that position.

Colours :—Davidson, Haslam, Wild, Taylor, R. P., Morris, J., Calvert, Hall, O. H. (Vice-Captain), Wilkinson, Mills and Hamer i. J. (Captain).

FOURTH ELEVEN.

Goals.

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Against.
21	11	8	2	94	69

The Fourth Eleven has had a very successful season considering that, as usual, some of the most successful players have been taken, on different occasions, to fill vacancies in the higher teams. Among the regular players two especially have shown great promise in the forward line, C. Bott and Fletcher. Although these players are below the average height of the team and have had to contend with players much taller than themselves, they have proved that size is of little avail against skill. It must be added, however, that all the members of the team have played loyally together and are worthy of commendation.

F.T

HOUSE MATCHES.

First Eleven.

Second Eleven.

Kay v. Hulme, 3—0.

Kay v. Hulme, 9—1.

Derby v. Hulme, 2—1.

Derby v. Hulme, 7—1.

Derby v. Kay, 2—0.

Kay v. Derby, 4—3.

Kay v. Hulme, 5—3.

Kay v. Hulme, 13—2.

Derby v. Hulme, 5—1.

Derby v. Hulme, 15—1.

Derby v. Kay, 1—0.

Kay v. Derby, 12—1.

Kay House loses the "Wike" Cup to Derby.