

# VLVA

## THE MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE



SAPERE AVDE

### OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE OLD MANCUNIAN ASSOCIATION

#### PRINCIPAL CONTENTS :

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# U L U L A.

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No. 326.

JUNE.

1916.

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## Occasional and O.M.A. Notes.

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### Summer Term ends Monday, July 31.

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Monday, July 31st, will be Speech Day, and the prizes will be distributed by the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Henry A. Miers, at 2-30 p.m.

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The Swimming Sports will be held on Friday, July 21st, at the Blackfriars Baths.

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The School Dramatic Society, of which Mr. Garnett is President, was recently awarded a certificate of merit by the Manchester Shakespeare Tercentenary Association. Three banners and four certificates were competed for by thirty societies, but only adults were eligible for the higher honour, so that a certificate was the most that could be hoped for.

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Our readers will be interested to know, in connection with Mr. Richard Flanagan's model of the Globe Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, now on view in Whitworth Park, that Mr. Garnett painted the whole of the figures with which the model is decorated. They are about 300 in number, and are all in Elizabethan costumes. The opening ceremony took place on June 1st, the Lord Mayor presiding. The model was executed from designs used by William Poel, which were in the possession of Mrs. Ludwig Mond. A Shakespeare garden is flourishing in the vicinity. On the same occasion Mr. Garnett was awarded one of four prizes for a picture of a scene from one of Shakespeare's plays.

Mr. Johnstone, with a party of M.G.S. boys, undertook to help Mrs. Cohen on the Alexandra Rose Days. It was not a very exciting job, for it consisted chiefly in taking boxes to the banks, counting out the money, checking it and entering it up. Mrs. Cohen writes:

"Through you, may I thank all the boys for their help? My district took £525, which was about one-fifth of the total takings, and there are 80—90 districts. I have never had such an easy time. Mr. Johnstone did half my work, and one of the boys took my messages and lifted all the boxes. I just called a taxi, left instructions and they cleared my dépôts. Everything went right, and all the boxes arrived at their correct destination. Two Grammar School boys who help pack in Ralli's for the soldiers gave a hand. They tied up hundreds of parcels for me. The boys worked splendidly in the dépôts; in one they managed it on their own, and no mistakes were made. At Piccadilly the Bank let them count all their other districts, and they counted £160 for me here."

We have pleasure in giving the following from a member of Sc.vi., and hope that the writer will furnish us with other examples of the same kind:—

#### SYNTHESIS OF ETHYL ALCOHOL.

Heat coke and lime together till the action is complete,  
 The product acts on water, needing no external heat.  
 The evil-smelling gas evolved is called acetylene,  
 And combines with nascent hydrogen, producing ethylene.  
 The latter gas in vitriol is easily dissolved,  
 Giving acid ethyl sulphate; and our difficulty's solved.  
 For if you boil with potash this most interesting salt,  
 And get no ethyl alcohol, it's not the writer's fault. C. LEA.

Mr. Carney came in to see us on June 6th, fresh from the fight off Jutland. It was a pity the whole School was not there to hear him tell the story of the part H.M.S. Malaya took in "the day." She got some shrewd knocks, and had a fire in her fore-castle; she got 150 of her men knocked out, but she accounted for five of the German ships, and she spent two days after the fight looking for more, but finding none. One of Mr. Carney's best yarns was about an old Reservist called Happy Day, who stopped the fire from spreading to the magazine by wrapping the

cordite all round his body and so cutting the connection. Mr. Carney's job was to shore up the holes made by shells and pump the water out. He was five nights without sleep, but as fit as the proverbial violin. It was most refreshing to see him after the newspaper jeremiads.

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Mr. I. I. Phelps, of Eccles, Hon. Secretary of the Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society, has kindly made, and presented to the School, water colour drawings of three pictures of the old Grammar School buildings in James's collection published in 1821. These are being framed for exhibition in the corridor.

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Mr. J. Asbury (O.M.), of Sale, has presented to the School, in memory of his father (who collected them), about 300 silver and copper coins of various periods. They include some interesting mediæval English silver coins, an Anglo-Saxon stycra of Ethelred of Northumbria, and some Roman bronze pieces. Mr. Asbury is the uncle of a former swimming champion, F. A. Colling, and he hopes that another nephew, now in the School, will aspire to the same honour.

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Mr. Israel Cohen, M.A. (O.M.) has just been set free from imprisonment at Ruhleben. He has many interesting details to give of his term of captivity. Like many others he has turned the period to good account in the way of study. He reports that Redmayne, and all the other Old Mancunians still left there, are in good fettle. The German guards are rather surprised to see how utterly the prisoners seem to be able to forget their forcible restraint, and looked on with incredulity at a mock Parliamentary election which they got up, with full apparatus of election addresses, posters, sandwich-men, and other squibs. Mr. Cohen was the Radical candidate. Both he and his Conservative rival were beaten wholly by the Suffragette candidate. That the prisoners are so alive and hearty is not due to the fare provided by the paternal German Government. That has always been meagre, and is now further reduced. It has become practically vegetarian. The prisoners really live on the parcels they get.

Mr. Cohen is about to write a series of articles in the *New York Times* on "My Life in Captivity." As he suffered two terms of imprisonment in a Berlin gaol, one before he was drafted to Ruhleben, and another for smuggling a letter out of camp, and met some very interesting people of all nationalities in prison, his reminiscences ought to be distinctly interesting.

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The School Concert took place on Friday, April 14th, and was very successful, as usual. We regret that our notice of it is unavoidably held over.

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We publish, at the end of this number, the additional list of O.M.A. members, since the last issue.

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Contributions, other than those relating to the O.M.A., will be received by Mr. C. L. Barnes, at the School.

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N.B.—Will members please note that subscriptions should be paid to Mr. FRED ETHELLS, Assistant Secretary, at the School, and that changes of address should be notified (also to Mr. ETHELLS) without delay.

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## O.M. Chronicle.

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Lance-Corporal H. C. Hepworth has passed the Final Chartered Accountants' examination.

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Mr. Frank R. Bogg has been appointed Chief Chemist to the Pretoria Portland Cement Co., Mafeking.

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Mr. Israel Cohen has written "Jewish Life in Modern Times" (Methuen, 10/6).

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Mr. E. A. A. Varnish, M.A. (in conjunction with Mr. J. H. Hanly) has published a "Junior Graphic Grammar" (Cambridge University Press). O.M.'s will recognise many old touches, and be glad they are now given to the world.



Lieut. Walter Sharratt has been appointed Gas Specialist to the 32nd Division.

Mr. A. D. Hall, M.A., F.R.S., one of the Development Commissioners, has written "Agriculture after the War" (Murray, 2/6 net), in which he shows that a national scheme of agricultural development is an imperative necessity in Great Britain.

The Rev. Reginald Stewart Moxon, B.D., Headmaster of Lincoln School, has published "The Commonitorium of Vincentius of Lerins" (University Press, Cambridge), one of the series of "Cambridge Patristic Texts," of which Canon Mason is general editor.

Prof. P. Philips Bedson, M.A., D.Sc., is one of the local secretaries of the British Association, which meets this year at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

## Honours List.

Brooke, S., Somerset Exhibition (for Classics), St. John's College, Cambridge.

Simpson, C., Hulme Hall Entrance Scholarship (£30),  
Manchester Univ.

Stock, T. D., „ „ „ (£25), „

Mounsey, W. H., „ „ „ (£20), „

Stock, T. D., Adams Scholarship (£40), Manchester University.

Powell, W. E., Dreschfeld Scholarship (£20), „ „

Wand, S., First M.B. and Ch.B., „ „

Bennion, E. B., { Exhibition for candidates desirous of becoming  
McKay, G. H., { Teachers in Elementary Schools, Manchester  
Education Committee.

Hudson, J. H. } (Divided), Grammar School Scholarship,  
Mounsey, W. H. } Manchester University.

## The War.

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Lieut. E. J. Porter, B.A., is going out to the Front with the 22nd London Regiment.

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Four old Grammar School boys have been successful in winning the Military cross; they were all on the birthday list:

1. Amyas Macgregor, Lieutenant in the 1st London Field Co., Royal Engineers. He is the son of Mr. A. A. Macgregor, who engineered the new L. and N.-W. line, Manchester to Wilmslow. He was six years on the Modern side of the School and passed his Matriculation of the Northern Universities. He was a keen member of the O.T.C. from its first beginning at the School, and was one of the first party of German wanderbirds. He also stood as Conservative candidate at the mock election. On leaving School he entered the Royal School of Mines, London. He has done good work at the front, being specially commended for his services after the Hooze fighting last August.

2. H. H. Noton, 2nd Lieut., son of Mr. T. H. Noton, of 146, Barlow Moor Road, West Didsbury. He was educated at the South Manchester Grammar School and the Manchester Grammar School, which he entered September, 1909. He distinguished himself as a Lacrosse player. On leaving School he continued his education in Belgium and in Germany. He entered the firm of S. & L. Behrens. At the outbreak of the War he joined the 20th Royal Fusiliers and was appointed to a commission in the 2/5th Lancashire Fusiliers. The Military Cross is conferred on him not for any one particular act but for continuous and conspicuous good service on patrol duty. His battalion was practically for 60 days continuously in the trenches, and on 48 nights Lieut. Noton took out patrol parties.

3. Capt. N. H. P. Whitley, 7th Manchester Territorials, has been awarded a Military Cross for conspicuous bravery in saving the life of a wounded soldier by crawling two hundred yards under heavy fire at Cape Helles, with the man on his back.

4. Capt. Ronald H. Royle, 11th Manchesters, was 2nd Lieut. in the 11th Battalion Manchester Regiment, and was promoted to Captain for services in Gallipoli. He and his Company were cut off for two days about 21st August. They were posted as "missing," but their Captain managed to lead them back safely with the loss of two or three killed and several wounded, and was complimented by the O.C. He was a theological student at King's College, London, and a candidate for Holy Orders until the outbreak of war.

There are four other O.M.'s holding commissions in that Regiment:—Capt. Morley Wood, 2nd Lieut. A. D. Bleakley, Alec Donaldson, and 2nd Lieut. L. Gandy.

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Lieut. Warrener Brown has been appointed provisional instructor in bombing and grenading.

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### KILLED.

All contemporaries and friends of the late Lieut. Robert Hadfield will read with pathetic interest what an old sergeant says: "I've never seen a Battalion so moved at the death of an officer before." A friend of Bob's, a Captain, R.F.A., said in his letter: "Now my dearest friend is dead the bitterness of death to me is past. Bob would always be wanting to see things through by himself." Corporal Cowling, of the Signalling Section, says:—

"We, too, have felt the loss very much, as he was attached to us while training in England, and had been in charge the whole time we have been abroad, and it is to his patience and skill that the whole of the signalling arrangements of this Battalion have been carried out without complaint from anyone. When I say that he was a competent, efficient officer, I am not exaggerating; he was considered so throughout the Battalion, and no matter what his duties were they were carried out efficiently and well."

Second Lieutenant A. W. Tucker, 7th Wilts., writes from the 28th General Hospital, Salonica :—

“ I write to you because I know you would wish to hear how brave and uncomplaining your son has been through his illness. I did not know him till he came into the ward (where I have been with a slight bomb wound) some few days ago, but I learned to be very fond of him and to admire him as a fine brave Englishman who faced the dark valley with a straight fine courage. Only last night I went to see him (we had moved out of the ward to make it more quiet for him) and he asked me to hold his hand just for a moment. The poor little chap was in pain, and was trying all he knew to be brave and not to show it. The sisters are so fond of him, and Sister D—— cried to-day ; she felt it very much, I know, and his servant also. He said to me : “ I wish I could give him some of my strength, sir.” I saw him to-day under the Union Jack with violets in his hands ; he looked so frail and sweet, like a tired child. My heart went out to you in your sorrow. I lost my father in France only a little while ago : it helped me to realise your sorrow. I am but a “ ship that passes,” but I shall always remember him as a brave, true-hearted, clean Englishman, who went bravely into the shadows of death.”

Later advice tells us that he died in the 28th General Hospital, Salonica, and was buried in the English and French Cemetery. His name stands now on the too long roll of those over whom it is written :

“ To die for Justice is to die for Christ.”

---

G. Wilfrid Colebrook was killed in action at Suvla Bay early in September. He was 22 years of age. He came to us from Sidcup School in 1910, and on leaving us entered his father's business at Reading. He enlisted in the 4th Battalion of the Oxon and Berks. Regiment. In the attack on Suvla Bay, when half the regiment was lost, he was one of the first to jump into the Turkish trenches. One of his comrades writes :—“ He was only a youngster, but he had the heart of a lion, and was right in the front all the time.”

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Corporal Roy Bradley, who has died in hospital, the son of Mr. R. Bradley, Norton House, Heaton Park, was educated at Grecian Street School and the Manchester Grammar School. After leaving School he was apprenticed in an engineering works.



On the outbreak of war he enlisted at once in the Army Service Corps, Motor Transport Section. He died of pneumonia on June 4th in hospital, in France. He was nearly 25 years of age.

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Ronald Hand, Private in the 5th Canadian Battalion, lost his life in a bombardment on May 13th. He came to the Grammar School in the Michaelmas term, 1909. His stay with us was but brief, and was spent chiefly in Shell and Prep. 2. Always quiet and unassuming at School, he has shown by his life and by his death that he was made of the right stuff. His life after he left School is best told by a few words from one of his letters: "You wanted to know what I was doing in Canada. Well, I was doing a bit of most things. I worked on a ranch in Western Canada for two years. Then I worked in Brownsville, Texas, for about fourteen months. Brownsville is on the Mexican border, and I often went over to Mexico. It seems to be a very nice country and its people are very interesting. Life on the ranch is fine, but it is rough and ready. After I left Brownsville I worked in a bank at Winnipeg till I enlisted. I have done other kinds of work, too numerous to mention."

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We are indebted to an O.M., H. Cobden Turner, for the following particulars:—

Second Lieut. A. C. Burrows, 14th Bn. Cheshire Regiment, was studying for the ministry at Oxford when the war broke out, but lost no time in obeying his country's call. He was drafted to Suvla Bay, then transferred to Egypt, and afterwards to the Tigris. After his first day in action he wrote on a postcard to a friend: "Mauled somewhat; four in back, one in left shoulder; cannot move my legs, spine affected, so cannot get much sleep—one or two other odds and ends, but otherwise quite fit." The last few words strike us as being quite remarkable, and worthy of being put on record. He was in hospital first at Amarah, then at Basra, and was being sent back to England via India, where he died of wounds at the Civil Hospital, Karachi. His only brother, Harry, also an O.M., is Sergeant in the 6th Manchester

Machine Gun Section, and is one of the very few who went through the whole of the Dardanelles campaign. He was at one time the only officer left in his section.

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Lieut. Alfred R. B. Chapman, Loyal N. Lancashire Regiment, was killed in action on June 6th.

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Second Lieut. Walter Eccles, Loyal N. Lancashire Regiment, was killed in action on May 30th.

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Second Lieut. Herbert Lloyd Tate, R.F.A., was killed in action on June 12th. He was 23 years of age, and after passing the London Matric., took an engineering course at Manchester University. He was for a time a pupil of Mr. H. A. Reed, engineer to the Ship Canal. He was an old member of the O.T.C., and got his commission in October, 1915. Two months later he was sent home, invalided, but went out to the front again on May 1st.

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Sapper Edgar Lockwood, 13th Divisional Signal Co., R.E., died of disease. He was shift engineer at the Ashton-under-Lyne electricity works, and on leaving school studied at the Salford Technical School and Manchester University. He was in his 29th year.

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Private Frederick Whitehead (better known as "Eric") was at the School from April, 1904, to July, 1906. His father, whom he lost while he was at school, was a well-known engineer in connection with the Copper Works, Lower Broughton. On leaving School young Whitehead went into engineering, but his health would not stand it, and the doctor prescribed an open-air life. He went out to Australia and settled down to fruit farming at Caversham, in Western Australia, where he recovered his

health, and did well. On the outbreak of war he tried to enlist. He was turned down twice, but ultimately accepted for the 16th Battalion of the Anzacs. He first went into action August 6th, and after two days' hard fighting and digging themselves in, the Division had to attack once more at 3 a.m. on Sunday morning, August 8th, along the Saribahr Ridge, against Hill 971. The Division came under heavy machine gun and artillery fire in a cornfield. They went out 2,000 strong, but only 800 returned. Eric Whitehead was not of that number. He was first reported "missing," and now has been reported definitely "killed in action." He was one who never cherished an unkindly thought, and no one could ever think unkindly of him. He never missed a mail in writing home to his mother, whose only child he was. He was secretary of the Sunday School at Caversham, and gave what he could of life to the service of others.

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#### WOUNDED.

Sergt. A. S. Williams, 20th Royal Fusiliers, fighting at Cambrin on a crater edge. He was just throwing his last bomb when a German bomb fell near and shattered the upper part of his right side. Directly afterwards another bomb fell and shattered the lower part. He had thirty wounds in all, one piece of shrapnel entering his right lung. The *Manchester Guardian*, April 1st, tells the story, though it does not give the name. "Give it 'em, boys!" he yelled, as he lay helpless on the ground. He is now in the Red Cross Hospital, Daisy Bank Road, Victoria Park.

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Capt. G. J. Pinder, son of Dr. Pinder, of Bury New Road, Higher Broughton, educated at the Manchester Grammar School, and Bedford, and articled to engineering. He then went out to Edmonton, Canada, and took a commission in the 49th Battalion Canadian Expeditionary Force. He was shot through the lung in the recent fighting at Zillebeke.

Midshipman W. Hallwood was wounded on one of the destroyers in the battle of Horn Reef. It was at first reported that he had been washed overboard and killed, but, happily, this was not the case.

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Pte. A. E. Fox, 8th Gordon Highlanders, was shot through the right arm by a sniper on April 6th, and is now in a convalescent hospital in France.

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### PRISONER.

Capt. G. N. Clark, of the Post Office Rifles, first reported missing, now captured. He is the son of Mr. J. W. Clark, Norfolk Place, Halifax. He was educated at Bootham School, York, and Manchester Grammar School. He won the Brakenbury at Balliol, in 1908, took a first class in Classics and a first class in Modern History, and gained a Fellowship at All Souls' College. He had for a few months been engaged in writing a history of the Grammar School with a view to publication in the fourth centenary year, 1915. He held a commission in the Territorials, and went out in the Autumn of 1914 with the Post Office Rifles. He has been twice wounded already. Mr. Clark and Mr. G. H. D. Cole were well known as the most prominent among the young Oxford dons who espoused the Labour cause in politics.

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## O.T.C. Intelligence.

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Second Lieut. W. S. Dann, Officer Commanding, gazetted Lieutenant.

Lance-Corporals Powell and Littlewood to be Corporals.

Corporal Littlewood is posted to Section 4, and Lance-Corporal Thompson to Section 6.

A shooting match against the Bury Contingent resulted in a victory for us. Scores :—M.G.S., 428 ; Bury, 423.

Pte. HARRIS.



## Under the Zepps at Salonika.

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My first memory of Monday morning is a sudden awakening to great sounds and prolonged reverberations from the hills that run out East. There, in the cold half light we three in our tropical tent here, stalwart Y.M. workers, an Irish medical student of Trinity, a dear South American missionary from Nottingham, and a Greats man whom these two nursed through a week of agonising quinsy three weeks ago (that's me)—these three, I say, leapt into the chill grey air and saw not quite distinctly soldiers running out from the bell tents, wearing only their coarse grey shirts that flapped round their naked thighs. The air was full of noise, the falling of bombs and the guns began. There was nothing yet to see. Nottingham, clinging to the rail of the bandstand under which we have pitched our tropical tent, looked with some terror into the sky. The chill of the morning ran through my thin pyjamas, and I felt, being cold, the air-raid would be over soon, and so I sought the warmth of the tumbled blankets. There I lay some time while the noises cracked through the sky. Then I heard Notts, "See there, the signal flashes through that green tree," to some shivering soldiers at hand. Here was treachery. From the sky came answering signal flashes, blue and red, from a Taube. They had come. The rest is difficult to remember. The whole sky shook with the noise of the big guns firing from the cruisers in the harbour. I ran in now and put on slippers and took a blanket. There were Taubes now in sight, more of them. Round each were sharp bursts of light and the sky was peppered with the small white clouds of shrapnel. The bombs were falling much nearer. The Taubes circled round us awhile and some took the direction of the more central city. (*We* are by the sea and the big quays and stores unadvisable to mention, but you can guess, a little to the west of the centre). The Taubes came back and more came. There was one flew right into the very thickest of the shooting from the guns. Flash after flash lit up round

him, but he flew on without concern. 'That's a very brave man,' I said to myself of him, and I suppose I was far too full of fear (the soldiers, quite *nem. con.*, prefer the trenches, in Gallipoli even, because there are dugouts there, and you feel you can make yourself felt before you die, if you die) to feel any rancour against these imperturbable devils.

Then came a terrific explosion; I saw a huge sheet of flame flare to the sky, sulphurous yellow. I was standing on the raised steps of our home then and stepped down. At that moment I felt a slap of wind on my face and the air was warm. A bomb had fallen very nearly a hundred yards away. We all fell down flat, I in the ridiculous little rain-trench outside our marquee. Somehow and somewhere I rose, and felt acutely conscious of being stomachically in churn. You know these intense times have different physical effects. This, alas! was mine. And a new sound had come into this dreadful symphony, the sharp, angry bark of quickfirers. A death as likely from the dropping bombs was from the dropping shrapnel. But very strangely, in our immediate parts, nothing fell. After about an hour they left, and we sought bed, but oh! we were different men. Commend me to *le beau pays de mon enfance* and the life of a farmer in quiet Herefordshire fields, studying the seasons.

LOUIS GOLDING.

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## Letters from the Front.

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From Capt. J. F. Templar:—

"The boxing gloves and footballs came at a most opportune moment. There is to be a Brigade boxing contest on May 10th, and Hodgson-Jones is training the men for it. Last night we were all sitting in the Divisional Coffee Bar, watching two men scrap with a rotten pair of French mitts, and twenty men spoiling for a scrap. Then in came a man with two huge parcels for me, labelled "boxing gloves," and amid huge enthusiasm I pulled out real English gloves—and in less than no time four scraps were filling the air with the shuffle of feet and the smack of gloves. The men are awfully keen on boxing, and the room is packed out at night, as some

of the men are quite good fighters and well worth watching. One of them, Farr, was the public school champion. The number of Old Mancunians is surprising; Sergt.-Major Blackstock, Sergt. Jimmie Morrison, Sergt. Holmes, Sergt. A. Holden, Private Roberts, Hodgson-Jones, and heaps more, being Macaulay's old pupils. This afternoon we were able to have two footer matches, one rugger, one soccer, with the balls you sent to us. A grand Easter egg—received, Thursday, 20th."

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From Second Lieut. C. J. Watson:—

"I must have been born to be hanged! Read this and you will agree with me. I am going to try and give a detailed account of all that has happened to me. As you will have learnt from my letters our tour of the trenches was an extremely objectionable one from the point of view of weather. Added to this, our part of the line was very hot, and the Hun strafed us with "heavies," trench mortars, whizz-bangs, rifle and hand grenades, machine guns, and, last but not least, snipers. We had had four to five days of this when, on the evening of the 24th, we had just passed down the word for the evening stand-to at 7-15. One or two officers were already in the line, and I was just preparing to leave Company Headquarters' dug-out when the whole place seemed to jump up and rock. We knew immediately what had happened—a mine had been sprung, but where, it was impossible to say. Capt. — told me to go forward to the outpost line and get our machine guns to give covering fire wherever the mine happened to be. I arrived there to find one at least of the guns already going, that the mine was immediately in front of us, and that a party under — was already making its way to the near lip. First of all, you will want to know exactly what a mine is like. This was a huge one, just like the crater of a volcano, and must have been 50-70 yards across. I raced after —'s party, and joined it just before they reached the lip. The mine had blown up a portion of our front trench. The procedure in a case like this is to send out a covering party in front whilst a working party behind makes the trench.

"We had a deuce of a strafe, chucking bombs galore (I hear we got through 1,000 in a couple of hours), and doing all we could to keep the Hun off. The men were great, lighting cigarettes and chucking bombs as coolly as could be. Up to a certain point we did not suffer much, but then they got a machine gun going which badly enfiladed us, and we began to lose pretty heavily. Mind you, I am only telling you of my little bit—there were all kinds of side issues all round, naturally, but I only had a comparatively small part in it, though to be sure it was what you might call the *pièce de résistance*. However, we were sticking on; I had asked



— to go back and report to Capt. —. He had been gone some little time when I was hit. Though painful, I knew it was not serious, as I could use my leg, so I got a stretcher-bearer to put a dressing on it, and waited for someone to come up and relieve me. An officer of the people on our right came to report O.K. there and to ask if they could be of any assistance. He offered to take charge himself and let me go back, and I think I should have accepted, but unfortunately he was hit whilst he was talking to me—killed instantaneously, I think. The stretcher-bearer who had attended to me was also killed whilst dressing him. However, — came up soon after, and I felt justified in handing over and getting back. I crawled back to what was left of the trench, and with a little assistance made my way back to Company Headquarters, where I reported to Capt. —. Invoking the assistance of Pte. Shirt, I then proceeded to the dressing station near to Battalion headquarters, about a mile back, and a more painful journey I have never undertaken.

“And now to justify my opening remark. During the operation I felt something hit the back of my neck, thought I was scratched, and asked —to put a dressing on. However, he could find nothing, so I thought I must have been mistaken, and a piece of dirt must have hit me. But at the dressing station they told me that I had a bullet through the collar of my tunic. Nor was this all: at another period I felt a pluck at my left tunic pocket, and on looking found that a bullet had passed through that, going through a bundle of letters, smashing my best pipe, and ripping a hole in the pocket. I got another hole in the right pocket of my tunic from the same spasm of the machine gun which pinked me. To cap all (I have not verified it yet), Shirt tells me that there is another bullet hole through the knee of my breeches! I should imagine this is unparalleled; it would make a good par. for one of the papers or *Ulula*. Four hits through the clothing and one through the clothing and myself!

“At 5-30 next morning I was put aboard a hospital train, and after about fourteen hours’ travelling in this I arrived at No. 3 General Hospital, B.E.F.—a splendid place. Here I am being looked after by charming sisters, in a beautiful white-enamelled room. The only thing I am scared about is that it will heal up too quickly and I shan’t get to Blighty! However, I don’t think there is much chance of that.”

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## Founder's Day.

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The Founder's Day service was held at the Cathedral on Friday, June 2nd. The sermon was by the Rev. C. Alington, headmaster of Shrewsbury School, on the text, "Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in" (Is. xxvi. 2). The subject of the sermon was the principles underlying the great commonwealth of the British Empire. To some people, the preacher said, the whole ideal of empire seemed to have a taint upon it. It suggested something military and Jingo, the worst excesses of some of our daily papers, or Mr. Kipling in his worst moments. This conception of Empire was not the true one. It must be admitted that the methods by which we came into possession of India, Egypt, and South Africa were open to criticism. But in spite of this he claimed that this commonwealth was a "righteous nation which keeps the truth." Whatever faults may have been committed in its name, our Empire rested on great principles. The first of these was freedom. The public school was in some respects a representation of England on a small scale. Where could you find greater liberty than in the English school? There was scope in it for trust between boy and boy and between master and boy. We believed in freedom and we took some risks to spread freedom throughout the world. Another great principle was that of responsibility towards the people of the Empire. It was the same principle of service which was at the bottom of all that was really good in society. Our aim was to make people fit for freedom, and, when they were fit, to make them free. It rested with the rising generation to see that we did not forget the great ideals upon which the Empire was based. It was not safe to regard the Empire merely as a great commercial enterprise; we must rely upon something higher than that.

We are indebted to the *Manchester Guardian* for the above summary.

## Love and the Bees.

### I.

Once a bee slumbered thro' the noontide hours,  
 Among the roses, in sweet fragrance drowned;  
 Love spied her not, reached forth to cull the flowers,  
 And in their stead her poisoned weapon found.  
 Stung in the hand he shrieked aloud with pain,  
 Then sought his mother in Cythera fair,  
 Now swiftly striding onward and again  
 Soaring in anguish thro' the yielding air.  
 "Alas, I am undone, ah, misery!  
 Undone, my mother, e'en to death," he cried,  
 "A tiny wingèd creature wounded me.  
 A bee the rustics call it." She replied:  
 "If a bee's sting inspires in thee such dread,  
 Think'st not thy victims, too, are sore bestead?"

L. J. H. B.

Ἔρως ποτ' ἐν ῥοδοισιν  
 κοιμωμένην μέλιτταν  
 οὐκ εἶδεν, ἀλλ' ἐτρώθη  
 τὸν δάκτυλον· παταχθεὶς  
 τὰς χεῖρας ὠλόλυξεν·  
 δραμὼν δὲ καὶ πετασθεὶς  
 πρὸς τὴν καλὴν Κυθήρη  
 "ὦλωλα, μάτερ," εἶπεν,

ὦλωλα κάποθνήσκω·  
 ὄφεις μ' ἐτυψε μικρὸς  
 πτερωτός, ὃν καλοῦσιν  
 μέλιτταν οἱ γεωργοί."  
 ἃ δ' εἶπεν· "εἰ τὸ κέντρον  
 πονεῖ τὸ τᾶς μελίττας,  
 πόσον δοκεῖς πονουῖσιν,  
 Ἔρως, ὅσους σὺ βάλλεις;"

ANACREONTICA xxxiii.

### II.

One summer morn to crown his wanton stealing,  
 Love maketh boot upon the honeyed hives,  
 Then a bee spies his hand the spoil concealing,  
 And thro' each finger tip her weapon drives.

In his distress upon his hand he blows,  
 Stamps on the ground, leaps up to ease the pain ;  
 Then to his mother Aphrodite shows  
 His aching hurt and 'gins to chide amain :  
 " Mother, how small a creature is the bee !  
 How mighty is the wound her sting doth make ! "  
 Thus the fell archer made lament, and she  
 Smiled at his peevish railing, and bespake :  
 " Why, Eròs, thou art such another thing,  
 How small art *thou* ! how grievous is *thy* sting ! "

L. J. H. B.

τὸν κλέπταν πότε Ἐρωτα κακὰ κέντασε μέλισσα  
 κηρίον ἐκ σίμβλων συλειτουργόν, ἄκρα δὲ χειρῶν  
 δάκτυλα πάνθ' ὑπένυξεν · ὁ δ' ἄλγεε καὶ χέρ' ἐφύση  
 καὶ τὰν γὰρ ἐπάταξε καὶ ἄλατο, τῇ δ' Ἀφροδίτῃ  
 δείξεν τὰν οδύναν καὶ μέμφετο, ὅττι γε τυτθὸν  
 θηρίον ἐστὶ μέλισσα καὶ ἀλικά τραύματα ποιεῖ ·  
 χά μάλιστα γελάσασα, τί δ' ; οὐκ ἵστος ἐσσι μελίσσαις ;  
 ὥς τυτθὸς μὲν ἔφυε, τὰ δὲ τραύματα ἀλικά ποιεῖς.

THEOCRITUS xix.

## The Misty Dawn.

Lay him softly asleep  
 In the cold dank loam,  
 Whence the white mists creep ;  
 Lay him softly asleep,  
 He hath borne his part.  
 In a darkened home,  
 Far away,  
 There's a woman will weep ;  
 Whist ye, pray  
 For a broken heart.

Let him sleep all alone  
Where the white mists creep.  
How the wild winds moan!  
Let him sleep all alone.  
Let the sad clods fall  
For his last long sleep;  
Hearken ye!  
For the wild winds moan  
Threnody,  
And the mist is a pall.

How the wind sobs and cries  
Like a wailing bird!  
Watch the white mists rise;  
How the wind sobs and cries!  
His sacrifice is made.  
Look! the mist is blurred—  
What is this?  
'Tis the Great Sacrifice;  
See Him kiss  
The pale forehead—and fade.

H. G.

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## Active Service Habits: A Problem.

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Articles upon the "after the war" theories are now becoming numerous, and confront one so continually, that I'm inclined to feel bored whenever I come across one in the many journals I have sent to me. The characters are extremely varied, ranging from the "war babies" question down to the weak and trembling theory upon the class-extinction possibility.

The problem—nay, the dilemma—in question is that which faces you Tommy when he finally discards his arms, equipment and khaki, and places his identification disc in the family museum; arriving home with the prospect before him of settling down among cushy home-comforts, and polite civil life. The point is this: How is he going suddenly to adapt his personality accordingly, and discard all his active service habits before giving himself a chance of "putting his foot in it"? Doubtless my readers will consider the problem a ridiculous one; will deem it hardly worth mentioning; and will emphatically declare that "he'll manage that part all right." Well, in the case, we look to those good people to pardon any discrepancies in Tommy's mannerisms should they be made on his return, and to give a helping hand at directing him into life of a civilised type once more.



Myself, I'm convinced that the habits I've collected will by no means be thrown off with one-fifth the ease with which my khaki tunic will leave my back; and it's a constant source of dread to me that I may make some terrific blunder in polite society when I return.

Take a possible example. Directly on arriving home Tommy will, no doubt, manage gloriously. The centre of a little admiring group, he won't have the chance of making a hash of things, and will undergo the hand-shaking process just like—just like a civilised man, for instance.

But there's a nasty little loophole for making a blunder at a tea-table, at any time. I have recollections myself of the almost perishing politeness and etiquette which is always preserved when any particularly virtuous relatives are present; and I always did contend that it's the most simple thing in the world to "put one's foot in it" at a tea gathering. The cups of tea are handed round carefully, the questions of tea and sugar being asked during the process; and as the conversation, drifting and meaningless, continues, he betrays not the slightest signs of boredom. A glance will perhaps show him poising his cup between his thumb and forefinger as delicately as anyone present—even remembering that dainty trick of lifting and curling the little finger; a habit indulged in by those who wear a ring upon that peg. He's managing splendidly. But on his being asked whether or no he'd prefer another cup, isn't it possible—just possible—that he'll upset the whole bag of tricks by exclaiming "Yes, pass the unmentionable dicksie!" and throwing his slops on the carpet.

I quote this, my dear reader, 'cos I've dreamt of making that mistake myself, and have awakened with a cold perspiration bubbling from my forehead. I often have a feeling that at sometime or other I'm fated to make that blunder, and that dream has unnerved me to such an extent that I've rehearsed all sorts of imaginary "tea-times" in the sanctity of my dug-out on this peninsula.

\* \* \* \* \*

I remember, too, how I used to reply to our good-tempered corporal when, in the barrack room at Cairo, he used to rouse me in the morning. I always was a hard sleeper, I'm sorry to admit, and that painful ordeal of throwing the sheets from me has always proved a most marked trial of will-power, no matter how glorious the morning. Even in the trenches, or in the dug-outs, I must confess to some nasty and wicked expressions which I've used upon those disturbing me from sleep; and, despite my apologies afterwards, these outbursts whilst in that state of semi-wakefulness have been the cause of little eruptions at various times. In the event of my ever being roused, when at home, heaven grant that I may become sufficiently awakened before replying!

\* \* \* \* \*

Apart, of course, from the trouble which Tommy's forgetfulness may cause, there's always a great chance of his doing things which may occasion much surprise, and make him "a source of innocent merriment." It'll be the easiest thing in the world for him to make an ass of himself, merely by a little absent-mindedness. For instance the long-drawn "whrr-r-r!" of a nicely speeding car strangely resembles the sound of a travelling shell; and, remembering that on hearing the latter the soldier immediately seeks the best available cover, there's no end of possibilities as to what would happen frequently on our high roads.

One can form a mental picture of a careful newly-discharged soldier, disturbed temporarily by the noise of a giddy Ford, skipping into a ditch with all the activity necessary to avoid a 16-pounder! The number of noises, too, akin to that of a sniper's rifle "piff!" are far too many to mention, and certainly far too numerous to allow him a comfortable time.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is yet another habit of our war-worn Tommy, so deeply rooted that it may be now called an instinct, and that is his casual collecting of fuel whilst marching, strolling (?), "fatiguing," or engaged in any occupation in or out of the trenches. Firewood is certainly a luxury—here, in Gallipoli, at all events—and the lucky man who, by hook or by crook, can possess himself of a hefty supply of this article is the man of the moment among his cronies. Whatever he's doing he will always stoop to pick up the slightest piece of dry wood which meets his eye, and, remembering that every little counts, thus enables himself to have a canteen of tea occasionally—no matter how small the daily issue of fuel may be.

I myself, by habit born of long continued practice, instinctively halt before any piece of wood larger than a match-stalk, and take possession. I do it entirely without forethought—by instinct, as I say. . . . I suppose I'd look a fool if, walking to the office some day in the future, I halted and eagerly picked up a chunk of packing-case wood lying on the kerb, wouldn't I?

\* \* \* \* \*

Many more are the discrepancies which our war-worn Thomas may commit before he succeeds in casting off his wolf's clothing; and, on behalf of my fellow-warriors and myself I now appeal to those who, in civil life, are apt to be rather critical, to allow us, say, a good couple of months at least in which to make the necessary change in our mannerisms, and to be as forgiving as possible whenever we "put our feet into it."

By these means you will earn unlimited gratitude from Mr. A. generally; and you will do undying service to your humble, 'cos he's a very susceptible individual and is painfully conscious, ill-at-ease, and repentant, whenever he has the evil luck to shock anyone. Believe me, I'm absolutely harmless; my blush is quite infantine!

H. S. T.

## Battle of Deeply.

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There has been more fighting in the Bury sector, and the Corps has again been engaged—a short affair indeed, but hot stuff while it lasted. We entrained at 1 p.m. at Victoria for Bury and marched to the Grammar School. The officers went forward to reconnoitre, while we marched with the Bury contingent almost to Summerseat. Here we left them and walked by a narrow country lane to Deeply Reservoirs. Our guide, thoughtfully provided by Bury contingent, aroused our ire by his love for circular tours. Our hate grew extreme when we had “looped the loop” for the sixth time, but the timely arrival of the officers saved him from the “strafting” we had contemplated. We retired a little way to discuss operations. Our only information was that the enemy were in position somewhere between an old disused mill and Deeply bleach works, so scouts were sent out and soon found the enemy positions. The first was just to the rear of the disused mill and stretched from the north bank of the brook along the line of a wall up the hill. The second was on the same side a little past the bleach works. Our attack was divided. The main one was to advance along the hill side, while a feint attack advanced along the bottom of the valley. The chief party at once stormed the enemy first line, they retiring so rapidly that we were able to gain some further ground without much opposition. The enemy main body then came into action, and the fighting soon became intense. Our feint attack debouched from the woods under a withering fire. In spite of this they continued their advance and joined on. The enemy again quickly retreated, but our advance was still more rapid. The end of the action soon came and found us in possession of the valley, and occupying the heights on the north side. About half the enemy were unable to extricate themselves from their position, and the remainder fell back in disorder in a southerly direction. We marched back with them to Bury, and returned home.

EYE WITNESS.

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## Pott Shrigley Camp.

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This was a new venture, and we were, as befitted pioneers, a small party. Col. Lowther gave us a pitch in his park some 770 feet above sea level. It was cold but healthy. We compromised on the time question by observing Greenwich time in the morning and “summer time” at night. We did a certain amount of work, nothing dangerous, in the garden and in the park. We pulled a certain



amount of fish out of the lake, but they were of the bantam battalion, and we put most of them back again to await our next visit. Lieut. Stafford took command, with J. B. Horn as medico and chief of the staff, and J. L. Littlewood as pudding expert and leading bass. Both staff work and puddings were first rate. Of the music others must speak. Everyone was very kind to us except the sun. We are especially grateful to Mr. John Woollam and Mr. Moorcroft, who helped us out of all our troubles, also to Mrs. Littlewood and Mrs. Shepherd, who gave us toothsome dainties to set off our spartan diet withal. As for Col. and Mrs. Lowther, without a Golding we cannot hymn their praise aright.

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## Literary Society.

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On Monday, March 27th, Mr. Warman in the chair, L. Bradley read a paper on "Some Shakespearean Duels." He divided the duel into four classes, quoting examples of each, and commenting on them, described the method of issuing a challenge, by extracts from "Twelfth Night" and "The Rivals." A short communication was then read from G. Harrison on "Shakespeare's Patriotism." Though he never took up arms in England's service, Shakespeare lived in an intensely patriotic age, whose spirit is mirrored nowhere more clearly than in his own writings. However little we can learn from his works as to the actual man, it is impossible to doubt his patriotism.

On April 10th, Mr. Warman in the chair, T. D. Stock read a paper on "Goethe." Born in 1749 of well-to-do parents, he received a good education and attained a considerable knowledge of science and languages. In 1775 he first went to the Court at Weimar, and in 1786 undertook a journey to Italy in quest of the antique. "Sturm und Drang" was repugnant to his classicism and made him out of tune with his surroundings. He was an intimate friend of Schiller, and was deeply affected by his death. He himself died in 1832. After describing and commenting on his various works, Stock read an extract from "Faust," the work of Goethe's lifetime, to which he only put the finishing touches in 1831.

On May 8th there was an unusually good attendance. Mr. Warman was in the chair. The High Master read a paper on "Philip James Bailey." Born at Nottingham on April 22nd, 1816, Bailey first published his great work, "Festus," in 1839, but by subsequent additions increased it until it had swollen to three times its original size. It is the story of a young man's wrestlings with the great psychic and moral problems of every-day life. The



poem is a work of genius, though, judged as a whole, it is disappointing. Bailey himself was "singularly regular and simple in his habits of life, and a great upholder of old customs."

Both Mr. Paton and Mr. J. Cuming Walters, who was a welcome visitor, gave interesting personal reminiscences of the author, and the meeting concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to the High Master for his kindness in giving the paper.

On May 15th, Mr. Warman in the chair, G. F. S. Jackson read a paper on "Montaigne." After the introduction to the essays had been read, a short account was given of Montaigne's life, and a lengthy extract from the essay on "Education," including some interesting facts about his early years. His influence on other authors was then discussed, and in particular Shakespeare, who was well acquainted with Florio's translation. A short discussion followed, but the attendance was not nearly so good as the paper deserved.

On May 29th, Wilson and subsequently Mr. Warman were in the chair. A paper on Walter Pater's "Marius the Epicurean" was read by Mr. H. Balmforth, B.A. It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to classify this book, though the full title, "Marius the Epicurean; his sensations and ideas," shows something of its character. Mr. Balmforth gave an account of the gradual progress of Marius' belief from his visit in childhood to the temple of Aesculapius to the final martyrdom of an "*anima naturaliter Christiana*." We can only mention here the beauty of thought and diction which characterises the book, though Mr. Balmforth's treatment of this subject was excellent. It was evident from the discussion that the paper had been one of the most interesting of the season.

L. J. H. B.

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## Debating Society.

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On Friday, March 31st, Light in the chair, the annual inter-debate with the O.M.'s took place, but military exigencies considerably interfered with our chances of seeing once more "the old familiar faces." We were, however, fortunate enough to secure the presence of Mr. G. E. Fasnacht (O.M.), a former officer of the Society, who kindly consented to propose the motion "That there is not sufficient evidence to justify a belief in human progress." The proposer, with his accustomed brilliancy and spontaneity, discoursed on man and apes, and the moral and material sides of the question. He declared that our vaunted advance in scientific knowledge was partly untrue and partly an opportunity for barbarity; that the ancient Egyptians knew more of surgery than we do, and that the cancer cure was humbug.

Various civilisations were recorded in history, but all were insecure, and contained in themselves the germs of their own decay. Summerfield, opposing, denied that he had performed a mental summersault since the last debate. He maintained that depression was not unnatural, and that man's object was not to increase pleasure but to avoid increasing sorrow. He concluded with the hope that in another year or two Mr. Fasnacht would have another tale to tell. Mr. Martin (O.M.) failed to gain the sympathy of the meeting for his plaintive enquiry, "What is progress?" but eventually decided that it must be an illusion. Wilson pointed out that water was known before wine, with the obvious conclusion, and was supported by Mabbott. Thompson confined his maiden speech to the remark that the hour for tea was at hand. Porter, in declaring a belief in human degeneracy, quoted a member's description of civilisation as a "gilded barque floating upon a cesspool." After summing up, the votes were found to be equal, 8—8, and Light gave his casting vote for the motion. L. J. H. B.

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## Philosophical Society.

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Since the last issue of *Ulula* there have been four important and well-attended meetings of the Society, our President, Mr. Barnes, taking the chair on each occasion.

On March 21st E. N. Allott lectured on "Explosives." Though gunpowder has been known for so many centuries, various incendiary substances were used in warfare, even before its invention. Gunpowder is rarely, if ever, used now, but it has been replaced by gun cotton, picric acid, nitroglycerin, T.N.T., tetranitroaniline, and other explosives. Gun cotton and some others are remarkable for the fact that they do not explode on ignition. Thus gun cotton may be burned on a heap of gunpowder without exploding either itself or firing the gunpowder. The very ingenious methods used to determine the velocity of explosion of certain explosives and the muzzle velocity of a projectile were also described. The lecturer performed several experiments, during which some of the timid members of the audience took refuge behind attaché cases and other objects.

On the following Tuesday, A. Fuchs lectured on "Radium and Radio-activity." Several radio-active minerals were known before M. and Mme. Curie actually isolated radium in 1898. Radium is a most extraordinary element, and has apparently no regard for the fundamental laws of Chemistry. The large quantities of energy stored up in a small quantity of radium is of

little use commercially, as it is liberated but slowly. Further, it is doubtful whether the confidence placed in radium as a cure for cancer is justified. A number of specimens were shown, and a few experiments performed, but owing to the fusing of an electric wire over which the Society has no control, several experiments and some lantern slides could not be shown.

J. W. McCann was the speaker on April 4th, his subject being "Airships." Several more or less unsuccessful attempts to construct lighter-than-air flying machines were made a considerable time ago, but only within the last decade has any degree of success been attained. The most successful have been, without doubt, the rigid airships built by Count Zeppelin, and used, before the war, on the passenger services between various German cities. British attempts to construct airships have been singularly unfortunate, and Mr. Barnes remarked that the "Mayfly," a dirigible built at Barrow a few years ago, and wrecked on its first trip, was said by the wits to have been unfortunately christened, because it didn't fly.

On April 11th was held the last, and perhaps the most popular, of the meetings of this session, the subject being "The Evolution of the Kinetograph," and the lecturer G. W. Potts. He described the construction of the kinetoscope, invented by Mr. Edison, and the kinematograph, by Messrs. Paul and Lumière. He concluded his address by showing a few films on his own machine, which were much appreciated.

C. S.

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## Natural History Society.

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On April 12th, Blackmore (Sc. V.) gave a very interesting paper on "Birds of Prey." He not only dealt with the English species, but also described the habits of several typical foreign species, laying special stress on their different modes of feeding and the corresponding adaptability of their beaks and talons.

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## Cricket.

## M. G. S. v. BOLTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Wednesday, May 17th, at Bolton. Our opponents, batting first on a comparatively easy wicket, soon found themselves in difficulties with the bowling, Harrison being particularly deadly. As the relatively high number of maiden overs testifies, the bowling was throughout treated with respect, not one of our opponent's batsmen showing much confidence. With only 37 runs to win, our batsmen played somewhat more freely than usual, and our comparatively low score must be ascribed to this fact more than to any particular brilliance in our opponents' bowling. Scores:—

BOLTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.		M. G. S.	
H. Entwistle b Harrison .....	8	A. C. Radcliffe b Sharp .....	8
C. Hindley b Harrison .....	0	R. E. Rippon b Sharp .....	8
J. M. Howarth c Edwards b Harrison .....	2	I. Kenyon c and b Entwistle .....	5
J. T. Sharp lbw b Harrison .....	3	J. Harrison c Hindley b Entwistle .....	19
O. Stott not out .....	7	G. F. S. Jackson c and b Sharp .....	1
B. C. Walch b Harrison .....	2	A. J. B. Orr c Stott b Entwistle .....	9
H. Houghton c and b Harrison .....	0	N. L. Edwards b Sharp .....	10
G. D. Bolton c Orr b Marquis .....	2	A. Dean c Stott b Entwistle .....	0
H. L. Tootell run out .....	2	H. A. Field c Coy b Entwistle .....	0
J. Coy c and b Marquis .....	4	F. Marquis st Hindley b Entwistle .....	4
G. Leather b Harrison .....	0	P. J. C. Thornley not out .....	0
Extras .....	6	Extras .....	2
Total .....	36	Total .....	66
BOWLING ANALYSIS—		M.	W.
Harrison .....	17.5	7	7
Field .....	7	3	0
Marquis .....	10	7	2
			5

## M. G. S. v. LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.

Saturday, May 20th, at the Cliff. This match served to show again that the School batting is none too strong this year, and that a lot of practice will have to be put in at the nets to improve this department. However the bowlers once more rose to the occasion and we managed to beat our opponents by 29 runs. Scores:—

M. G. S.		LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.	
J. Harrison b Owen .....	23	Watson b Marquis .....	1
A. C. Radcliffe lbw b Jones .....	5	Jones b Harrison .....	0
J. Kenyon c Capstick b Owen .....	0	Hutchison b Marquis .....	2
R. E. Rippon c Ward b Owen .....	2	Wilkinson c and b Harrison .....	7
G. F. S. Jackson c Longhurst b Owen .....	19	Ward c Field b Harrison .....	15
A. J. B. Orr b Owen .....	7	Longhurst c Edwards b Harrison .....	0
A. Dean c Ward b Owen .....	9	Owen b Harrison .....	0
H. A. Field c Hutchison b Holmes .....	0	Christian c Marquis b Jackson .....	12
F. Marquis b Holmes .....	4	Holmes run out .....	3
P. J. C. Thornley b Holmes .....	0	Wardle c Orr b Jackson .....	1
N. L. Edwards not out .....	8	Capstick not out .....	1
Extras .....	2	Extras .....	8
Total .....	79	Total .....	50



BOWLING ANALYSIS—	O.	M.	W.	R.
Harrison .....	8	1	5	23
Marquis .....	7	0	2	14
Jackson .....	1	0	2	5

### M. G. S. v. SALFORD TECHNICAL INSTITUTE.

Wednesday, May 24th, at the Cliff. This match was almost an exact replica of that of the preceding Saturday—weak batting and good bowling. Harrison again distinguished himself, both with the bat and the ball, whilst Marquis's bowling was particularly deadly. Scores:—

M. G. S.		SALFORD TECHNICAL INSTITUTE.	
J. Harrison b Smith .....	30	McCarter b Marquis .....	0
A. C. Radcliffe lbw b Smith .....	6	Taylor b Marquis .....	0
J. Kenyon b Smith .....	0	Walker b Marquis .....	0
R. E. Rippon b Broome .....	0	Neumann b Harrison .....	9
G. F. S. Jackson b Walker .....	4	Broome b Marquis .....	4
A. J. B. Orr b Walker .....	20	Barber b Harrison .....	4
A. Dean c Neumann b Walker .....	0	Fegredo run out .....	0
P. J. C. Thornley not out ...	8	Harrison b Marquis .....	6
N. L. Edwards b Walker .....	1	Smith (Jun.) b Harrison .....	4
F. Marquis c Broome b Walker ...	4	Hopewell b Harrison .....	0
H. A. Field b Smith .....	0	Smith not out .....	0
Extras .....	6	Extras .....	9
Total .....	79	Total .....	36

BOWLING ANALYSIS—	O.	M.	W.	R.
Harrison .....	6.1	1	4	18
Marquis .....	6	1	5	9

### M. G. S. v. SWINTON SCHOOLS.

Saturday, May 27th, at the Cliff. Our opponents, winning the toss, elected to bat first on a good batting wicket. Two wickets were soon down for ten runs, but when Kolter joined Evans a change took place, and mainly owing to a period of bad fielding, the bowling changes proved ineffective, and the score was carried to 106 before Dean took Kolter's wicket. The fifth wicket fell at 146, and the remaining batsmen failed ignobly, adding only three runs. Dean is to be congratulated on being the first bowler on the School side to perform the "hat" trick this season. Evans batted with superb confidence throughout, and was especially strong on the leg side. He should, however, have been out quite early on, a chance he gave being badly missed. School opened none too well, two wickets falling with only 14 runs on the board. However, following the example of our opponents, we succeeded in making a third wicket stand, which carried the score to 90 before Jackson was bowled. The light was becoming very bad, and a thunderstorm which had been threatening for some time broke over us, so that on the fall of

Kenyon's wicket, with another half-hour to play, it was decided to abandon the game, which was in a very interesting state. Scores :—

SWINTON SCHOOLS.		M. G. S.			
Evans not out .....	103	J. Harrison c and b Evans .....	10		
Eckersley c Marquis b Harrison ...	0	A. C. Radcliffe b Eckersley .....	1		
Hamer b Harrison .....	5	J. Kenyon b Harrop .....	37		
Kolter b Dean .....	20	G. F. S. Jackson b Eckersley.....	43		
Harrop c Thornley b Jackson .....	6	R. E. Rippon not out .....	1		
Hartley run out .....	1	A. J. B. Orr, A. Dean, P. J. C.			
Hall c and b Dean .....	0	Thornley, N. L. Edwards, F.			
Tompkins b Harrison .....	0	Marquis, and H. A. Field did			
Evans c Edwards b Dean .....	0	not bat.			
Eaves b Dean .....	0				
Healy b Dean .....	0				
Extras .....	14	Extras .....	4		
Total .....	149	Total (for 4).....	96		
BOWLING ANALYSIS—		O.	M.	W.	R.
Harrison .....	6	.....	1	.....	22
Marquis .....	5	.....	1	.....	21
Field .....	7	.....	0	.....	38
Jackson .....	9	.....	1	.....	29
Dean .....	5.5	.....	0	.....	25

### M. G. S. v. BOLTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Wednesday, May 31st, at the Cliff. In this match the School team appeared in a better light than before this season. Not only is the total the highest that we have yet reached, but the individual scores were more even, and it was not such a one-man show, as has too frequently been the case. The fielding also was greatly improved, and compared very favourably with that of the preceding Saturday. The bowling throughout was in the hands of Harrison and Marquis, although the latter, bowling faster than usual, sent down at times some bad length balls which proved rather expensive as far as "extras" at least were concerned. Scores :—

M. G. S.		BOLTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.			
G. F. S. Jackson lbw b Sharp.....	4	H. Entwistle b Harrison .....	15		
J. Harrison c Hindley b Sharp .....	11	O. Stott run out .....	2		
J. Kenyon b Sharp.....	28	J. M. Howarth b Harrison .....	4		
R. E. Rippon b Entwistle .....	9	J. T. Sharp b Marquis .....	5		
A. J. B. Orr b Hamer .....	22	G. D. Bolton lbw b Marquis.....	7		
A. Dean b Howarth .....	1	C. Hindley b Harrison .....	0		
P. J. C. Thornley c Hamer b		H. Houghton not out .....	5		
Howarth .....	4	Hamer b Marquis .....	0		
N. L. Edwards b Sharp .....	30	J. Coy b Marquis .....	1		
R. H. Boydell c and b Howarth... 14		H. L. Tootell b Marquis .....	6		
F. Marquis lbw b Sharp .....	0	Allsopp b Marquis .....	2		
H. A. Field not out .....	6				
Extras .....	11	Extras .....	23		
Total .....	140	Total .....	70		
BOWLING ANALYSIS—		O.	M.	W.	R.
Harrison .....		13	6	3	14
Marquis .....		12.1	2	6	33

## M. G. S. v. BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Saturday, June 3rd, at Bury. Arrangements having been made for the School team to go into camp on this day, we were compelled to draw stumps in this match much earlier than usual. Electing to bat first, it was clearly our policy to score quickly, and then to leave ourselves as much time as possible for dismissing our opponents. The game started at 1-45, and having knocked up 169 runs in about an hour and a half, we decided to declare with somewhat more than an hour and three-quarters left for play. Even at the start our opponents batted somewhat slowly, playing the bowling with more and more care, but in spite of this, wickets fell comparatively quickly, the eighth being down with still about half-an-hour to go. Nevertheless, despite several bowling changes, we were unable to take the remaining wickets before time was called, our opponents being rather fortunate in avoiding defeat. Scores :—

## M. G. S.

## BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

J. Harrison c Heap b Haslam .....	5	Brown lbw b Harrison .....	8
A. C. Radcliffe run out .....	9	Lea b Jackson .....	4
J. Kenyon run out .....	64	Haslam b Jackson .....	23
G. F. S. Jackson c and b Haslam .....	9	Hartington b Harrison .....	0
R. E. Rippon b Isherwood .....	66	Whittle c Boydell b Jackson .....	8
A. J. B. Orr b Bott .....	10	Taylor b Dean .....	7
A. Dean not out .....	0	Bott not out .....	10
P. J. C. Thornley, R. H. Boydell, F. Marquis and N. L. Edwards did not bat.		Metcalf c Kenyon b Dean .....	0
		Binns c Kenyon b Dean .....	0
		Heap not out .....	10
		Isherwood .....	—
Extras .....	6	Extras .....	7
Total (for 6).....	169	Total (for 8) .....	83

## BOWLING ANALYSIS—

	O.	M.	W.	R.
Harrison .....	16	2	2	40
Marquis .....	13	8	0	10
Jackson .....	10	3	3	22
Dean .....	6	4	3	3
Radcliffe .....	1	1	0	0

The remaining results will appear in the next number.

## The Roll of Honour.

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### KILLED IN ACTION, OR DIED OF WOUNDS, OR PRO PATRIA.

Bradley, R., Corporal, A.S.C.

Burrows, A. C., 2nd Lieut., 14th Bn. Cheshire Regt. (died of wounds)

Chapman, J. C., Pte., 20th (S.) Bn. Royal Fusiliers

Colebrook, G. W., Pte., 4th Bn. Oxon and Berks Regiment

Eccles, Walter, 2nd Lieut., Loyal N. Lancs. Regiment

Hand, Roland, 5th Bn. Canadian Expeditionary Force

Huddleston, Lorimer Fenton, Pte., 6th Manchester Regiment (previously reported missing)

Littlewood, F. W., Lieut., 8th Bn. York and Lancaster Regiment

Lockwood, Edgar, Sapper, 13th Div. Signal Co. R.E.

Sharratt, R. W., 2nd Lieut., 16th Bn. Lancashire Fusiliers

Stott, Frank, Pte., 20th Bn. Royal Fusiliers

Tate, Herbert L., 2nd Lieut., R.F.A.

Whitehead, Frederic, Pte., 16th Bn. Anzacs

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### WOUNDED, INVALIDED, OR MISSING.

Boardman, A. H., Pte., 20th (S.) Bn. Royal Fusiliers (wounded in left leg)

Clark, G. N., Capt., Post Office Rifles (missing)

Fox, A. E., Pte., 8th Gordon Highlanders (wounded in the right arm by a sniper on April 6th)

Hodgson-Jones, D. S., Lieut., 20th (S.) Bn. Royal Fusiliers (suffering slightly from gas)

Holmes, J., Sergt., 20th (S.) Bn. Royal Fusiliers

Pinder, G. J., Capt., 49th Bn. Canadian Expeditionary Force

Stock, Robert, 2nd Lieut., 3rd Bn. Royal Welsh Fusiliers

Williams, A. S., Sergt., 20th (S.) Bn. Royal Fusiliers (wounded in right side by bomb)

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### DECORATIONS AND DISTINCTIONS.

Crawshaw, C. H., Lieut., 8th (attd. 6th) Bn. K.O. Scottish Borderers, awarded Military Cross

Goodman, G. D., Lieut.-Col., 6th Bn. Sherwood Foresters (Notts and Derby Regiment) to be a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George



Macgregor, Amyas, Lieut., 1st London Field Coy., R.E., awarded Military Cross

Noton, H. H., 2nd Lieut., 2/5th Bn. Lancashire Fusiliers, awarded Military Cross

Whitley, Norman H. P., 2nd Lieut., 7th Bn. Manchester Regiment, awarded Military Cross

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### NEW NAMES.

Blakeley, A., Pte., Loyal N. Lancs. Regiment

Bloomer, H. S., Capt., 3/6th Bn. Manchester Regiment

Bowden, J. P., Pte., 14th Bn. Manchester Regiment

Finney, A. E., Lieut., R.A.M.C.

Fletcher, Herbert F., Pte., A.S.C.

Fox, A. E., Pte., 8th Bn. Gordon Highlanders

Gledhill, J. J., Lieut.-Col., 6th Bn. Manchester Regiment

Hadfield, R. C., Pte., 26th Bn. Manchester Regiment

Hutt, A. F., Sapper, E. Lancs. Div. R.E.

Joyce, J., Pte., 29th Bn. Royal Fusiliers

Lemberger, J., Pte., R.A.M.C.

Roberts, E. P., Pte., 17th Bn. Manchester Regiment

Simcock, F. B., 2nd Lieut., King's Own Royal Lancaster Regt.

Snape, W., Lieut., Royal Flying Corps

Sweeney, R., 2nd Lieut., 1/8th Bn. Lancashire Fusiliers

Whitman, Charles, 2nd Lieut., 3/17th County of London Regt. (T.)

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### CORRECTIONS, PROMOTIONS, TRANSFERS, ETC.

Bloomer, W. C. K., to be 2nd Lieut. 1/6th Bn. Manchester Regiment

Chiswell, C. H., Pte., 6th Bn. Manchester Regiment, now 2nd Lieut.

Clark, G. N., Post Office Rifles, now Capt.

Cooper, A. L., 20th (S.) Bn. Royal Fusiliers, now Sergt.

Feeny, F., Royal Field Artillery, now Lieut.

Fincken, V. S. T., Capt., to be Staff Captain, 61st Infantry Brigade

Hotson, Stanley, to be Bombardier and Acting Paymaster-Sergt.

Lamb, A. F. T., 6th Bn. York and Lancaster Regiment, to be Captain

Radcliffe, L. G., 20th (S.) Bn. Royal Fusiliers, now Sergt.

Roberts, Walter M., now 2nd Lieut., R.G.A.

Robinson, H. F., 15th (S.) Bn. Lancashire Fusiliers, now Lieut.

Sinclair, K., 3/1st E. Lancashire Division, R.E., to be Lieut.

Sutcliffe, Norman W., 6th Bn. Manchester Regiment, now Lieut.

Wood, Morley, 14th (S.) Bn. Manchester Regiment, now Captain

## Old Mancunians Association.

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1915	Beakley, Herbert	George and Dragon Hotel, Tyldesley
1897	Cross, Norman	127, Butler Road, Harrow-on-the-Hill
1909	Ellison, Isaac	Lynwood, Middleton Road, Higher Crumpsall
1915	Farthing, Stanley	The Chalet Mauldeth Road, Heaton Mersey
1916	Hack, William S.	41, Kearsley Road, Crumpsall
1914	Hallard, Frank L.	24, Perrymead, Polefield, Prestwich
1915	Lawton, Thomas J.	25, Woodlands Road, Crumpsall
1877	Nixon, Rev. Howard, M.A.	St. Barnabas' Vicarage, Dulwich, S.E.
1915	Stock, Robert	133, Tweedale Street, Rochdale
1916	Wild, Stanley	Homestead, 386, Slade Lane, Levenshulme

### *Registered Alterations and Changes of Address.*

1894	Asbury, Joseph	14, Hereford Street, Sale, Cheshire
1907	Bell, Fred A.	12, Perrymead, Polefield, Prestwich
1911	Binns, Tom T.	Heathfield, Priory Road, Sale, Cheshire
1906	Duxbury, Rudolph H.	Fern Leigh, Longwood, Huddersfield
1911	Hall, Ralph A.	One Ash, Priory Road, Sale, Cheshire
1914	†King, John H.	Gap House, Kettleshulme, Whaley Bridge
1896	Lorenzo, George, Junior	c/o Messrs. Ewing & Co., P.O. Box 73, Calcutta
1907	Meldrum, Francis A.	Oak House, Appleton Road, Hale, Cheshire
1892	†Milner William B.	East View, Timperley
1914	Quarmby, Alan	Wood View, New Hey, Rochdale
1895	Roberts, Walter M., M.A.	28, Manor Road, Beckenham, Kent
1894	Rogers, John T.	49, Melling Road, Southport
1898	†Rountree, Arthur F.	The Rectory, Stretford
1866	Shaw, Edmund B.	23, Brundrett's Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy
1895	Smithard, Major W. R. N.	c/o Messrs. Holt & Co., 44, Charing Cross, London, S.W.
1898	Southern, Geo. A.	10, Kirkmanshulme Lane, Longsight
1901	Waring, S. L.	(late Weingold)... P.O. Box 5706, Johannesburg, South Africa
1912	Whittaker, Donald G.	Cranford, New Moston
1879	†Wright, The Most Rev.	

Archbishop, M.A., LL.D. Bishops court, Darling Point, Sydney, Australia

† Vice-President.

‡ Life Member.

### *Addresses Wanted.*

1911	Bayley, Pte. Richard J.	late No. 4614 A Company, 3rd Platoon, 12th Section, B.E.F., France
	Chiswell, C. H.	„ 11, Darlington Road, Withington
1911	Gresham, Thomas B.	„ 7, Penn Street, Horwich
1911	Harvey, Gilbert M.	„ Rockbank, Milnrow, Rochdale
1904	Hoyle, John F.	„ 1, Hare Hill Road, Littleborough
1905	Jalland, A. E., LL.B.	„ Duchy Chambers, Clarence Street, Manchester
	Kay, Wm. Jun.	„ Ash Lodge, Chester Road, Stretford
1903	Rogerson, C. M.	„ c/o Messrs. Adamson, Gilfillan & Co. Ltd., Singapore, Straits Settlements
1911	Vaughan, A. N.	„ Lynwood, Baxter Road, Sale

### *Deceased.*

1908	Bradley, Rowland	late of Norton House, Broughton Park
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## Editorial Notices.

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
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