

GRAMMARIAN

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Stanley Grammar School Stanley, Co. Durham

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Committee:

One representative from each form.

EDITORIAL

The new school buildings have at last been completed. The gymnasium, with its changing-rooms and showers, the assembly hall and the biology laboratory have now been in use for some time, while an imposing new entrance has been added to the main building, and the old school hall has been converted into three new rooms. A new lighting system has been installed throughout the school and this is a great improvement on the old system, for each room has six lights, or eight in the case of the larger rooms, besides blackboard lights, and in addition there are two plugs in each room for projectors and radio sets.

The new buildings were officially opened by Mrs. Jolley, J.P., on 31st October.

It was with great regret that we learned that Mr. Carr, our headmaster, intends to retire in December. Mr. Carr has been with us for many years and will be a great loss to the school. Mr. Carr has spared no time or effort in furthering the interests of the school and yet he has always been ready to advise his pupils and many have benefited from his sympathetic understanding of their problems. We offer Mr. Carr our good wishes for a long and contented retirement, and we hope he will always visit us on such occasions as Speech Day, Sports Day, and the Past Students' Reunions.

We were very sorry to lose Miss Hakin, who left us shortly before her marriage (which took place in January). Miss Hakin is now living at Manchester and we hope that her married life will be a long and happy one. Miss Mather, a welcome addition to the staff, temporarily filled Miss Hakin's post as French mistress, and we hope she enjoyed her short stay with us.

We were also sorry when Mr. Robinson left us after he had been appointed Organiser for Further Education in the north-east area of the county, from the 1st June. His new post will, however, allow him to come back to the school from time to time, for a short while at least.

Mrs. Pearson, who filled the post of gym-mistress as well as teaching History and English, for seven years, was a great miss to the school when she left us at the end of the summer term, for she was a friend as well as a teacher.

We extend a hearty welcome to four new members of the staff, Miss Baxter, Miss Rose, Mr. Cousins and Mr. Robertson. Miss Baxter teaches French, Miss Rose is the new gym-mistress, Mr. Cousins fills Mr. Robinson's post as Chemistry master and Mr. Robertson takes Biology. We hope they will enjoy being with us and that they will remain at the school for many years to come.

This year four boys have brought very great honour to the school by gaining State Scholarships. We offer hearty congratulations to Jack Wilson, Eric Rainbow, Dick Rose and Brian Price, and hope they will continue their success. Eric and Brian are now at Bristol University; Dick is at Manchester and Jack hopes to go to Oxford or Cambridge after completing his two years of National Service in the R.A.F.

We also congratulate Edwina Rogerson, a past student, who has gained a State Scholarship from Consett Grammar School. Edwina was at our school for five years, and left us after gaining nine distinctions in School Certificate in order to take biology at Consett. We wish Edwina every success.

On Speech Day, the school gave a very enjoyable performance of "The Dear Departed". Our thanks go to Mr. Proud, who produced and directed the play, and to those

members of the school who took part in the acting or helped behind the scenes.

Unfortunately, the school is not to have the new tennis courts which we previously expected, for, although tenders for the courts were approved by Durham County Council, they were rejected by the Ministry of Education in view of the new economy cuts.

WENDY HERDMAN, VI.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED

(Hong Kong)

"... Although I am nearly 10,000 miles from home, I saw all the old faces in the photographs, attended the Society meetings in the accounts and I was with you on Sports Day.

"The magazine, *Grammarians*, is a precious link with S.G.S. and home; a link many chaps don't have and, although they have not attended our School, they are, even now, as I write, reading it with great interest."

(London)

"I like to receive the *Grammarians* and wish to proffer my congratulations to those involved in maintaining its artistic standards.

"I am dismayed at the number of your contributors who are either anonymous or are 'Cynics'."

A very friendly letter from Japanese students was read to the assembled school. We were pleased to receive it and hope that it will be the means of beginning a healthy and interesting correspondence between the youth of Japan and ourselves. For any boy or girl who would like to write individually, we give the address. Japan Correspondence Club, 260, Oka-Shinmachi, Hirahata City, Osaka, Japan.

HANDEL

Handel, who was born in Germany in 1685 (the same year as Bach) and lived until he was 74 years old, experienced his most serious troubles when he was young. His father disapproved of music, and it is said that he burnt his son's toy instruments. Soon after, Handel smuggled a clavichord (a keyboard instrument similar to a piano) into an attic, where he continued his studies and practising in secret. Eventually his father let him have his own way, and he became known as an infant prodigy. After beginning his career as an organist in Hamburg, he went

to Italy, where he met Domenico Scarlatti, who was impressed by his playing of the harpsichord. Scarlatti himself had written some wonderful music for the harpsichord, very quick and elaborate, rather like Bach's. Handel eventually obtained another post in Germany, but he was able to enjoy long holidays, during which he was a frequent visitor to England. Here he wrote a successful opera, and finally he came to live in London. He made an enemy of a rival musician whose operas were being sung by a popular lady called Faustina. Handel found a lady called Cuzzoni who could do justice to his own great compositions, but he unwisely wrote an opera for both these ladies. Unfortunately they fought one another and tore out each other's hair. The audience enjoyed this immensely. Handel hired a theatre where he ventured to stage his own works, but he lost all his savings. In attempting to find favour with the public, he had several times to lose all his money, and some of his best work was sold to pay off his debts. One of the best and most famous compositions that Handel wrote to meet the demands of the creditors was his "Messiah". It was written in 23 days. He continued to write oratorios and he was at last immensely successful, even financially. Like other musicians who have over-strained their eyes by writing music, he became ill and blind. In a comparatively short time he died, and was buried with much honour and great public mourning in Westminster Abbey.

MARGARET WANLESS, Form IV.

WINTER TIME

Soon it will be Winter,
Robins will appear;
Then it will be Christmas,
Season of good cheer.

Then the large white snow-flakes
Will begin to fall
And we'll see some icicles
Hanging on the wall.

Then I'll get my sledge out,
Oh, won't it be nice!
Perhaps I'll do some skating
(If there's any ice).

If the snow is really deep,
A snowman I will make;
Then I'll sing glad praises,
For our dear Lord's sake.

For in dear old Bethlehem,
On a Christmas morn,
Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Was in a manger born.

So I love old Winter,
Time of ice and snow;
Remembering that first Christmas
In days now long ago,

AN APPRECIATION OF MR. CARR, OUR HEADMASTER

Most pupils of this school, past and present, will regret very much the retirement of Mr. Carr, our Headmaster, at the end of the Christmas term. He has been Headmaster for 19 years, and in that time, his pleasant disposition, his sincerity and his sense of humour have made him the friend of all the pupils as well as the Staff. In all his actions he is very considerate and thoughtful, and always does his best to try to please everyone. He takes a keen interest in school activities and is a member of the Debating, Geography, Music and Photographic Societies. It is only through his willingness and enterprise that the Chess Club came into being again. The interest of the school and pupils is always first in his mind. He is always eager to hear the pupil's point of view about the various aspects of the running of the school, and is quite prepared to give a great deal of his valuable time to discussing any suggestions raised by pupils.

I am sure we shall all miss him, but sincerely wish him the best of health and much happiness in his retirement.

J. NICHOLSON.
(Senior Prefect).

A HOLIDAY ON THE CONTINENT

On Thursday, 30th July, a party of scholars left Newcastle Central Station on the first stage of a 400-mile journey to Ostend. Too excited to sleep, we travelled overnight and arrived in London at 4.30 a.m. We travelled by Tube to the Strand for breakfast and, after visiting Trafalgar Square, we went by Tube to Victoria Station, where we caught the boat train. The 70-mile journey from London to Dover was very interesting, as we saw oast-houses and hop fields. At 11.30, we went on board and after a tiresome wait

set off on our voyage in fine weather, with the sea calm and blue. The white cliffs of Dover were seen in all their splendour. While crossing, we saw the Goodwin Sands and several wrecks. After 3½ hours, we caught the first glimpse of our destination, Ostend, where we arrived at 3.50 p.m. After docking, we were relieved of our luggage and met by a guide, who accompanied us to L'école Athénée, our lodgings. After dinner we walked along the promenade.

On Saturday morning we had an interesting talk with a beach attendant and, when we went for a swim, we discovered we had to pay 6 francs (11d.) to go into the water. After lunch, we discovered some pedal cars which were for hire and we had a very good time touring the town in these. The next day was very warm, so we stayed on the beach, which was a very short distance away. Here, we made friends with a French girl, who lived in Bruxelles.

Monday was devoted to a trip to Bruges, where we were met by a fourteen-year-old girl, who was to be our guide. She took us to the landing stage of the canal and we had a marvellous tour of the city by boat. We saw most of the famous buildings, including the Town Hall, the belfry and the church of Notre Dame of Bruges, as well as people making lace and some artists at work painting pictures of the beautiful parts of the city. The shops are famed for their lace and jewellery.

On Tuesday we had a most enjoyable day in Holland. We travelled by coach and crossed the Scheldt by ferry boat to the Isle of Walcheren.

We then visited Middleburg for lunch and continued our journey to Goes, with its famous market. Here, we made many purchases as the sweets were unrationed! Many people wear national costume, the women with wide white head-dresses having ornamental ear pieces, small triangular shawls and very wide long skirts, and the men with large wooden sabots. Everywhere in Holland we saw windmills lazily turning. The countryside was very flat, clean and neat in appearance. We considered our day in Holland to be the highlight of our holiday.

The following day we went to Dunkirk, which was very interesting but, as it was still in ruins, it was very depressing. We were shown the submarine bases, left by the Germans. On the return journey we stopped at Meli's Gardens, where we wandered about in the maze. When we eventually found our way out, we visited the interesting zoo.

Thursday was a free day, so, after shopping, we visited the park and floral clock. That evening we packed, for the next day we were to leave at 9 a.m.

Arriving at Dover, after a very rough crossing, we caught the London train and thence came to Newcastle where we arrived at 5.30 a.m., after a very tiresome journey. We all had huge breakfasts when we reached home.

THREE SECOND YEARS.

SAYINGS FROM "THE TEMPEST"

There be some sports are painful (Boys v. Girls hockey match).

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds all horrible.
(Music lesson).

Within this half-hour will he be asleep?
(History lesson).

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about my ears.
(First Year violin lesson).

What a pied ninny's this?
(Art Master commenting on my drawing of a horse).

A freckled whelp, hag-born—not honoured
with

A human shape. (Guess who!)
ANONYMOUS.

Make a Note of This Date
DECEMBER 17th

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REUNION**

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A JOURNEY TO THE EAST

On the 29th September, 1951, I, along with many others, embarked on the troopship "Dunera" at Southampton bound for Singapore. A dream of travel had come true, a journey to the east and places that I had only read about in geographical magazines and books.

At noon next day we began to move slowly out of Southampton. First the Isle of Wight and the famous Needles and then the open sea, but what lay ahead, no one knew.

Our first experience was rather pitiful—sea sickness everywhere and to make matters worse, a rough passage through the notorious Bay of Biscay! Then down the coast of Spain and Portugal with only barren hills to be seen on the one side and nothing but water on the other. We passed through the waters where Lord Nelson won his famous battle of 1805 and then, as from nowhere, the most South-Westerly point of Europe, Cape St. Vincent, with its lighthouse towering on the cliffs, came into view.

Unfortunately we passed Gibraltar during the night so we missed that wonderful spectacle, but the following morning what better than to awake and find that we were cruising along the N. African coast. The hills were covered with bushes and a type of oak tree from which, I believe, we obtain cork. Also that day beneath the warm Mediterranean sun we watched with amazement a spectacle very few of us had seen before,—flying fish, both blue and silver.

One night shortly after dark, the shadow of a large rock-like island could be seen with its gay lights twinkling in the darkness. This was our only glimpse of that heroic island fortress, Malta.

No more land was seen for some time until one morning we saw what appeared to be huge telegraph poles. We were told that these marked the delta of the River Nile. So this then was Egypt, the land of Pyramids and the Sphinx.

Port Said was our first call here, but we were not allowed ashore and we had to content ourselves with a promise of future sights from the Canal.

The Suez Canal, is a busy waterway but not quite what we had expected. There is just room for one ship to pass down and no more. On both sides, there were glorious rolling plains of "sand" dotted with small Arab settlements and army camps at irregular intervals. It was here that we saw the real Egyptian "ships of the desert", and dhows, the picturesque sailing boats of ancient Egypt.

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Next morning we awoke in a heat that we had never before experienced for we were in the Bitter Lakes. On one side was Arabia and on the other Egypt's desert. But here I got a surprise, because from my reading, I imagined Egypt as a flat plain of sand, instead of which I saw hills of bare rock with scanty vegetation of dry bushes and lifeless trees. During this part of the voyage I saw not only Egypt and Arabia but Eritrea and the Sudan. Then came our first shore leave.

It was a fine morning with a lot of sun, as we sailed into Aden and what an impressive sight! A town built at the foot of and on the face of, mountains of solid rock. Aden we are told is one of the hottest and driest places in the world and we saw no reason to doubt it. We saw camels pulling carts as we visited the Arabian bazaars, where everyone tries to sell everything to everybody. Not knowing the language, buying with all its bargaining became a tricky business, requiring all one's skill to avoid being swindled. Our time was over and back to the ship we went and in the clear water we saw for the first time, a shark. Hungrily it hovered around the ship, hoping, I am sure, that one of us might provide it with a meal. No one obliged, preferring to live a little longer!

We sailed out of Aden, and except for Somaliland we sighted no more land until we were sailing into Colombo harbour in Ceylon. However, during the days following our arrival at Colombo we sailed in a sea which seemed becalmed. There was not a ripple in the whole ocean around us, except where our vessel glided through. It was during this time that we arrived in Singapore on 28th October and it was here that I was told that after a day's stay in Singapore I would be going on to Hong Kong. It was whilst I was in Singapore, that I saw monkeys playing in the trees and vile snakes slithering in the undergrowth—my first glimpse of wild animal life. In Singapore the population is made up of mostly Malaysians and Chinese, and the language spoken is Malayan.

I began the last lap of my journey, Singapore to Hong Kong, on November 1st aboard the aircraft carrier H.M.S. "Unicorn". For the first time in my life (and the last I hope) I had to sling a hammock and sleep in it, and—but perhaps I should not describe my difficulties on climbing into a hammock. The interesting feature about this part of the journey was our sailing into a typhoon. It caused even the massive carrier to plunge and roll. Biscay was like a lake compared with this. Surviving this ordeal we arrived in

Hong Kong and I stood breathless as I saw this small island with mountains on it and large houses perched on the summits and faces. At the foot, we saw the city with huge skyscrapers towering over one of the finest harbours in the world.

Since arriving here I have seen all the traditional sights associated with China—rickshaws, junks, sampans, paddy fields, people with hats like lampshades, and the celebrated eating with chopsticks. Have you ever tried it? It is an experience everyone would surely enjoy.

I have been fortunate in seeing these things, Many of you will never have the opportunity, but the scholars of S.G.S. are lucky. You have a Geographical Society which engages speakers who have seen these things and are much better acquainted with these countries than I. Don't miss your chance. I was in the Geographical Society and learned much from it. Join and give it, and all those who work to make it a success, your support and encouragement.

OLD BOY.
(WILLIAM GILL).

NOVEMBER THE FIFTH

Whizz, "bang", up goes a rocket,
I've still got two left in my pocket,
Sparks from a "Fairy Fountain" fly,
And a "Golden Cascade" makes stars in the sky.

They've put a light to the bonfire now,
And all the children are shouting "Wow",
What a fire now it's alight,
It shines so well in the dark night.

Now the "Bangers" and "Jumping Jacks"
Are going off with such loud cracks,
"Bangers" and "Flower Pots" all go together,
Everyone's happy in spite of cold weather.

By ten the fire was burning low,
But why it was I do not know,
That at half-past ten my mother said,
"Come along, my dear, it's time for bed."

THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD

I was a medical student and was spending my vacation with a native tribe in the jungles of West Africa, with the intention of studying tropical diseases. I had been living with the

tribe for a few days, when one night, as I was talking to the headman in his hut, a hideous scream rang out. We rushed to the hut entrance, just in time to see the tribal witch-doctor walk right into the middle of the tribal fire. The glare of the flames lit up his ghastly figure. It was impossible for the charred body to be alive, yet there it stood. The neck drew my attention, for it was terribly swollen and, even though I was twelve feet away, I could distinctly see fingermarks. It was as if the neck were made of clay and had been crushed by a gigantic pair of hands. Suddenly, without any warning, the hideous figure uttered a bloodcurdling yell and collapsed into the heart of the fire. I wanted to drag the body out of the fire, before it was burnt to cinders, but I could only stand and stare. I felt a hand grab my arm. It was the headman. He led me back to his hut and it was only when we were safely inside that I noticed how nervous he was. I tried to make him explain, but all he could utter was, "The living dead".

I could get no more out of him that night, but during the next few days I learnt what no white man had heard before. If it had not been for what I myself had seen, I should certainly have regarded it as just some tribal superstition. About two days' journey into the jungle, lived the dreaded tribe of the Nirobi. To all natives this name spoke death—living death. In my questioning, I learnt, with great difficulty, that when a member of this tribe dies, he is not interred, but his body is carefully preserved by some means unknown to medical science. Every year, at about the end of the summer season, there are two tribal gatherings. The first had already taken place on the night when the witch-doctor lost his life. The second was to follow ten days later. At these ceremonies, according to local superstition, the preserved bodies are brought to life. They have no spirit, however, and cannot be said to be alive in the normal sense of the word. Interested as I am in medicine, I determined to visit this second gathering. The headman tried to dissuade me, but it was all in vain and, after making many preparations, I finally bade him farewell and started off into the forest.

Two days later, according to my chart, I knew that I was nearing the Nirobi village. Realising that my life would be in danger if I were seen by any of the tribe, I was especially careful during the rest of my journey. It was a great relief when, after climbing a little hill I saw, fifty yards in front of me, a circle of native huts, in the centre of which was

a huge roaring fire. I could go no further without danger, so after finding a comfortable spot, I lay down, took out my binoculars, and proceeded to survey the scene in front of me.

For the next three hours I saw a ceremony probably never before witnessed by eyes outside the tribe. By this time the sun had set and I could only see those objects near the fire. On one side was an immense stone altar. On this lay the body of a man who I could have sworn was the witch-doctor who had been burnt to cinders ten nights previously. I knew that this was impossible but found it difficult to disbelieve my own eyes. Suddenly, faint vibrations shook the night air. They grew louder and louder. I realised that it was the tribal drums which were beating out this terrible warning. The drum beats changed their rhythm; they went faster and faster. This seemed to have been a signal, for from out of what seemed to be a temple, appeared a dozen figures, white from head to foot. There was no one else to be seen. The new arrivals arranged themselves in a circle around the fire and the altar. I strained my eyes to account for their white skin, when I suddenly realised they were wrapped from head to foot in some sort of bandaging. It struck me then that these were the members of the tribe who had died during the past year and had been preserved. By some means unknown to Western civilisation they had been given the power of movement. While I was trying to find an explanation, I noticed a marked change in the sound of the drums, as they echoed out their warnings to all Africa. They quickened their pace and swelled their volume. The night air throbbed and even the ground itself trembled under the onslaught. There was a mighty crescendo, rounded off by an ear-splitting boom, which shattered the night air. Then the drums stopped dead.

The still, empty silence was awe inspiring as the bandaging fell from the motionless figures. At the command of someone from within the temple, two of the corpses walked slowly and stiffly out of the ranks towards the altar. One stood at the head, one at the foot of the reclining body. Together they lifted it and, without a sound, carried it into the fire. The two bearers seemed unaffected by the furnace under their feet, for they uttered not a sound. As for the one being carried, as soon as he reached the centre of the fire he stood up remained silent for a minute, then let out an agonised yell and collapsed, amid a shower of sparks. The similarity of that scream with the one I had heard ten nights before, shocked me. Then I realised that I was witnessing

an exact replica of that previous incident. That was the last thought my brain was to conjure up. I had been so interested in what lay before me that I had failed to notice a slight rustling in the undergrowth behind me. Suddenly all went black.

When I regained consciousness, I felt a great heat and saw on one side of me huge flames reaching up and up. I tried to move but my body refused to obey my will. Then, cold lifeless hands took hold of my feet and shoulders and lifted my rigid body from what I now knew to be the stone altar. They put me down on the ground. At a command from deep down inside my brain, I rose to my feet, turned towards the fire, walked slowly forward, right into the very centre of the blazing inferno. I stopped, stood upright with my arms extended. My body was completely encased in flames. Yet I felt no pain. I could not understand it. Then the awful truth dawned on me. I was no longer alive, I had joined the dreaded ranks of the "living dead".

FRANK EINSTEIN
(J. NICHOLSON, Form VI).

THE MARCH WIND

The mad March wind is out at play;
He hurries along in his own giddy way,
Snatching caps and running away.
And putting them on the roof.

And when he blows around the hill,
Paper flies around at will,
Sparrows sit on the window-sill,
Asking for a crumb.

O wind you are a merry fellow,
Now you roar and now you bellow,
I wonder if ever you're sad and mellow,
With such a life as yours.

If I were you I should always be merry,
Although I should always be in a hurry,
My cheeks would be rosy and red as a cherry
As I gaily flew along.

HARRY BAXTER, Form I.

DEBATING SOCIETY

This Society, which appeared to have died a natural death, has now been revived by enthusiasts in the Sixth. It was originally decided to allow only Fifth and Sixth year pupils and members of the Staff to attend but it has been suggested that the rest of the school be allowed to come if they so wish.

No committee has yet been formed but it is hoped that this will be remedied at the next meeting.

We have had one meeting so far this term (on October 14th) and it was on the success or failure of this that it was to be decided if we should continue. Fortunately, it was a great success, as Mr. Carr afterwards said, "The best we have had for some years—certainly a great success". The motion was, "This house is opposed to the abolition of Capital Punishment". R. Fisk was in the chair; the proposer was Miss Thornton, supported by G. Mallows; and the opposer was Mr. Wood, supported by Nova Williamson.

The following are the main points in the arguments used by the principal speakers at the debate, taken from the minutes of the meeting.

Miss Thornton, who opened the debate, stated that one of the primary purposes of the State is to safeguard the lives and property of its citizens. In cases of sufficient gravity, that is, in cases of murder and treason the death penalty must be retained as the *ultimo ratio* by which society can defend itself. Particularly in cases of premeditated murder, fear of the consequences is a powerful deterrent. Far from wallowing in mawkish sentiment over the reactions of the murderer, society must cut off that man who has shown disregard for the life of another. This is not vindictive. It is the only effective means by which society can be protected against the incarnation of evil.

This was seconded by G. Mallows who dealt with the subject of "Murder and Insanity". He stated that when a person loses his temper he has lost his self control for a moment, but his action is not excused. Similarly, a person who has killed, but has been found to be insane, should not be excused or dealt with leniently because he has lost control of himself. He cited the recent Straffen murders and went on to show that violent criminal lunatics cannot be guaranteed cured nor are they certain to be kept in confinement, and so they remain a danger to the State for the rest of their lives. These criminals are highly dangerous men and it is the right of man that he should be adequately protected from this danger. Officialdom owes this form of security to man as recognition for the everyday services carried out by him for the good of the country.

The opposer, Mr. Wood, reviewed historically Capital Punishment and the punishment of capital crime in England, noting that in

Anglo-Saxon times murder was punished by exacting compensation from the murderer and his kindred for the relatives of the victim; that hanging was prescribed for an increasing number of crimes until, in the 18th Century, capital crimes numbered over 200, including such trivialities as stealing a handkerchief; and that in the 19th Century, as the age grew more enlightened, Capital Punishment was limited, until it became the penalty for murder and treason only. This 19th Century development had not led to any increase in crime. He noted that, at the present time, about 150 murders took place each year, and about a third of those caught suffered the extreme penalty. He appealed to those present to abolish this barbarous practice.

In his summing up, the opposer noted that an innocent man might suffer, and that while we can take away life we cannot create it. He stressed the attitude, emphatically stated in the New Testament, "Thou shalt forgive thy neighbour seventy times seven". Finally, he appealed to those present to imagine themselves in the place of a jurymen empanelled in a murder trial, the judge, the warders, the chaplain, the doctors present at the execution, the hangman himself, and again urged them to abolish this relic of a barbarous past.

His seconder, Nova Williamson, made three points. The first was the Christian ethical motive, that the Christian should not hang a murderer, but he should hope for the reform of that murderer. Secondly, that the alternative to Capital Punishment should be enforced, namely, a long term of imprisonment with no chance of escape. The final argument was that, because of the uncontrollable state of mind of the murderer, when he performs the deed, he does not think of the consequences. Therefore, it is useless to argue that the abolition of Capital Punishment would increase the number of murders.

Other points of view were also put forward, both for and against, but when a vote was taken the motion was narrowly defeated by twelve votes to eleven.

Our thanks are extended to Mr. Carr who has given encouragement to the Society and helped in every way he could to make it a success.

G. MALLOWS, FORM VI.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

The Photographic Society is now beginning its fourth year, and shows every sign of being as successful as ever. The average number of members over each of the past

three years has been 66. and there is every likelihood that the figure will be exceeded this year. To cope with the increasing number of active members, the Society has bought some more equipment. We now have two enlargers, a double glazer and dryer (a machine which in five minutes converts 24 wet prints into dry prints with a glossy surface), five glazing plates, four developing tanks and five exposure boxes, together with many less important items of equipment.

A permit for tea and sugar was obtained at the beginning of the year from the Food Office, and members can now enjoy a cup of tea for the very small charge of a halfpenny a cup.

At the end of the last school year, the Photographic Society lost the services of one of its most co-operative members, when Mr. Robinson, our former Chemistry master, left for another position. Mr. Robinson gave a great deal of his time to the running of the Society, and so, as a mark of appreciation, the members of the Society presented him with a very suitable book called: "The Ilford Manual of Photography".

Lectures are now being supplied by Johnsons Ltd. of Hendon, a well-known photographic firm. These are supplied in the form of type-written sheets, which are read out by a member of the Society. Each lecture is illustrated by either lantern slides or enlargements. So far we have had two; a lantern lecture entitled, "How to criticise your own prints", and a manuscript lecture entitled, "Aids to better prints", both of which proved to be both educational and enjoyable. Next term's programme includes: Feb. 19th. A lecture—"How to develop your negatives".

Apr. 23rd. A demonstration—Colourform and toning.

JAMES NICHOLSON (Hon. Sec.).

MEMBERSHIP CARDS

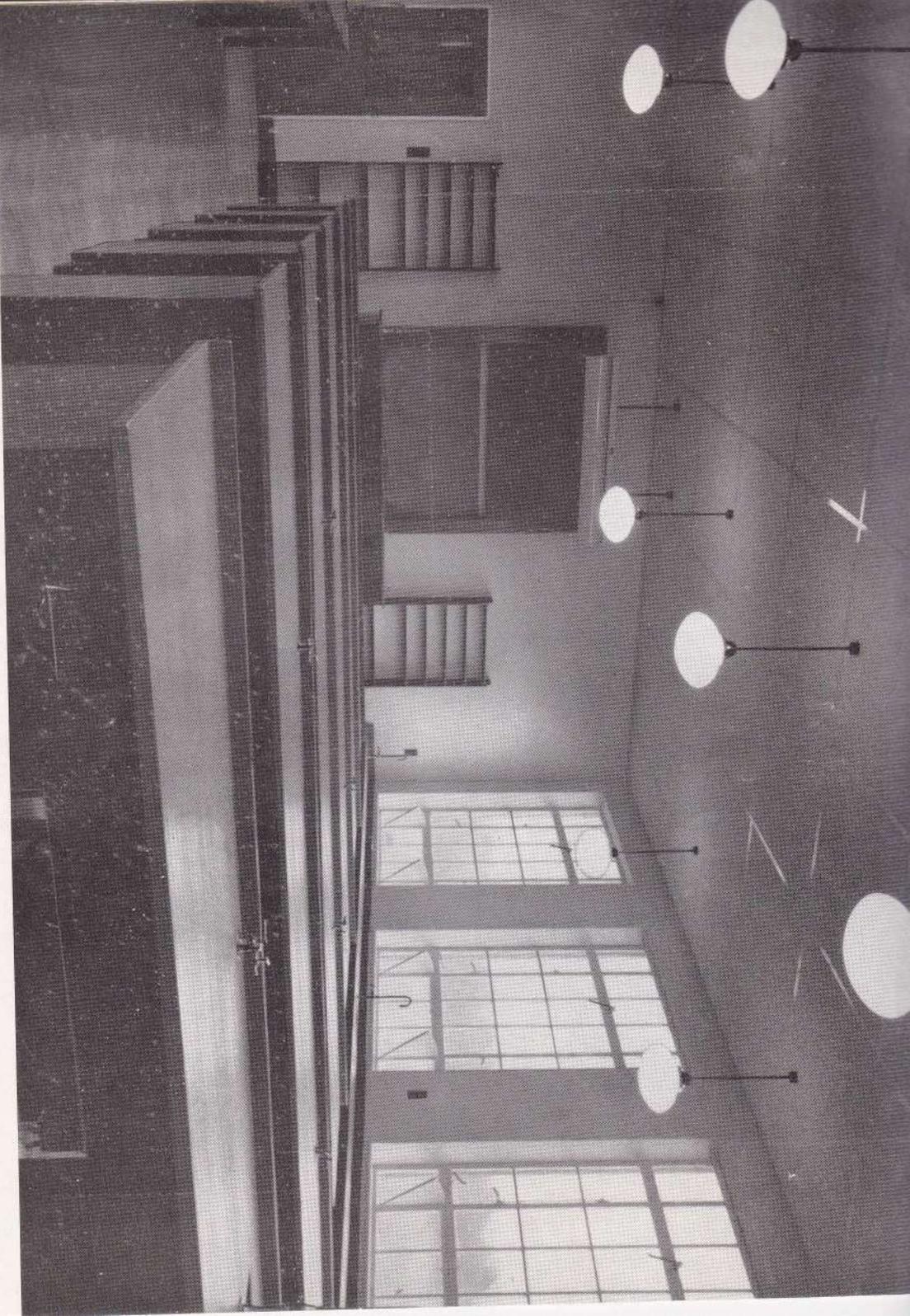
We, members of the Photographic Society, are grateful to the secretary for all the time and care he must have spent on making our membership cards. They show a high standard of taste and workmanship and give pleasure to all.

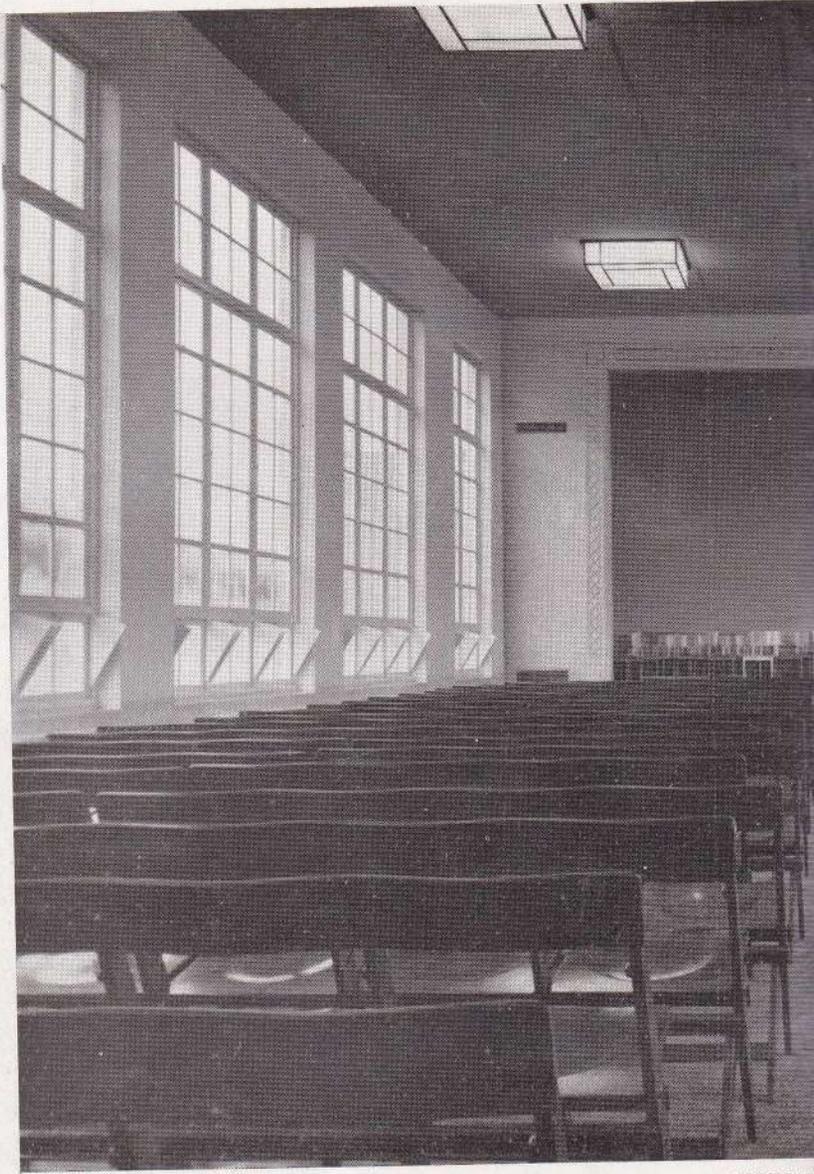
S. O. ALLISON.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Notre deuxième réunion l'année dernière a eu lieu pendant le trimestre de Pâques. Nous avons prié nos membres de vouloir prendre part au jeu de Scarabée qui avait un succès énorme. Tout le monde avait l'air

BIOLOGY LABORATORY





ASSEMBLY HALL



LY HALL



GYMNASIUM. Photographs by Courtesy of Chief Constable and County Architect.

de s'amuser; à la fin chaque gagnant a reçu un prix et il y avait une tasse de thé et des gâteaux pour tous.

Plus tard pendant l'année, nous sommes allés voir à Newcastle "La Reine Morte", une pièce par Henri Montherlant.

Cette année, nous espérons avoir deux réunions par trimestre. Notre première réunion aura lieu mardi le vingt-huit octobre. Nous espérons que tous nos membres apprendront quelque chose en s'amusant bien. Il y aura une partie de "Vingt Questions", des chansons et des jeux organisés. Nous avons déjà vu la pièce de Molière, "Le Médecin malgré Lui" et une pièce de Courteline, "La Paix chez soi", présentées par la Troupe Française.

Pour cette année scolaire on a élu au comité les personnes suivantes:—

Le Président Honoraire—Mr. Carr.

Le Président—Monsieur J. E. Ormston.

Sécretaire-Trésorier—Mademoiselle F.

Grant.

Le délégué de la première classe—Monsieur W. Wilson.

La délégué de la deuxième classe—Mlle M. Watson.

La délégué de la troisième classe—Mlle M. Wanless.

JOSEPH E. ORMSTON—Président.

FRANCES GRANT—Secrétaire.

THE GEOGRAPHY SOCIETY

As there has been no issue of the *Grammarian* for a year there is a great deal to report from this active organisation.

On November 12th (1951), Mr. Wade gave an interesting lecture on "Old South Moor". He had a large collection of photographs and pictures of places and people in South Moor during the past century. There was a remarkably large gathering on this occasion as everyone was very interested in a part of our own district.

A fortnight later, the Rev. J. W. Kirkham gave a lantern lecture on "British Guiana". Mr. Kirkham was a missionary in Georgetown, the capital, for several years and had much interesting information to give us about the country. We were shown the capital itself and then told about the natives, who are negroes or red skinned people. All live in very squalid conditions up river in the bush. Finally we saw slides of the various crops grown, the chief of which is sugar cane.

The first meeting of the Spring Term took place in the Physics Laboratory when Mr. J. Robson spoke on "Life in the Hebrides". He has spent several holidays on these islands and is greatly interested in bird life. The talk was illustrated by lantern slides and concluded with a coloured film (which he himself had taken) of various species of birds. One thing of special interest he told us was about the place in the Hebrides where the film "Whisky Galore" was made; and we saw some slides of the place.

Accounts of visits made by the Society members during the past year are given elsewhere in the *Grammarian*.

Up to the time of writing there has been no meeting this term but it is hoped there will be a film show shortly after the Autumn Holiday and arrangements have been made for a visit to the Henley Cable Factory at Birtley this term, and to Wills' Tobacco Factory next term.

The Society is now in a position to announce that a small library of books is being formed which will be available to ALL members. Further details will be announced later in school but may I point out that these are not text-books but contain recent information presented in a very readable style.

Although the new term has been in existence for only six weeks there is a great increase in membership.

We should like to express our very sincere thanks to Mr. Carr, our President, who has given advice and practical help in all branches of the Society's activities for several years.

GORDON MALLOWS
(Hon. Secretary).

AN UNOFFICIAL GUIDE TO STANLEY

(ISSUED WITHOUT THE AUTHORITY OF THE STANLEY URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL)

Stanley has now been mentioned in chronicles and records for a very long time, in fact since 1391 (look it up if you don't believe me); however, I'm not going to bore you with the better known things again, but with the lesser known ones. For instance, did you know that there were 93.15 miles of roads and streets in the district or that St. Andrew's Church originally cost £4,409 to build? No?—Well, don't go and bounce your head off the floor (much as I should like you to) or sulk for evermore. Neither did I until I looked it up in "Billy's Weekly Liar". So there's no need

to feel as if you are the most illiterate person in the world (even if you are). Just relax. Go to sleep! Drop dead! On second thoughts don't drop dead. You can read on and suffer.

The metropolis can be seen for many miles as it is perched on top of a hill and stands between 500 and 800 feet above sea level. It is situated about seven miles S.W. of St. James's Park, twelve miles N.W. of "the rink", and about two hundred and eighty odd miles from the capital of the Commonwealth and England, i.e., Wembley.

Now that we know where the place is let's explore its underworld.

"M——s" is probably the most famous of all buildings. Here, on every night of the week bar none, the cinema-fans, pub-crawlers, reefer-smokers, and even certain members of the local "gas works gangs", who have managed to slip through the cordon surrounding the place, join in toasting the health of "Harry" and "Joe" with that brain-fuddling, stomach-rusting drink (?) "V——". These poor lads (and lasses as well) are slaves to this concoction and you can always recognise one of their number by the curious way in which his/her eyes keep flashing on and off. These V.A.s (V—— Addicts)—by the way they are not related to the world-famous D.A.s—are notorious. So, strangers, beware! Don't be alarmed, when you find them sleeping off the effects in the gutters.

Stumbling forth, our unfortunate stranger, after eluding the billiard-hall-dens of the Front Street, where the usual evidence of corruption-weighted billiard balls and telescopic cues, etc., are to be found, is seized by the hated press gang from the "Pally", a name which still strikes terror into the hearts of the bravest. The victim is forced up the stairs—hence the expression "Gerrupthem-stairs"—and once up, his screams for mercy are effectively silenced by an overdose of cosh. After recovering, he is led to a quiet corner (if one can be found). If none is available he is hung up in the cloakroom to cool off (this is known as the "cold turkey treatment") where he is forced to listen to the hideous moaning of the bagpipes during the interval.* What is worse, however, is that, after this interlude, he is told to "express appreciation and beg for more". A reliable witness is produced at this moment and, after

* The bagpipes: an instrument native to Stanley which can be blown, sucked, thumped kicked or burned, all with the same effect.

being certified, the "unfortunate" is bundled down the back stairs and into a waiting fish van which takes him to our local "nut-house" where he is immediately employed as a member of the staff. (Although nobody knows for certain, it is whispered at nights that the buildings roughly to the north-west of Good Street are those under discussion.)

The natives of the "Pally"—a species of warp-minded creatures who pass through the portals voluntarily every Saturday night—are not the true citizens of our Stanley, many of them being imported from the neighbouring slag heap of Consett. It is rumoured that these foreigners are allowed out on each eve of the Sabbath from Leadgate Penitentiary on condition that they go to Stanley, so that the warden can have a free night at the number one hop dive of Number One. However, insane as they may be, these creatures are very friendly and many a new arrival is greeted by their ancient native war cry: "Ah cums from Consit. Where dus thoo cum frum?"

At Christmas, a ritual too ghastly to describe is performed. Let it suffice to say that the "regulars" don gaily-coloured death masks and, shrieking and screaming, try to burst as many balloons as possible with safety pins. (Needless to say with embarrassing and disastrous results to their garments).

Further up the road, in a dirty little side street, lies Stanley's reply to London's Scotland Yard and, slinking past its back door, pausing only long enough to hurl a grenade through the letter-box, we come across a memorial dedicated to the founder of Stanley—"Stan Lea", who was the forty second cousin of the founder of Tanfield Lea!

It was the author's original intention to expose systematically all corruption in this, our beloved city, but, realising that Christmas is fast approaching and that he would be needed by a certain old man—a Mr. S. Claus—and, after being assassinated on four different occasions he has accepted the bribes of the S.R.R.S. (Shield Row Razor Slashers) to ease up and take a permanent holiday. So, he has voluntarily exiled himself to the remote village of No Place where he is running a pin table saloon.

Author's Note

Nearly all the characters and names in this story are almost as imaginary as the author himself and any resemblance between the aforesaid and anyone in real life is purely coincidental.

W. WILSON, Form VI.

A VISIT TO DURHAM OBSERVATORY

On Monday, October 6th, a party of twelve from the Sixth Form, under the kindly guidance of Mr. Gee, went to the observatory at Durham. On the lawn in front of the building, we were shown six thermometers all showing different temperatures. There was an ordinary one showing the actual temperature, which is placed on the grass at night to measure ground frost. Two showed the maximum and minimum temperatures for the day, while two more were respectively one foot and four feet below ground and both showed slightly different readings. The last was a solar radiation thermometer which measured the maximum temperature which would be recorded at ground level if there were no wind or rain present. It showed a reading of 108 degrees F. compared with the 50 degrees F. shown by the first thermometer.

The wind vane was on the roof of the building but the anemometer was inside a small room. From this same room we climbed out, one at a time, on to the roof by means of a ladder to examine the sunshine recorder.

After this we were shown the actual records of the recorder, of the anemometer and of the seismograph. This last instrument is so delicate that it picks up vibrations from Coxhoe quarry, where blasting frequently takes place. We came away with a much greater knowledge of the instruments used in meteorology than we had had before we arrived.

GORDON MALLOWS.

THE JUNGLE NIGHT

The jet black panther's on the prowl,
Now and then he utters a growl,
The savage jackal sounds a howl,
Then all is still again.

Then suddenly there's a horrible scream,
A hyena appears upon the scene,
It stands in the moon's long, long beam,
Then softly goes away.

The monkeys now are all asleep,
Gazelles no more do play and leap,
God guards the hunters while they sleep,
Jungle life is still.

PETER ATKINSON, Form I.

NEWCASTLE G.P.O.

A party of Geography Society members visited the G.P.O. headquarters at Newcastle on Thursday, March 6th. We began our tour down in the sub-basement where the letters and parcels descend two chutes and the registered and express mail are separated from the others. On one side there is the entrance to a tunnel (resembling that of an underground railway) and walking through it we discovered many branch tunnels. A lift lies at the end of the main tunnel, with a large wooden door securely fastened. This took us up to the main London platform in the Central Station, and is the road by which all mail is put on the trains. On the next floor—the basement—all local letters and parcels for Newcastle are sorted. There was an enormous chart on the wall in this room and we discovered that Stanley is identified on this chart by the letter N. The next floor up is used for sorting the mail into towns and keeping a very watchful eye on the mailbags. Up on the second floor we were allowed to peep into a well-locked and guarded room where all registered letters and parcels are kept. In another section we were shown private bags and boxes which the wealthy business men of Newcastle own and which cost 30/- and £3 10s. 0d. respectively. The very top floor deals only with local letters for Newcastle and the suburbs.

Our guide was most helpful and answered all our questions. He told us that a quarter of a million letters for Littlewood's Football Pool pass through the building in one week, and that an advertisement of Thomas Hedley's soap, all seven and a half million copies of it, passes through in four months. The evening proved most instructive and after our visit we appreciated more fully the services of the Post Office.

VERA DAGLISH and
JEAN HETHERINGTON.

A VISIT TO BURNHOPE RESERVOIR

On Saturday, June 7th, members of the Geography Society had an enjoyable trip to Burnhope Reservoir. Leaving Stanley at 8.30 a.m. we arrived at the reservoir at about 11.30 a.m., where we were met by Mr. Rodwell, the chief engineer of Durham County Water Board,

Mr. Peardon, the water bailif, showed us around and gave us much information about the building of the dam, which had cost £900,000—less than had at first been expected. Nearly all the buildings, which were begun in 1930 and finished in 1936, are made from local stone, the only exception being the valve house at one end of the dam, and this is made of Shap granite.

Concrete pillars have been built around the overflow to prevent large pieces of ice from blocking it in winter. On the other side of the dam is the 83 foot deep swallow hole which takes the overflow; the maximum provided for being three feet. Running to the bottom of the swallow hole are four concrete ribs which prevent the water from swirling round, and taking down pockets of air which would immediately damage the underground tunnel.

The dam itself is 800 feet in length and the slope on both sides is 1 in 3. Leakage from it is prevented by a cut-off trench, 90 feet deep, below the middle of the dam which is filled with concrete and clay puddle. Pillar drains at 60-foot intervals have been placed down one side of the dam to help drain the grassy slopes. For anyone who had apprehensions about the safety of the dam, Mr. Peardon assured us that there was no fear of its being moved by the weight of water pushing against it because there is actually more weight resting on top of it.

The average rainfall in that area is 55 ins. per year and the reservoir, when full, can hold 1,357,000,000 gallons. Since February, however, the rainfall had been well below average, and as there was only a light fall of snow during the winter, the level of water was very low. The total area of land drained by the reservoir is 10,000 acres although 6,000 acres are drained only indirectly.

Tree plantations are very often found near reservoirs, and this is so at Burnhope where conifers have been planted. They grow as much as two feet per year and at intervals of fifteen years they are thinned out. There are two main reasons for the importance of the plantations of coniferous trees around reservoirs. The pine needles, after falling from the trees, do not decompose and so form a spongy layer on top of the earth. This helps to retain moisture for a longer period and also prevents silting. The other reason is that trees maintain a more even temperature with only a small range between winter and summer temperatures and this helps to prevent the development of bacteria.

Bacteria thrive on the top of the reservoir and at the bottom, but at a depth of 20 to 25 feet, the water is almost pure, so a series of valves has been arranged to tap the water at a depth of 20 to 25 feet regardless of the water level.

The water from the reservoir is led first to Waskerley reservoir, which is always kept full. It is then distributed to all parts of County Durham.

After receiving this information, most of us braved the long climb down iron ladders, 198 steps in all, to the bottom of the tower in the valve house. At the bottom we found ourselves in a large tunnel through which the water was being led from the reservoir. We walked along this for what seemed to us a long while and then, after climbing up another ladder, we arrived once more in the open air and found ourselves at the bottom of the grassy slopes below the roadway.

This brought us to the end of our tour of the works at the reservoir, which we all had found most interesting; and after having lunch we set off to go to High Force and Barnard Castle, where we visited Bowes Museum.

JOHN WILSON.

SPORTS REPORTS

BOYS—FOOTBALL

The 1951/52 season was highly successful for the Intermediate team. It won the Stanley Schools' League, losing only one point (and that in the last game of the season), and also won the Murray Cup. They recorded 152 goals and conceded only 28; the chief scorers being Atkinson (35), Marshall (32), Smith (24), Taylor (17), Egleton (16), and Ardle (12). The fourteen-year-olds were runners-up in the Junior Cup Competition.

In the House Competition Neville once again won the Trophy, due mainly to the juniors who won all their matches.

The Senior XI has not done very well so far this season, losing to Houghton-le-Spring (6-5), Chester-le-Street (5-2) and Hookergate (3-2), but winning against Consett (7-0) and Ryhope (5-1). The players have a cross-country run each Wednesday to maintain fitness. We regret that Tony Atkinson suffered a compound fracture of the leg in the game against Ryhope, and we hope he will have a speedy recovery.

The Intermediate team continues to do well, having won all league matches to date and also their first round tie in the County Cup competition.

In the present House Championship, Dunelm is leading with six points from four games but Watling is only one point behind, with a game in hand.

CRICKET

The *House Trophy* was also won by Neville, for the second year in succession, thanks to undefeated juniors; for the seniors won only one game, defeating Tanfield by 11 runs. Dunelm had the honour of creating a record by scoring 97 for 6 wickets in 15 overs, and that against the trophy winners, Neville. Dunelm seniors won all their games but the juniors failed to gain a single point.

The *School Cricket XI* had a fairly successful season, with B. Herdman topping both batting and bowling averages (123 in 9 innings and 18 wickets for 132 runs) while R. Hansford proved to have very safe hands while fielding. Cecil Snell made the highest individual score, 37, against Durham in the away game. Colours were awarded to R. Rose, A. Porter and J. Dowson. Our greatest victory was against Consett (9 wickets) when Dowson and Cummins returned bowling figures of 7 for 3 and 3 for 4 respectively. At Hookergate we lost by 54 runs and we were also beaten by Beamish and E. Tanfield III (4 wickets) and South Moor III (5 wickets) in away games and by Blaydon (17 runs) and Bede (8 wickets) at home. We defeated Durham (9 runs) and Chester-le-Street (8 wickets) in away games and Blaydon (31 runs) and Chester-le-Street (14 runs) in home fixtures. The Past Students produced a very strong side, including nine league players, for our annual match but they failed to make the big score expected and only beat us by 10 runs.

SPORTS DAY

C. B. Snell (Watling) was the Victor Ludorum and his House won all three Shields (Junior, Intermediate and Senior). The Intermediate Champion was Marshall (Neville) and the Junior Champion, Hope (Watling).

The staff would like to express their appreciation to the senior boys, who have helped in various ways with House matches. This enthusiasm is a great help to the staff and is greatly appreciated.

GIRLS—HOCKEY

The House Shield was won by Dunelm (5 points) with Watling only one point behind.

The School XI had a disappointing season, with many matches cancelled. We defeated Consett 4-0, playing away, but lost 2-1 at home. The only other game was at home to Chester-le-Street, and we were well beaten, 9-0. Our encounter with the staff ended in the usual defeat and the game against the Senior Football XI had the same result but both games were much enjoyed. It is hoped that more girls will take an active interest in this sport. Almost every evening Mrs. Pearson remained after school to teach those willing to learn and we thank her for those untiring efforts. Thanks are also extended to members of the ladies' staff, who have helped us in many ways.

NETBALL

The House Competition was very close but Neville finally won with 4 points, Dunelm and Tanfield had 3 points each and Watling scored 2 points. The last game of the series was Dunelm v. Watling. The latter won and so took the shield from Dunelm.

TENNIS

Owing to our having only one very poor court at school our matches have been played at Tanfield Park, by kind permission of the local council. We have had two home games and two away and, unfortunately, lost them all, although the victories of Consett and Hookergate were by the narrowest margin possible. We also had an enjoyable match against the staff, which ended in a draw. The school tournament was won by Florence Hutchinson and C. B. Snell, the other finalists being Mrs. Pearson and Brian Herdman.

QUEER BITS ABOUT BIRDS

Most birds received their names either from their cries, appearance or some peculiar habit. Examples of the first are the Curlew, Peewit, Nightjar and Cornrake.

The Ruff received his name from the curious long plumes which adorn the neck of the male during the breeding season. These plumes are not seen on the female which is called the

Reeve. The Crossbeak is named from the fact that the bird's beak crosses like the blades of a pair of scissors. The Greenshank's name comes from the colour of its legs and the Goldencrest's from the patch of yellow upon the head.

Birds which receive their names from peculiar habits are the Common Linnet, from its fondness for linseed, the Wagtail, from its habit of wagging its tail, the Dipper, from its habit of dipping its head to the water in search of food, the Woodpecker, from its habit of pecking wood in search of its food and the Swift from its extreme speed of flight.

Many curious facts have been recorded, respecting the places chosen by birds for their nests. Once a Swallow nested in the water-wheel of a mill and was thus revolving all day long as she sat on her eggs. A Nuthatch has been known to leave the trees and use a haystack as a nesting place. A pair of rooks made their nests for years on the vane on top of the Exchange at Newcastle. The hen, while in the nest, was whirled round by every puff of wind.

One gruesome episode was when a pair of sparrows built their nest in the skull of a man who had been hanged on the gallows and another time an observer reported that the hoopoes in China sometimes nest in partially exposed coffins.

Some birds follow and profit by the spread of civilisation. Sparrows were unknown in Siberia until the Russians made the vast wastes arable. The partridge was never seen in some parts of the Highlands until the farmers introduced corn-growing on their lands.

Although some profit by civilisation, others suffer great losses by it. The linnet and goldfinch decrease in numbers before the plough.

Some members of the duck family feed entirely at night-time. The red-breasted diver spends the day on the water and flies by night, uttering a peculiarly melancholy scream.

Rooks and herons are supposed to sit in judgment or hold parliament for the trial and execution of some offending members of their communities and many instances are on record of birds being left dead on the ground where such meetings have been held.

MORAG MOFFAT, Form V AD.

WINTER

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

HIDEAWAY HOUSE

Hideaway House
Hideaway House
Dark as the devil
And quiet as a mouse.

Standing on a cliff-top,
Over sandy beach,
Hear the cruel waves lashing
Everything in reach.

Hear inside the manor
On a stormy night
Some poor white maiden
Moaning o'er her plight.

Hear the windows rattle,
As if besieged by rain;
And hear the groaning timbers
When footsteps sound again.

In a quiet corner,
Deep-throated chuckle hear;
Creaking of an opening door
When no one is there.

In the art gall'ry,
High-pitched wailing clear.
Evil chains a-clanking
Spirits drawing near.

Silently through backwaters,
Onto open sea
Slip dark and shadowy boatlings
Where no eye can see.

Suddenly, by magic
Nothing doth prevail
But the raging waters
Left to tell the tale.

Eerie patch of moonlight
In a darkened room
Is yon beauteous lady
Waiting for her groom?

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Lo, the vision fadeth.
Nothing more there be,
But the bleak old mansion
And the raging sea.

Wind a-moaning ghostly
Through the pitch-black wood
Nigh-hand—evil spirits
Nothing there is good.

Hideaway House
Hideaway House
Dark as the devil
And quiet as a mouse.

ANN MIDDLEMAST.

A LITTLE BIT CRAZY

There were two little girls called Dimsie and
Daisie,

Whose parents thought them very lazy;
But, unknown to them, these women and men,
Dimsie and Daisie weren't lazy, but crazy.

One day, whilst out walking, these two little
lasses

Discovered that they had forgotten their
glasses;

So, seeing four large maple leaves on the
ground,

They each picked two up and said, "Look
what we've found".

Walking further along to a large white stable,
They met their dear school-friend Annabel
Mabel;

Now Mabel, a girl with a very red nose,
Was dressed in a petticoat down to her toes.

Her bright yellow hair was tied up in a pin,
And she wore purple stockings right up to her
chin;

Above her broad waist was a wee, little girdle
And the colour I'm sure, would make your
blood curdle.

So now I must finish, I've nothing to say.

I wish you "adieu", which I think means
"Good-day".

I hope you've enjoyed it, and don't think I'm
lazy;

But don't you think Dimsie and Daisie were
crazy?

CAMPING

Have you ever been camping? You haven't? Would you like to go camping? You would? Then Don't! As the holidays were drawing near I decided I would give a word of advice to those people who are thinking of going camping, especially those who have not been before—you lucky people (No! my name is not Tommy). I am one of those "I-know-by-experience" folks so

you may rely upon my advice, which is—"Do not go camping". Of course if any happy, healthy, abnormal-minded person still insists on going he has only to send a stamped addressed envelope and a five pound note and I will be only too happy to send him sound advice for reducing him to a nervous, gibbering wreck.

To get back to my original theme. In the face of my present address (only temporary, I hope!) I had better give you some facts to support it, and what could be better than our log-book in which one can read of past camps. For instance (or was it for proof?) take this leaf of our log-book, or would you rather close your mag (mag not mug) and take your leave? I don't blame you! Ah, well, where was I—Ah, yes! our log-book Summer camp.

(Combined log-book and time-table for first day).

10.00 a.m. Started off with kit to contact boys at meeting place.

11.00. Arrived at meeting place. 200 yards is certainly a long way to carry heavy kit. Loaded kit on to lorry and set off for camping ground.

3.15 p.m. Due at camping ground.

3.45 p.m. Arrived at camping ground. I was sent to fetch two pails of water from nearby farm.

4.45 p.m. On arriving back at camp I see that the pails are only half-full, and yet I filled them to the brim at the farm. However, if I empty my Wellingtons—pails now full to capacity.

Also noticed that the camp is situated on the north bank of the river Tyne, which is fortunate because if it had been any further south it would fall right in.

5.00 p.m. Tea (Not ready yet). While waiting for tea we prepared refuse pits, hole for dirty water and kitchen refuse. (Covered hole with ferns, etc. so that all the party can fall into it, in turn).

6.00 p.m. Tea (cleared up and fell into grease pit).

6.30 p.m. Pitch tent correctly. Arrange kit, blankets and hedgehog in youngest member's bed.

7.30 p.m. Pitch voice correctly for camp-fire sing-song.

8.30 p.m. Pitch darkness. Forget where we put the lamps.

9.30 p.m. Slight rainfall, wind rising. Volunteers (?!) went out to fix tent flap.

10.30 p.m. Cloud burst. Rushed out into darkness into refuse pits, etc. Tighten guy-ropes in case tent flops.

11.30 p.m. Hurricane. Someone mistook my toe for a tent peg and hammered it into the ground.

12.30 a.m. Earthquakes, forest fires, typhoons, tidal waves. Tent flops.

12.35 a.m. Whistling, singing (?) etc. (mostly, etc.), under canvas.

1.00 a.m. Struggle to pitch tent correctly or otherwise.

1.30 a.m. Voices being pitched but quite incorrectly.

4.00 a.m. Still struggling.

5.00 a.m. Camp pitched.

6.00 a.m. Rolled into blankets thankfully.

6.30 a.m. Rolled out of blankets—Time to get up.

Is there anyone still going to camp? There is? That's good. I should have more company this holiday.

Written when I was a would-be-Sixth Former.

SEAHOUSES HARBOUR

From where I am standing, on a slight rise, about one hundred yards from the quay side, I can see in the distance the famous Farne Islands, like the backs of some huge whales on the misty horizon. The sea is calm and a laden trawler slowly ploughs its way through the dipping waves, emitting a steady stream of thin, brown smoke from the blackened funnel. The tired fishermen are ready for the hot meal awaiting them at home, but first the fish must be unloaded in the big, scaly boxes by an old, rusty derrick on the quay. This might be an old-world scene but for the large, red lorries waiting for the fish to be packed into boxes of salt or ice and then loaded and rushed off to the hungry towns.

Two piers, like searching, feeling arms stretch out from the quay to provide a sheltered haven for the wind and wave-tossed ships.

On the quayside the "old salts" stand all day, watching the ships coming and going, naming them, exchanging tales and experiences of the days when fishing was really fishing and really dangerous. The costume of these individuals seems unvaried, an old blue or black cap, a navy-blue jersey, with trousers to match, and rolled-down sea-boots, while old clay-pipes are often protruding from their mouths.

Near where the ships are now unloading their cargo, which has a very distinctive smell, are small mountains of lobster-pots which never seem to be used, for they are there every day. Standing on the edge of the quay one notices a different smell from that of the

fish, and that the sea-gulls, instead of their periodical and occasional squawks are here flying in masses and screaming as hard as it seems possible. The smell is of rotting carrion and also the smell peculiar to drains. It is the evil-smelling mud above, or on the verge of, the high-water mark, where all the dead fish, and refuse from the drifters and trawlers is washed up. The gulls are screaming and fighting over this refuse and fish while others fly in never-ending circles round the heads of the labouring fishermen, looking untiringly for a chance to pick up an odd fish from the deck of the ship.

Faintly a clock strikes twelve noon and we must leave the fascinating scene before us. The fishermen, the ships, the gulls, the piers and all the peculiar smells and sounds of a harbour in a small fishing village like this, peaceful, yet busy Northumbrian scene, and we go to our dinner thinking of all the things we have seen in this interesting little place.

INSPIRATION IN THE LATIN LESSON

I often wonder why I am here,
And how the time goes by,
And how my small pet dog can bark,
And how the birds can fly.

I wonder how the sun can shine
And why we eat and drink,
And how the ships can sail so far
Upon the blue-green brink.

What lies beyond the deep blue sea?
I shall some day find out.
How does the world turn upside down?
And turn right round about?

How do flowers bloom in spring?
Why is the sky so blue?
How do the clouds float in the sky?
And why do cows go "Moo"?

Will someone tell me how I think?
And how I'm able to hear?
Where do the stars go in the day
When the sun from the east does appear

How do we know the grass is green?
We might be colour blind!
Why are we cold in winter?
(My coat is fully lined).

Why is my mind so curious?
Now who can answer that?
If anyone knows the answer
I'll have to eat my hat.

Latin Student (?).

M. WATSON.

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