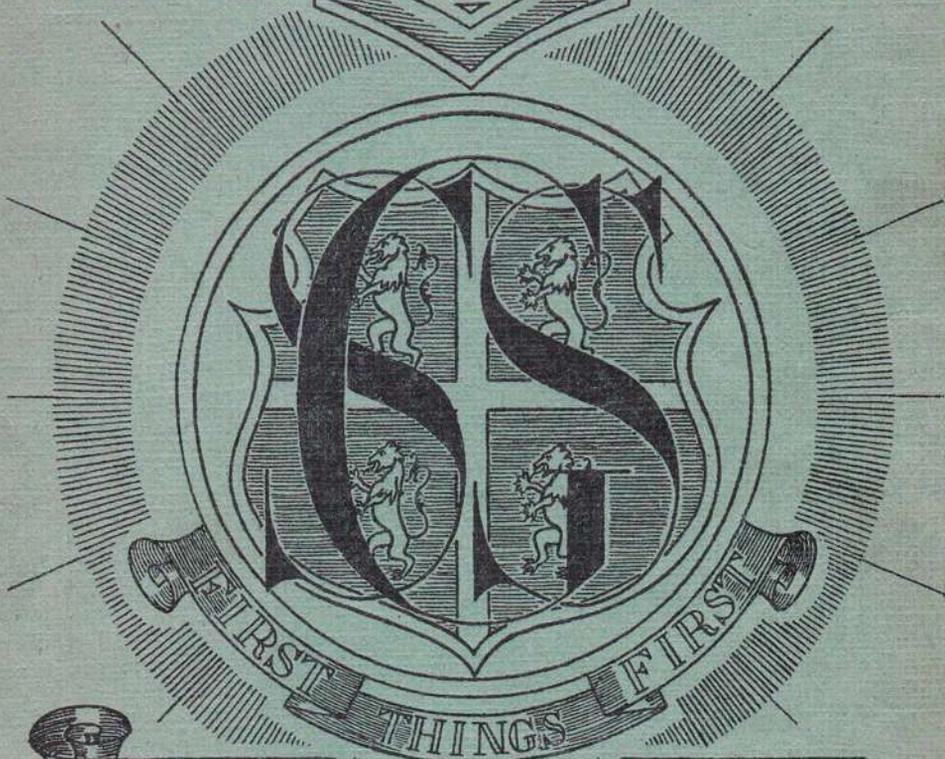


GRAMMARIAN



FIRST THINGS FIRST

STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL



GRAMMARIAN

XMAS, 1951.

No. 15.

Stanley Grammar School, Stanley, Co. Durham.

Editor :

G. Herdman.

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Miss Allison and Mrs. Jones.

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Miss Thompson.

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Mr. Seed.

Committee :

One representative from each form.

EDITORIAL

At the end of the summer term we all experienced mixed feelings, for our joy at release was mixed with regrets, because Miss Nicol was leaving us. She was the last of the original staff which opened the school in 1912 and in the years since then she has become endeared to, and respected by all who passed through her capable hands. Suitable presentations were made by scholars and staff at simple but moving functions, and once again we wish Miss Nicol a long and happy retirement.

A sincere welcome is extended to Mrs. Jones, who takes the place of Miss Nicol, and we hope her stay with us will be a long and pleasant one. She has kindly agreed to assist Miss Allison as reader of the Magazine and has also taken charge of the Junior Library.

Miss Allison is now the Senior Mistress and she has handed over to Miss Jeffrey the duties of Senior Librarian.

We regret that the price of the Grammarian has increased to one shilling but this is unavoidable as the printing charges have increased by one third. If each pupil bought a magazine regularly the increase in receipts from sales would restore our finances to a firm foundation. As it is some pupils are content to read the copies of their friends instead of buying their own.

Heartly congratulations to Jean Ross who has brought honour to the School by gaining

a State Scholarship. Jean is now at Bedford College of London University, and we wish her every success.

Congratulations also go to Billy Patterson and Teddy Brabban, who gained the First Year Certificate of the City and Guilds of London Institute in Woodwork. Eleanor Wardle (Form VI) has passed her Grade V singing examination, gaining a merit award with 121 marks out of a possible 150. We also commend those pupils who gained their road safety cycling badges.

The Photographic Society has again supplied the prints for the reproductions in this issue. These are of the usual high standard which we have grown to expect from this society, and to them we tender our grateful thanks.

A new Society has been formed this term. This is the French Society which is confined to the senior section of the School. The Society promises to be popular and we wish it every success. Our appreciation goes to Mr. Proud for the fortnightly film shows which he has kindly provided throughout the term. These are very popular and are always well attended.

Everyone was pleased that the new heating system was working when we returned from the Autumn Holiday, as we had been dreading the approach of the really cold weather. It is now over a year since the alterations to the school were begun and an interested watch is kept for any new developments. The sudden bangs and screeches are no longer a novelty and we are now almost immune to them.

During last term the senior school visited the Festival Ship, Campania, and had a very enjoyable time. An article and a photograph on that subject appear in this issue of the magazine.

This term, enjoyable visits have been made to a production of some French plays in Newcastle, and to "She Stoops to Conquer," which was produced by pupils of Hookergate Grammar School.

I am pleased to note that an enthusiasm for writing articles for the Grammarian has sprung up among the Sixth Form girls, and I hope this admirable lead will be followed by the rest of the school.

G.H.

WINTER

Winter will soon be here
 With its nights cold and drear ;
 All the trees will be bare,
 Not a blossom anywhere.
 When the snow falls soft and white
 Birds will all have taken flight.
 With its nights cold and drear
 Winter will soon reappear.

MARGARET WANLESS, Form III.

THE TEST

It was 9 o'clock on a wet bleak night in November, in the late 19th century, that three weary travellers stabled their horses at "The Huntman's Arms," and went inside for supper.

"Well, gentlemen," boomed the large red landlord, "My house is empty, and you may chose your own rooms if you wish."

"Thank you," replied one of the travellers. "We do not require rooms for the night, but merely wish you to stable our horses and give us some supper, as we will depart again, on foot, in an hour."

"Oh!" said the landlord rather surprised "And may I ask where you gentlemen are going tonight?"

"You may indeed," laughed the tallest and youngest of the travellers—Claxton by name—"We are going to stay in the Kempton Manor."

"The Kempton Manor," retorted the landlord. "But it is empty. There is no one there."

"Exactly," replied Claxton. "Exactly, that is why we are going. My two friends here believe that Manor to be haunted." With this he burst out laughing. The rest of the company did not laugh however, but looked at each other in dismay and awe.

Claxton having ended his hilarious outburst went on, "My two friends bet me that I could not stay in the Manor with them for one night, and not be terrified."

"I would not go near that place at night for all the tea in China," put in the landlord, and his expression was one of absolute sincerity.

The landlord then joined with Withers and Wenmington in their attempt at persuading Claxton that the Manor was haunted, and that all kinds of mysterious noises and move-

ments occurred during the night. Claxton however was completely unmoved, and urged his friends to be on their way.

They finally departed about 10 o'clock, leaving the warm, cosy, inn parlour for a house of terror. The landlord wished them luck, but did not envy them.

The winding path which led to the Manor was almost a stream, owing to the heavy rainfall. The wind howled through the trees and bent them low. The heavy timber creaked and groaned in its melancholy surroundings, giving an air of sombre loneliness to the companions. By the time the friends reached the Manor, their mood was anything but pleasing.

The Manor was a big house of over a hundred rooms. It was of grey stone, and almost completely surrounded by trees. They approached the main door, and Claxton banged the knocker. He then looked with much delight on the horrified countenances of his friends as the sound boomed through the house seemingly echoing about its halls for hours.

The front door was locked so the party wound its way round to the back of the house, where a french window lay open, and hanging off its hinges. They entered a large room covered with leaves, blown in by the penetrating wind, giving an air of desolation and neglect.

Wenmington opened a door in the room and lead the way through a long passage to what must have been the servants' quarters. This room was tidy, and in the hearth lay a heap of logs, which seemed to have lain there for years.

"Well!" said Claxton, "How thoughtful of the ghosts to have left us logs. Come, let us make ourselves comfortable."

Some candles were found and lit, and Claxton went to work on the fire which was soon burning merrily.

When Claxton had his back to his friends, Withers turned to Wenmington and gave him a very deliberate wink. With this he stole very quietly out of the room. Claxton did not notice his friend's disappearance.

"Wither," said Wenmington, but received no answer. Claxton looked round and saw that Withers was missing. "I wonder where he has gone," said Wenmington.

"He must have ventured into the passage way," suggested Claxton. "He'll be back

