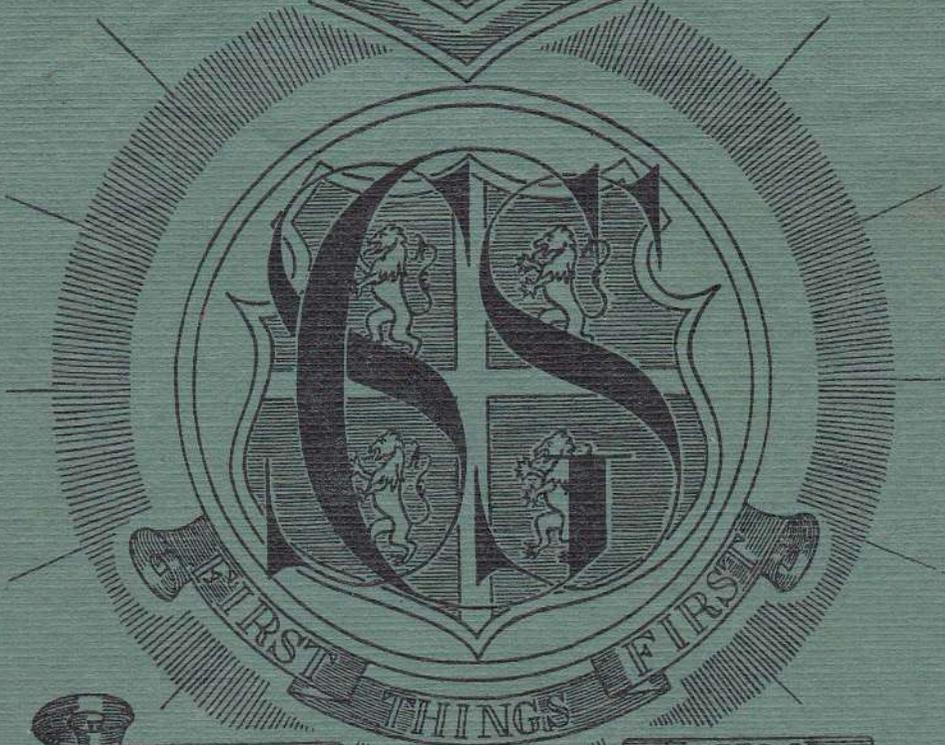


GRAMMARTIAN



FIRST THINGS FIRST

STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL



GRAMMARIAN

XMAS, 1953

No. 17

Stanley Grammar School Stanley, Co. Durham

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EDITORIAL

This issue of the *Grammarians* was due at the end of the Summer Term, but owing to the lack of support then, from the pupils, in the matter of articles, it was not found possible to issue it until now. This term the response has been good; so good, indeed, that we must now apologize to contributors who will find that their articles do not appear. These will probably appear in the next issue. Cost determines the size of the magazine.

We were all very sorry to lose Mr. Carr as Headmaster. He was beloved by us all and we give the best possible wishes to him and Mrs. Carr. He was always tactful, understanding, good-humoured, and kind. We hope that Dr. Sharp will be very happy here at this school.

Miss Baxter left us in the Summer to take up an appointment nearer home. We wish her every success in her new post and welcome as French Master, Mr. Jolly, who, we feel sure, will prove an asset to the school.

Heartly congratulations to James Nicholson who won a State Scholarship last term and has since gained admittance to London University.

Congratulations to Doreen Ash as Head Girl and Kenneth Bolam as Head Boy. Out of the present fifty pupils in the 6th Form, sixteen girls and sixteen boys have been chosen as Prefects. Besides the honour of representing the school they have been given the power to issue punishment (in the form of essays) to the rest of the school should it be necessary to do so.

A new item which is proving extremely popular is the Dancing Class held in the Gymnasium every Wednesday evening. Under the supervision of Miss Rose, Mrs.

Donnison, Mr. Gee and Mr. Jolly the fifth and sixth years are taking full advantage of the opportunity offered them, no doubt in preparation for the Christmas socials.

May we take this opportunity also to wish the Dramatic Society's production of "1066 and All That" every success and thank all those who have helped in any way. This is an entirely new school venture in our time. The proceeds will go towards providing curtains for the new Assembly Hall.

Durham County Education Committee marked the occasion of the Coronation by presenting "The Coronation Book" to all pupils. Following the conquest of Everest the whole school was shown a film called "Everest 1933" which was of particular significance, since the commentary given was by the leader of that expedition, Mr. Hugh Ruttledge.

Old Students will no doubt be pleased to hear that Mr. Steve Hetherington, Secretary of the Past Students' Association, has become Headmaster of Burnhope School. We extend to you our best wishes, Mr. Hetherington, and hope that you will find success and happiness in your new post.

We were all deeply grieved to learn of the death of Mr. Elliott on October 9th. An appreciation of his services to this school appears elsewhere in this issue.

We deeply regret also the death of Alderman Robinson, one of our governors, a man who had great interest in the public work he did in the district.

MARGARET GREENER.

BEFORE AND AFTER

Have you ever been a new boy or new girl? New, that is, in a large and lively community where things happened according to a set pattern; bells rang, masses of people moved for destinations unknown, unexpected noises took you by surprise, and unexpected silences caught you, like a Bateman cartoon, the object of critical attention. If you have experienced, and who has not, that ungentle introduction to a society already at ease with itself, with its settled traditions, its rules, its ideals and its friendships, you will, perhaps, gauge my feeling as, on the first

Monday in February, surrounded by a heart-beating quiet, I walked the length of the Hall to my first assembly. Such moments provide memories which last a life-time.

During those early days, the tradition of years forced itself upon my notice over and over again. Outside the School, men as old as myself and older, welcomed me as their educational parent, twice removed, claiming with pride their association with the Alderman Wood School. Inside, daily procedure bore the stamp of a routine which often went back many years. Even the building, with its sloping passages, its many alterations and its scarred desks, spoke of years of continuous and honourable service. From records, I learnt that the main classrooms were brought into use about the same time as, in a distant part of the Country, I was learning to talk. During the packed years that followed, while I was slowly passing to days of conscious memory and onwards to school age, bustle and zeal were occupying the now familiar walls of the Alderman Wood School. Pupils came and went; ambitions waxed and waned; the school was alive. Just about the time I reached Grammar School status, the Alderman Wood School was doing the same. Fresh feet but the same sounds continued to fill the corridors. And so through the years: Feet and voices, voices and feet . . .

Thirty years are still left to bring the account up to date, but the story is much the same. Looking back over my own life, it is most impressive to realise that during the long time since my earliest years, this School has been in constant use, responding to the changes of the years, but in essence, remaining the same. Buildings may have been added, alterations made, and even the old name changed for a new one, but the same free spirit, the spirit of enterprise and the spirit of service to the community, remains. What memories! What traditions!

And what responsibilities for those of us who follow! For we are all part of its tradition now, and shall, one day, be part of its memories. I ask myself whether we shall pass on that trust, enriched and flourishing, to those who follow. Tradition is not static: it is very much alive and we add to it daily for good or ill. I should hate to think that, at the end of my course, I had not proved worthy of the past but had, in some way, failed to keep up the record of those who have gone before. It is, of course, an individual responsibility for everyone,

but, among the many things deserving praise at Stanley Grammar School, I have, I think, admired most the strong social feeling, the readiness to co-operate with others. You all have, I am sure, the good name of the School at heart. Let us join, therefore, to continue our high tradition so that we may remember with pleasure our first day at this School and regret our parting.

L. E. SHARP.

AUTUMN

Autumn time is here once more ;
See the leaves come floating by ;
Squirrels pack their winter store,
Near the tree where they lie.
Hedgehogs hibernating go ;
So do dormice, oh so small,
For they fear the winter's storm
Soon to come and cover all.
Fearing neither snow nor sleet
Boys play football in the park.
Some play conkers in the street
'Till the night is dark.

JOHN ICETON, 2S.

MR. ELLIOTT

It was with deep regret that we learnt of the death of Mr. Elliott on October 3rd. The news came as a great shock to us, so soon after his retirement.

Mr. Elliott was with the School for so long that he was part of it. He is remembered for so many things, his good and careful teaching, his participation in the School functions, his helpful presence at Past Students' Reunions and his organisation, during the war, of the School harvest camps.

He and Mrs. Elliott were particularly thoughtful and kind. There was a ready invitation to their home, whenever the occasion presented itself.

He was very fond of the School and very proud of its many achievements.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Elliott and her family in their bereavement.

A HOLIDAY IN PARIS "Paris La Ville Lumiere"

A holiday in Paris is usually a thing of our dreams, but for a few of us it has been realised, and I think we all agree that it is really a wonderful experience.

It was a much pleasanter day in France than it had been in England when we landed at just after 3 o'clock. Dozens of blue coated porters babbling and chattering in incomprehensible French greeted us on the quay, but we, of course, declined their aid. The journey from Dieppe to Paris was pleasant too (no cattle truck trains on this line!). It led through picturesque countryside all the way except when it passed through Rouen, where we viewed the beautiful Cathedral made famous by Joan of Arc. The countryside itself is similar to England: dry sandy soil with short thin grass and English trees, but the houses are quite different, both from English houses and from each other. In the same village can be seen large modern-looking houses adjacent to rambling thatch-roofed 'shacks. The people are mainly engaged in agriculture, primarily for their own need. Their standard of living is in great contrast with and at a much lower level than that of the people in Paris and other large towns. We arrived in the Gare St. Lazare at about 6-0 o'clock. We took the Métro, the Paris underground, which makes the same charge wherever you go and is much more convenient and cheaper than the buses, to the Hotel Paris-Latin in the Latin quarter. This is so called because it is inhabited by the student population.

Life in Paris, and in France in general, offers many contrasts with the English way of life. There it is the rule rather than the exception to sleep only in the hotel and to go out to one of the numerous cafés or restaurants for all meals including breakfast. Food too is very different. There are only three meals a day—breakfast, until about 10 a.m., lunch about 1 p.m. and dinner at 7 p.m. Breakfast is a very light meal consisting of coffee, tea or hot chocolate and one or two rolls called 'croissants.' Some male members of our party usually bought extra croissants. Lunch is a three course meal—hors-d'oeuvres (an egg dish or fish); meat (steaks, pork, chops, etc.) with vegetables, and dessert or cheese and biscuits. Dinner is similar but soup is served instead of hors-d'oeuvres. There is plenty of everything and large helpings (large to us anyway) are served to everyone. All food costs more than in Eng-

land, however. Worthy of mention is the French loaf. It is a roll of about a yard long and four inches in diameter, we were amused to see them being carried round the streets, the bearers seemingly regardless of bumping and jostling passers-by.

So much for the general impressions—now for an account of the visits we made from day to day.

On Tuesday we went for breakfast to a café called Chez Dupont, where we had the usual French meal. We first walked through the picturesque Luxembourg gardens wherein stands the Palace of Luxembourg which now houses the French Senate. From there we took the Métro to the Montmartre quarter—home of artists and the Bohemian population—to see the Church of Sacré Coeur, a beautiful white stone church. It is built on a steep hill and can be seen from all parts of the City. The afternoon was occupied by a visit to the Tour Eiffel, passing first the Ecole Militaire and the Champ de Mars, formerly a parade ground and now a large park. We went right to the top of the Tower 900 ft. up. It was a clear day so, we had a wonderful view of the whole of Paris, spread out like a map below us. We walked past the Palais de Chaillot, the meeting place of the United Nations in Paris, to the Arc de Triumphe and Place de l'Etoile and saw there the tomb of the unknown French Soldier. After dinner we walked through the Place du Pantheon, where stands the impressive church, the Pantheon, the burying place of many famous Frenchmen.

On Wednesday morning we went to the bank in Place Vendôme which is in the district of expensive shops, fashion houses, etc. We walked through these famous streets to the Place de la Concorde, a very large square. In its centre is the Obelisque, a monument similar to Cleopatra's Needle. Round the perimeter are statues of women representing each county in France. This is at the bottom of The Champs Elysées. In the afternoon we went to the world famous Cathedral of Notre Dame on the Ile de la Cité. It is a very impressive structure with several beautiful 'rose' stained glass windows. We went up to the top of the right towers (283 steps) and again had wonderful views of Paris. The gargoyles particularly attracted our attention. After dinner we went to the world-famous Opera House where we thoroughly enjoyed three modern ballets and walked in the beautiful foyer decorated in red and gold. The performance ended at 12-30.

