

1959

A sensible plan for spreading the cost of school outfitting



THE PROBLEM. We are official outfitters to over 70 schools in the North-East of England. So it is quite natural that parents should have taken us into their confidence on the problem of paying for school outfitting.

The difficulty is not that school uniform is more expensive than other children's clothes, but that it does involve heavy outlay twice a year, at the beginning of the Autumn and Summer Terms—the Autumn Term usually being the heavier of the two, whereas the cost of other clothes can usually be spread around the year.

THE ANSWER. To overcome this difficulty, we have devised our **Subscription Scheme**, which enables you to spread the cost of a school outfit over nine months and still have credit in hand for month by month replacement and renewals of other clothes, not only for the children, but for all members of the family.

THIS IS HOW IT WORKS. Suppose you find that your child's complete outfit for a new school is going to cost, say, £18. You pay us £2 down, have the £18 worth of clothes, and go on paying for them at the rate of £2 a month by banker's order, or any other arrangement that suits you. Directly you pay us the first monthly payment you may have another £2 worth of goods from any department if you like. Or if you don't need anything more for several months, when you do need to buy again you can have what you want up to a total of £18 again. In short, you have continuous credit with us for nine times your monthly subscription.

The **Subscription Plan** is proving very popular with many parents, it's simple and dignified. And the subscription can be spent not just on school clothes but on suits, riding kit, knitwear and so on, for the grown-ups as well as the children. Ring Newcastle 20407 and ask for the **Subscription Office** who will send you a brochure about it.

Isaac Walton's

GRAINGER STREET, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, 1

understand school outfitting

TAYLOR HALL, F.R.Z.S.

THE PET SHOP

MARKET HALL STANLEY

Phone : STANLEY 438

CO. DURHAM



FOR VALUE IN LIVESTOCK



TROPICAL FISH (OVER 40 VARIETIES)
COLD WATER FISH AQUATIC PLANTS
BUDGIES CANARIES FOREIGN BIRDS
PUPPIES KITTENS MICE
HAMSTERS RABBITS GUINEA PIGS



ALL FOODS & ACCESSORIES FOR ABOVE

ALSO

PIGEON, POULTRY & PIG FOODS

M. W. & A. DODGESON

(Members of National Union of Retail Confectioners)
(Members of Stationers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland)

37 FRONT STREET, STANLEY, Co. Durham

NEWSAGENTS - STATIONERS - TOY DEALERS
CONFECTIONERS - BOOKSELLERS - TOBACCONISTS
ALES, WINES AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS'
TEXT BOOKS - - - OFFICE EQUIPMENT

TELEPHONE: STANLEY 28

For Something Really Smart try

LUKE'S

Ladies', Children's and Gent's Outfitter

and our

4 DAYS' DRY CLEANING SERVICE

at

5 and 7 Front Street - - Stanley

Telephone: STANLEY 194

GRAMMARIAN

MAGAZINE OF STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

First Things First

CHRISTMAS, 1959

No. 23.

Staff Representative : MISS A. THOMPSON.

School Editor : ELAINE ARMSTRONG.

Reader : MR. WOOD.

Business Manager : MR. W. SEED.

EDITORIAL

After Harry Baxter's daring intrusion last year into the all-female roll of honour of ex-editors of this noble magazine, we Amazons may resume our complacency once more, knowing that we have recaptured this honourable position. We have also the reassurance that, unlike last year, most of the material submitted for the magazine was written by the female side of the school.

Yet another year has flown by, bringing with it success and disappointment. Our special congratulations go firstly to David Portsmouth, last year's head boy, who is a reserve for a State Scholarship, and secondly to cricketer Colin Milburn, who kept up the renown of the school by scoring a century when he was chosen to play for County Durham against the Indian tourists.

Five teachers have left us during the past year: Mr. Binks who has taught art to every pupil in the school for 33 years; Mrs. Jones, who, besides teaching English, was a reader of this magazine for many years and the producer of all recent school plays; Mr. Harrison, who has taken up the post of County Woodwork Organiser (we hope that he will continue to visit us each Speech Day) and Mr. Kidd and Mr. Grady, who both left after a short but, I hope, happy stay here.

However, beside the onslaught of a new troop of first formers, another year has brought five new members of staff to replace those who left us: Mr. Brabban now teaches woodwork, Mr. Geddes is the new gym master, Mr. Coxon has come to help to teach biology, Miss Eggleston is now teaching art and Miss Peterson takes over history from Mrs. Jolly who has replaced Mrs. Jones as one of the English teachers. Also, Mr. Scott has taken over the duties of Deputy Headmaster.

Perhaps you are wondering about this strange picture on the centre page. Actually it is a photograph of the staff. Some day many years in the future, when your hair is grey and your back bent with age, you may come across this photograph and be reminded of the patience they needed (and usually showed) to make you a model citizen.

The future holds innumerable possibilities for the school. On the intellectual side more pupils will be sitting G.C.E. examinations while in the field of sport, more armies of pupils armed with football boots, hockey sticks, cricket bats and netballs will be defending our honour against representatives of neighbouring grammar schools. Meanwhile the fifth and sixth forms are looking forward to a probable visit to Paris at Easter accompanied by three courageous members of staff. The last trip to France by a party from this school was in 1954, but we would be pleased to have these trips more often.

Everyone connected with the production of the magazine hopes that you will enjoy reading it, because, as Shakespeare said, "Our true intent is all for your delight."

ELAINE ARMSTRONG.

THE SCHOOL YEAR

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day this year was held for the juniors in the afternoon and for the seniors in the evening.

The afternoon's programme began with a speech by Dr. Sharp concerning the new target prizes and school affairs in general. This was followed by a speech by the Rev. W. Armstrong, Vicar of Conssett, who was giving a Geography Prize in memory of his brother, who was an ex-pupil of the school and had been killed in the war. He then presented the prizes, special ones being the Target, Geography and History prizes.

In the evening Mrs. Jolly was for the first time acting as Chairman, although she had held this position on the board of School Governors. In her speech she referred to the great opportunities open to people going to the University. After this, a speech was given by Mr. W. Stone, M.P., who then presented the prizes. Mrs. Jolly received a bouquet of flowers from a member of the sixth form.

At both afternoon and evening functions entertainment was provided by the sixth form male and mixed choirs, the third form choir and the violin class conducted by Mrs. Wilson.

L. APFLEBY, J. SLATER (IVA).

GEOGRAPHY SOCIETY

The general meeting presided over by our President, Dr. Sharp, and well attended, opened the year. This was followed shortly by a Committee meeting. On November 4th a party visited Kemsley House.

Newcastle, and spent a most interesting evening. We were conducted round the various departments. A lecture with film strips was given on January 19th after school by Mr. K. Richards from London, a representative of the Wool Secretariat. This was entitled "Costumes of the Scottish Highlands." A most interesting film show was held on February 18th. There were three films: "Operation Europe," "Made to Measure," and "Great Yarmouth and Gorleston-on-Sea." The year ended with a wonderful evening tour down the River Tyne. The party consisted of fifty pupils and three members of staff. Our thanks are due to all who have helped in any way to carry on the work of the Society.

MILLY WILKINSON (Secretary).

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Once again the Society has had an extremely successful year. Meetings have been well attended and it is obvious that scholars are seeking the advantages that are to be gained by the facilities provided by the Society, especially in view of the expense involved in photography. Unfortunately the predicted probe into the unknown depths of colour photography has not borne any fruit, but there is still hope that it will in the future. The new year has started well with the usual overflow of holiday prints and a few new faces have appeared. It is hoped that these new faces will increase in number when our annual 'Learners' session,' is held, as the society is always a great attraction to new pupils.

This continuation of successful reports only adds more to the proof that the Photographic Society is one of the most prominent of the many out-of-school activities currently running.

JOHN E. HOGG (Secretary).

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The past year has been a very bad one for the Debating Society and its functions were few.

The Inter-House Brains Trusts were very well supported and this year Neville relinquished its victorious position to Dunelm.

Later in the year a debate was held when the motion was "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." The society challenged the staff to defend themselves. They showed great reluctance to do so, but finally Mr. Grady and Mr. Taylor volunteered to oppose the motion which was proposed by Harry Baxter and Margaret Baxter. The result was an overwhelming victory for the opposition.

We look forward to a much more active year. It has been decided that meetings will, in future, be held fortnightly, after school, and will take the form of discussions, debates and other functions. We hope that this year the society will have a larger number of active supporters.

MARGARET BAXTER (Secretary).

THE CHESS CLUB

It is pleasant to be able to report that excellent support was given to the club at the beginning of the season for the first American Tournament. Each member was eager to gain the upper hand against the staff, but all was in vain, for Dr. Sharp and Mr. Yockney were at the top of the table. The German student was well up in the reckoning.

Patiently we tried again, but the result of the second American Tournament brought us no nearer success. Shortly after the beginning of the new season a Lightning Tournament was played. Mr. Yockney was victorious, defeating Dr. Sharp in the semi-final and Jackson in the final. This season the Chess Club will meet each Thursday evening in the library, and all boys in the second form and upwards are eligible and very welcome to come along.

FRANK S. PEIRSON (Secretary).

MUSICAL EVENTS

It is expected that in the near future all the musical activities in the school will be organised under the auspices of the Music Society. These activities will include the annual concerts, and "Music Makers" group meetings. Lectures, recitals and possible visits are also envisaged. In its new guise the Music Society will take on a new lease of life and become more flourishing than ever before. If and when this change over takes place membership will be open to anyone interested. Since the Society will be financed by the proceeds from concerts, no subscription will be payable. In the event of a lecture or trip, however, it may be necessary to make a small charge to meet any overhead expenses.

Several separate choirs now exist and practices for each are held throughout the year. The sixth year four-part choir now specialises in larger works than hitherto, while the fourth year girls' choir is attempting music of increasing difficulty. The second and third year choirs retain the traditional role of providing the shorter and lighter songs which are so necessary in all types of concert.

The concert held in November, 1958, was a great success and over three hundred people attended. Seven choirs as well as the school string ensemble and soloists took part.

Speech Day saw the sixth year choir attempt their most ambitious work to date, i.e., Hubert Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens." The next concert which will be given on October 29th and 30th this year is even more ambitious.

The "Music Makers" group, a branch of the original Music Society, still functions and possesses a membership of twenty. For each meeting members are supposed to prepare musical items and a certain number are requested to perform at a particular session. This group, now in the fourth year of its existence, is certainly fulfilling the function for which it was promoted.

SHEILA CREIGHTON (Viu).

SOME UPPER SCHOOL VISITS

During the past year parties from the fifth and sixth forms went to see several plays produced by other schools and theatre companies.

On May 1st a party visited the People's Theatre to see "The Rivals." The general production was excellent and the acting and costumes admirable, but the scenery was rather poor. The part of Mrs. Malaprop was played exceedingly well.

Consett Grammar School's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was also very good indeed. The scenery, costumes and lighting were ambitious, but were very effective. The acting was highly commendable and without self-consciousness, especially the buffoonery of Bottom and his companions.

Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Ernest" by the Dramatic Society of Hookergate Grammar School was not such a polished performance. The scenery, costumes and lighting were amateurish and the make-up very poor. The players did not appear to be self-confident and were not sufficiently experienced to put over Wilde's characters and humour.

MARGARET BAXTER (VIU).

CONGRATULATIONS

Towards the end of last season Colin Milburn (17), because of his consistently good performances in League Cricket, was chosen to represent Durham County against the Indian Test Touring Team and thus became one of the youngest players ever to represent the County. To be chosen for the County was a great honour, but to be asked to open the innings was an even greater one. Colin, however, rose to the occasion and in this his first county game he scored a magnificent century and became the youngest player ever to score a century against the Indians. Colin intends to make cricket his career and in this we wish him every success.

CLIFFORD STUBBS.

SENIOR CRICKET

The School XI were quite successful last season winning three out of the seven matches played; one game had to be abandoned owing to rain.

Consett defeated us by 13 runs but due to good performances by March (35) and Milburn (36 and 5 for 4), we easily gained our revenge winning by 62 runs. We unluckily lost an exciting game at Chester by four runs, but in the return game we shot out Chester for 21 (March 6 for 3) and ran out easy winners by nine wickets. The victory over Blaydon was perhaps the best of the season. In this game Blaydon scored 67 which the school rubbed off for one wicket, Gibbon scoring an undefeated half century. We later lost to Blaydon by 45 runs and the match versus Durham Johnston had to be abandoned with the school 41 for 2.

G. Gibbon was top of the batting averages with an average of 32.51 and J. March headed the bowling averages with 6.3 runs per wicket.

CLIFFORD STUBBS.

SENIOR FOOTBALL

The season 1958-59 proved quite successful for the Senior Football Team, although no trophy was brought home. Five of the ten games played resulted in victory while one encounter was a draw. The team started well with a 3-3 draw against Durham Johnston but in the return match Durham proved to be much superior and ran out worthy winners by 7 goals to 1.

Convincing victories, however, were obtained against Cobsett (5-3 and 4-2) and at Rutherford Grammar (5-3 and 4-1), but defeats were inflicted by a strong Hookergate eleven who ran out winners by 5-1 and 4-0. We defeated Chester (3-2) but later in the season they gained their revenge by beating us 3-1. In the Tyneside Grammar Schools' Cup we fell against Tynemouth and lost the first round (3-1).

We were successful against the School Hockey Team but had our colours lowered by a strong staff eleven who beat us 3-1.

In the current season we have started well, winning two of the three games played, and in the Tyneside Grammar Schools' Cup our opponents are Sunderland Bede; we hope for much greater success.

CLIFFORD STUBBS (Captain).

SCHOOL ATHLETICS 1958-59

Throughout the past few years there has been an increasing interest in athletics within the school, culminating this year in some magnificent performances. The training schedule for athletes, which was started off by Mr. Wood last winter, and which was held on Monday and Wednesday evenings, probably accounts for the good competitions of this season.

The first "big" competition in which performers could show their ability was, of course, School Sports Day, held on May 27th. Possibly some of the selections made for the County Sports three days later were a result of the achievements of Sports Day. The competition on the 27th was extremely keen and sporting, and there were many unexpected results. It may also be noted with some consternation that thirty-one sixth formers took part. The meeting was well supported and good organisation helped it to run to schedule. Neville won the Senior House Shield after an extremely close contest, the winner of which was not decided until the outcome of the last event. The School was honoured by the presence of Mr. Carr, a past Headmaster, who later presented the trophies.

On the Saturday following the County Sports were held in the grounds of Durham Johnston School. It was the first taste of top com-

petition for many junior athletes but this did not seem to deter them from putting up a good performance. Alan Mills bettered 40 ft. in the triple jump and became County Champion. He later followed this achievement up with a fine 19 ft. long jump when competing in the Tyneside Sports. As a result he was chosen to represent the County in the All-English Sports held at Northwich, along with Harry Baxter and Carol Bentik. Harry, who was second in the 880 yds at the County Sports, later won the same event at Rutherford Grammar in a fine 2 mins. 0.7 sec. Carol followed up a convincing win on her own ground in the District Sports with an equally good one at Houghton and so shared the same honour as the two boys.

Later in the season the school team were victorious in a match with Elswick Harriers. All during the summer on Wednesday evenings an inter-house athletics league has been running. 18 records have been broken and one equalled. One outstanding achievement was that of W. Robinson who won 8 out of 13 events in his year. Another promising youngster is Alan Wilson, brother of the former school sprinter Edgar Wilson. Young Alan already holds three school records.

Budding muscle men are now present in Boyd, Carr and Reay. The last named came second in the district sports with a discus throw of 126 feet.

This summer's high standard of performances is the result not only of hard work on the part of the athletes, but also of the patient coaching of Messrs. Wood and Geddes to whom the athletics team are chiefly indebted.

J. BURROWS. (VIU).

FIRST ELEVEN HOCKEY

The standard of results last season was unfortunately not as high as in previous years. At the County Tournament the team met with little success and only Eileen Harrison was chosen for County trials.

This year an under-fifteen eleven has been formed and it is hoped that, along with the first eleven, they will meet with considerable success.

EILEEN HARRISON (Captain).

HOUSE REPORTS

Neville

A strong senior eleven, under the efficient captaincy of John March, easily defeated Tanfield 10—2 and Dunelm 4—1 whilst drawing with Watling 1—1. The junior eleven, however, did not come up to the standard of the seniors and were very unsuccessful. They lost all their encounters.

At cricket the senior eleven were successful and won all their games, but the junior eleven had not much success during the season and lost all their games.

On Sports Day the seniors excelled themselves by winning the senior shield, but the intermediates and juniors did not bring home any trophies. Generally it was not an exceptionally good season for Neville boys, but better results, especially from the juniors, are hoped for this year.

CLIFFORD STUBBS (Captain).

Last season Neville carried off the Hockey Shield. Not a single goal was scored against the House. Members of the team gave full co-operation in both practices and matches. The team work was extremely good, particularly in the forward line.

Neville seniors won their three netball matches, but the juniors unfortunately let them down by losing all their matches. Their team work was poor and the shooter rarely had the ball. Each House obtained six points, but the shield was awarded on goal average.

On the whole the House did very well on Sports Day but just failed to win any house shield. The seniors were second with 38 points, the intermediates gained 46 points and the juniors 42 points.

The seniors did very well last season. With a little more practice and effort the juniors will soon reach the winning standard.

JOYCE DODD.

Dunelm

The field was in a heavy condition for the hockey tournament; nevertheless, we managed to gain a victory over Watling, a draw with Tanfield, but lost to the eventual winners, Neville.

In the netball tournament the senior results were very disappointing, but fortunately the juniors won all their matches enabling us to win the shield on goal average.

This year it is hoped that much more enthusiasm will be shown, especially among the seniors.

E. HARRISON (Captain).

Dunelm were once again well to the fore in the house football competition. The junior team won all three matches played, scoring six goals against two. The seniors, however, won only one of their matches, scoring ten goals against six.

Dunelm did not do quite as well at cricket as at football during the past season, but we hope to recover all lost ground next season. On Sports Day Dunelm again showed up well against the opposition. The senior team, captained by Harry Baxter, were narrowly defeated for the championship by half a point.

P. BAGGETT (Captain).

Watling

Thanks to persistent prodding by Miss Simpson there was increased enthusiasm for entering events on Sports Day. This enthusiasm was shown by the fact that Watling carried away both the intermediate and senior shields.

In netball, Watling came third, the seniors showing great promise, but the juniors failed to reach the same standard. The hockey team was poor owing to lack of fifth and sixth form support. We hope for much better support this year.

Carole Bentick brought honour to her house and to the school being chosen to represent Durham in the All-England Sports.

F. RICHARDSON (Captain).

The year 1958-59 has been a fairly successful one, but by no means has any exceptional standard been reached, except perhaps in the case of athletics.

Senior football was of a high standard, no games were lost, although a 1-1 draw was the best we could manage against Neville. The juniors, however, won only one game, thus eliminating all hopes of the championship.

The cricket shield which was considered "in the bag" was lost to Tanfield. This was rather disappointing as the seniors in particular had a strong side. The side, being perhaps a little over-confident, were defeated by Neville in a thrilling game by a margin of ten runs.

By far the best performances were obtained in the athletics league. Both juniors and seniors did well. This was well illustrated by the fact that Watling won the shield for the best overall performance in all groups. Individual section shields were won by first, second, third and fifth years, which was quite an achievement.

The coming year is, I think, being faced with confidence and a will to do better by most members of the house, remembering all the time that determination can to some extent make up for lack of skill.

TERRY L. WILES (Captain).

Tanfield

I am glad to report that there has been a noticeable improvement in the standard of games and athletics in the past year. In the inter-house hockey tournament Tanfield was a close runner-up to Neville, the winning house. In the inter-house netball tournament Tanfield were second. On Sports Day the junior shield was won by Tanfield. Ann Ridley was an outstanding contributor to the winning of the shield and the relay team, in spite of a handicap, did very well.

Thank you to all who have so co-operated in house events, and I hope that the standard of achievement in Tanfield will continue to rise.

J. C. FLOWERS (Captain).

The senior football team had a poor season, losing all their games by considerable margins.

The juniors did a great deal better, winning two games and losing the other. We did well at cricket and succeeded in winning the championship. The seniors beat Dunelm but lost to Neville and Watling. The juniors were very successful and won all their games, a grand achievement. Those who deserve special mention are Malcolm (Capt.), Waller, Reynolds and Garner.

On Sports Day the juniors and seniors did quite well, but the intermediates did not do quite so well. Malcolm, Hogg and Reay all won their events. We hope that we shall meet with further success this year.

T. FRISK (Captain).

THE WRECK OF THE SCHOLARS' BUS

Here's the tale of the Stanley Bus,
Speeding along its way.
The scholars sat, there was no fuss
At eight-fifteen that day.

But when it reached the old Bird Inn,
The driver seemed asleep,
He turned to left instead of right.
Which made their flesh to creep.

The bell was rung, the children cried,
But all to no avail.
For on, still on, the bus did ride,
The first let out a wail.

The children saw the bridge approach,
And knew it was too low,
And down upon the floor did crouch
And prayed the bus would slow.

For soon there was a fearful crash,
The bus top was ripped off,
With glass and dust all over them,
It caused them all to cough.

The children rose and shook themselves,
And found they were not dead ;
Then from the lower deck a voice,
" Come down and mind your head."

Another bus drew up quite soon
To take those girls along,
While those at school were all agog,
To find what had gone wrong.

But when they learned no one was hurt,
Interest began to wane.
Those children all set down to work
And all was peace again.

ELIZABETH CARTER (IIIa).

A FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE

The crash occurred at West Pelton. The double-deck bus which crashed into a bridge twelve feet nine inches high was taking the girls of Stanley Grammar School to school. I was sitting in the fourth seat from the front, upstairs.

It all happened when the bus took the wrong turning and nearly everyone was laughing because we thought the driver would stop when he saw the low bridge, but he did not. He went straight on, but I did not think he would try to go under the bridge. As we neared the bridge I think everyone was getting a little frightened; I know I was. It was terrible to see the bridge coming towards us, but as we got near the bridge someone shouted "Duck," and everyone automatically ducked. Then there was a terrifying noise as the bus hit the top of the bridge, and then a shower of glass and pieces of metal. About half of the top deck where I was sitting was smashed, and so everyone tried to get off the bus. Sheila Creighton came upstairs and told us not to panic. I could not get out of my seat because everyone was beside it trying to get out. I had to climb over my seat into the seat behind and get out that way. Soon everyone was off the bus and a girl had to be taken into a nearby house and then taken home because of slight shock and a few cuts. She had been sitting in the front seat.

It was a terrifying experience and everyone was a little shaken afterwards. After seeing that everyone was all right, Sheila telephoned Dr. Sharp and told him what had happened. Then we awaited the arrival of another bus to take us to school.

VERA FAIRLEY (IIA).

PAST STUDENTS

TO PAST STUDENTS

It has given me great pleasure to receive a parting gift from the past students on the occasion of my retirement after thirty-five years at Stanley Grammar School.

After some thought as to what would be the pleasantest reminder, I came to the conclusion that as I intend to spend a good deal of my time in gardening, a teak wood garden seat and an automatic sprayer would enable me to establish a nice combination of theory and practice. The seat is now installed in my garden under a shady scarlet willow tree, which I grew from a cutting in 1935 from the wood at the top of the school.

Looking back over past years, and I suppose it is both customary and permissible on occasions like this to indulge in a few reminiscences, I recall a few of the things which have made the work both enjoyable and exciting. Some of you older past students will remember the days when we at Stanley were among the leaders in this country in pioneering new methods and activities which are now a common-place in every

school, discarding old ideas and basing ourselves on the natural and underestimated talents of children, combined with modern developments in art. It is a great pleasure to recall some of the splendid things we created, the many exhibitions we contributed to, both in this country and abroad, our published prints and incidentally, not forgetting some of the best paintings and carvings which never came back, apparently being admired so much that they were conveniently borrowed.

What a pleasure it was to discern in some child the first glimmering or real artistic talent, so naive, so sincere, and to know how to develop it, to find the superb colour sense, the unexpected flair. These are the things which have made the work worth while to me.

I hope you have enjoyed it as much as I have over the years, and in saying goodbye, I thank you all for your enthusiasm and co-operation with me. May your successors repeat your achievements with mine.

With best wishes to you all

R. H. BINKS.

Past Students' Association

The Annual Reunion will take the form of

A Dinner Dance

to be held in the

Masonic Hall, Stanley

on

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30TH, 1959

Dinner at 7.15 p.m.

Dancing 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

to the music of

JOE COLLINS AND HIS BAND

Late bus has been arranged

Tickets — 10/6 each

may be obtained from Mr. W. Seed, Grammar School, Stanley

ADMITTANCE BY TICKET ONLY

(This is necessary to help the caterer)

CASH WITH ORDER, PLEASE

Friends of Past Students will be welcome

UNIVERSITY LIFE

"Those students again!" The lady did not say those words but I could imagine from the look of rueful acceptance on her face exactly what she was thinking as I jangled my collecting box in front of her and assured her that her pennies would be helping to finance a good cause. This incident occurred during Rag Week which, in Leeds, is held during the last week of the summer term, and so it brought to a fitting end my first year at the University.

The year began with the Freshers' Conference and I had come to Leeds, together with hundreds of other Freshers, to be given advice from all quarters, to be overwhelmed by the immensity of the University buildings and the seeming impersonality of everything, to listen to glowing accounts of University life from group leaders who always seem to be the most self-assured men in the Union and are always at great pains to impress newcomers (because no one else is at all deceived by them) with their sophistication and indispensability to the Union. Despite this beginning, however, we soon, luckily, forgot the advice we were given and we began to find our way in the big white buildings which had up to now seemed such a maze. We also began to see familiar faces at the Union which had previously been filled with people whom everyone else knew except us.

Looking back over the year I now find it easy to dismiss the less enjoyable times—the long hours spent in the University Library, the boring lectures throughout which one sits patiently wondering if in the last five minutes the lecturer will at last come to the point. Then there was also the essay class which can be quite nerve-racking when you are the only girl in the class, and after the essay has been read you are expected to begin criticism of it with a few "telling" points. Examinations, however, soon come upon you, and like everyone else you work late into the night and get up early in the morning. Nor is there any relief from this depressing round since everyone is working at the same pitch. There is only one topic of conversation, and you believe you will either lose your sanity before the exams arrive or, what is worse, fail.

But in complete contrast were the times of relaxation, and these were in comparison wonderfully gay. 'Jiving' at Union 'hops,' parties in Hall on every possible occasion, and balls where you dance until 2 a.m. or even 7 a.m., and play croquet in evening dress at four on a clear summer morning. The Rag is also an opportunity for high spirits, especially since, for us, it is held after summer exams. For two weeks we pasted and painted and on 'the Day' we put our ship on to the back of a lorry and dressed up as pirates, only to find after bringing down lights and electric cables in city streets, that we had overlooked one small detail—the excessive height of our mast.

The greatest advantage, undoubtedly, of University life is the unique opportunity you have for meeting so many men and women of your own age, each of whom is different. Possibly never again will life offer you

the opportunity of meeting people of such very different backgrounds, religious and racial. As a result we spend a great deal of time talking, not only to British friends, but to American, German, Indian and African friends. Discussions and arguments arise and last for a long time, especially when we had a Russian girl living with us for a short time, and discussions went on until the early hours of the morning! But what is perhaps so encouraging is the measure of sympathy and agreement which we reached, and we came to the conclusion that if world affairs were in our hands there would be no problems or enmity.

There is a fascination about the University world which I have heard compared to "Sea-fever" for people find themselves very loathe to leave it. It is strange to find graduates who are perhaps in their fourth year trying very hard to find some pretext to stay on and on. It is strange but understandable, for no matter how happy you might be at home it is a great pleasure to return to and live in the world to which for a time at least you really belong.

ISOBEL HARRISON.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

A FOREIGN VISITOR

My French pen-pal, Marie Thérèse Lateyran, was to arrive on the thirteenth of July, and my parents and I travelled to Newcastle station to meet her and her father, who was accompanying her and who had been invited to spend a few days with us. The train was due to arrive at twenty minutes past eight in the evening, but was delayed and did not arrive until almost eleven o'clock. My mother and I had almost given up hope, and were sitting dejectedly side by side when my father dashed up in great excitement to tell us he thought he had seen them. I had no time to be nervous! I ran with my father to the barrier just in time to see Marie Thérèse giving up her ticket. Her father, who spoke no English, stood behind her. She saw me as she came forward and came up to me rather shyly. I had carefully practised what I was going to say to her (in French of course) but now the moment had come I could not remember a single word of it! We shook hands rather formally, but our parents, who had never seen one another in their lives, seized upon each other like long lost friends, and the station rang with "Bonjour." My father, who speaks no French, had been practising all the week saying, "Je suis enchanté de vous voir," but in all the excitement I don't think he got a chance to say it!

Marie Thérèse, who is called Maté, was shy and rather formal. On the way home I had to think frantically of things to say, and I am afraid my conversation was rather limited to "Voilà mon école" and "Voici Annfield Plain." Her father talked incessantly in French, and my mother, who learned French at school, was sometimes completely overwhelmed by the conversation, managing to gasp out "Oui," and "non" and "Je comprends" at intervals.

Meals took rather a long time, because Maté and her father always watched to see what we were doing before following suit. By the time Monsieur Lateyran returned, we had become quite expert at making strong black coffee, while he had learned to say "yes" "no" "please" and "thank you" and "fish and chips."

Maté's shyness soon disappeared, and conversation between us came more easily. She spoke English very well, but we often laughed together over her pronunciation. She often used to say "May eyes are tired." This I discovered quite soon to be "My eyes are tired."

I soon discovered her to be an extremely nice girl, very affectionate and full of fun. She confessed later that the thought of coming to school with me had terrified her. Although she liked our school, she preferred her own. "There are so many things you must not do," she said, "in France it is not so." The staffs' gowns fascinated her, as she had never seen any before. Our way of life was very different, but she fitted in well, although she often used to make me laugh by saying, "I think I wish to marry a Frenchman! I like to stay in your country, but I would not like to live here always." Maté found difficulty in saying "th," so my mother suggested she should practice by saying as many words as possible with this sound in them. The result was that I was awakened every morning by Maté chanting "The weather is fine this morning . . . the weather is fine this morning."

During her visit, I grew very fond of Maté, and when she left we truly felt as if we had lost one of the family. She summed up how we both felt when she said before she left, "Now you are not merely my pen-pal, you are my friend."

PHYLLIS BRITTON, (VII).

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF PARIS

As the crowded Channel steamer approached Dieppe I began to feel excitement welling up inside me. I longed for the boat to dock so that I could get ashore and begin at once to see France for the first time. It is said that one should always see Paris before one dies. I had been given the opportunity and had seized it with alacrity. So much has been said by so many people of the beauties of Paris that I feel now that any description of the beautiful buildings and gardens which I saw would be superfluous. Indeed, my most vivid memories of my holiday are not of the beautiful places which I saw but of people and incidents. There are people who argue against judging on first impressions, but my first impressions of Paris will stay with me for the rest of my life.

I remember noting as we drove through the streets of Paris to our youth hostel, the abundance of trees in the streets. When I try to recall a typical French street I always remember the wide road along the banks of the Seine with the little green boxes of the booksellers ranged along the wall overlooking the river. Some of the boxes were padlocked,

some stood open. I did not have the opportunity of looking among the second-hand books, but I should have loved to have done so.

I met several young people from various continental countries in the Youth Hostel at which we stayed, and perhaps what struck me most forcibly about them was the fluency of their English which some of them spoke with remarkably little of their own native accent. They were also very friendly and eager to know more about England as indeed we were anxious about their respective countries; also, I am ashamed to say, I met very few French people. I should like to have met many more, but I can console myself with the fact that those whom I did meet were in my conception, typically French.

I noticed vague signs of political unrest in Paris. On almost all the bridges across the Seine were painted in blood red paint the words, "Et l'Algérie." I had only a very vague idea at the time of the trouble in Algeria and so I did not realise the full import of these words until I came home and, by reading one or two articles, realised what they meant. I noticed a policeman carrying some kind of stengun and I remember wondering if this was in connection with the trouble.

I noticed also that the French people are not quite so conscious of the colour bar. My curiosity led me to ask our guide about it. He told me that there are large numbers of coloured students living in Paris and that the parisiens absorbed them into their society without making any distinctions as to colour. I think that in this way the French people are much more magnanimous than the British. I noticed, too, how few French voices one heard when one visited the most popular, beautiful or important buildings. In the abundance of foreign languages being spoken around me while in the lift going up the Eiffel Tower I could not discern any French except that of the attendant.

I had been told about the cafés in France which are totally unlike the cafés in England! There seemed to me no restrictions on the consumption of alcohol at all, and the cafés which sold everything from ice cream to the most potent of spirits were open from early morning to late at night. Every café boasted chairs and tables set outside on the pavement. When I first sat at one of these tables I felt terribly self-conscious, but apparently no one takes any notice of anyone sitting outside watching the world go by. The traffic went past very quickly; I began to wonder if there were any traffic regulations. Sometimes the cars did not even stop if one was on a pedestrian crossing.

I liked to travel on the Metro very much. Indeed, by the end of our stay almost the whole of our party were experienced in the art of running along the platforms searching for carriages with the tiniest scrap of room in them, perhaps Paris enough for two or three of us at a pinch.

The public buses in Paris all had little platforms on the back. Quite charming in summer, but I couldn't help thinking that they would be a little chilly in winter. I remember I was horrified when I saw the way in which the French treated their bread which was made in long sticks.

Paul Lindsey

Geoff

R. Walker

Miss May

STAFF PHOTOGRAPH

Reginald



J. Burdett
 A. Kent
 P. Wilson
 J. Taylor
 J. Raine
 M. Lee

Miss May
 Shirley Douglas
 P. ...
 David French
 J. ...
 J. ...

Mr. ...

Mr. ... Mr. ... Mr. ... Mr. ... Mr. ... Mr. ... Mr. ... Mr. ... Mr. ... Mr. ...
 Mr. ... Mrs. ...
 Mrs. ... Mrs. ... Mrs. ... Mrs. ... Mrs. ... Mrs. ... Mrs. ... Mrs. ... Mrs. ...

Mr. Glendinning was a Sir Lancelot in disguise as he had a full-time job lifting fat(?) damsels (who were very heavy) on and off the Roman Wall because they wanted to take photographs of some scene or other. Also, some lazy members of the party gave Sir Lancelot their plastic macs to carry and the aforementioned knight was supposed to be leading the party, but he was surrounded by helpless females and he was left behind. We then came down the hill towards the road and after safety

this we walked along the Roman Wall. After doing graphs of such interesting things as "The Murder House." After doing spent quite a while looking through the museum and taking photographs of such interesting things as "The Murder House." After doing have lunch at the Chesters, but another party also had the same idea and we were obliged to move on to Housesteads, where we dined on rquashed sandwiches; then we walked up the hill to the camp site. We greeted by a surly attendant who warned us not to destroy the remains and to keep strictly to the paths. It had been planned that we should again boarded our chariot and drove to the Chesters. There we were After we had seen the ruins and looked through the museum, we be deposited them, but they proved very unwilling.

The day started quite like the day in 1862 when the famous trip to the Blaydon Races took place, with one of the buses breaking down. The organisers had to send for another bus and this delayed the second party considerably. The other party, of which I was a member, arrived at Corbridge without mishap, and we were conducted round the ruins (meaning the Roman Camp, not the teachers). Here we found several holes and it was suggested that unwanted members of the party should be deposited there, but they proved very unwilling.

History teachers are eternal optimists. For three years they have been trying to instil into our heads that a certain nation called "Romans" had once inhabited these parts, and as a last resort to prove their point several brave members of staff accompanied a party of us to the Roman Wall.

ROMAN ROAMING

JEAN KING (V.L).

There is so much I remember of my holiday I think that I could write much more. The remembrances come flooding back: as I write find expression. Unfortunately, the pen cannot keep up with the speed of thought. I should love to visit France again. Although I think I have seen and learnt so much it is in reality a tiny fraction of what could be seen and could be learned. I do not think I have ever left anywhere with greater reluctance than I felt on the day I left Paris.

I thought it was delicious, but I couldn't help wondering what had happened to it before it reached the table. One day, while travelling on the Metro, I noticed a woman carrying several sticks of bread under her arm.

negotiating the "Water-jump" (a barbed-wire covered wall with a stream on the other side) we returned to Housesteads where we ate our tea (again squashed sandwiches).

Our mission having been completed, we then set off for home. Mr. Glendenning heaved a sigh of relief as he got off the bus at Newcastle. We arrived safely home, but the second party was less fortunate as their bus broke down outside Sunnyside and they had to wait an hour for another to collect them.

VALERIE BAXTER (IVA).

GERMAN HOLIDAY

This summer I was lucky enough to take part in the youth exchange scheme between County Durham and the German Landkreis Moers. Not the least exciting part of the holiday was the journey there; the whole journey (except, of course, the Channel crossing) was by coach. This was rather long and tiring, but it did give us a chance to see the countryside. When we arrived at Dover it was after midnight and cold, windy and raining. The boat was packed with people of every nationality and all announcements were made in Flemish, French, German and finally English. We were rather late in arriving on board, and the majority of our party had to spend the four-hour voyage either in canvas chairs on deck or on the floor of the bar. The remainder of the journey was taken up with the splendour of Brussels and the anticipation of meeting our German friends again.

One Saturday morning, my German friend took me to school with her. She begins school at 8.15 every morning, finishing at 1.15 p.m. on weekdays and 12.30 on Saturdays. The teachers were very strict and curt, and my companions told me that this was as it should be: there was no time for being pleasant in school!

They were surprised, too, when I described a dance hall, for there are none as such in Germany. However, I also received some shocks. For instance what the Germans call "English Ham" is really raw bacon cut thin, and my hostess persisted in putting this in my sandwiches every time I went on an excursion.

We went on many of these, at the expense of the German authorities. The most wonderful was that through the Rhine Gorge. The Rhine itself is a wonderful sight. In the industrial area it is very wide, with low banks. There are large harbours, and huge barges go up and down from Holland, through Germany and France, to Switzerland. In the Gorge the river is much narrower, and the hills on either side are hundreds of feet high. Most are terraced with vineyards and surmounted by fairy-tale castles. For mile after mile the road and railway run parallel with the Rhine, upon which gay pleasure steamers ply between the small towns which have grown up along the shores.

The Germans like savoury foods much better than sweet ones. Sausage was my hostess's favourite dish, and in two weeks I must have eaten as much sausage as I normally eat in a year.

The English group was invited to many parties and socials, and since Germans think that the Hokey-Cokey is our national dance, we were asked to do it countless times.

The town of Moers, around which we stayed, is quite small; the country for which it is the centre relies on mining and agriculture. The land is very flat, and all the fields are open—no fences, hedges or walls dividing them. The mines are much more modern than ours, and there are no pit heaps!

In that area almost every small town has an open-air swimming pool, and the majority of children learn to swim when quite young. One pool was a natural one, where the river had been widened. This was very popular with us, for everyone showing a British passport could enter free.

No visit to Germany would be complete without travelling on the famous Autobahn. It is entirely dual-carriageway, and there is no speed limit. It was necessary to make it illegal for pedestrians to walk across the road, so special foot-bridges were built. Minor roads go either over or under the Autobahn, which does not by-pass all towns but goes under some, e.g., Duisberg. There are no hills, no corners and no lights!

Also in my holiday was a trip to Holland—to Arnhem and Nijmegen. For anyone who has seen pictures of the fighting there during the last war these towns come as quite a surprise. They have been almost completely rebuilt, and are very pretty. Nijmegen is quite international. In the main shopping centre flagpoles line either side of the street, and flags of dozens of nations fluttered side by side in a gentle Dutch breeze. The shopkeepers accepted English, Dutch and German money but always gave Dutch change. One of our most welcome discoveries that day was a large "C. & A.," and these shops seem to be just as popular in Holland and Germany as in England.

On the whole the German way of life is not very different from ours, for the changes are mainly in food and small customs. However, I thoroughly enjoyed myself and certainly hope to return next year.

JEAN WELSH (VIL).

THE RUINED HOUSE

The outward appearance of the cottage was drab and dismal. The path leading to it was covered with weeds and the cracked door and window frames of the house had only slight traces of paint, which was flaking badly. The rusty hinges hung loose on the scratched, broken-down gate.

It was plain to see that the house and its contents had been abandoned abruptly by the occupants. This was noticeable because the table was set and nothing had been moved in the house. There was nothing different from the time when it was occupied except that the wooden furniture creaked under one's touch, it was dry and crumbling, and

clouds of dust were raised when anything was moved. The soft seats of the armchairs were filled with immense numbers of beetles of all kinds. A lamp shade had fallen from the ceiling some while ago and was now well settled in its new position amongst the dust on the floor. The stairs ended half-way up, and pieces of plaster lay with slates from the roof at the foot of the stairs.

Along the floor crept spiders, and their cobwebs trapped everything which came close to them. It was a mystery that was never solved, why the people left the house on the moors.

HEATHER GRAHAM (IVS).

INSTRUCTION WITHOUT TEARS

GRASS

When God made the world He covered a large portion of the land with grass. People have often believed that nature was made for man, but this seems to suggest that it was made for cows. Grass is something that is spurned by most people because it is considered only as animal food. Just why then did God make grass ?

Cows must have grass as the main part of their diet. Sometimes I think that they would prefer some delicious cream cake or a juicy orange. However, they seem to have been fated to eat common grass. The food value of grass is high, so the animal which eats much grass is very fat and tastes good at Sunday dinner time. The milk is also rich, and so lucky little boys and girls are given one-third of a pint every day.

In a few years time, grass will be one of our foods. The scientists are planning to make us live on tablets, some of which contain the mineral salts and vitamins of grass. These will be welcomed by the larger than normal lady for whom all diets have failed. In addition, by eating in this way we shall be obtaining the protein and carbohydrates directly from the grass, without having it from grass chewed by the cow under an oak tree some hot summer's evening.

Of course, cereals are a form of grass. Wheat is used to make flour, and thence bread, destined to be forced into the stomachs of innocent children who don't know what is good for them.

Grass forms the background cloth of Nature's stage. If the flowers were not set in a framework of green they could not show off their colours so well. The little cottage would not look half so attractive if there was not a little wandering path contrasting with the green fields on either side of it for miles.

Grass is a boon to children. What little boy has not taken a blade of grass and formed it into a lugubrious sounding whistle, by putting a hole down the middle ? He then creeps up behind some young damsel, who soon forgets that she is trying to look sweet and graceful. Sports fields would be of little use if they had no covering of grass. Cricket

and football could not be played, although sometimes I think that would be a good thing. One of the joys of childhood is to go for a picnic. Sitting on God's green carpet, under His overspreading shades, we listen to the song of the cuckoo as we munch a ham sandwich or a packet of crisps.

In Hawaii, the grass is used to make skirts. The fibres are dyed various colours, and then strung together. On moonlit nights, the young maidens play their guitars to the waves and hope some starry-eyed male will answer their love call.

Thus, grass is used in all kinds of ways. I am now waiting for Monty to tell Philip Harben how to cook grass to its best advantage. Perhaps someone will then dare to give him the scolding he has deserved for a long time.

ELAINE ARMSTRONG, (VI).

POEM WITH A MORAL

Young Johnny went one afternoon
To do the shopping. "Be back soon,"
His mother said, then shut the gate.
"Mum," said Johnny, "I'll not be late."

He did the shopping; then he found
There was some change left from a pound.
He thought, "My mother never dreams
Of buying me large pink ice creams.

"I wonder if she'd get to know
If I buy one. I don't think so.
I'll tell her bread is fivepence more
Than it has ever been before."

So off he went and bought an ice.
He thought it tasted rather nice.
When he got home he told his lie.
His mother heard and gave a sigh.

"It's really very queer," she said,
"To pay so much for loaves of bread."
When next his mother purchased bread,
She thought of this, and then she said,

"Why did the bread cost more last week?
I thought it was an awful cheek."
The shopman said, "That is not true;
Your Johnny paid the same as you."

This made his mother realise
That Johnny had been telling lies,
So when she took her homeward way
She knew just what she'd have to say.

And all unknowing Johnny played,
In the garden with his spade.
His mother found him playing there,
And soon his screams rang through the air.
This made young Johnny realise,
It never pays if you tell lies.

EDITH HEAVISIDE (U.A.).

INTERIOR DECORATING

"Interior decorating"—that name makes me involuntarily shudder, ever since I had the harassing experience of papering a room.

Despite well-meant advice, I ambitiously decided to do it myself, and what a foolhardy decision it turned out to be, as I eventually found out to my cost. Wallpaper selection, the hardest job, was infinitely easier than the rest on that memorable occasion. The day came when, full of enthusiasm and confidence, I commenced gaily to clear all movable objects, large and small, out of the room—it is best to be on the safe side. Clad in my oldest clothes, I took a deep breath and commenced what proved to be a Herculean task.

First on the agenda was stripping off the wallpaper and I was not sorry to begin disposing of the jungle of interwoven flowers. Wetting the paper, I thought, "this is easy," and thought of all the remarks I would make to the "doubting Thomases"; even water did not damp my enthusiasm, even if it did damp me. Mindful of the sarcastic remarks and hints to be sure to only strip off the paper, I finished the four walls, which had never before seemed so long, with a small pile of plaster, I proudly stress the adjective, and garlands of damp paper strewn over the floor, fireplace and even affectionately on my shoe soles and me.

Exhausted, I began to clear up the mess, already fed up with the whole business, but determined not to show it. An hour later I struggled stiffly downstairs, thankful that my "shift" was over for that day, and not anticipating the next one; but I knew that I had burned my boats.

The next day, after a restless night spent chasing elusive rolls of wallpaper, I woke to begin the worst labour of all—paper hanging. My enthusiasm had completely evaporated and, with every stir of the paste, my spirits sank lower and lower. Outwardly cheerful, I climbed the stairs, feeling inside like a prisoner mounting the steps to the scaffold, and all too soon I reached the door. Cautiously, I sidled in, looking anxiously round the room, in the vain hope that yesterday's torture had been a nightmare; unfortunately it was too true—the bare walls, bare floor, everything was there as a grim reminder.

About a quarter of an hour later, I plucked up sufficient courage to begin. Pasting the first roll of paper, after having made sure about half a dozen times that I was on the right (or wrong) side, a sure sign that my nerves were not as they should be, I picked it carefully up and hurried to the nearest wall. Sincerely hoping that I had put the paper on straight, I pressed it down and stepped back to observe my handiwork. Unfortunately, the bucket of paste happened to be in line with my feet and in a few seconds, I was on the floor frantically mopping up paste.

I recommenced, after having made fresh paste to the accompaniment of not so witty remarks, and, five rolls later, my confidence was returning and my spirits soaring. But we cannot be lucky all the time, for five minutes later, I managed to end with a freshly-pasted roll draped tastefully around me. Once freed of that encumbrance, I soon finished two walls and stepped back to observe my artistry, casting a glance behind, for I was now cured of hasty retreats.

The effect was not quite all that I had dreamed of, but I consoled myself with the thought that I was only a novice. Two hours later—the phrase and picture resembled that of a cartoon—I was no further forward; the fireplace had proved an obstacle—I was sure that I was not meant to hide it. Scissors to the rescue! Considerably more tired, in body and spirit, I sank on to the step ladder for a much needed break.

Later, feeling slightly more refreshed, I began the last wall; it looked a mile in length. Discarding all ruined rolls of paper I selected one and began pasting it. Whether my eyesight was weakening or not, I suddenly realised that I had pasted the wrong (or right) side. My brain numbed by this horrifying discovery, I stared at the paper and then jerked my weak limbs into action—I must finish the wall. I succeeded eventually in this enterprise, with a sigh of relief and no feeling of pride.

The room was papered, that was an indisputable fact, but at what cost. I was, I felt certain, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, the room was minus one light bulb, which had been caught by the step ladder, and the fireplace needed repainting. No more "do it yourself" tasks for me—I am cured of that disease.

VIVIEN HODGSON (VII).

OLD WAGGONWAYS

In the early seventeenth century coal could only be mined near rivers or near the coast because transporting it over land proved a very difficult task. Short wooden railways were built from these mines to the river down which trucks propelled themselves with their loads of coal. The empty trucks were pulled back up the slopes by the weight of the full ones acting in the opposite direction. The River Tyne was one of these rivers which dealt mainly with coal traffic.

In about 1630 the mines near the Tyne became worked out, so railways or, as they were then called, waggonways, had to be built further inland. These too were built entirely of wood, of about four feet gauge. The trucks which ran on them at first had rollers, but later wheels with flanges. These were pulled to the river by horses, one horse pulling five or six. The first of these waggonways to reach the Stanley area was built at Ravensworth to serve a pit at Marley Hill. This line is the oldest surviving, though not the first built, in the whole country. As more and more riverside pits became worked out, the Stanley area became one of the most important coal supplying areas and some of the longest railways yet were built to serve the Pontop and Tanfield districts. The first of these was that to the Pontop district to convey the coal to the staithe at Derwenthaugh. After a few years this became known as the "Main Way." It was built in 1700 at a cost of about eightpence per sleeper and sixpence per yard of rails. Nearly all of it can be traced in the area today and it is used by the local inhabitants when they go walks.

The old track starts at the west of Pontop Pike where the old Hive or Ovey Pit once stood. From there it travelled to Raisenside through the North, Success and Bogg pits. Then it carried on through Fondly Set and Stobb House to the Lilly Pit Cottages. Here it was joined by the Harelaw waggonway which came from the Lizzie Pit at Greencroft, through the Pontop, Moor and Harelaw Pits. Next it went on the Flint Hill and across Mountsett Fell, past Pickering Nook to the Hobson, where it was joined by the Port Valley line. From here it went on to Derwenthaugh via Bryan's Leap and Rowlands Gill.

The other notable line in the district was built about 1712 and was even longer than the Pontop line. This was the Tanfield line. This latter started at South Moor and went through Stanley to Shield Row. After Shield Row it passed over the Causey Arch. This Arch has a good claim to be the oldest railway bridge in the world. From here it went to Marley Hill where it joined the old Ravensworth line through Sunnyside and Lobley Hill to the river at Dunston. This line is in a much better state of preservation than the Pontop line, and some of it past Marley Hill is still in use as a branch of British Railways.

As time went by the wooden rails were replaced by steel ones and the horses replaced by engines. The two original lines and their many joining branches became incorporated in much bigger and better railways. One of the best known of these was the Stanhope and Tyne railway. This extended, as its name suggests, from Stanhope via Consett, Annfield Plain and Stanley along the old waggonways to the Tyne, as near the sea as South Shields.

These very old waggonways were not, as one might expect, built by the government. They were built by the people who owned the pits, and cost a great deal more than simply the cost of labour and materials. To get to the river they had to cross land owned by many different people. These people charged very high fees to allow the tracks to be

laid across their lands. This caused much trouble to the builders and the disputes between them and the landowners often went as far as becoming lawsuits. The most prominent people employed in the building of railways in this district were the Liddells, who built the very first ones, and the Claverings. The Claverings, as well as being pioneers of the railways, were prominent landowners, and at one time they joined forces with the Liddells and others to form an alliance to help the construction of railways to go forward more easily.

In these waggonways the local inhabitants have something to be really proud of, as they have in their district what may be the oldest, or at least the oldest surviving railway in the whole world.

J. E. HOGG.

THE OUT-PATIENTS' DEPARTMENT

I was not very old when asked to attend the out-patients' department of the local hospital, but I was far from happy at the suggestion. Not that it was unexpected—or indeed unusual. For the first five years of my life I had been a regular if unwilling and unco-operative out-patient. It probably benefited me; I could not remember, but it had certainly left me with a firm and unconquerable dread of all hospitals. My mother traced the origins of this intense dislike to a nurse who attended me regularly and of whom I was openly and unashamedly terrified. Perhaps it was this but, if so, I had long since forgotten her, while my unreasonable and uncontrollable prejudice against hospitals remained.

It was therefore in a very critical and cynical frame of mind that I reluctantly allowed myself to be led along to the hospital early one Friday morning. I was uncompromisingly determined that this would be my first and last visit. Ordinary people did not go to any hospital, it made me different, and just then that was the last thing I wanted to be. My comrades were at school; the hated weekly arithmetic test had suddenly assumed the benevolent guise of an old and trusted friend; the familiar little classroom was the nearest place to heaven. Yes, I thought rebelliously, this was certainly my final visit.

My mother presented the necessary credentials from the family doctor and we were shown into the waiting room. Secretly, I was delighted, but I pretended not to be. I had known we should have to wait; hospitals were never punctual. The waiting room surprised me however. I had the impression, remembered or most likely imagined, that hospitals were dark and repressive. I had wanted a chance to criticise this one for being so and, because that opportunity escaped me, I resented the place. The walls had no right to be so clean and bright; and what did they mean by leaving that gay pile of magazines and comics which might, unless one was very careful, prevent one from becoming bored. "They," of course, were the medical staff and they too had sadly disappointed me. "My" doctors and nurses were always numerous, dim and shadowy people hopelessly incompetent and incurably

pessimistic. The staff here was quite, quite different and there were not many. The nurses seemed happy, yet sprightly and efficient. Sometimes they would stop and say "Hello" although they seemed to have little time to spare. The doctor, also (I only noticed one), was much younger and more energetic than I had expected and once he actually shouted for something he wanted—not as if he were angry at its absence but as if he were doing something important and did not want to waste time. He was much more of a human being than I had anticipated—I might even have liked him if he had not followed the profession of Hippocrates.

In spite of myself, however, I was beginning to thaw a little, enough to take a look at some of the people who were waiting with me. Oddly, they did not seem in the least depressed and some were chattering quite gaily as if they were old friends. There was a girl in a wheeled chair who especially caught my attention. She was talking animatedly to a middle-aged lady with a plaster on her ankle. She could not possibly be many years older than I and she appeared so very cheerful. I should have hated to spend all day in a wheeled chair; but I did not have to; I was one of the lucky ones. She was talking to an old man now. Perhaps I should be able to talk to her next week I thought drearily, considering disjointedly some of the topics I should like to discuss; dogs for instance; I knew she would like dogs—at that particular phase of my life, all nice people liked dogs; and flowers—you could not talk to everyone about flowers, they thought you were a little mad and patiently agreed with all your most provocative remarks, while you longed for them to contradict you; you could almost hear them thinking "must humour her." The girl in the wheeled chair would understand. Sharply I took a grip on myself! What was I thinking of. There was not going to be a next time—not for me!

I bit back the smile I could feel rising up inside me and searched around for some sufficiently gloomy subject on which to concentrate. I wished everyone were not so kind. I was going to be difficult, to tell them flatly and ungratefully that I was never coming back again. Perhaps, I conjectured hopefully, the doctor would be too busy to want me to return after all, the girl in the wheeled chair was much more important than I. I wished I could see her again—but not here of course.

Just then, one of the side doors leading into a side room where the doctor saw patients individually, opened, emitting a fairly young man with a slight limp and ready smile. As he strode jauntily to the exit I stood up in answer to the doctor's questioning glance. "Come along" he said encouragingly, noting perhaps my determinedly solemn face. "I only eat little boys."

The out-patients' department had won. I smiled and trotted before him.

EVELINE WILSON (VII, SCIENCE).

THINK UPON THESE THINGS

I watch the dawn in misted gold
Spread wide her tinted wings,
And as night's velvet mantle parts,
I think awhile—on—things.

Of things of beauty far beyond
The power of men to pass ;
This tree, this autumn tinted leaf,
This dewdrop in the grass.

And you, you hapless mortals—
Is not this indeed tragic mirth—
With gun and bomb you strive to blast
The wonder of God's earth.

For many think that wealth and power,
Control this earthy stage,
And so forget each bird and flower,
Our priceless heritage.

God gave His love to all mankind,
To beggars and to kings,
But who will stay his hand and pause
To think upon these things ?

ANN SMALL (IVS).

OFF DUTY

A LA CUISINE

(Please don't bother thumbing through your French dictionary to translate the title of this essay because it hasn't much bearing on the subject anyway).

There are good and bad cooks to be found in every family. Good cooks can make Welsh Rarebit taste just like cheese on toast, while bad ones can even burn corn flakes. No mention of school dinners will be made at this stage. Girls generally begin their life of penal servitude over a red hot stove, young—at the tender age of five or six, when with grubby hands, they carefully mould out, with the air of a budding Epstein, some shape in pastry which, when cooked, is either jet black or a greyish green. Progress really begins at school. Cookery lessons are eagerly anticipated by the child and dreaded by her parents. Before the offering is brought home on its salver, the stocks of indigestion tablets are secretly replenished. At last the first products of the cookery lesson are revealed, and we find—yes! that old favourite, the rock bun. Hard as granite, it lies on a plate defying anyone to

break into it. Having supplied themselves with chisels and hacksaws the family begins the siege, in vain, while the small rock bun smirks triumphantly. This ordeal continues week after week; soups, bread and cakes are consumed until the digestive system is resigned to its weekly overwork. At last the butterfly emerges from its cocoon—now after months of endurance by both parents and teachers the gay young thing can tell you firmly that crêpe suzette is not a material found on the bottom of shoes and that a chocolate mousse is not a small Scottish rodent commonly found in Christmas stockings. Gone are ordinary dishes, now they have "zie continental flaveurc." She over-estimated her family's love of garlic, looks rather hurt when met with enquiries of, "Er—what were those green things floating on the soup, dear?" and, somehow, just how much curry powder the recipe stated. However, this has to happen in the evolution of every Mrs. Beaton, but after all a girl's best friend is a tin opener.

JEAN ROWE (Head Girl).

MY TEN MINUTE MILE

One of the most popular events of Sports Day at our school is the Mile Team race. I have watched this race every year, little thinking that I also one day would tread the weary track. At one time the school had a wealth of athletic talent, but gone are those happy days, and at present the athletes in the school are recognised by the fact that they have two arms, two legs and are able to breathe as well. Take myself for instance; I am looked upon as an average athlete despite the fact that I am too heavy to move quickly, too weak to be any good at field events, and have too little stamina to last out in any race above 100 yds. It was only the terrible hand of fate which caused me to be a competitor in the mile team race.

It all happened last Sports Day. I came to school that morning all prepared for a lazy afternoon watching everybody else exerting himself.

It had always been customary for one to make Sports Day a day of rest, and I was not one who thought of changing custom—as far as I was concerned this Sports Day was going to be no different from any other.

Morning break came and it was then that I realised that for me the day of reckoning had finally arrived. It was with horror that I learned that as one of the competitors in my house team for the mile team race had failed to turn up at school that morning, I was the only person to take his place, merely because I was there talking and breathing and standing on my two legs at the same time. This qualified me for the place. I insisted that I was quite incapable of running a mile; I was assured by the house-master that at the worst I would finish seventh or eighth. I knew then that several of the other competitors must have decided to walk. Nevertheless, finding that I could do nothing about the wretched situation, I resolved to make the best of a bad job. I tried to run away, my attempt was sadly unsuccessful and for the rest

of the morning I decided to prepare myself for the race in the afternoon. All morning I trained intensively, lifting heavy books down from the library shelves, and replacing them again; I rounded my training bout off by a quick sprint downstairs and across to the dining hall at 12.15 p.m.

The afternoon seemed to pass quickly away, however, and it was not long before the announcement came across the loudspeaker that competitors for the mile team race were to assemble at the starting point. As I walked across to the start I knew then just how it felt to be a condemned man.

All the competitors lined up for the start, the gun fired and everyone surged forward fighting to take the lead—except me. I had decided that I would run a steady, consistent race and by doing so I might just manage to finish.

At the end of the first lap I was a mere half lap behind the leaders, running quite steadily and unperturbed. The second lap proved a trifle more difficult, but nevertheless I seemed to maintain my speed (if it could be called that). Evidently the rest of the field were tiring already, for now they were only three-quarters of a lap in front. At the half-way stage a friend walking along beside me told me my time was three and a half minutes. At the end of the third lap I was lapped—it was then that I realised that the leader was going extraordinarily fast, or else it was I who was going slowly. The next two laps I can only describe as unimaginable torture. On the last lap I had no competition whatsoever—everybody had finished—in fact most of the spectators had started to go home. I did finally finish, however, in an all-time record of 9.5 minutes—of course that did include stoppages.

Some weeks after Sports Day I finally recovered from that fantastic race and I resolved that, rather than do anything like it again, I would face the devil himself.

J. TAYLOR (Head Boy).

STOP PRESS

A group of senior pupils thoroughly enjoyed an evening visit to Whitley Bay Ice Rink to see a display of professional tennis.

* * *

There has been a good response to the appeal for a collection of rose hips. The money raised by this collection will be used for the extension of various sports.

La Troupe française gave a good presentation of "L'Avare" in Gateshead Girls' Grammar School. The pupils who saw this play are better able to realise the dramatic value of the comedies of Molière. Once again, thanks to the kindness of Durham University French Department, some of us are going to have the privilege of seeing yet another French film, the highly recommended "L'École buissonnière" to be shown in the Appleby Theatre of the University.

* * *

Have you stopped to look at the pictures displayed in the library? They are changed regularly and well deserve your consideration.

* * *

Our best thanks to Sandy Waggott who so willingly and so efficiently took the photograph of the staff which you see in this edition of the magazine.

* * *

GRUNDY'S

32 Front St., Stanley

The oldest firm with the newest and latest in RADIO AND ELECTRIC APPLIANCES.

We have your record too, by your favourite stars and orchestras.

Telephone: STANLEY 149

BOOKS, MAGAZINES and PERIODICALS for all tastes and all ages

R. K. SHIELD

We also have a FINE SELECTION OF TOYS. Why not pay us a visit?

9 Station Rd., Stanley

TELEPHONE 121

Well done!

with good equipment

Whatever career you choose, we can supply all the necessary . . .

- TEXT BOOKS
- TECHNICAL DRAWING INSTRUMENTS
- SCHOLASTIC STATIONERY
- ARTISTS' MATERIALS

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND **SCHOOL FURNISHING CO. LTD.**

42 & 44 GRAINGER STREET, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE 1

Telephone 27012

WATSON'S GARAGE

**Beamish Street
Stanley**

•

PETROL, OIL, GREASE

**REPAIRS &
OVERHAULS**

also

HARDWARE & GRINDERY

•

Telephone: STANLEY 16

Telephone: STANLEY 73

CARLYON'S

FRUITERERS

and

FLORISTS

Market Hall

and

Victoria Buildings

STANLEY

DUNN'S LTD.

6 and 8, Station Road, Stanley

★

The Leading Shop for

RADIO • TELEVISION

Tape Recorders • Cycles

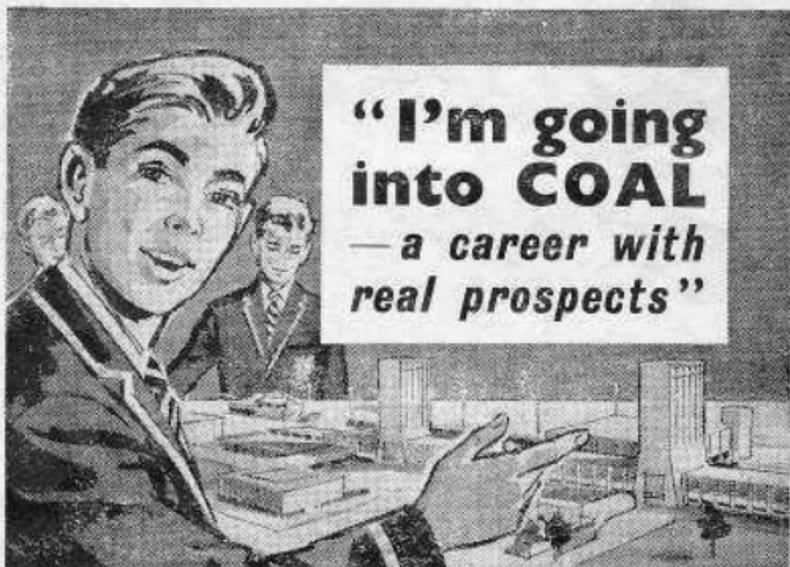
★

Terms Arranged

Phone, Stanley 112

IT IS STILL
a
PLEASURE
to
SHOP
at
SHIMELD'S

Wm. Dresser & Sons Ltd., Crown Street, Darlington



**“I’m going
into COAL
— a career with
real prospects”**

David knows where he is going—his keen interest in Mining Engineering plus his capacity to work hard could lead him to a key post in the industry which offers good starting salaries and always has room at the top for those with initiative. He could, for instance, be earning over £30 a week at 30 as a colliery manager.

To boys with the right educational qualifications Student Apprenticeships are available leading to the Higher National Certificate or Diploma, with the prospect of entry into the Directed Practical Training Scheme—the Board’s own course in management training for engineers—and subsequent promotion to the highest executive appointments.

N.C.B. UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS

Scholars with, or preparing for, the G.C.E. at advanced Level are eligible to apply for a N.C.B. free University Scholarship which is equivalent to a state scholarship but without parental means test. One hundred are offered annually—most are in Mining Engineering but some are available in Mechanical, Electrical, Civil and Chemical Engineering and Fuel Technology.

On graduation N.C.B. scholars (and independent graduates) may enter the Directed Practical Training Scheme, after which well-paid senior posts await them.

*Write, stating
which opening
appeals to
you, to:*

**DIVISIONAL CHIEF STAFF OFFICER
NATIONAL COAL BOARD
(DURHAM DIVISION)
7 SIDE, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE**



CARBONISATION
Durham’s Coking Plants produce the country’s finest coke. Coke and its important by-products offer wide scope for engineers & technologists.



SCIENTIFIC
There is fascinating work in coal research and scientific control for young scientists and analysts.



ADMINISTRATION
Accounting, Marketing, Purchasing and Stores, Finance Personnel—progressive positions are open to young men and girls of intelligence.

there’s a fine future in COAL!