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# GRAMMARIAN

MAGAZINE OF STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

First Things First

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CHRISTMAS, 1963

No. 27

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Staff Representative: MISS A. THOMPSON.

School Editor: VALERIE TEMPEST.

Business Manager: MR. W. SEED.

## EDITORIAL

Once again the honour of writing the editorial of the school magazine has fallen to a mere female. Perhaps on reaching the end of my offering, you will decide that it is time that the members of the supposedly stronger sex had a chance to display their literary talents. I sincerely hope not; I should like to follow in the tradition of excellence set by my illustrious predecessors. However, I am sure that if this will not, the rest of our magazine will meet with your approval.

After celebrating the completion of fifty years of educating the populace of the Stanley area the school remains undaunted and has settled down to the task of matching up another half century, but Mr. MacMillan's much publicised 'Wind of Change' has at last reached us. Temporary classrooms have already sprung up on the playing fields and before long work on the permanent extensions will have begun. Not only the appearance of the school will change; we are to become part of a multi-lateral unit. Groping through a confusing range of technical terms, the facts as I see them, and I apologise for any mistakes, are these. The syllabus in all the secondary schools of the district is to be made identical with the aim of transferring pupils, if necessary without the difficulties now encountered over the syllabus. The uniforms of all the secondary schools will also be the same, rumour has it that it will be grey and black.

As usual, the year has seen many changes in the staff. We have lost Miss Howles, Miss Halkier and Miss Peterson and in their places we have gained Miss Malkin and Miss Crass as well as Mrs. Robertson who could be termed the prodigal daughter, having returned to the fold after teaching for a time in another school. We hope she is not regretting her return.

Activities both in and out of school have been successful. There was a hiking holiday in Scotland at Easter for the energetic and, surprisingly, there has been no noticeable increase in the ranks of the Scottish nationals. A party of sixth form scientists visited the atomic power station at Calder Hall and this year's school play, which will be Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" is looked forward to by all.

So ends my editorial—now, read on!

VALERIE TEMPEST.

## **THE SCHOOL YEAR**

### **SPEECH DAY**

This year Speech Day was held on March 29th, and Alderman Mrs. Jolley presided as Chairman. The meeting began with the School Song, which was followed by Dr. Sharp congratulating Mrs. Jolley on her recent appointment as Alderman. Dr. Sharp, in his annual report on school activities, discussed the multilateral system which is to be introduced into this district. Mrs. Jolley gave an enjoyable speech on how school life influenced us in later years, and then introduced Mr. and Mrs. Croudace. Mr. Croudace (County Inspector of Schools) in his address thanked Dr. Sharp for a warm welcome on behalf of the Governors. Mrs. Croudace kindly presented the prizes, after which a vote of thanks was given by the Head Boy. Bouquets were gratefully received by Mrs. Jolley and Mrs. Croudace.

The evening was concluded with a short entertainment in the form of singing, and a French Play.

E. WHITE AND E. REYNOLDS (VI L).

### **JUNIOR SPEECH DAY**

#### **Chez le Dentiste**

Chaque année le club français présente une pièce française le jour de la distribution des prix. L'année dernière après la fin de l'essai nous étions très contents de voir nos noms sur la liste des acteurs.

Nous avons récité chaque semaine et le spectacle a commencé bientôt à prendre taille. C'était une comédie qui s'appelait "Chez le Dentiste" dans laquelle il y avait beaucoup de scènes amusantes.

Quand le jour de la distribution des prix est arrivé nous étions très agités. Nous nous sommes habillés de nos costumes et on nous a mis du fard.

Chacun de nous s'est amusé en jouant dans cette pièce et nous l'avons trouvé très difficile d'étouffer les rires quand ces cris percants sont sortis du cabinet du dentiste.

Les spectateurs ont joui véritablement du spectacle et nous étions tous très heureux.

VIVIEN REED & CHRISTINE WHITE (III A).

At the beginning of the new school term a French club was formed and a play was to be performed by some of the members. After auditions the names of the cast were placed on the notice board and everyone was excited to find out whether or not they had been given a part.

Both teachers and pupils put in a great deal of effort before the final production which was for the Senior and Junior speech day. The scenery was made by senior members of the school and the art club also helped in this field.

The play was about an inhuman dentist and his brutal assistant, who lured patients into their surgery then painfully extracted their teeth. The assistant was murdered at the end of the play to the great relief of his patients.

The cast obtained a great knowledge of the French language and in our opinion the play was a great success.

J. CAMERON & B. KIRKUP (III).

### "OUR TOWN"

"Our Town", a play by Thornton Wilder, was this year's school play, which was performed on November 20th-23rd. It is the story of a small town in New Hampshire called Grover's Corners, and is chiefly concerned with the lives of two families, the Gibbs family and the Webb family.

The first full rehearsal of the play showed us just what a task we had set ourselves. The 'house' was a table and three chairs all standing on large wooden blocks, with a temporary 'trellis' of a form and two chairs in front. To add to the other difficulties there were no props, so we had to cook in mid-air—and you just try to crack imaginary eggs into a frying pan which does not exist. At first everyone entering the house walked straight through the stove to hang an invisible coat in the middle of a non-existent staircase. When such little problems had been sorted out we found we had to set a table and serve meals, but when there's no cutlery it's rather difficult to remember what has been done and what hasn't. After this, even ordinary housework seemed easy.

Since the play is American, we all had to speak with American accents, and although it seemed easy at first we found ourselves slipping back into Tyneside accents. Everyone seemed to be speaking in a different accent, rich Southern drawls clashing with Boston twangs. Even when this had been sorted out other difficulties arose.

In the second act there is a wedding scene, when the young couple have to embrace. First one position, then another were tried, but none of them seemed quite right. Advice was called for from the more experienced members of the cast, but the techniques were many and varied, so we just had to leave it and hope that instinct would prevail. Other problems were eventually ironed out, until we managed to reach some semblance of order by the first night.

It is not a comical play—at least it's not intended to be—but has a message which is well worth thinking about. If we succeeded in putting across that message, and if you enjoyed it as much as we did, the months of rehearsal were not in vain.

PAT MACDONALD (VA).

## HOUSE REPORTS

### BOYS

#### Neville

It is to be regretted that due to apathy shown by members, things have not gone too well in the past year. Let us commence with football. We fared badly in the inter-house competition losing heavily to both Dunelm and Tanfield and just managed to scrape a draw with Watling. The lack of success in this field is I think, not due to lack of talent but to lack of interest and inspiration as was obvious when at times only eight or nine players turned up. The same could also be said for cricket and athletics, although thanks to the praiseworthy efforts of one or two individuals the cricket team fared quite well, beating Dunelm, tying with Watling and registering defeat against Tanfield. In the athletic field no team trophies were gained at all showing lack of team effort but once more honour was upheld by notable performances of one or two individuals.

It is to be hoped that in the present year interest is stimulated and that there will be an all round improvement in team effort and endeavour.

W. BOYD (House Captain).

#### Dunelm

This has not been altogether a successful year for Dunelm. The Seniors managed to scrape together two points but the Juniors and Intermediates won the majority of their games, thus enabling the House to win the Football Shield.

The Juniors and the Intermediates did practically as well during the cricket season but alas, the Seniors again just won two points allowing the elusive double to slip from our grasp.

This report seems to be a tale of woe, for the athletic season produced nothing of importance. Again the Juniors and the Intermediates did fairly well but the Seniors were not prominent in their efforts to excel.

I hope that during this year the Juniors and the Intermediates do just as well if not better, and the Seniors improve greatly.

R. REED (Captain).

#### Tanfield

Tanfield began this year with a success, they came home first in the inter-house cross country match. All age groups ran well. However the year has been one of mixed fortunes. We failed miserably in the inter-house football, winning only one match against an under strength Neville side.

Perhaps the results of football disheartened us, for with one or two exceptions we fared badly in both the inter-house athletic competition and on sports day. With the summer came the brighter weather and also a brighter outlook for Tanfield House. We won the Cricket Shield, the Seniors losing only one match to Watling.

With new blood in the House, the year ahead looks a prosperous one for Tanfield.

A. PORTER (Captain).

### **Watling**

During the past year Watling fared well at both football and cricket, and fared badly at athletics, especially the cross-countries.

The football and cricket teams each won two games and drew one, each of these drawn games being against Neville.

The inter-house athletics proved disappointing, mainly because many of the competitors failed to participate in their events. On Sports Day, however, all these missing athletes turned out, and we put up a very creditable performance.

This effort must be kept up in the coming year, and Watling should again have a successful year.

W. ROBINSON (Captain).

## **GIRLS**

### **Dunelm**

Last year Dunelm girls did not succeed as well as had been hoped. At hockey we were the runners-up in the house tournament and also supplied six players for the two school hockey teams. The netball team played valiantly with some success. On Sports Day, though the Juniors won their section and the Intermediate were second in theirs, the House was let down badly by the Seniors. It is hoped that this year greater spirit and enthusiasm will be shown by all members, especially the Seniors.

ELIZABETH CARTER (Captain).

### **Neville**

The House had a most unsuccessful year, beginning with the hockey tournament in which Neville lost to Tanfield and Watling but drew the game against Dunelm. The inter-house netball tournament proved equally unsuccessful as the House lost all its matches. On Sports Day the Senior and Intermediate teams came third while the Junior team finished last.

It is hoped that each member of the House will show more enthusiasm this year and improve on last year's results.

CHRISTINE BOWMAN (Captain).

## **Tanfield**

Last year Tanfield attained second place in both the hockey and netball tournaments and were beaten only by Watling House. On Sports Day the Seniors reached second place, the Intermediates were fourth and the Juniors third. Although the House has done quite well in all branches of sport, let us hope that with encouragement Tanfield may do better next year.

ANN RIDLEY (Captain).

## **Watling**

Throughout the year Watling maintained a high standard in games. The Senior netball team was never beaten and it was due to this that Watling won the netball shield. Watling also won the hockey tournament. Members of the team gave full co-operation in both practices and matches and the team work was very good.

On Sports Day the House did very well, winning both the Intermediate and Senior Shields, the Juniors were second only to Dunelm.

It is hoped that this year will be as successful as last and that the Juniors will improve and reach the excellent standard of the Seniors and Intermediates.

JUNE HARLE (Captain).

## **HOCKEY REPORT**

The Senior XI were very successful in the matches they played before the terrible weather set in, losing only to Chester-le-Street twice. At the tournament we were fifth out of thirteen in the final placing and Ann Ridley was given a place on the Junior County team. The Juniors however did not reach the standard of the 1st XI.

This season better things are expected of the players and, the weather.

SHIRLEY DOUGLAS (Captain).

## **SENIOR CRICKET**

The 1963 cricket season was not a very successful one for the Senior Cricket XI. Matches were lost to Durham, Chester-le-Street, Consett and Durham, our only victories being at Blaydon and Hookergate.

Several of the games in which we were defeated were extremely close and exciting, but our poor fielding usually turned the result against us. This aspect of our game was without a doubt the most disappointing; on quite a number of occasions good batting and bowling feats were wasted when fielding was not up to the required standard.

The highlight of the season was our annual match against the Staff. This year we won quite easily, thanks to some fine bowling by Reed.

Over the season Boyd and Watson scored most runs, Coulthard and Boyd shared most of the wickets and our wicket-keeping was left in the reliable hands of Howard Bott.

Even now, at the beginning of winter, we are looking forward with optimism to next season, when we all hope we shall have more success and enjoy our cricket as much as we did in 1963.

T. WATSON (VIU) (Secretary).

### **ATHLETICS—1963 SEASON**

From the beginning of the season the school's athletes have been very enthusiastic and have remained at school two nights every week for extra training.

As a result of the enthusiasm throughout the school a high standard was reached, with five pupils gaining county honours. They were Mary Cordey (long jump), G. Oxley (hurdles), A. Wilson (hurdles), K. Huitson (high jump) and A. Porter (high jump). The last named went on to be placed second in the All-England Schools Championships with a leap of 5 ft. 11 ins., and later to be third in a Schools' International of the four home countries. The five pupils mentioned also did very well as part of Stanley District Team in the County Sports.

In the 15 years and under age group, at an inter-schools track league, we proved successful. Allan Baggett did a tremendous amount of work for the school athletics and for Tanfield last season, and everyone was very disappointed when he didn't make the County Team.

Altogether, we did quite well in most of the school competitions excepting the Tyneside Grammar School Sports, where we failed miserably.

### **THE GEOGRAPHY SOCIETY**

The Geography Society is one of the oldest societies in the school, and last year had a membership of 115.

The year was opened by the General Meeting, which was presided over by Dr. Sharp and was well attended.

On October 8th two young Americans, Mr. Meryll and Mr. Brent-Ploughman, gave a talk and answered questions on: "America as it is today". Later in the term two films: "Katanga, land of Copper" and "Guilty or Not Guilty" were shown by Mr. Seed. Mr. Atkinson of Chester-le-Street came and gave us an illustrated lecture on his holiday in America.

Unfortunately, no meetings could be held during the first few months of the spring term because of the severity of the weather, but we hope that this year the Society may again flourish and that more people will join us. The Society is open to all forms, the subscription still remaining at sixpence a year.

Our thanks are due to all those who have helped to carry on the work of the Society, especially Dr. Sharp, Mrs. Pritchard and Mr. Seed.

W. HOWE (VIU).

## ART CLUB

In spite of the severe weather the Art Club functioned most Fridays last year and a few enthusiastic members attended all meetings. The weather also restricted outings and resulted in the postponement of the Dramatic Society's production of "Our Town", so that the small amount of scenery required for the play has been left until this term and will be completed in the next few weeks.

The mural in the entrance hall was painted by sixth form members of the Art Club and based on a sketch by Pat Barrass of the view of Stanley as seen from Tantobie. More murals around the school would be very welcome if anyone has a suitable idea.

Several more pictures were added to those already adorning the corridors, including oil paintings in the upper corridor, some of which were shown in local exhibitions.

Although there are a reasonable number of people attending the Art Club regularly, new blood, especially that of the third and fourth forms, would be greatly appreciated.

MAUREEN SHIELD (VI).

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY

After several years of inactivity, the Debating Society is at last beginning to take an active part in school affairs. It is hoped that meetings of the society will be held every week and that, at a much later date, a team representing the school will compete in debates against other schools.

A thriving debating society is a vital part of the life of any school. The results of debates in the Oxford and Cambridge Union Society have been known to affect government policy; this society was instrumental in bringing about the resignation of Neville Chamberlain in 1940. Although we cannot expect a school society to have such a profound effect, it plays an important role, however, in school life. Debating in the society is one of the steps towards overcoming our natural fear of speaking in public and thus helps prepare us for interviews, which are tremendously important in entering university or getting a job. The preparation of debates leads us to consider subjects far removed from the school syllabus and so widens our field of interest.

There are many people who, although they attend the society meetings are unwilling to take an active part in the affairs of the society. This reticence is most marked among the boys who exhibit unwonted hesitancy in offering to speak. To date only eight boys have volunteered to speak, as against over twenty girls—and all but two of these boys have already spoken in debates. It seems, that unless the boys recover from this apathy in future debates, by far the greater proportion of speakers will be girls.

An Inter-House Quiz has been organised and it is hoped that four members of Staff can be found who are brave enough to compete against the winning team.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Percival who has done so much to help the Society back on its feet and to those brave people who have already spoken in debates.

PETER CARR (VII).

### A SCOTTISH HOLIDAY

When Dr. Sharp announced in assembly that Miss Williamson would like to see anyone interested in spending a week in Scotland, a general murmur of interest ran through the pupils. This interest was shown to a greater extent by the large number of individuals who turned up at the meeting, and it was very difficult for Miss Williamson and the four other members of staff to make the final selection of forty people.

The holiday was to be spent in Dumbartonshire, at Rhu (near Loch Long), walking and climbing some of the neighbouring peaks. Our party was to be joined at the guest house by the same number of pupils from Leeds Grammar School, and the two groups would climb the same peaks during the week.

The journey to the guest house was made on a Thursday, and when we arrived we first of all unpacked, then sat talking in the common room while some of the more energetic played table tennis in the spacious games room. Most of the first evening was spent digesting the general instructions, and then the leader of the Leeds party outlined the following day's walk. This walk was to "break us in" to the more arduous walking which was to follow later in the week. However, the walk was rather too much for some members of the party, and there was a large tally of blisters and one sprained ankle.

#### Saturday

To start the day the weather was much better than that of the previous day, when it had been snowing, hailing and raining—all at the same time. It had been planned that we should climb a mountain called Benn Arthur or the "Cobbler", because of its likeness to a cobbler bending over his last. This seemed to me a very easy climb, but others, who were not of my opinion, skirted the Cobbler by walking through the valley. At the top of the mountain the wind was so strong it was very difficult to stand, but the view of the valley was worth the climb. The descent was made much easier by the frozen snow left after the hard winter: we would sit on the snow and then allow ourselves to slide down it—most exhilarating. And this pleasure remained for most of the week.

#### Sunday

The weather was worthy of a summer's day (not this summer), and this prevailed for the rest of the week. Sunday was to be treated as a day

of rest, and after morning church we went for a sail down the Clyde. This trip lasted for six hours, and it was marvellous to stand on the deck watching the beautiful scenery glide past. In fact, it was some of the most beautiful scenery I have ever seen, and it was appreciated by all.

### Monday

I did not enjoy this day, maybe because it was very hard walking. It was not very steep walking, but the long, arduous pull towards the summit tired me considerably, though once I reached the top I thoroughly enjoyed the descent. The day had a rather amusing sequel, as we managed to walk through a building site before we were politely asked if we possessed permits allowing us to pass through the site. These we did not possess, but we were allowed to pass—if somewhat guiltily.

### Tuesday

After the discomforts of Monday, the climb was much easier. The party became split up, and some of the girls had to turn back, finding it too difficult. One group followed the ridge all the way to the top, while the other group, myself included, skirted the base and climbed directly vertical to the top. This was much steeper, but shorter than the other group's route, and I believe that it was the easier when the two were balanced against each other.

### Wednesday

This was to be the highest climb of the week, and it proved to be the most exhilarating. It was, by far, the most difficult climb, but once the summit was attained a great sense of achievement was felt. During the ascent we saw a herd of deer framed against the horizon, and we could not help but stop and watch them pick their way over the very steep ground. It was rather a surprise to see deer so high up, but they seemed well able to contend with the conditions. At the end of the day's climbing I felt rather sad to have nearly come to the end of a holiday gifted by the weather and to have enjoyed it so much—in fact, I felt refreshed and invigorated after it.

Anyone reading this article may think that I spent a terribly dull holiday, but they would be entirely wrong, because I have, as yet, omitted to give any details of the evenings' activities. Most evenings there was an impromptu dance after dinner, or the rounds of the table tennis tournament were played. One evening the boys spent a lively forty-five minutes playing football in a neighbouring field. The climax of the holiday was the last night, when an extempore play, written by one of the Leeds pupils, was performed by members of both schools. After the play there was a sing-song, and volunteers performed their "acts".

The next morning everyone was up early to finish their packing, then soon after ten the coach was passing through the gates and all that was left of a memorable holiday was the journey home.

K. REED (VA).

## NEWS IN BRIEF

One very wet Saturday afternoon a large party of senior girls enjoyed thoroughly a fine performance of "Swan Lake" at the Sunderland Empire.

The Art Club braved the cruel elements of December to attend a lecture on architecture given at King's College, Newcastle.

The Debating Society continues to flourish and has already held two successful meetings this term.

A number of senior pupils found the presentation of "Le Barbier de Seville" by Le Troupe Francais much more entertaining than the study of the play in class. To try to widen their knowledge of modern French Literature, these pupils have also seen "Antigone" and a film version of Jean Paul Sartre's "Huis Clos".

Once again many pupils took the opportunity of seeing a Shakespeare play acted when the People's Theatre presented "Twelfth Night".

This term a large group of pupils had the privilege and pleasure of seeing "Harlequin Ballet" at a matinee performance at the Stanley Civic Hall.

## PAST STUDENTS

### PAST STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES

The two main activities last year were both planned for December. The prevailing weather conditions were kind to neither.

Snow had lain deep for several days prior to December 28th when the 50th Anniversary Dinner-Dance was held and this undoubtedly prevented many ex-members of staff who had been invited, and older past students from attending. However, a hardy group including our guests Mr. and Mrs. Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Croudace, together with Miss Nicol and Miss Jeffery did not disappoint us, and it was found that the numbers present had increased to 150, for the first time. After dinner our normal rule of few speeches was broken for this special occasion to allow Miss Nicol to thank us on behalf of the guests, and Mr. Croudace to tell us of the plans for the future of Stanley Grammar School. We also discovered that past students were present representing every decade at the school for the whole 50 years. The evening ended with dancing to the Clem Millard Trio and to the Phoenix Jazz Band, an accomplished traditional group composed largely of past students.

The second event was a survey of past students which was carried out during December by a determined few until it was brought to a standstill by the tightening grip of winter. The results of the completed questionnaires they obtained are being studied. Thanks are expressed to all those who participated.

This year there is again to be a Dinner-Dance. Ticket numbers will have to be limited this time owing to increased demands and restrictions on catering arrangements. It is also hoped that a Summer Reunion taking the form of a social evening will be held this year.

FRED SMAILES

(Secretary of the Past Students' Association).

### NEWS OF PAST PUPILS

We congratulate Fenwick Lawson who is now lecturer in sculpture at the Newcastle College of Art and Industrial Design and whose one-man show at the Laing Art Gallery was held in November.

#### Marriage

Anne Wilson to Keith C. Williams.

We appeal once again for news of past pupils. We shall be pleased to include information in the school magazine.

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#### Past Students' Association

The Annual Reunion will again take the form of

### **A Dinner Dance**

to be held in the

Masonic Hall, Stanley

on

**FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1963**

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

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

to the music of

**Joe Collins and His Band**

Late bus will be arranged

Tickets 12/6 each

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ADMITTANCE BY TICKET ONLY

*Cash with order and please get your tickets early*

*The number of Tickets is Limited*

Friends of Past Students will be welcome.

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# ACTUAL EXPERIENCES

## FLAG DAY

"I have one in my other coat". This was the refusal I was given when I asked the person to buy a flag in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

The Saturday was very cold, with a gusty wind. The flags, in the cardboard tray hung round my neck, kept blowing in the gusts. I had the collecting tin carefully balanced in the tray. I wonder if you have ever watched a dejected flag seller? They stand on the street corner rattling their tins, holding out a flag and waiting for someone to buy it. I was determined to raise an amount worthy of the cause, so I decided I would adopt a different plan.

It needed a great deal of courage to approach a person and ask them directly if they would like to buy a flag. About half these people would feel in their pocket, bring out some coppers, sort out their pennies and halfpennies and donate those. Some generous people went to the trouble of finding their purses and giving silver. Approaching a family group was a good venture, because invariably all the children as well as the parents put something in the tin.

Apart from these few people the rest tried to avoid me as far as possible. Some would murmur, "Not today, thank you," or "I haven't any change," whilst others, "They were round the houses yesterday," or, "I used to work for them." Nearly all these people who gave these replies had made up their comments on the spur of the moment, as soon as I had approached them. I could tell by their expression if it was the truth. They tended to look rather ashamed and hang their heads. Another excuse was, "I'm just going shopping. On the way back I'll buy one." Some of these people came up to me, but others I asked a second time to buy one, and the majority of these bought so that they were not asked again.

The cold and the embarrassment were worth it when I thought of the small joys the money would give the orphans—the joys most of us have had by living with our parents.

JUDITH M. JACKSON (VIU Sc.).

## DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN

(Do not bother to answer the above question. It has very little connection with this article, anyway.)

The gentle art of dancing is one which we have all been forced to acquire at some time or other. For many people this can be a very painful experience (both mentally and physically), among which number I include myself.

For six years a number of gym mistresses have attempted to teach me the difference between my left foot and my right. This I still find difficult to grasp. However, given a clear floor and a partner who doesn't mind having his toes trodden on, I can trip lightly through a simple variation of steps which may be called a Modern Waltz, a Quick-step, or whatever you choose.

It must be made clear that this achievement is only possible at school, where my partner has been taught almost the same steps. Out in the big, bad world it is a very different tale indeed. There I might quite confidently stand up to do what I think is a Quick-step, and find that my partner is doing something altogether different.

On holiday, I found myself in an embarrassing situation, dancing with a Scottis piper (in full dress, incidentally) who was doing a foxtrot. Well, you may say, what is wrong with that? The fly in the ointment was that the dance was supposed to be a waltz, and I have no idea how to do the foxtrot, anyway. I had to do some very speedy footwork to avoid having my toes amputated. Fortunately for me, the floor was crowded and no one could see my feet.

Obviously, you will never see me on "Come Dancing". Never mind, I shall be quite happy saying,

"I'm sitting this one out, thank you."

IRENE WARD (VIU).

### AN ARCHAEOLOGY COURSE

"Here was I, digging that trench in the ground so big and so long."

During the Whitsuntide holidays, with the help of the Young Naturalists' Association, I was able to go on an archaeology course. This course took place in a little village called Hutton Buscel, not far from Scarborough. The course took a week, from 1st to 8th June, the 'dig' being at Staxton, a village not far from Hutton Buscel. The course tutor was a well-known local archaeologist called Mr. Brewster, who had first discovered and named Staxton Ware, the pottery for which we were excavating.

We had a very strict timetable and were always away to the dig by nine o'clock. The weather on the whole was fine. Only on one day were we rained from the dig, when we had to scuttle through the hen run, where we were excavating, and take shelter in a nearby barn. There we wrote up our day's notes and ate our packed lunch, and were soon off to continue excavations in a five foot trench with two inches of mud in the bottom.

We rounded off the course on the Friday with a barbecue in which everyone ranging from the caretaker to Mr. Watson, the founder and editor of "The Young Naturalist", took part.

T. JACKSON (IA).



## FROM PAST EXPERIENCES

Never in my life before  
Had I seen a school so large,  
My small figure was outlined against the grey walls  
And I was a prisoner for today, and many more todays to come.  
And I knew, yes I knew, if I 'stuck in' that I would be allowed to leave.  
They may even give me a reprieve, but of course I'd have to work.

I envied the second years, fourth, third, fifth and sixth years  
Because they'd all been here before.

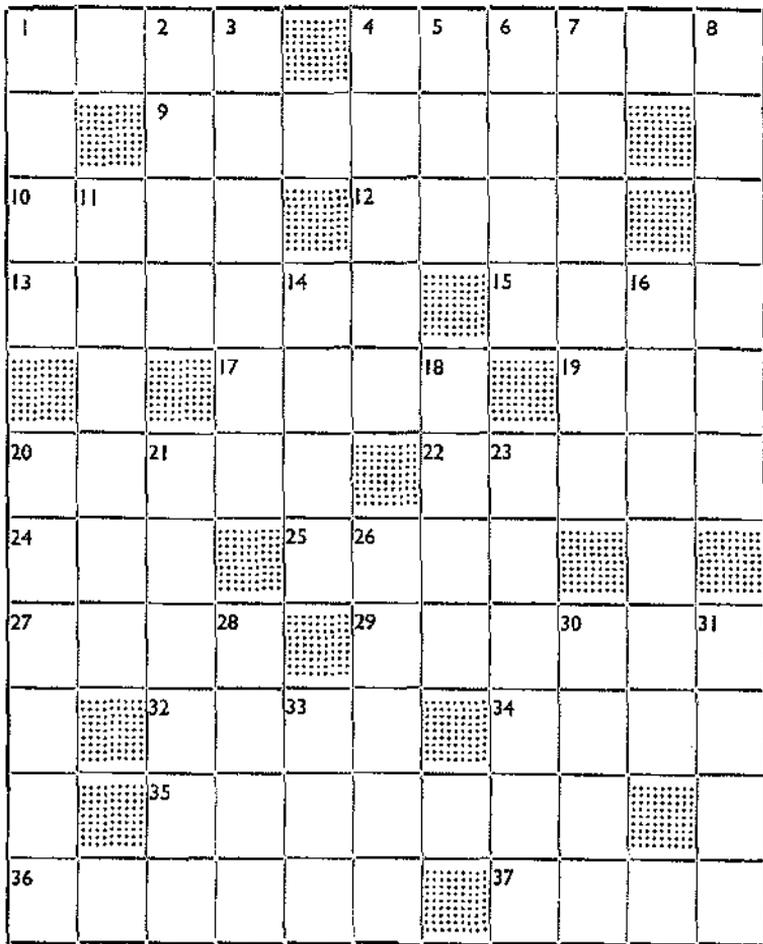
They had a little less time to serve,  
And my friends and I were new.  
We were castaways on Discipline Island.

We had a governor,  
'No running in corridors'.  
His voice rang through the school and echoed in every corner.  
'No unnecessary noise when the teacher leaves the room'.  
I began to shiver in my shoes.

It was the assembly of the prisoners.  
My nose began to twitch, was I going to sneeze?  
I became tense, "Don't sneeze, don't sneeze," I kept telling myself.  
A picture began to form in my mind.  
There was I, amidst a crowd of silent prisoners  
And it was me, why me? who sneezed  
He looked down at me over his horn-rimmed spectacles and glared.  
And I sank in my shoes, but it was a dream.

Some time passed and I did sneeze,  
But nothing happened, except for my going red in the face,  
And it was then that I knew that I was going to be all right,  
Yes, I was going to be all right here,  
And I relaxed my tense body.  
And now I'm a fourth year  
And the envy of the first years.  
I know how it feels,  
My sentence is shorter than theirs.

MARY DONKIN (IIIa).



**CLUES DOWN**

1. Attention.
2. "S.P. B—"
3. Young Persons
5. Vessel
4. Where-withal
6. Grind
7. Natural
8. Ex-Queen
11. Irrelevant
14. Cry
16. Something Attractive
18. Fish
20. Contracts
21. Gratify
23. Way
26. President
28. African River
30. Rushed
31. Profound
33. Plunge

**CLUES ACROSS**

1. German Town
4. Morning Prayer
9. Aircraft Part
12. Ireland
12. Related
13. Repudiate
15. Buddhist Priest
17. Lie
19. River
20. Slip
22. Greek Letter
24. Measure
25. Father
27. Colony
29. Damaged
32. Opera
34. Remark
35. Weaver
36. Soaks
37. Harvest

# VIEWS ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS

## THE FASCINATION OF MOUNTAINS

Mountains have fascinated man throughout the centuries. In the days of heathen gods, they were looked upon with fear and awe. They were the homes of the gods, objects of worship and the source of legends. To the early man, the mountains were filled with mystery and wonder, a feeling which inspired the imaginative to believe in these powerful beings, or gods. Countless folk-tales grew up around them, legends which are still remembered today. People often laugh, and think how simple the man of early civilization must have been to believe in these stories, but it is really understandable. Man did not know what lay beyond the snow-capped peaks surrounded by cloud, so he invented, and even today, mountains, and the rugged scenery which usually accompanies them, play large parts in stories and novels. There is something about these unrivalled wonders which takes a hold on people—something romantic, something mysterious, something eerie. . . .

In more recent times, many great men have been inspired by mountains—poets, artists and writers. Then there are men of a different kind, mountaineers who risk their lives to reach the summit of a mountain. What is it that compels them to perform this hazardous task? Many say it is foolhardiness, while others say it is the sense of adventure, the sense of power gained in treading where no man has set foot before. No one is sure. Perhaps it is simply the fascination a mountain holds, the fascination it has held in centuries past, and the fascination it will hold in centuries to come.

Long ago, mountains were things of wonder. Nowadays, there are things which would seem a great deal more wonderful than mountains—the vast knowledge of medicine, electronic brains and space travel. Yet still mountains fascinate people. Why? What is it that attracts and draws people to mountains? What is so alluring in a mountain? Maybe it is its splendour and rugged beauty. Maybe it is the air of mystery and loneliness which surrounds a mountain, or perhaps it is the thought of the countless number of years mountains have stood upon this earth. Mountains have seen the progress of man; his progress from the state of a primitive being to the civilized human of today. Mountains have seen wars fought, thousands killed because of childish quarrels and man's greed. Then comes the thought of what mountains will see in the future—perhaps man destroying himself with the atom bomb. Who can tell? Maybe this is the fascination of mountains, the thought that while we all die, the mountains will be there forever.

PAT DRAPER (IVA).

## MASTER OF THE MACABRE

You would have a very dull imagination indeed if you called Edgar Allan Poe a dull and uninteresting author, and not worthy of the place of a major poet.

Poe, an American, was not completely liked by the English people. They said this of him in "The Edinburgh Review" of April, 1858: "He is a most worthless writer, he is treacherous and ungrateful and his literature has reached the lowest abyss of moral imbecility." This opinion was founded when his childhood was uncovered. He had an orphaned childhood and when he was a teenager he turned into a spendthrift with whatever money he had.

Ever since his childhood he had a sense of melancholy and could quite easily find enjoyment in a stark, cold graveyard, as a normal man of his age would enjoy himself in an armchair by the fireside. Poe himself said: "Melancholy is the most legitimate of the poetical tones." This sentiment is brought out in several of his poems, as well as his tales. Consider, for instance, his poem "Ullalume":

"It was hard by the dim lake of Auber  
In the misty mid region of Weir,  
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber  
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

The prose writing of Edgar Allan Poe set an almost new trend at the time of its popularity. For instance, in his book "Tales of Mystery and Imagination" there is a mixture of detective stories and stories in the macabre vein such as "The Fall of the House of Usher" and "The Pit and the Pendulum", and if you read these tales and think that they are gruesome, the next step is to read "The Black Cat" and "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar", which ends:

"Within the space of a single minute the undead body shrunk—  
crumbled—absolutely rotted away beneath my hands. Upon the  
bed there lay a nearly liquid mass of loathsome—of detestable  
putridity."

Poe's main interest in life was death. Of course, thinking that the only certain thing about life is death is true, or according to the Christian laws it should be true. Many of us manage to forget this, but Poe didn't, as he said, dying:

"I shall have lived a little while,  
Before I die for ever."

JIM TAIT (VB).

## SKI-ING

So many people ask me, "Why ski?", the polite with a sense of vague astonishment that I should actually go looking for snow, the less polite with the condescension reserved for less advanced forms of lunacy.

It may well be that I am biased in my way of thinking, but I consider ski-ing to be the finest of all sports. If I am biased, then at least I am in good company, for many millions of people, in all corners of the globe, feel much the same as I. Ski-ing is practised in many countries—even unlikely ones, not usually associated in our minds with snow, like Cyprus, Persia and Japan.

To say that ski-ing is the most popular sport in the world would not be true. Many others, such as football, tennis and baseball, to name but a few, certainly have more followers. However, a large percentage of such followers are spectators and not active participants.

Why do so many people in so many lands choose to go off in winter, in search of snow? Biased I may be, but to all skiers the answer is simple. Which other sport has quite so much to offer?

Apart from a pair of very long feet and two light sticks, you do this game of ski-ing as you wish, entirely on your own, without any mechanical or animal aids; no engine, no horse, no wings, no sails—and yet with the equivalent of all! You do it alone, yet in company. Gay company at that, for ski-ing is a thing of spirit as well as movement, and the intoxicating combination of sunshine and snow has much the same effect on adults as on dogs and children. You do it in all conditions, in all weathers and in wonderful surroundings.

There is a challenge to yourself, your nerve, your muscle. You do it to compete with an infinite variety of conditions: conditions of snow and slope, obstacle and problem. You do it in spite of, and probably because of, a certain amount of personal risk.

Ski-ing has a beauty of movement, for to watch a good skier descending a mountain-side is as beautiful a spectacle as anyone could wish to see.

It can be, at one and the same time, the most hilarious and rewarding experience, for progress is obvious and even the spills are all in the game. No old person can ever enjoy ski-ing, for this is a young person's sport—of course, a young person can be anything from eight to eighty years old, for as long as a person is young in spirit, he can enjoy ski-ing.

Whilst ski-ing was initially utilitarian, in that it afforded a convenient means of travel under difficult conditions, there can be no dispute that it was largely due to British influence that recreational ski-ing prospered.

In ski-ing, one has mirth without "bitter spring", the companionship of fellow enthusiasts, physical challenge and, ultimately, thrilling speed on hissing skis. What more could one ask for?

J. BLACK (VTU).

## THE SCHOOLGIRL IN FICTION AND IN FACT

There is a lot of rubbish written about schools and schoolgirls by people whose memories are so impaired by old age that they cannot remember their own youth. Everything is different—school, teachers and girls.

The school building itself, in stories, is very often a boarding school. Generally the school is described to us through the eyes of a new girl. She invariably describes it as looking like a prison with grey, sombre walls, both inside and out, and dark, slit-like windows. Once through the massive stained-oak door the new girl is always struck with either the noise and bustle, or the extreme silence. She finds her way through the long, winding corridors, up many flights of stairs, to the principal's office.

The teachers, in books, are always vastly different from those living. Without fail the headmistress has a bun at the nape of her neck, large horn-rimmed spectacles, an old, stern face, a "sensible" tweed suit, stockings of at least fifty denier and flat, laced-up shoes. This description could be true of all fictional school teachers, with occasional deviations in the colour of the suit—either grey, black or dark brown. Real teachers could not look more different if they tried—I have yet to see one with her hair scraped back into a bun. In every school story there is one teacher who is very unjust, and one who tries to reform her. After her interview with the terrifying "head", the new pupil goes to meet her new class-mates.

The schoolgirls in books are nothing like my friends and me. At least, I hope not. They either have an abundance of natural curls down their backs (which the unjust teacher forces them to have cut off), or their hair is short, straight, and with bangs cut straight across. (No author ever calls a fringe a fringe, and rollers and hair-spray are unheard of.) Their uniforms, judging by the illustrations, consist of a horrible pleated gym-slip, tied with a length of braid in the vicinity of the hips. The standard frontispiece in school stories shows a wild girl, resembling an Amazon tribeswoman, careering towards a goal-net with a hockey stick raised high above her shoulder, like a flag standard. Even I know this is fouling. The picture gives the impression that each and every school-girl is sporty—the author ought to spend a gym lesson with IVA of Stanley Grammar School.

Fictional schoolgirls also talk differently—sometimes their choice of words makes the book read like a Latin Grammar—making as much sense to me. The only descriptive adjectives and adverbs in their vocabularies seem to be "dreadfully", "terrifically" and "ever so jolly". Never once is "smashing", "great", "swinging" or "fabulous" used. Too uncouth, I suppose. The conversation in the dormitories after lights out (very daring) consists of an account of the hockey match against their sworn enemies, "St. Something-or-other's". Life in a story book school is made up of a certain amount of work, jolly hockey sticks (ugh) and "adventures".

The life story of an adventure runs something like this. Two girls from the fourth year see the spiteful sneak in the sixth year handing a parcel to someone. The contents turn out to be stolen property which she has looked after in return for news of the tactics "St. Something-or-other's" will use in the next hockey match. An exciting (?) chase develops, and the crooks are caught. The participants in the adventure are often having a "dreadful wiggling" for being out of bounds when the police arrive and thank the girls profusely for doing their job for them. The police, in stories like these, are generally portrayed as half-witted imbeciles—not like "Z-car" men. Then, no good (?) school story is complete without an account of a midnight feast, applie-pie beds and numerous other practical jokes which are not in the least funny.

One of the most important differences between fictional and real schoolgirls is the difference in outlook. Girls in books never seem to think about things we take for granted—like 'pop' records, make-up, clothes, television and the cinema. Their lives are bounded by the school walls. Very few fictional characters, even at day schools, belong to a youth club or go to dances. I would not like to lead the life of a girl in a story: I think school stories are fantasy at its worst.

JANET MUNCASTER (IVA).

## **SERIOUS THINKING**

### **THE LOUD SILENCE**

How often have you longed to leave everything to go somewhere—anywhere—to relax in complete silence? Yet is that possible?

Perhaps you go into the country, away from the well known beauty spots, and, sitting down, you lean back to listen to the wonderful silence. Or do you?

The breeze sighs wistfully to the reeds and grasses and they, answering, bow their heads in sympathy. The trees wave their restless, rustling arms and the waters of a nearby pool lap the margin impatiently, as if willing to help but unable. The birds, seemingly ignorant of the wind's sorrow, chatter incessantly one to another, while bees flit busily from flower to flower, buzzing noisily as they do so.

The unseen animals, too, play their part in this confused concert, and as you relax, you can hear what must be rabbits tapping out messages, or mice scuttling through the corn, or a grasshopper chirping merrily, hidden by a tall curtain of stiff grass.

"Is there no real silence?" you ask.

Yet would you honestly want a real silence?

I fear that one day there may be a real silence, that silence which comes from the nothingness of an empty earth, an earth which man-made power has destroyed. I pray that may never be, for I would much rather be able to listen to that loud silence of a living world.

MARILYN HUNT (VIL).

## RELIGION—WHITHER NOW?

The uncertainty of the position of religion in the modern scientific community is becoming increasingly evident.

A parallel may be drawn between religion today and the dinosaurs of millions of years ago. Just as these giant reptiles, relying on brawn rather than brain for their survival, were gradually transcended by smaller animals with more agile minds, so religion today is being superseded by contemporary ideas, more suitable for our way of life and thought.

Man's increasing abilities in technology and scientific study have unlocked doors which, sixty years ago, he never even knew existed. By opening these avenues he has provided definite answers to many of man's questions which were previously and incorrectly explained by religion.

The scientific and religious explanation for the same phenomenon are often worlds apart. From the Christian faith, to specify one religion, comes the explanation that God created the world and all life upon it within a period of six days. On the other hand, the modern explanation involves the earth having taken a period of billions of years to form even before life could start to evolve from very simple beginnings.

Such diversity of opinion occurs more often now, as man rapidly furthers his technological capabilities.

The crux of his advancement lies in an increase in the scope, range and sensitivity of man's instruments. Man can now measure the erstwhile immeasurable. He has perfected methods of estimation and measurement to an astonishingly accurate degree.

As an example of how man's better instruments and techniques have confounded an ancient fallacy we have the statement, made in the sixteenth century by a religious leader of the time, that the earth was created in 4004 B.C. Precise measurement of the amount of radio-active carbon in a sample of rock has now enabled man to attribute to the earth an age of from four to six billion years. The earth may be even older, for all the time, new data is being obtained which, on correlation, adds to the overall picture.

In all scientific fields, evidence is continually being found to refute the established Christian beliefs. Only today is man making any progress against the established belief. He is beginning to think clearly and to brush away the cobwebs spun by fear and superstition which had previously encumbered his mind and slowed down his progress.

If man continues at his present rate to perfect his instruments, he may soon even design an instrument to measure the intangible. So far, his precise measurements have been of definite entities, while his attempts to measure and learn about the working of the human mind have borne comparatively very little fruit.

Should he, as is quite possible, perfect an instrument of such a nature, he may even be able to answer the all-important question, "What is God?"

The answer to this question could possibly be the final blow to end the Christian faith. It appears that as man explains more things, he destroys his religion, and soon all his previously soundly established beliefs will have been made obsolete. The Bible will become merely a compendium of antiquated beliefs.

Although, however, it may have been discredited as a work of scientific reference, the Bible will not have lost all its value, for it will provide both historians and philosophers with much food for thought. They will be able to establish just how the mind of man, until the twentieth century, worked, and why he needed God.

Today the Bible is still extensively used, for interwoven with the now superfluous fiction are many practical, moral and democratic beliefs which can be utilised to make a better society. All that remains is to separate the grain from the chaff.

DAVID PROUD (VIU).

### OLD SAM

It was April when I saw Sam last, as he was watching the demolition of the house where he had lived.

As I watched his hard, drawn face, I started to think about him, an old man who to me had always been old. I suppose he was about seventy, though possibly he was younger, for he had had a hard life. He had lived in the end house all his life, since it was almost new, as his parents had been dead for a long time and his brothers found their own houses when they began working. As he was the youngest, however, he had stayed with his parents and lived there when they died.

Often when my friends and I went to the park nearby, we found him sitting watching the children playing. Perhaps he was thinking of his childhood, for, if we ever spoke to him, as we frequently did, he would ramble off into stories of his younger days. Sometimes he told us of the long walks in the country which he and his friends used to have, although they lived in the suburbs of a large town, or, if we were eating sweets and offered him one, he would tell us of the lower costs back in the good

old days when he was a lad. However, he was not always so cheerful, for we sometimes saw him in the evenings, sitting on the park bench muttering to himself about the war or the general strike. He knew all about them, for he had seen and felt both. If we spoke to him at these times, he would reply, although rather curtly, being deeply engrossed in thoughts of the hard times he had experienced.

It all had to end, though, and it did on the morning in September when he received the eviction notice. He had only one month left before he would have to leave the street, his home, even his whole world, to go to live in an old people's home, where he would lose independence, freedom, perhaps even his own emotions. Probably it would be the place where he would live, or exist, until he would finally join his parents. During that last month I hardly saw him at all. I assumed that he would be at home, sitting over the old stove to keep himself warm, for the chimney was emitting smoke whenever I saw it.

On the last day of the month I saw him, when the removal van came to take him to his new home. He looked sad, and hardly spoke a word, but now and then he looked wistfully up the passage-way at the doors of the three rooms which he had known as home. I thought that I would not see him again, but I did, after several weeks. The old street was then being demolished, and there, watching the workmen, was Sam. He seemed relieved of his depression, as if resigned to the fact that the old street, of which he was part, was lost to him forever. This was not the last I saw of him, for every time I went past the site he was there, watching the bulldozer pounding away, destroying piece by piece the world he had known.

On the last day that I saw him he was again at the site, waiting for the destruction of the end house, his house. As I watched him he suddenly turned away, almost painfully. For a moment I was puzzled, until I saw the cables tighten, and realised that even he, hardened as he was, could not bear to see his home, with all its memories, turned to mere rubble.

S. A. CLOUGH (IVA).

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We thank sincerely a past student who has given much assistance in the preparation of this edition of the magazine.

Also, thanks to John Scott who took the photograph and produced the print appearing in this magazine.

## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

### CLUES ACROSS

1. Hamm
4. Matins
9. Aileron
10. Erin
12. Akin
13. Disown
15. Lama
17. Rest
19. Tay
20. Lapse
22. Omega
24. Eli
25. Papa
27. Aden
29. Dented
32. Aida
34. Note
35. Slimmer
36. Steeps
37. Reap

### CLUES DOWN

1. Heed
2. Mais
3. Minors
4. Means
5. Ark
6. Toil
7. Innate
8. Soraya
11. Ribald
14. Weep
16. Magnet
18. Tope
20. Leases
21. Please
23. Manner
26. Adams
28. Nile
30. Tore
31. Deep
33. Dip

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