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GRAMMARIAN

MAGAZINE OF STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

First Things First

CHRISTMAS, 1960

No. 24

Staff Representative: MISS A. THOMPSON.

School Editor: ELAINE ARMSTRONG.

Reader: MR. WOOD.

Business Manager: MR. W. SEED.

EDITORIAL

One of the most useful facts that I have learnt during six years of back-breaking study in this famous centre of learning is that each age is remembered in history by its chief characteristic. By what distinguishing adjective will the twentieth century be known, providing of course that we are not blown up in the meantime by a hydrogen bomb? The discerning statistician should be able to find the signs of the time in the life of this school—even this school.

Will this be an age of great literary achievement? After reading our magazine, I hope you will be convinced of our method in that field. It has been suggested that we are experiencing a rebirth of the Romantic era. Judging by the popularity of the Dance Club among senior pupils, this is quite possible.

Personally, I see this as a second Age of Reason. The pupils in this school are certainly all very reasonable, particularly where members of staff are concerned. Looking at the first-year pupils in all their ferocity, one is made to wonder, admittedly; but to speak scientifically, I calculate that after undergoing a process of metamorphosis, they will turn into quiet, peaceful citizens, the image of their heroes, the sixth form. The organisation of the school supports my reasoning. Whenever a teacher leaves us he is methodically replaced by a substitute. The past year has seen the disappearance of Mrs. Jolly and Miss Hall, to both of whom we wish all the best. In their place, Mrs. Robertson will teach Scripture and Miss Williamson English. Our new thirst for knowledge is illustrated by the record attendances at Society Meetings. The newest Society, the Christian Fellowship, invites any senior pupil to its meetings who has a desire to learn more about the working of God.

Perhaps after reading this exercise in whimsy, you will be deterred from investigating the rest of our magazine. But do not be discouraged ; there are better things to follow. If, when you have arrived at the last page, you are waiting for next year's edition, we shall know that we have achieved our aim and kept up the tradition of our learned predecessors.

ELAINE ARMSTRONG.

THE SCHOOL YEAR

SPEECH DAY

Speech Day this year was held on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, March 24th. The juniors were presented with their prizes in the afternoon by Mr. Proudfoot.

The session began with the School Song. Dr. Sharp, in his speech, stressed the value of personality, saying that work in school was important but personality was predominantly so. He said that out-of-classroom activities had continued to thrive.

Mr. Proudfoot addressed the school briefly and then presented the prizes. The second part of the programme consisted of a short musical entertainment of choral and instrumental items.

JANICE BLACK (IVA).

As usual, the ceremony began with the pupils enthusiastically singing the "School Song." The Chairman of the Governors, W. M. Simpson, Esq., J.P., was presiding as Chairman, and after giving a brief opening address, he called upon Dr. Sharp to give his annual report. Dr. Sharp seemed to be quite pleased with the progress of his pupils both in work and sport. Miss E. M. Williamson, M.Sc., Ph.D., Principal of St. Mary's College, Durham, was then called upon to present the prizes. After performing her duties she gave a short but interesting address, stressing the point that there was room for more girls in the field of science. She was agreeably surprised when presented with a bouquet by the Head Girl, Jean Rowe. Alan Taylor, the Head Boy, then proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Williamson, Mr. Simpson and Dr. Sharp. Everyone then relaxed while listening to a short musical entertainment of choral and instrumental items which ended the Speech Day.

DOROTHY CROUDACE (VII).

There once was a young man of Hull,
Who decided to keep a white bull ;
But that bull grew so large
That it soon learned to charge,
And now that poor man is in Mull.

PETER CARR (IIIA).

HOUSE REPORTS

BOYS

Dunelm

Dunelm were again well to the fore last season. In the football competition a total of ten points was gained, giving the team second position in the overall competition. No games have yet been played this season but the same success is hoped for. In the cricket competition we were again unlucky; coming second once more, we were only two points behind Tanfield the winners. Had the juniors been more successful we might well have won the trophy. However, they lost two games, one by one run and the other by three runs.

ALAN MILLS (Captain).

Neville

The season 1959-60 proved to be one of mixed fortunes for Neville. For the seniors, it was one of the best ever, as they were unbeaten at football and won both cricket and athletics competitions. The juniors, however, will not have such vivid memories, since they failed to gain a point at football and their efforts in cricket and athletics were not much better. Had the juniors been a little more successful, last season could have been a very profitable one for Neville.

H. DAVISON (Captain).

Tanfield

FOOTBALL. Although the senior eleven failed to gain any points, we managed to win the overall football shield, thanks to some grand performances by our junior and intermediate teams who won all their matches by comfortable margins. The outlook for the coming season is quite good, as the senior eleven will be somewhat stronger and we hope that the juniors and intermediates will keep up their excellent performances.

CRICKET. Once again, thanks to some excellent performances by the junior side, we were able to add another shield to our collection for the year. The juniors won all their matches, but the seniors only managed to defeat Watling.

ATHLETICS. The shields for athletics are awarded individually to the various year winners. We managed to secure three of these, namely the first, the third and fourth year shields, and were runners-up in the second year competition. We ran out comfortable winners in the overall house placings and so completed a noteworthy 'hat trick.' We cannot really wish for a better year, but we hope that the coming year will be equally as successful for the House as has been the past one.

J. E. HOGG (Captain).

Watling

Watling seniors defeated Tanfield, drew with Dunelm and were beaten by Neville at football. They defeated Neville and Dunelm at cricket, and were beaten by Tanfield. The performances of the intermediates

and juniors were disappointing at football, their sole victory being due to the juniors, who beat Neville. The Juniors only won one cricket match. The athletic performances of the junior and intermediate classes were inspiring but the seniors had a disappointing season. The new football season has begun on a brighter note with the seniors winning their first two games.

W. TYERS (Captain).

GIRLS

Dunelm

Throughout the year the House has been unsuccessful. In the hockey tournament only one match was won. On Sports Day, Mary Cordey, of the juniors, did well against strong opposition, but through lack of support no honours were obtained.

It is hoped that this year more enthusiasm will be shown in all sports by each member of the House.

MARIAN REAY (Captain).

Neville

In the inter-house hockey matches Neville was placed second to Tanfield, the eventual winners. On Sports Day the seniors and intermediates fared badly, but the juniors saved our face by winning the Junior Shield. This was due particularly to the splendid efforts of Sheila Hamilton and Vera Fairley.

It is hoped that the intermediates and seniors will show more enthusiasm this year and come up to the standard set by the juniors.

CAROLYN BOTT (Captain).

Tanfield

The House did extremely well in the hockey tournament, drawing with Neville, and beating Watling and Dunelm, to win the shield with a lead of four points.

Unfortunately, the keenness shown for hockey did not extend to athletics. On Sports Day there were some good individual efforts, but on the whole the standard of athletics was only average and the lack of enthusiasm, especially noticeable in the senior school, must be rectified in the coming year.

ELEANOR ARNOLD (Captain).

Watling

The House was unsuccessful in the inter-house hockey and only won one match. On Sports Day, however, a vast improvement was shown. Both intermediates and seniors won shields, owing to the excellent efforts of Wendy Herdman, Jean Robson and Carol Bentick. It is hoped that this year will be as successful as last and that the juniors will improve to reach the excellent standard set by the intermediates and seniors.

JOAN CURRY (Captain).

SCHOOL ATHLETICS, 1960

During recent years the standard of Athletics in the school has improved considerably and last season was one of the best yet. Training was held on Mondays and Wednesdays all through the winter.

In February an Inter-House Cross Country Championship was held with Neville emerging the victors. A team was chosen to represent the school at the Durham County Schools' Championships and Terry Wiles, by finishing in sixth position, secured a place in the County team.

The first 'major' competition of the year was of course School Sports Day. Some good organisation helped the sports to keep to schedule, and after a very close contest and some extremely keen competition Neville came out on top as Senior Champions.

For many junior competitors the first taste of top competition came with the County Grammar School Sports held in the grounds of Durham Johnston School. Twenty-four schools took part and after some good performances Stanley finished in eighth position. J. Burrows bettered 40 ft. in the Shot Putt and became County Champion. It was therefore a confident team who travelled to Gosforth for the Tyneside Grammar School Sports where the standard is regarded as not being as high. The Senior Relay Team, by coming second, prevented the seniors from being placed first and we came away runners-up.

At Shield Row Secondary School, the Junior Teams really excelled in the Stanley District Sports and won all four trophies. This is a record, and it has never been achieved by any other school. As a result the school were well represented in the Stanley District Team which competed in the County Schools' Championships held at Houghton-le-Spring. J. Burrows again bettered 40 ft. in winning the Shot Putt. Unfortunately, his standard was not high enough and he was unlucky not to be chosen for the County Team. Three boys were chosen, however, and travelled to Shrewsbury to compete in the All-England Championships. They were D. Barron, first in the Junior 100 yards in a time of 11.2 seconds, D. Atkinson, second in the Junior 880 yards in a time of 2 minutes and 13 seconds, and A. Mills in the long jump.

Special mention should be made of Mr. Wood and Mr. Geddes for their patience in teaching and training the athletes.

ALAN MILLS (VIU).

There was a young boy from Nestan,
Who went for a sail in a pan,
But his boat sprung a leak
For the metal was weak,
So he made his next trip in a can.

DAVID J. ROBINSON (III).

SENIOR CRICKET

It was a mediocre season for last year's Senior Cricket XI, four matches being won out of the eight played. Victories were chalked up against Chester-le-Street (home and away), Blaydon (home) and Durham Johnston (home). Colin Brown proved to be the best batsman of the season with a top score of seventy-eight (v. Chester-le-Street) and an average of just over forty. For this achievement he was presented with a cricket bat by the *Sunday Post*. Stubb's (last year's Captain) and Tyers were found to be the two most consistent bowlers, both taking wickets at an average of just over seven.

ALAN MILLS (Captain) (VIU).

INTERMEDIATE CRICKET

The first match of the season for the intermediates was against Shield Row, with Boyd as captain. The Grammar School batted first. The innings was uneventful, except for the bright hitting of Kerswell who made twenty-nine not out. Shield Row then batted and soon surpassed the Grammar School total of forty-eight to win by six wickets. Unperturbed by this defeat, the team went into their next game with just as much enthusiasm as they did the first. The Blaydon team batted first and were somewhat disheartened by the fury which Boyd put into his bowling. His final figures were five for twenty-two. This helped the team to victory. In the return match with Shield Row, Slater hit a splendid twenty-five before being l.b.w. to Liddell. The team was finally defeated by one run. The return match with Blaydon was a very happy event for the team, as a century was reached for the first time. The game was won easily, thus ending the season successfully.

R. REED.

SENIOR FOOTBALL

The senior football team did not have an outstanding season last year, winning only three games of the ten played. Once again we were eliminated in the first round of the Tyneside Grammar Schools' Cup, being defeated by Sunderland Bêde 2--0. The games we won were against Consett twice (2--1 and 2--1) and Rutherford (3--1). We were soundly defeated by Hookergate (7--0 and 8--0) and Durham (5--1 and 3--0). In our single encounters with Chester-le-Street and Tynemouth we lost 7--1 and 3--0 respectively. The new season has opened disastrously with a 10--2 defeat by Chester-le-Street, but we hope for a marked improvement. We would like to thank all members of staff who have taken charge of the team for away matches.

J. E. HOGG (Captain).

GEOGRAPHY SOCIETY

Our President, Dr. Sharp, opened the year with the general meeting, which was well attended. On October 12th, there was a lecture with film slides given by Mr. Colin Armstrong, a former pupil of the school.

This was entitled 'Climbing in the Swiss Alps.' A most interesting talk on China followed on November 11th, given by Mr. Spurr, Rector of Chester-le-Street Parish Church. He had been living as a missionary in China for twelve years; thus his information was quite authentic. On November 13th, a party of forty sixth formers left Stanley for a conducted tour of Cossett Iron Works. The final lectures were given by Miss Halkier and Mr. Seed who described their holiday visits to the Continent with coloured slides and films. 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

This year I find myself with the unhappy task of having to report on a rather poor year in the life of the society. There was a marked decrease in membership and after the time of 'holiday printing' had passed, the few meetings which were arranged were poorly supported. To try to bring back some of the lost popularity of the society, it has been decided to arrange several lectures by outside lecturers in the Spring Term to supplement the normal meetings. A general meeting has already been held and the attendance there seemed to promise better things for the future. The subscription to the society has also been reduced to 1/- which may encourage some of the younger members of the school to join.

J. E. HOGG (Secretary).

MUSICAL EVENTS

During the past year, all musical activities in the school have been taken over by the Music Society. These include concerts, lectures and the work of the "Music Makers" group. Lectures of special interest were given by Mr. Cousins and Mr. Hall, respectively.

Musical activities have been extensive during the 1959-60 season. The most ambitious concert so far was staged in October, 1959 and included many advanced works such as "The Polovtsian Dances" from "Prince Igor" (Borodin) and a movement from the "Violin Concerto in D Minor" (Sibelius). The school orchestra, now twenty-four strong, played an important part in the proceedings. For the first time, the concert was held on two evenings. Thanks must be given to Sheila Creighton for the work in connection with organising and conducting and also to Mrs. Coulson for her untiring help as accompanist.

On Speech Day the sixth year choir gave a performance of "The Song of Destiny" by Brahms. The next concert is to be given in November. The "Music Makers" are functioning regularly and new members have been admitted at intervals during the past few months, including four members of the staff. The group look forward to a successful and progressive year.

JEAN TAIT (VIU).

THE CHESS CLUB

This year the club has held its meetings at lunch time in the music room, a new idea which boosted the membership to almost one hundred.

Alan Taylor was elected Chairman and Eric Hudson Treasurer for the year. A subscription of threepence per term was introduced and the proceeds used to buy new chessmen.

The third American Tournament was won by Kenneth Williams who narrowly defeated Mr. Yockney. A knock-out tournament for other players was won by Keith Ellwood who defeated Geoffrey Spark in the final.

FRANK G. PEARSON (Secretary).

DEBATING SOCIETY

Last year was, on the whole, a successful one for the society, and attendance has considerably improved. Some debates were arranged on more informal lines in an effort to incite more argument from the floor. However, the undoubted highlight of the year was a serious debate, 'Agnosticism is the attitude of all reasonable men,' proposed by T. Wilcs and Elaine Armstrong, and opposed by W. Hall and Claire Flowers. This debate ran through a session after school and two subsequent dinner times, ending in an easy win for the proposing side. This year's activities began with a very successful Brains Trust, wittily supported by the team, and a varied programme of lighter and more serious items, including an inter-house quiz, which is always popular, has been arranged by the committee.

EILEEN WALKER (Secretary).

TELEVISION

Our school has at last obtained a television set, and our class is lucky enough to have been given the privilege of watching it on Tuesday afternoons. The programme concerns the life of a typical French family. I like French television much better than an ordinary French lesson but, of course, who wouldn't? So far the family consists of Monsieur and Madame Dupré, their nephew Nicole, their daughter, and Grand-père. Nicole is a typical teenager, and Monsieur Dupré, who is a doctor, worships plants and flowers which are his hobby. I think that it is extremely worth while having a television set, and most of us will benefit from it.

KATHRYN LONGSTAFF (IB).

Comment from a Pupil of IB on a French Television Programme

"I can only find one fault with this serial and that is that the actors are English. Their accents are not perfect and this spoils the effect."

"ROCKS IN MOONLIGHT"

The picture in school which is causing great interest and admiration is hired from the Picture Lending Library attached to King's College and was painted by Mr. R. H. Binks, a former member of the staff. The financial collection to obtain it was organised by H. Ridley and contributions came mainly from the staff and members of the sixth form. The idea has proved successful as pupils have discussed its artistic values even in the junior school. It is an abstract representation of "Rocks in Moonlight," although it has been mistaken for a man in his dressing gown with a bottle and a glass, and three bent figures in front of a window, or three knights in armour. The unappreciative element of the school have failed to understand it, but personally, I think it is a pleasing pattern of shapes. The colouring is particularly outstanding, and it certainly enhances the upper corridor.

MILLY WILKINSON (VIU).

NEWS IN BRIEF

During the summer months a group of pupils of all ages formed a Sketch Club which held open-air meetings every Monday evening when the weather was suitable. This has become the Art Club for the winter months. This interest in Art has led to participation in the Stanley Rotary Club Art Competition in which pupils had to submit pictures of some local scene. Our pupils gained three prizes. The picture on the bottom corridor was one which was entered for the competition. There are also on the bottom corridor two black and white scraper boards executed by Harry Ridley.

A party of girls saw the England "A" v. the England "B" Hockey team.

A series of lectures on various branches of science was arranged last Autumn Term. Among them there was a lecture given by Mr. Blenkinsop on the Health Department of the United Nations, which proved interesting and instructive to a wide range of senior pupils.

As usual, pupils have been encouraged to take an interest in drama and have made several visits to the theatre. To mention only two of these—one party saw the Consett Grammar School production of "Macbeth" and another group of senior pupils had the privilege of seeing "The Importance of Being Ernest" produced by the Old Vic Company at the Theatre Royal. A Junior Dramatic Society has been formed and has proved most successful.

The Dance Club meets now on a Tuesday evening and appears to be as flourishing as ever.

As an experiment a junior Club français has been started at which the attendance has so far been most encouraging.

Senior pupils have again seen a Molière play, "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," and a humorous modern One Act Play. The film, presented by courtesy of the Durham University French Department, was this year the popular and amusing "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." The plays, film and lectures attended have been much appreciated.

Head Boy : J. E. HOGG.

Head Girl : VIVIEN HODGSON.

Deputy Head Boy : J. FERGUSON.

Deputy Head Girl : EILEEN WALKER.

DONT BE HASTY

There are lots of things we must do
As we journey this life through.
An unkind word that is said in haste
Cannot be recalled or yet replaced.
No one can tell what that word can do ;
It can stab like an arrow and cut right through.

How much better it would be
To stop and think before being hasty,
But alas how many do ?
That's life the whole way through.
To wound and to hurt is the way of man,
It was never meant to be God's plan.
If you are just starting on life's road
Take heed and remember the "Hasty Code."

MARIA HARRISON (IVB).

PAST STUDENTS

NEWS OF PAST PUPILS

We congratulate

W. K. R. Musgrave, D.Sc., who has been appointed to the Chair of Organic Chemistry at Durham University.

Richard Chambers who, after spending a year in Canada, has been appointed lecturer in Organic Chemistry at Durham University.

Fred Smailes, who has won a Nuffield Research Scholarship at the Dental School.

Basil Hutchinson, who is a Pharmaceutical Chemist and has started a new business at Peterlee.

Engagement

Anne English to W. Collins.

Marriages

Barbara Rowe to Ernest Roce.
Iris Peart to David Hammel.
Cathleen Waggott to George Watson.
Elsie Metcalfe to Reuben Harris.
Margaret Brown to Alan Gilroy.

We are pleased to give news of Past Pupils and would be most grateful if information for the magazine was given to us during the year. Please forward to Dr. Sharp, Grammar School, Stanley.

Past Students' Association

The Annual Reunion will again take the form of

A Dinner Dance

to be held in the

Masonic Hall, Stanley

on

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29th, 1960

Assemble at 7 p.m. for Dinner at 7.30 p.m.

Dancing 9 p.m. to 12 midnight

to the music of

Joe Collins and His Band

Late bus will be arranged

Tickets 10/6 each

may be obtained from various shops and from

Dr. Sharp, Grammar School, Stanley.

ADMITTANCE BY TICKET ONLY

Cash with Order and Please get your Ticket early.

Friends of Past Students will be welcome.

There was once a fellow named White
Who had whiskers that grew in the night,
They grew at such a pace
That they hid all his face
And now he can't tell when it's light.

GEORGE DUNN (III).

HALL OF RESIDENCE

What, I wonder, is your impression of a "Hall of Residence"? Do you imagine a twelfth century manor house, restrained from collapse by Ministry of Works red tape, the sort where water is pumped from a well and the floors are of "Queen Elizabeth slipped here and almost broke her neck" type? Or is your "Hall" a ridiculous number of storeys high, where every room affords a breath-taking view of everything else? I went through both phases, and can sympathise with anyone who finds himself at a Hall similar to that in which I have spent the past year.

The exterior of the Hall to which I refer was at first sight reminiscent of a second-class American ranch house, a long, heavily windowed, wooden building with a wing of low brick outhouses. As it happened, the "outhouses" were the private apartments of the Great White Chief Himself (the warden) of the Hall. The whole set of buildings seemed barely capable of housing forty residents. After being hoaxed by many ingenious red herrings, I found the entrance cunningly disguised as a tradesman's unloading-bay. Once inside, I was mildly surprised to be confronted with a vista like that of an airport terminal, glass and mirrors in generous quantity, modernistic decoration, seats which looked made of foam rubber and proved entirely deceptive, telephones and reception. However, I had still not seen any suggestion of the five hundred men I knew must be hiding somewhere.

I wandered through the entrance hall and into an adjoining corridor. It was here, in a room inscribed "Games Room," that I found the first signs of life. A score or so of men in what I can only describe as very negligent negligee were languidly playing or eagerly awaiting a game of table tennis, another group amused itself by throwing darts at the wall, while others were engaged in slotting weights on to a weight-lifting bar and then sitting down and contemplating the size of their task. The next door led to the television room. With a great effort I opened the door about two inches, to be greeted with a strange, sad smile from a gentleman whom I had already compressed into half of his natural volume. A glimpse inside the room revealed some hundred and fifty gentlemen illuminated, solely of course, by the ubiquitous "telly." The "Billiard Room" accounted for another thirty or so residents, but the adjacent "Junior Common Room," a vast sea of easy chairs, was surprisingly empty. In normal use, I subsequently never discovered more than twenty people in this huge room. I believe they were suspicious of the easy chairs.

Then I turned the corner. Stretching into the far distance was an immensely long corridor with the striking sequence: window, fire extinguisher, door, bucket, along each of the long walls. This corridor, I learned later, was one of two, each two hundred yards long. Over-awed, I began to look for some indication of ZL, which enigmatic sub-corridor I had been allotted in this establishment. The first letter I located was "Q." This seemed rather irrelevant, but no doubt there

was some reason of great import for it. However, half an hour later, on completion of a circuit of two two-hundred-yard corridors and two fifty-yard corridors, I had deduced that the lettering above the doors to the sub-corridors was completely random.

I had yet to experience daily life in the Hall. Soon I formulated one golden rule: go to bed at 10 p.m. or don't bother. University students have quaint habits, such as making vulgar noises with trumpets or trombones to welcome the new day in, and casting tin waste paper baskets down sub-corridors at 10.30 p.m. and continue for two to three hours on subjects mentionable and unmentionable. Mornings invariably begin with a battery of alarm-clocks, those of the radicals at 6.30, the moderates at 7.30 and the reactionaries at 8.30 with the result that whatever one's group, one is wakened at least three times. Breakfast is usually one mad scramble. There are some notable attempts at the two hundred metres world record on the way to snapped, crackled and popped cereal, anaemic bacon, resilient sausage, rigid toast and viscous tea. Digestion thrown to the wind, the Hall migrates to the nearest bus-stop in order to put in an appearance at lectures. The evening meal is often formal; students are expected to wear gowns. Unfortunately, some also decide to wear simultaneously plimsolls and open-necked shirts. It is the object of all concerned to make this the noisiest meal of the week. They always succeed.

Do I like life in Hall of Residence? I shall be there again this year.

E. Ross (Vlu, 1958-9).

EXPERIENCES REAL AND IMAGINARY

WONDER DRUG

Confined to bed with tonsilitis germs,
Instead of gamboling 'neath skies of blue,
To spend my holiday with wretched 'worms'
In days when wonder tissues 'pop up too.'

The doctor came with frowns upon his face,
Peered down my throat, and then with savage glee,
He cried, "Aha, those tonsils know their place
Is with my students of Biology."

Instead of 'forty winks' down on the sand,
My tortured throat was dozed with forty pills
Prescribed on National Health—a helping hand
To patients on the point of making wills.

From little wriggling germs both mild and killing
Deliver us, O Lord—and Penicillin!

MARCIA CORNFORTH (195A).

ON COMPARING ANNFIELD PLAIN SECONDARY MODERN WITH STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

On the first day of term we arrived at school rather early. We were full of expectancy and were not disappointed, although the differences in activities made it more difficult for us to slip into the school's routine. At first sight the school appears somewhat larger than ours although it is not quite as wide. In addition to the original school an assembly hall and a gymnasium have been added, making the whole building appear larger than Annfield Plain School.

There is an absence of a large school yard, most of the ground surrounding the school forming a large, well-kept playing field with the additions of tennis courts and a netball pitch.

Stanley Grammar School is, in most features, totally different from Annfield Modern School. One of the great differences is that it is co-educational. Although both boys and girls attended our old school the ground floor was reserved for boys only and the upper floor for girls. Many more activities are carried on in the Grammar School and one has a greater opportunity of learning outside school hours. One has chances of joining the Choir, Dancing Club, Photographic, Geography and Debating Societies.

Travelling to and from school was different, for whereas in our old school we both lived practically on the "doorstep" we now have to force ourselves to get out of bed earlier and hasten to catch the scholars' bus. Although many strange and different methods of teaching and learning prevail we feel that the two years we shall attend this school will be as happy as the five years we spent at Annfield Plain Secondary Modern School.

MARGARET HUDSON and JEAN ICETON (VI).

ON BEING SEA SICK

The thought that I might be sick had not occurred to me, for the boat could not be more than a mile from shore and the sea was smoothly placid, moved only by a gentle swell. Nevertheless, in spite of the sea's inviting appearance from the beach, it assumed a sort of majestic yet sly malevolence when actually upon it.

To my knowledge, enough had not been written about sea sickness. "How fine," I have thought, "to 'go down to the sea in ships': how noble to face the wild north-easter": and every captain has gazed at me through ice-blue, salt-bleached eyes: Drake! Raleigh! Hawkins! all men of steel in ships of wood. How these names and sayings have fired my imagination.

And yet, really, it is not in the least like that, going to sea. This sea sickness is an exhausting experience and almost everyone who has been to sea has suffered its heart-rending agonies. Perhaps if the least inviting aspects of a sailor's life were written of more often, people would be



A Group of School Prefects.



Versailles, Easter, 1960.



Form Captains—taken behind the new flower beds.

warned of the dangers of their initial voyage. At the first sign of the brewing storm, one could fly back to harbour with pardonable cowardice. Unfortunately, however, no author has yet attempted to approach this subject for, in so doing, he would be jeopardizing the popularity of all fictitious novels of the sea.

Like the common cold, its attack is recognised only when it is too late. Not until one lies helpless, prostrate in the bottom of the boat does one begin to realise what led to one's present position.

That initial, stifled yawn should have seen the bows headed for the shore. The foolish, half-witted grins followed, as one's senses reeled, and then stage three, the hopeless effects to try to counteract the sway of the boat which rocked to the motion of the ever-restless sea. It is now too late to flee. The fourth phase quickly follows.

A weakness which overcomes even the most agile and precise of people is followed by a throbbing headache. Pounding and grinding through one's skull like some fiend let loose with a sledge hammer.

Resounding through the head as if one had been locked in a bell tower with the bells pealing, for hours on end. A sweat now breaks out. Perspiration breaks out in beads on the upper lip and forehead, trickling down the greenish grey pallid skin and dripping off one's nose and chin. The sweating continues and soon the perspiration is so much that the eyesight becomes blurred as tears and sweat run over them. Nauseating smells pour from the mouth as if from a stone-age troglodyte and the muscles go lax and limp so that one can hardly lift one's finger, never mind oneself. This becomes necessary when the final phase, the vomiting occurs. Leaning over the boat's side, regurgitating breakfast, dinner and all and even, so it seems, one's stomach, the wretched victim contemplates suicide. At last, however, all is well. The pounding headache and the sweat remain; but that is all. All food and digestive organs seem to have disappeared over the boat's side and enough courage can be summoned up to leave it and curl up under a seat to fall asleep.

DAVID PROUD (IVA).

UNDER THE BLANKETS THREE

Under the blankets three,
Who loves to lie, but me,
And turns a weary ear
Unto my mother's clear
"Come hither, come hither, come hither."
Then I must rise,
Unwillingly,
In winter and cold weather.

Who doth the cold air shun,
(I love to feel the sun!)
Seeking my breakfast cold,
Not pleased when I am told,
"Don't dither, don't dither, don't dither."
Then I must rise,
Unwillingly,
In winter and cold weather.

With apologies to William Shakespeare.

SANDRA C. SIDDOWNAY (IIIa).

AN ABANDONED VILLAGE

At the threat of invasion, everyone had been evacuated and the village buildings left to their fate. The dilapidated village hall, which had once resounded with the merry laughter of children, now stood mutely in the blazing sun. The few houses that were left standing looked lonely and uninhabited, and the old village church, which had heard the clatter of many feet, seemed to be listening intently, as if trying to detect any trace of sound.

As I picked my way through the debris, I could hear the chatter of squirrels hunting nuts. Trees lay across the roads, the pavement was littered with stones and here and there lay pieces of furniture which had escaped the blitz. The crops had been ready for harvesting when the invasion began, but now the fields were one vast expanse of decomposing vegetation.

As I stood gazing at the disastrous sight before me, I wondered when the hysterical fanatics who were causing the war would realise their mistakes and see the misery they were bringing to the world.

MARILYN HUNT (IIIa).

WINTER TIME

I look through my window and there I see
Snow like crisp icing on every tree,
Icicles hang on bough and branch,
While their friends the snowflakes perform a dance,
From tree to tree the blackbirds fly,
Making dark splashes against the sky,
A robin appears upon the sill,
And then for a moment I sit quite still,
But Bruce my dog has seen him too
And barks and growls, so away he flew,
My snowman looks so cold and bare
I must find a hat for him to wear,
All this beauty that I now see,
Will disappear in two weeks or three
So now I must take my cherished sleigh,
And in the snow go out to play.

ELIZABETH WHITE (IIIa).

DAY DREAMS

Have you ever glanced across a room when suddenly your eye is caught by someone who is sitting head on hand with a vacant look in his or her eye? Then you begin to wonder what he is thinking of, but you will never really know because the world of day dreams is a very private world.

I have a small cousin aged four years and he is always telling his mummy how one day when he is a man he will bring her all new furniture in his furniture removal van. He seems to dream of the day when this will happen.

We all grow up, of course, and our day dreams grow up with us. Girls no longer dream of beautiful dresses but of how to 'catch' a man while wearing the beautiful dresses. Boys, too, begin to day dream of girls. Oh, everyone will "grunt" and say that they do not dream of any such thing, but don't you believe them because they do.

It is said that the 'British workman' is a good day dreamer, or at least he should be, the practice he gets. I do not wish to be disrespectful; after all, perhaps it does take three men to use a spade. However, while two men brush the street the other man stands leaning on his shovel looking out into space. I often wonder just what on earth he finds to stand day dreaming about, day in and day out. Perhaps he dreams of winning Littlewoods—or even of brushing the street.

We have seen modern day dreamers; let us look back into History and find out about the day dreamers of yesterday. Imagine it is a cold dark night and you are a Scottish soldier in the Pass of Killicrankie. You have been away from home for many days now and you have only had rushed meals. Now, on this cold night you are posted on sentry duty and as you sit all alone you begin to think of home, or do you think of a "wee" drop o' whisky and a nice—haggis?

Speaking of sentries, I wonder what those Romans thought of as they marched to and fro along the now ruined wall. Perhaps, in the quiet of the day, they imagined that they heard the distant playing of Nero as he fiddled his way through Rome.

When I hear of a Rocket I do not think of a guided missile but of James Watt. What a great day dreamer he must have been. There he sat in front of a fire watching the lid of a kettle bobbing up and down in the steam. We all know of course what became of his day dreams.

In front of me there is a tortoise shell cat. She is sitting with her head on one side and her eyes half closed in a Chinese fashion. I wonder what she is thinking about. Oh! it must have been about that ginger cat next door, because she has just shaken her head and stretched herself out along the carpet, with a disgusted look on her face. I once heard a quotation which, I think, sums up the day dreamer: "Sometimes I sits and thinks, and sometimes I just sits."

MARJORIE WAUGH (VA).

MY EXPERIENCE OF ACTING

It is the practice of most schools to provide entertainment at their annual Speech Days in order to show how good (or bad) the pupils of the school are. Almost three years ago now, when I was a fifth former at Annfield Plain, I was approached to play the rôle of Mark Antony in part of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" the following speech day. Without much thought, and in order to create a good impression I accepted. Incidentally, my idea of Shakespeare then was much the same as I suppose some of yours is now—dull, uninteresting, and such old fashioned English that I couldn't appreciate it in the least. It was to me something that had been dreamed up by some crank in order to give little boys and girls something more to learn, as though they had not sufficient without that. The succeeding days brought little progress, if any at all—at least no visible progress was seen; but I suppose some preparation must have been going on without my being aware of the fact. Eventually, however, we were told the parts we were to learn. If you are familiar with the play you will, no doubt, remember the rather long speeches in the market place, and in order that I might improve my powers of rhetoric I endured long and tiresome practices—the only other person in the room being the teacher.

The husband of the English teacher was also on the staff and was looked upon as the make-up expert. In order that he could create the best Mark Antony from the raw material available, he too needed practice, much, I may add, to my regret. After having stared at me for a full ten minutes, remarking every now and then, "Himm" and "Yes," he literally plastered my face with a foul-smelling grease and proceeded with great deftness of hand to mess about with grease pencils, eventually producing an unrecognisable Bill Hall cum Mark Antony. Anything worse than this was inconceivable. Needless to say, the inconceivable was conceived. A few days later the costumes arrived and after the usual confusion I found myself standing in front of one of the two lady members of staff with little else on but a flimsy tunic which barely reached to the centre of my thighs. Apart from a belt round the middle it reminded me much of these shortie nightdresses. And so preparations proceeded.

At last the day of judgement was near. Was it in fact going to be a success or was it going to be just another speech day production? I spent the last few days frantically polishing up my lines by standing in front of a mirror and repeating them over and over, again and again. The morning of the day we were to perform arrived without warning. I had the jitters from then onwards, hardly being able to eat anything because of the nervous state I was in until after I had finished.

In no time at all the curtain was up and the play began. For the first five minutes or so I had nothing to say and everything proceeded without any major crisis. After making my first speech I left the stage somewhat relieved and rather more confident than I had previously been. I

awaited my entrance with four stretcher bearers and the body of Caesar on the stretcher—and then it happened; Brutus remarked, "Here comes his body mourned by Mark Antony," and on I marched, trying to look as much like a Roman soldier as I knew how to, unaware of what was happening behind me. I reached the middle of the stage when I was to turn round, which in fact I did, but to my dismay there was no body, or for that matter any sign of the stretcher bearers. What had happened? I slowly turned by head and looked in the direction of the entrance to the stage, and there, since they were carrying the stretcher on their shoulders, one of the stretcher bearers, in fact he was the school comedian, had managed to get his head stuck between the stretcher and the scenery. It was certainly the only time that I was glad to have the make-up on because I felt myself blush as I had never done before. It was like an eternity waiting until he had released himself.

This was the most memorable occasion in my life. Never before or since have I felt so embarrassed.

W. HALL (VIU).

HOME SAFETY

We know that many accidents can happen on the road,
But figures during recent years have nearly always showed
That if among the traffic it is not too safe to roam,
More accidents than this occur inside the English home.

The staircase often is the cause of badly broken bones;
Good lighting in this awkward place could save a lot of groans.
The fireplace should be guarded well to save both young and old,
And children warned of dangers should do just what they are told.

NEIL BARRASS (IIIb).

HOLIDAY REMINISCENCES

THE STREETS OF PARIS—A DEDICATION

To the visitors who have toured the streets of Paris and whose feet have suffered in consequence this article is dedicated.

Paris, as befits a capital, is a city of contrasts, and is seemingly a conglomeration of many towns rolled into one large, noisy and beautiful metropolis whose most interesting contrast is, perhaps, its streets. When I am in an imaginative mood the narrow, winding streets of Paris come to my memory. They cannot be called beautiful or artistic with the buildings countless storeys high, blotting out the sun and much of the sky from the street, with their peeling paint-work, shuttered windows and balconies, but without a doubt, they are an integral part of Paris.

You can imagine that behind the shuttered windows a future Balzac or Picasso is creating a masterpiece, which will one day raise him to the

heights of fame instead of the top floor of a dingy flat. Or, if you are of a more gruesome turn of mind, you can imagine that round the next corner, you will find a stranger with a knife in his back, a situation which, you feel sure, will arouse no interest among the inhabitants of the street.

In contrast to these grey, airless streets are the famous boulevards with wide pavements, trees and a sweeping expanse of roadway, the latter the eternal nightmare of the pedestrian and the playground of the French motorist and the famous taxi driver of Paris. These boulevards seem to be the natural habitat of millionaires, film stars and V.I.P's in general, and in them are situated many of the famous Parisian landmarks. From the Boulevard St. Michel one sees the Sorbonne and Notre Dame, while on the Boulevard des Italiens one sees the Opéra. Les Champs Elysées, stretching from the Place de la Concorde (for those of a diabolical nature, the home of the guillotine—it seems very peaceful nowadays, apart from the traffic) to the Arc de Triomphe, is perhaps the most famous and most beautiful. It was built at the command of Napoleon I for his triumphal ride through the city and though he is most definitely not one of my heroes, I must admit that it was a good idea. Besides the famous chestnut trees, it is now lined with shops, car showrooms and cinemas which, it goes without saying, are amongst the most expensive.

For the fair sex I must spare a word about the Rue de la Paix, the most expensive shopping street in the world. I never got beyond window shopping in that street. There, dozens of articles are not crowded into one window. Oh no! one fantastic hat or exquisite piece of jewellery which costs the earth is tastefully placed on a pedestal or surrounded by black velvet and left in solitary state to be worshipped and gazed upon by passers-by.

From our English point of view perhaps the most unusual and attractive feature of the boulevard is the pavement café, which seems to occupy half the pavement at least. The idea of sitting sipping champagne, cognac, coffee or any drink, depending on one's purse, and studying the passers-by and in turn being gazed at, appeals to the popular imagination. Indeed half the population of Paris appear to do nothing else, for these places of rest always seem to be full. It is rather disconcerting at first to be gazed upon by all and sundry with the same stare that is fixed upon a strange animal, and after a time one adopts the blasé, couldn't-care-less attitude.

The owners of some of these establishments have adopted rather a good idea to protect their patrons from the cold and draughts, which are not exclusive to England, namely, a glass wall which enables you to see out in comfort and the spectators to see in, while you are protected from the elements (and the natives!). However, it gives one the uncomfortable feeling of being in a cage, put there to be gazed at by all who pass by. Indeed, the presence of the glass increases both the normal curiosity of the outer world, who are magnetically attracted to peer through it,

and one's urge to pull a weird face. That urge, however, is soon overcome by the risk of attracting an interested crowd and the explanatory reply, "Ah! Les Anglais!"

The net work of streets in Paris extends for miles—I don't recommend a circular walking tour of Paris—and the pavements are not particularly kind to the feet. To get around Paris, risk the smell of garlic and the fifty-fifty chance of being suffocated and take the Métro—it's far easier.

VIVIEN HODGSON (Head Girl).

PEAK PANORAMA

We left the original "dirty old man of England" at Doncaster. Weary legs piled energy into two of the most efficient machines ever invented and after a few more hours' toil we arrived in Chesterfield, the city of the crooked spire; there we were overcome with utter amazement at the dirty, depressing appearance of this supposed English beauty spot and hastily passed on, eventually to pitch camp at a small village called Walton. Our benefactor here was a typical country yokel who had spent his army career at Dipton and was only too pleased to do a favour for two wanderers who brought back happy memories to him. Early next morning we were in the picturesque holiday resort of Matlock. When we had recovered from negotiating a one-in-three hill (downwards) we took time off to "stand and stare" and take in the beauty of the surrounding scenery, the amazing and appropriately named Height of Abraham and the unique Matlock Bath, to name but two. On leaving this holiday makers' paradise, our journey continued up the Via Gellia, an old road said to be of Roman origin. All along the road the air was thick enough to cut with a knife owing to the "fall out" from the innumerable lime kilns along the wayside. At last the clear moorland air greeted us as we reached the top of an inviting ridge and from there on it was down hill all the way to our eventual destination for the night, the Royal Cottage Inn. Our camping site was an alleged field (merely a stretch of moorland railed off) which we shared with a cow and her family who did not appreciate our intrusion. However, our luck held and we were able to proceed safely the next morning into Buxton.

Buxton is a town whose fame has been widespread since early times, but oddly enough it has very few antiquities. As of old, people come here to obtain the benefits of the Spa water which is supposed to have such amazing properties. The greatest attraction here, however, is Pooles Cavern, the largest of the caverns in the Peak District. This cavern is comparatively well lit, the paths are safe and many interesting features are to be found there among the stalactites and stalagmites deposited by the lime impregnated River Wye. On leaving Buxton, our journey followed this river as it rushed down an ugly concrete channel, strangely reminiscent of an outsize gutter. This led us to Ashwood Dale and the beginning of our visit to "the Dales." We soon

left behind Wye Dale and Chee Dale and arrived in the quaint old village of Ashton in the Water. From now on the journey became more interesting. First we visited Haddon Hall near Bakewell, the ancient home of the Vernons and the Manners, the nobility of the Peak District. Inside this ancient monument was to be found the usual collection of rusty ironmongery and worm-eaten furniture characteristic of such mansions. The refreshments on sale here, however, were of excellent quality. We continued our journey down the Dale to Rawsley and then began the inevitable climb back up again, past that other great residence of the nobility, Chatsworth, which we were careful to avoid. As dusk fell we pitched camp in a tiny hamlet rejoicing in the name of Sparrowpit and slept with pleasant dreams of the wonders we would see the following day when we visited Castleton with its amazing caverns. Our poor misguided minds were soon disillusioned the next morning, when we were taken on a conducted tour of one of the caverns by a local bumpkin talking with a perfect Oxford accent. The largest stalagmite on view was about one foot long and it was impossible to tax the imagination far enough to conceive some of the wonders the guide assured us existed there.

From here we travelled down the appropriately named Hope Valley and then began climbing again up to the great Ladybower reservoir. The landscape along the next part of our route was strangely wooded moorland terrain which led us eventually to the industrial town of Glossop where we intended to spend the night. Our plans had to be abruptly changed when we were informed by a very antagonistic gamekeeper that camping was strictly forbidden as the district was a catchment area for the Manchester Water Board Reservoir nearby. This meant another twelve miles' toil, most of which was on foot owing to the steepness of the road as it wound its way up the moor to the B.B.C. television station of Holm Moss. That night we camped literally in the shadow of the television mast, it was just like home (Holme?). After this we headed for home via Huddersfield and Wakefield. At about ten o'clock on a Saturday two weird beings arrived in Annfield Plain. Fortunately, the local constable was not to be seen or he might have thought that even tramps had been caught up by automation.

J. E. HOGG (Head Boy).

N.B.—To any unenlightened who may read this: The "dirty old man of England" is the Great North Road.

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS

Of the many things of interest which the school party visited during its stay in Paris, the place which perhaps interested me most was the cathedral of Notre Dame. It stands on the *île de la cité*, an island in the Seine, so called because around this easily defended strong point grew the city of Paris. On this very island, over two thousand years ago, fishermen and boatmen built their huts and they called their village *Lutetia* which means "home among the waters."

We entered by a small door in the north tower, climbed a dark spiral staircase to about half way up the tower, then crossing over to the south tower, we continued our ascent up a second flight to the roof of the tower, and climbed in all 307 steps. From the roof of the south tower we had a wonderful, panoramic view of all Paris, the muddy, yellow Seine below and all its bridges.

I was fascinated by the many gargoyles which adorn the building. They take many forms, some being grotesque birds and others animals and mythical creatures. The word gargoyle comes from the old French word *garouille*, meaning throat, and many of the gargoyles act as spouts by which the water from the roof gutters drains away. Their real function, however, as intended by their ancient sculptors, is to frighten away evil spirits, and this always reminds me of how superstitious the builders of the church must have been. Also in the south tower is housed the great "Bourdon," the one which Quasimodo, the hunchback of Victor Hugo's novel, is supposed to have rung. This great bell weighs 15 tons, and the dropper alone weighs 488 kilos. Within the cathedral the first thing we encountered was a stall which sold statues of the cathedral, postcards, plastic models and similar articles, even when a service was in progress. The cathedral is amazingly high, with a beautiful vaulted roof supported on the inside by huge carved pillars, and on the outside lie the graceful flying buttresses. A little light is admitted by the gorgeous stained glass windows set high in the walls. Of these windows by far the most beautiful is the great rose window, which is ten metres in diameter. This great window has remained intact for about seven centuries since its construction in about A.D. 1220. The cathedral is so constructed that it is possible to walk right round behind the high altar. At the end of the nave is the organ which has 6000 pipes and 55 keyboards. Also, set in the many recesses which line the walls are tiny chapels, each elaborately decorated and supplied with its own altar.

KEITH HERRON (VIL).

HOLIDAY IN GERMANY

The three things about our holiday in Germany which I remember most vividly are food, roads and sunflowers.

First—always first—food. The German restaurants in which we ate were almost perfect. Once we were seated at table, menus were handed out, one each, and then followed a serious discussion on the merits of the dishes. Our German hosts tried to interpret for us, and so did a waiter who was always standing nearby to offer advice. When we had finally decided (sometimes with a pin when the efforts of our translators were of no avail), the food was before us in a remarkably short time, and excellent food it was too. But although the food was wonderful, it was the manner in which it was served and the help of the waiters which was outstanding.

In the country districts, the roads were just as winding and narrow as in England but once on an Autobahn, we could travel over three hundred miles from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. with frequent stops for meals and rests, with great ease. The lane discipline left something to be desired, and although traffic at times seemed to be chaotic, the chaos must have had some sort of order (we never discovered what sort) for we saw no serious accidents.

The countryside differed from England in that there were no hedges and many of the fields were divided into strips, each strip carrying a different crop. Horses were used much more than machinery, and we were surprised at the number of ancient men and women, looking too old to do anything at all, who did back-breaking work in the fields. The hillsides were covered with vineyards which stretched down to the road and huge patches of clumsy, laughing sunflowers seemed to follow us and smile at us which ever way we turned.

MARGARET LIVESEY (VI.).

ON TAKING A FARMING HOLIDAY

Don't! At least not if you are conjuring up, as I did, a picture of long, lazy, quivering summer days spent sunbathing in a hayfield with only perhaps the stray midge to irritate, with the buzzing of a bee, and bird song to lull you to sleep. Oh, yes, I will admit that I saw plenty of the hay field; I even had my fill of the sun, but only as I perched uncomfortably on the edge of a tractor, inhaling paraffin fumes, tensing myself for fear of falling as it bit its way interminably through the grass, turned the corner, devoured the next side, and turned another corner. My whole body throbbed with the vibration, and the sun that beat down mercilessly on my head, until I longed for a cooling breeze, until I felt myself a part of the machine. Not in vain, however. I soon acquired some lovely sore, red arms and legs, which I persuaded myself would turn brown.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea"

My herd didn't. My herd careered along the main road, charged into the hay field, and promptly proceeded to knock down every one of the piles of bales which my uncle and his helper had so carefully stacked up the previous evening. Three hard hours of blood and sweat had gone into those stacks, and in five minutes that nasty little herd of bullocks had strewn hay far and wide, thrown up bales on their horns and caught them, and then began to canter round the field in a most alarming manner. Of course, if I had closed the field gate the catastrophe would never have occurred. On reminiscing I think I know why my uncle did not speak to me again for the rest of the holiday. However, what else could he expect from an ignorant little town girl, who didn't even know the difference between a cow and a heifer?

Every morning at seven, every evening at six, someone had to bring in the cows to be milked. It surprised me that they could not come themselves, they had done it so often, but no, some miserable unfortunates had to don wellingtons, arm themselves with sticks and pretend they were on a range in the wild woolly west. I could successfully evade the morning session by lying in bed, until I heard the milk-churns rattling in the byre, but the evening interview was not so easily avoided. Many the happy hour my cousin and I spent behind the dairy waiting for that blissful moment when our hearts once more beat freely in our breasts, and our souls delivered a prayer of thanks, as we heard uncle say, "All right, if you cannot find them I'll go myself for the cows," but alas how soon my doom overtook me. Oh how soon! What is difficult about collecting eggs you say? Nothing, nothing at all, but I returned triumphant with a nettled arm, a casing of real farmyard mud round my nether regions and two of the three eggs which I had discovered trickling in a yolky mess through my fingers. Nobody would have thought it possible.

Perhaps sheep-farming is more in your line. Just try painting those mysterious hieroglyphics on them. Then your line will come to an abrupt end, and turn sharply in the opposite direction.

"Small red spot on my left shoulder is our mark," I was told, "the sheep's shoulder of course." Now I am under no delusions as to my knowledge of farming, but somehow after that remark, I felt a slight inferiority complex growing on my weary body. By the time we had finished marking it had taken complete possession; I was covered in red dye, the sheep were covered in red dye, the ground was covered in red dye, the farm boy was covered in red dye, and if you do happen to find a lost sheep with a red spot on its RIGHT shoulder, you will return it to us, won't you? Sheep's shoulders are so very much alike.

By the way, if you have nothing to do at Easter you can come along with me. I am staying at my uncle's farm for a few days (if he will let me). We should enjoy ourselves.

ELEANOR ARNOLD (VII).

LE QUATORZE JUILLET

This year I was lucky enough to be in Paris on July 14th, the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille Fortress by the people during the first and greatest of the French Revolutions. I had heard much about "le quatorze juillet," and was eager to see for myself what it was really like, although I was warned that it would be necessary to get up very early and stand for hours before the celebrations began.

When we arrived in Paris I was amazed to find the streets practically deserted. There were no people, and hardly a car, bus or lorry in sight, and I began to wonder if this really was the fourteenth of July. However, as we rounded a corner I saw the reason for the deserted streets—the whole population of Paris was concentrated along the route of the

procession. Men, women and children seemed to have grown inches in height, until I suddenly realised that they were standing on boxes to get a better view. We hurried to buy boxes too and after a little difficulty succeeded in finding a place from which we had quite a good view. Those who were unfortunate enough not to be able to buy anything to stand on had bought periscopes from one of the many merchants who could be found everywhere.

We had to wait a long time before the procession began, but everything around me was so interesting that the time seemed to fly over, and I was amazed to find how long we had actually been standing. The only discomfort of which I was aware was the heat—it was one of the hottest days of the holiday—but although we had already been standing a long time, the infectious excitement of the crowd prevented me from feeling tired, and in what seemed no time at all, we heard the sound of music in the distance and several cars came into sight. In one of them sat General de Gaulle, but as his car drew nearer it slowed down and then finally stopped, to allow the General to get out and walk the few yards to the pavilion where all the dignitaries were waiting to greet him. At the sight of him the crowd broke into cheers and cries of "Vive de Gaulle! Vive de Gaulle! Vive le Général!" When he reached his chair, the "Marseillaise" was sung by a mixed choir, accompanied by a band. All noise quickly died at the sound of the first notes, except for a woman near the front of the crowd who insisted on cheering, but she soon stopped at the indignant, hoarse whispers of "Taisez-vous, Madame!" "De honte! Taisez-vous!"

It seemed strange and dreamlike to me standing under the hot blue sky, surrounded by hundreds of French people, and listening to the moving music of their national hymn. When it was over, the crowd relaxed and the excited chatter broke out once more. The procession began, led by the National Guard, who were received with wild cheers by the enthusiastic spectators. The music was very stirring, but I noticed as the procession continued that the soldiers did not march half so smartly as the British soldier. Those who had just returned from Algeria received a special cheer, but for me, the highlight of the procession was the sight of the white-turbaned Spahis thronging past at full gallop with their lances at the ready and their scarlet-lined, white cloaks streaming behind them. They too received wild cheers for even those who had seen them several times before could not fail to thrill at the wonderful picture they presented, looking as if they had been snatched from the pages of "The Arabian Nights."

After the Spahis, the procession continued rather more sedately, until suddenly a loud, droning noise was heard, and several planes swooped low over the crowds in formation. This was repeated at intervals, each batch of planes seeming to swoop lower than the last. It was difficult to decide which to watch, the sky or the procession, but I had firmly turned round again to watch the decorated tanks which were rolling past, each one bearing the name of a famous French victory,

when a loud gasp came from the crowd and the roar of planes overhead made me quickly look up. As this particular formation sped across the sky, the smoke from the fuselage streamed out in broad stripes of red, white and blue, and for long minutes the national colours of France hung proudly in the sky, until at last they slowly disintegrated into a blue nothingness.

The parade ended as it had begun, with a march past by the National Guard. Then General de Gaulle stood up, saluted, and walked slowly to his car. As he drove off, there were once more cheers for him, and then the crowds began to disperse, and there was a great surge towards the nearest Métro. Once more "le quatorze juillet" had passed, and for me, it was an occasion which I shall never forget and which, along with everything else I saw and did, helped to make my first visit to France a memorable one.

PHYLIS BRITTON (VIU).

SPRING

Spring is here again at last,
The stormy winter now has passed ;
A frozen stream begins to flow,
Gurgling in the dell below,

Tiny buds begin to form,
Encouraged by the coming dawn ;
The grass is green as green can be,
And daisies bloom for all to see.

In the meadows cowslips bloom ;
They sparkle out beneath the moon.
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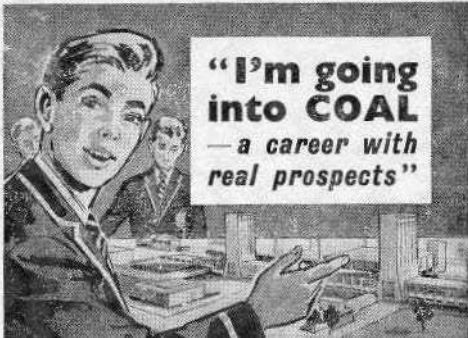
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