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GRAMMARIAN

MAGAZINE OF STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL



FIRST THINGS FIRST

CHRISTMAS, 1965

No. 29

Staff Representative: MISS A. THOMPSON.

School Editor: VALERIE TEMPEST.

Reader: MR. W. WOOD.

Business Manager: MR. T. E. BRABBAN.

EDITORIAL

This editorial should, to follow a time honoured custom, begin—"yet another year has flown by", but in keeping with our school's new image in 'go ahead Britain', let us set a new precedent, renounce all such trivia and, remembering the school motto, deal first with the major problem facing this, our magazine.

For some years now there has been a disappointing response to any appeal for articles to publish in the magazine, nor has this year seen any reversal in the trend. If you have any complaint about its composition the remedy is in your own hands. Do not be afraid to speak out. You may think that yours would be a voice in the wilderness, but if you make enough noise, someone will be bound to hear you. So remember, if you want to see the *Grammariian* become something more than a show-case for the literary efforts of its devout adherents—and luckily we do still have some faithful followers—by grumbling in a corner of your form room you will achieve nothing; the only answer is to write the kind of article you want to read. It is your responsibility to produce a magazine which will interest not only parents and past students, but anyone with a lively mind. If the magazine fails in this, the failure is yours.

I referred earlier to the school's new image but to be more precise I should have said its new image to be. At present the building programme is in full swing, as some six hundred pairs of tortured ear drums can testify. Although the volume of noise is no aid to concentration it is an ill wind that has blown some enterprising G.C.E. candidates some good: could a better excuse be found in the event of disappointing results in the forthcoming examinations?

Only slightly less interest has been aroused by the marriages of five members of staff in three ceremonies, but of the witticisms occasioned by such matrimonial activity, none is worth repeating.

There has been the usual amount of out-of-school activity, including a trip to Paris at Easter, cruises on the "Dunera" and several visits to local theatres. Speech day, however, was cancelled because the assembly hall was and still is, in the process of being enlarged.

Thus, to bring this editorial to a conventional conclusion the last year has been far from an uneventful one, and I'm sure that the same will be true in twelve months time, though I hope the next editor will succeed where I have failed, and discover a new way to express the sentiment.

VALERIE TEMPEST (VIU).

Past Students

Dear Scholar,

THE GRAMMARIAN

To the best of my knowledge the school magazine has been published annually since 1944 when it started as the Alderman Wood School's 'Awsonian'. The magazine was created because there was a demand—or an eagerness amongst the pupils for it. I would like to ask: Is the eagerness still there? I may be wrong, but I think not.

I wonder why? The outward appearance of the article is vastly superior to the original which was unbacked and on poorer quality paper. You have photographs published—which was impossible at first, until the demand had created funds to cover the considerable expense. You have illustrations provided by those in school with artistic talent. You have these things which originally were a mere dream and yet I have a distinct feeling that support for the magazine is apathetic.

Could it be the subject matter which is not appealing to the public? A journal with appeal is one which is lively, controversial, and critical. Perhaps one which makes the reader glow with satisfaction or beat his breast with anger. Why can't we add this quality to the physical quality of the *Grammarian* and make people want to read it. Remember that the magazine is published by the school—that you are part of the school—and that it is you who will make the magazine readable or otherwise.

You all know the attraction of a fight in the school playground—well I'm sure that a fight in your magazine would attract the same attention—so why not start one? Perhaps I can?

In my opinion your generation have no interest in fending for themselves, have no backbone or guts to try to create—or maintain a tradition, such as the *Grammarian* is—all they know is spoon feeding. They like their entertainment laid on for them by T.V. or record player; someone else will always sing or play for them (or write their magazine) and they can afford to sit back and pay for it with their more than adequate pocket money. The only time they raise their voices is to scream at the Beatles or remind the hairdresser not to cut any off! You never had it so good—and look at you! You have more freedom than ever and what happens—you're scared. You all hide in the flock and conform with long hair and blue jeans; singing the same trash because Jimmy Saville tells you to. How many of you have the courage to leave the 'herd'?

I look forward to your next magazine; then we shall see who is right. In the meantime, as well as sharpening your knives to carve up poor old me, I'm sure there are other Aunt Sallys you would like to shy at—so why not have a go. Tell the world what you think about the prefect system, about exams, or about the magazine. Tell us what's wrong with the school team, or the Government. Start a row of your own and let's get some interest raised.

Most important of all, tell the editor how the magazine can be improved, after all it's your property and it should be as you want it.

Yours very sincerely,

AN OLD STUDENT.

(Name and address supplied).

PAST STUDENTS' REUNION

The Committee has decided that following the lack of support of previous years no reunion will be organised this year. Members of the Association who have been notified by post and asked for their ideas concerning the whole future of the Association, are asked to complete the pro-forma and to return it to the Association Secretary, c/o the school.

GENUINE EXTRACTS FROM REPORTS OF ACCIDENTS MADE TO INSURANCE COMPANIES

- I knocked over a man he admitted it was his fault as he had been run over before.
- One wheel went into a ditch, my foot jumped from the brake to the accelerator pedal, leaped across to the other side and jammed into the trunk of a tree.
- I collided with a stationary tram-car coming the other way.
- I left my Austin seven outside and when I came out later, to my amazement there was an Austin twelve.
- To avoid a collision I ran into the other car.
- Car had to turn sharper than was necessary owing to the invisible lorry.
- I collided with a stationary tree.
- There was no damage to the car as the gatepost will testify.
- The other man altered his mind so I had to run into his.
- Dog on the road applied brakes causing skid.
- I told the other idiot what he was and then drove on.
- I can give no details of the accident as I was 'out' at the time.
- Wilful damage was done to the upholstery by rats.
- A pedestrian hit me and went under my car.
- I blew my horn but it did not work as it was stolen.
- I thought that my side window was down but it was up, as I found out when I put my head through it.
- A cow wandered into my car, I was afterwards informed that the cow was half-witted.
- If the other driver had stopped a few yards behind himself, the accident would never have happened.
- I ran into a shop window and sustained injuries to my wife.
- I misjudged a lady crossing the road.
- I heard a horn blow and was struck in the back . . . the lady evidently tried to pass me.
- Coming home I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree I haven't got.
- A lamp-post bumped into my car and damaged it in two places.
- Three women were talking to each other and when two stepped back and one stepped forward I had to have the accident.
- The other car collided with me without giving me any warning of his intentions.

A PAST STUDENT.

The School Year

GEOGRAPHY SOCIETY

Our President, Dr. Sharp, opened the year with the general meeting which was well attended. On October 5th, a members' evening was held in which several pupils showed films and talked about their holidays in Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia. In November, Mr. Phillipson from Whickham gave an illustrated talk on his recent holiday in Norway. During the Spring term, Mr. Jarman, The Interational Youth Exchange Officer for Durham County, gave a most interesting illustrated talk on his recent exchange visit to Denmark with young people, some of whom were from the school. The final meeting of the Spring term was in the form of a film show.

Our thanks are due to all who have helped in any way to carry on the work of the Society.

MARGARET STEPHENSON (VIU) (Secretary).

DEBATING SOCIETY

Last year saw the continuation of the Society's current success. There was no lack of speakers, with meetings held on every available date. We scarcely had a dull moment and all the twenty-one meetings, which was a record, were well attended. Although the younger members were less active last year, the meetings to date suggest a new and welcome enthusiasm.

The year rose to an early climax with our school election coinciding with the general election. Two Labour candidates and one Conservative were successful, after a long and noisy battle; the school's three constituencies can claim to have had the heaviest polls in the country—almost 100%.

The Inter-House Quiz also drew much support, Dunelm the previous winners, being trounced by a vastly superior Tanfield team, who went on to defeat a staff team. The Inter-House Debate, a new competition, was won by Watling who defeated a very unlucky Neville pair by one vote.

Outstanding in the normal routine was the debate in which the head girl and boy challenged two members of the staff as to the relative importance given by society to the 'Don' and the 'Dustman'; the defence of their vocation by the teachers was rather too good for the head prefects.

The Society would like to thank all those who made our year so successful, the members of the staff who gave consistent help and support, the hard working committee, our publicity agents, and finally all those who had courage enough to speak.

We look forward to continued support from as many pupils as possible, because we feel our Society is, apart from being a very enjoyable club, a most worthwhile part of our total education.

S. CLOUGH (VIL).

THE GYMNASTICS COMPETITION

After many weeks' trials of many would-be gymnasts, whose ambitions, rather sadly, outshone their abilities, a team of six girls was finally selected to represent Stanley Grammar School in a gymnastic competition which was to be held in the not too distant future at Birtley South Modern School. The six lucky girls to appear were Janice Rooney, Christine Herdman, Marjorie Carr, Margaret McAllister, Janet Beavan and myself.

For weeks previous to the competition we were practising our sequence every spare minute we could snatch. We cartwheeled to gym lessons, did walkovers into the dining room and, had it been allowed, I'm sure we would have stood on our heads to eat our meals. All these well meaning activities, however, gained us many reprimands and peculiar looks from prefects and various members of the staff who, obviously, hadn't realised that we had by this time become so accustomed to walking on our hands that we didn't realise when we were doing it. However, after many sprained ankles, bumped heads, bruised hips and numerous tumbles, our performance steadily began to reach the required stage of perfection, and the next thing we had to overcome was our nerves. To enable us to become accustomed to crowds it was arranged for a small pre-view to be given to a complete audience of girls. Nervously we warmed up in front of the critical eyes and eventually we began. Fortunately, all went well, and Mrs. Robson was pleased with our efforts.

Then all of a sudden the much anticipated, and at the same time dreaded, day came and six girls from Stanley Grammar School began to feel as if they were breeding butterflies in their stomachs. On arriving at our destination six very white faces stepped into the changing rooms where we chatted continuously to hide our nerves. The warming-up floor was a mass of brightly coloured leopards, twisting and turning according to the various movements of the wearer. After waiting for what seemed an eternity, it was at last our turn to perform and during the brief moments when each performer stood waiting for the 'ready' signal, each one had the same fears: 'What if I make a mistake?' 'What if I fall?' But nothing like that did happen. However, as soon as the music began all nerves were forgotten and the six sequences were performed smoothly and silently. Each complicated movement, such as a tinska or one-handed walkover, was made to look ridiculously simple as the 'rubber' bodies bent on the floor and slithered snake-like into the splits and became ideal 'dying swans' to grace any Swan Lake Ballet.

Box work was next on the programme and in yet another room we vaulted the box, although not quite as successfully as we had performed on the floor.

As all good things must come to an end, the competition was at last at an end, and although no medals were won, we won something much more important—experience. The next time we are determined we shall not come home empty-handed, but remember, 'First Things First' is our motto.

PATRICIA ROCKETT (IVB).

SCHOOL BADMINTON

Last season was a very successful one for the school Badminton Team. We played eleven matches, losing only one to a very strong team of past students. As this was our last match of the season we must put down the defeat (5—4) to tiredness. Throughout the season the standard of play was excellent and the spirit of the game was very high. We were very keen to win and this season we hope to win all our games, having a stronger reserve strength, especially on the side of the girls. The team would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Watson for their keen support and help in our game and also Mr. Robertson who gave us our transport when we had away games. This season we look forward to some excellent competition, hoping we can improve on last season.

P. MIDDLEMAST (Badminton Secretary)

ATHLETICS

This year we have had more interest shown in athletics than ever before and I think all the members of the team must thank Mrs. Robson (Miss Malkin) who encouraged us all to do more training during the winter. Two girls, Kathrine White and Cynthia Beck, also attended an athletics course this summer, for the discus and sprinting respectively.

The juniors and the intermediates took a prominent part in their Track League when all the sections were won by S.G.S. girls, and the intermediate girls won their section of the District Sports. I gained a first and second at the Inter-Grammar School Sports, but unfortunately I was unable to take part in the County Sports. Congratulations to Kathrine Saul who was the only member of S.G.S. to gain a certificate when placed 2nd in the hurdles at the County Sports.

MARY CORDEY.

SCHOOL NETBALL

The following girls played in the last year's Junior Netball Team: Dorothy Brown (Captain), Carol Southern, Valerie Colman, Jenny McGee, Jennifer Stark, Barbara Hurst and Cynthia Beck; reserve Pauline Reynoldson. After losing only two games, one against Burnopfield Modern School, in which they were beaten 15—12, and the other against Bloemfontein Modern School, in which they were beaten 8—7, they tied for first position with Catchgate Modern School, in the Stanley Junior Netball League. After an exciting play-off at Townley Modern School against Catchgate in which the Grammar School won 18—15, they played in the final of the Pybus Cup at Pelton Roseberry on July the sixth.

The first game against Felling Modern School was a draw eleven all, and the second game against Dunston Hill Modern School was a victory for the Grammar School 16—3. However, we did not receive the cup.

because the match was played in the form of an American Tournament and Felling, who beat Dunston Hill 18--3, received the cup on goal average.

The team were awarded netball colours by Doctor Sharp and must be congratulated on their success.

G. BECK (Sports Sec.).

UNDER 13 FOOTBALL

Our first game was with Shield Row at home. The team was as follows:

	Sanders			
George		Hood		
Robinson	Lee	Montgomery		
Eltringham	Chapman	Henderson	Batey	Burten

It was a hard game but we won convincingly 3—0. The scorers were Eltringham, who scored two, and Henderson who scored the other one.

The next game, which was played away, was another easy win, 5—0 against Catchgate. The team was unchanged and the same two people scored the goals.

When the next game was played at home, we were not very successful, but it ended in a fair result for a very hard game. It was the same team as in the other two games. The team that we were playing was South Stanley and the score was 1—1.

We had to travel to Wolsingham for our next game, where we had one team change, which was French instead of Chapman. The change proved successful because we won 6—2 in an easy game.

We did not travel far for our next game which was a real thriller. It was against Craghead and they were beating us 3—0 at half-time, but we came back fighting and we won 4—3.

The next game was a defeat in a cup-tie at Shield Row where the score was 1—3.

Our next important game was against Shield Row. This game was for a cup and it decided who won the league. It was a hard game but unfortunately we were defeated 3—2. That defeat meant we were runners-up in the league.

The number of goals which we had scored was 46, and the number which we had scored against us was 19. The leading goal scorer was Eltringham who scored 14. He was followed by Henderson with 11, Burten with 6, Montgomery and Robson both with 5, Batey with 3 and Hood with 1. We had 21 points out of a possible 28, which I think was a good result.

FRED ROBSON (IIB) (Captain).



DUNELM

Girls

Congratulations to the intermediate and the senior members on winning their respective trophies on Sports Day. However, the juniors will have to look to their laurels if they want to maintain the high standard of the house in the coming year. Unfortunately, we had less success in the netball tournament and the hockey tournament was cancelled, with no prospect of a similar tournament this year as we have no pitch, but we can hope to do well in the netball tournament.

M. CORDEY (Captain).

Boys

Dunelm had a good start to the season when they were placed second in the overall football placings, the intermediate and junior matches being cancelled because of bad weather. Owing to the great difficulty experienced in raising cricket teams, the senior cricket was cancelled this year. Sports Day was a great success for Dunelm, when they were overall winners, with many individual members giving fine performances.

In the coming season I hope all Dunelm boys and girls will maintain their efforts to achieve an even better result.

W. CHARLTON (Captain).

NEVILLE

Girls

Although the House has had little success, Neville has not disgraced itself by any means, the netball team gave the others good, fair games and though no trophies were won on Sports Day the competitors put up quite a respectable performance, the House being eventually placed third.

The juniors did exceptionally well, being a very close second in their section. I am certain that if this enthusiasm shown by the juniors is emulated by the rest of the House next year, Neville results will improve greatly—it is up to the senior school not to let our juniors down.

M. HUTCHINSON (Captain).

Boys

The school year 1964-65 was extremely unsuccessful for Neville.

The seniors failed miserably in the Inter-House football with nothing to show from the three matches.

Sports Day was indeed a black day for the House. The fact that Neville was not even mentioned during the presentation of the trophies, tells its own story. Complete disgrace was however avoided when Neville won the fourth year trophy in the Inter-House Athletics League.

The best performance of the year was the annual cross-country, when several members of the House did well.

In the coming season I hope that each member of Neville House will show more enthusiasm, and make a sincere effort to improve on last year's results.

DAVID FINNEY (Captain).

TANFIELD

Girls



The termination of the hockey tournament last season prevented a promising hockey team from gaining honour for Tanfield. There was the usual lack of enthusiasm from intermediate and senior members for Sports Day, leaving Tanfield with no hope of a shield. The netball tournament at the end of the year gave Tanfield their last chance, and thanks to the willingness and determination of the team, Tanfield won the shield. My hopes are high this year despite the lack of numbers in our House.

JOAN PHILLIPS (Captain).

Boys

Tanfield have shown a slight improvement on their 1964 performance, winning the cross-country shield, with all teams doing exceptionally well.

On Sports Day, Tanfield were very unfortunate in being runners-up in both the senior and junior sections, although some good individual performances were achieved. However, performances in both football and cricket were well below expectations, and could easily be improved upon.

It is hoped that in the coming year Tanfield will do their best to maintain, if not improve the standards attained.

KEN ORGAN (Captain).

WATLING

Girls



much better.

In the netball tournament the House was narrowly beaten into second place; however, if the same enthusiasm prevails I am sure that we shall do better this year. Sports Day was one of mixed successes with the juniors winning our only shield; if the seniors and the intermediates would show more enthusiasm we could do

K. SAUL (Captain).

Boys

Watling retained the senior football championship and won the shield because of the cancellation of the junior and intermediate games. On

Sports Day, although putting up a brave show, Watling failed to show their true form. This was also apparent in the Inter-House athletics where several competitors failed to turn up for their events.

Watling cannot be expected to win every shield through the efforts of one or two persons, so I must ask for everyone chosen to turn out and do his best.

S. WOOD (Captain).

Hobbies

ON BREAKING RECORDS

One of my greatest pleasures in life is to break records, not the sporting kind, but lovely, black, shiny gramophone records which break with a beautiful clear 'snap'.

I can remember when I first was given an old gramophone for Christmas and with it a pile of very old records, one of which was badly scratched. With untold joy I took it and broke it in half over my knee and, thrilled by this new experience, I broke four more that day, even though they were perfectly good records. From that day I embarked on the thrilling and care-vanquishing hobby of record breaking. I gleefully sought out any more old worn out records and with a sadistic glint in my eye, "I broke their backs".

The noble art of record breaking, however, has suffered a mortal blow. The advance of modern science has brought us a ghastly nightmare—the unbreakable record. Gone are the beautiful days of the past when gramophone records were really made for breaking. Gone are the clear, crisp 'snaps' as record breakers in all parts of the world joyfully wielded their knees and broke Sinatra, Crosby and company in twain. Today the great world-wide fraternity find that, although countless millions of gramophone records are churned out every year, they are unable to break them because, instead of breaking cleanly, they bend. The supplies of old fashioned 'breakable' records are fast dwindling and in my own case it is months since I wrought my horrible vengeance on a pile of early 'Elvis' records which I obtained, after much persuasion, from a cousin who collected them in her youth.

In spare rooms, attics and junk shops all over Britain there must be countless thousands of old 'breakable' gramophone records just collecting dust when they could be serving mankind by giving untold pleasure to a record-breaking connoisseur.

J. S. NUNN (VIU).

BELLRINGING

Bellringing is one of the oldest English arts, yet it is the thing that the public know the least about; because they know nothing about it they condemn it, and this is depicted by the motto 'Ars incognita contemnitur', which means 'an unknown art is despised'.

You can ring on bells which rang for Waterloo, Crecy, or the Spanish Armada's defeat.

Learning to ring is difficult and keenness is essential; at first you are taught to ring rounds and when you become proficient at that you will start to learn change ringing. In change ringing every bell follows a different path among the others, but to the general public it is just one confused jangle; it is in fact a unique ritual that combines art, sport and scientific exactness.

Tunes are only rung on carillons, which is not really bellringing; it is more like playing a piano; in bellringing 'methods' are rung. These methods have different names such as Stedman Caters, London Royal or Cambridge Maximus. Some of these methods are very old and date from the early 1600's. It was around 1670 that Fabian Stedman composed his 'methods'. To make a 'method' longer 'bobs' and 'singles' are introduced, but these are very intricate.

In practically every belfry there is a peal board which will record that on such and such a date, a band of ringers rang a peal of such and such a 'method'. There are many great ringers and the three that stand out most in my mind are W. H. Barber, William Pye and J. W. Washbrook.

W. H. Barber was a member of the Newcastle Cathedral Guild of Ringers. He was so great that he was able to ring a peal blindfolded and it was at Gateshead that he accomplished this feat. On another occasion he rang a handbell peal down a coal mine.

William Pye wandered about the country and rang just under 2000 peals before he died. If he had obtained this total he would have been the first man to do this.

J. W. Washbrook came from Oxford and rang two tenors of 22 cwt. at the same time to a peal. He used to ring four handbells at once.

In the Durham and Newcastle Diocesan Association of Change Ringers there are several good ringers, especially at Whickham. Mr. Stephen Thompson, who is at the moment tower captain of Whickham, has been in the Association since 1901, and has rung 110 peals, and what is more, he conducted his first two peals. Michael Maughan has rung 117 peals and last year topped the peal books by ringing and conducting the most peals. James Crowther and William Davidson were also mentioned in the peal books by ringing the third most peals.

D. DAVIS and P. ADAMSON (IVB).

A SHORT MEDIEVAL HISTORY OF WHICKHAM

Whickham is one of the many small but rapidly growing villages in the North of England. It is a very old village, one of the oldest for many miles round.

There is no written record of Whickham before 1183, but from the 'ham' in the name it can be assumed that it was once a small Anglo-Saxon settlement. Yet various 'finds' in the village have given evidence of an earlier settlement, perhaps prehistoric, and their finds include an aze, a beaker, and a Roman quern. It is certain, though, that it must have been a very fine position for a stronghold, being bounded by the rivers Derwent on the west, the Tyne on the north, and the Team on the east, and standing upon very steep hills on three sides.

*Although the derivation of the name Whickham is not known there have been several changes in the original ever since its first appearance in the Boldon Book (the survey made in 1183 for Bishop Pudsey) as Quykhram. Some examples are Quykhram, Qwykhram and Quikhram and Qwycham, all of which have resulted in the present day name.

At the end of the twelfth century Whickham was a pastoral 'vill' and was one of 45 such 'vills' in the county. These 'vills' were almost completely self supporting. During the reign of Edward I the wars with Scotland started, and they continued right through the reign of the son of this powerful king. Many armies must have passed through Whickham and crossed the Tyne at Newburn Ford on their long march to Scotland. In 1312 Edward II who was collecting as much money as possible for these campaigns ordered the rector of Whickham to pay 100 shgs. and the parish £10. The reply sent to the King's writ states that the goods of the church are destroyed and carried away by the Scots.

Durham suffered much in 1314 following the defeat by the Scots at the battle of Bannockburn. A dreadful famine resulted and the price of corn rose considerably, the inhabitants fed on carrion and human flesh, and worse still, the Scots invaded the county and had in the end to be bribed by the Bishop to go away.

In 1313 a man named Robert de Baldock became rector of Whickham. In 1314 he was Archdeacon of Middlesex and Prebendary of Holywell, in 1320 the Privy Seal and in 1323, his greatest achievement, he became Lord Chancellor of England under Edward III. Within ten years he had risen to such a high position in England from being the rector of a simple village. There is also an abundance of historical buildings in the parish, notably the ancient Norman Church and this is still very fine despite a bad restoration in the Victorian period, which has ruined many other fine churches in the district. The oldest portion is the chancel arch which is thought to be late eleventh century. The font of Stanhope marble is also thought to be of this period. In the Chase Park the shell of a ruined windmill can be seen, the date of this is not certain, and on the west side of the parish overlooking the beautiful valley of the Derwent

are three ruined monuments, Gibside, a seventeenth century group of buildings, Hollinside and Friarside chapel. The latter two are much older, having records dating back to the fourteenth century.

There is a great deal more history about Whickham, including the visits of Oliver Cromwell in 1648 and 1650, and John Wesley, too much to write here. If more information is required there are two excellent books, 'Annals of the Parish of Whickham' and the 'History of the Parish of Whickham', both by Bourn, from which much of this information has been acquired.

* The derivation of the name is 'Quick-ham', the home surrounded by a quick-thorn hedge.

D. DAVIS and P. ADAMSON (IVB).

TRAIN SPOTTING

I have often been asked why I 'train spot' and what satisfaction I achieve from my hobby. Well, the truth is, I do not really know what has attracted me, or compels me to continue such a costly pastime. The nearest answer I have found to these questions is that I am mystified by the splendour of steam and the motion of the valves and pistons. To see a pre-war-built steam locomotive which has travelled from London to Scotland innumerable times gives a satisfaction and sense of achievement which no other hobby has yet offered me. Perhaps it is the beauty of old age that also influences me.

'Train spotting' to me, appears to be a dying hobby, as the steam locomotive is also dying. Many of my 'fellow spotters' have lost interest in their hobby owing to 'dieselisation' and I am afraid very few will now adopt the hobby, until a time comes when the splendour of steam is extinct and forgotten.

Meanwhile, I shall endeavour to travel the country, to see the last of the steamers before complete dieselisation and electrification take over.

GRAEME LOGAN (IVB).

Visits—Far and Near

CRUISE 114

We left the County at 9 a.m. one dull Sunday morning, arriving at Liverpool docks at 1.30 p.m., but it was quite a while before we embarked on M.S. "Devonia". After being taken to 'Flinders' dormitory we went to our emergency stations, a practice we had to endure at least four times during the cruise. "Devonia" left port at 1600 hours. We awoke the next morning in Belfast where another contingent embarked. By noon we were on the open sea; we had our last glimpse of land that evening. The next four days were spent in lecture rooms or on deck sunbathing, or being energetic and playing deck quoits.

Then, on Saturday morning we sailed into Funchal (capital of Madeira). Before an early breakfast, the passengers scrambled on deck to catch the breath-taking view of the island. Soon, rowing boats arrived laden with goods and the bargaining began. The first person we saw was Cliff Richard—it's a small world. The entire day was spent sightseeing and shopping, of course, and that evening folk dancers in national costume gave a demonstration. The next morning we went on a coach tour of the island, passing vineyards, banana and sugar cane plantations and small fishing villages, including the spot where Churchill painted. "Devonia" set sail in the late afternoon.

On Tuesday we sailed into Casablanca. Here the atmosphere was quite different; the people were almost hostile and very superstitious. Our shopping expedition that morning was very tiresome as the streets were hot and dusty, and the salesmen argumentative. Sightseeing comprised a visit to the aquarium, swimming pool, the medina, law courts and the entrance to the Sultan's palace. Our visit ended with a demonstration of folk dancing.

The last foreign port of call was Lisbon, a magnificent city. We visited many places mainly concerned with navigation, the sports stadium, the monastery of St. Jeronimas and famous squares in the city. Our guide, Fernandos, took us shopping in the afternoon and returned to the ship with us. That evening Cliff Richard appeared again, and gave a superb performance.

As soon as we left Lisbon the weather changed—for the worse. It was really cold by the time we reached Belfast and made our farewells to our Irish friends. The following morning we were back again in England—Liverpool to be exact. While waiting to disembark we sang Auld Lang Syne. Fortunately the customs were not too bad and we were soon on board again (bus) and on our way home, discussing our wonderful holiday.

DIANNE MARSHALL and JENNIFER LEE (VB).

SCARBOROUGH TRAINING COURSE

(This article is only to be read by the energetic—so I'm expecting an overwhelming response.)

The purpose of this article is to enlighten those girls who are ready to undergo rigorous training in badminton, tennis or hockey at a course in Scarborough during the summer holidays. Please do not let the word rigorous deter you—it is very good for the soul, so I'm told. This course gives you an opportunity to meet and make friends with other girls from other parts of the country. The coaching, which is in fact carried out by experienced coaches, begins on the Sunday morning and lasts from 9.30 a.m. until 12.30 p.m. with a break for elevenses, for your first choice sport, and then from 2.30 p.m. until 5 p.m. for your second choice of sport, with a break at 4 pm. for tea. On the Sunday night you find that you are very stiff, and unfortunately you remain so for the rest of the week.

The meals, for those epicures who perchance are reading this, are excellent, especially if you want to put on weight, as I did. Strange girl, you may think, but I'm always being told that I'm too thin, so an extra 8 lbs. or so pleased my mother. You may think it strange also that you do not lose weight with all that running about, but when it comes to lunch time or high tea, you're so hungry, you just eat. . . .

All the evenings are free, when you can, to use an overworked but effective cliché, paint the town red, within reason of course. Wednesday afternoon is usually free too. The only complaint I have about the course is the beds. They are rather hard (understatement!); once you get into a certain position, the weight of your body forms a depression out of which there is no hope of return.

If any pupils are interested, I am sure Mrs. Robson would willingly give them the necessary information.

ANNE SWALES (VIU).



RAYMOND PARK (VIU).

PARIS OU, COMMENT, ET POURQUOI

(The first word should be pronounced as *Paree*, otherwise the effect of the title becomes somewhat lost.)

To anyone contemplating crossing the Channel to visit Paris, my first thought would be to strongly dissuade him from doing so. The reason?—"French Tubs" (it is impossible to call them boats) are totally inadequate for such a journey.

After a remarkable recovery from such an ordeal, followed by a seemingly endless train journey we, twenty-five students and four brave teachers, found ourselves in Paris.

One can, of course, talk endlessly about the sights of Paris and still leave the audience wondering just what they look like—the only way is to go oneself. Few people however talk about Paris in general, the people and their way of life; so being the one in a million that I am, I propose to do just that.

French people are somewhat odoriferous to say the least. But what's a little garlic between friends and nations someone might ask? Strained noses all around.

They all seem to thrive on garlic and, as if that is not enough, they delight in smoking turkish cigarettes. This might be bearable in the open air, but in a Metro (c.f. London's Underground) car, containing almost seventy people instead of the stipulated thirty, it is too bad. Incidentally, apart from this minor problem, riding on the Metro is one of the greatest joys of France.

Perhaps, however, it is the French food which is at the bottom of this problem. French breakfasts are well worth waking up to, which cannot always be said of English ones. We also had some good evening meals—chicken and chips always goes down well. There are, however, other aspects of the French cuisine which are not so readily enjoyable. I am only thankful that frog's legs (tasty or otherwise) were not in season at Easter.

While a firm supply of money is not an absolute essential, it is certainly a most desirable asset. Of course, things are more expensive when tourists are in sight, but oh how the money runs out. While a leather purse of excellent quality cost only about fifteen shillings, a small key ring cost seven and sixpence.

Please, however, don't be led astray by these my wanderings. Although I have no authority (Newcastle being about my travelling limit) to say so, I do insist that Paris is one of the most wonderful cities in which to spend one's money. La Tour Eiffel, L'Arc de Triumphe and Notre Dame, together with so many others, are irresistible; so if anyone is ever offered the chance of a visit to Paris, please go—you'll enjoy it.

Bon voyage,

J. SIDDLE, (VIU).



In front of Notre Dame, Paris, Easter 1965.

A VISIT TO A PUBLIC AQUARIUM

There is a slight movement in the murky waters; a squid goes by, propelling itself with wave-like movements of its tentacles. At almost the same instant as the squid moves out of view, a school of angel fish appears as if from nowhere, gracefully gliding about as if taking part in some underwater ballet suite. Their vivid colours seem to light up the waters, a stab of orange here, a bolt of violet there; then they are gone in the blinking of an eyelid.

Half-turning, I see a formidable shape approaching; I can see it clearly now; it is a shark which appears to be expecting a quick snack. At the last minute, it turns aside and quietly glides away through the stillness. A scrap of meat falls through the now blue-grey waters, turning over and over; then it is hastily swallowed up by a young conger-eel, its great length sliding past me as it continues its everlasting quest for food.

Now the water is a light green and all the splendour of tropical waters is revealed here—on the clear, sandy bottom, a vast forest of corals and anemones, sparkling with a thousand different hues. A hermit crab scuttles towards a narrow cleft in the rocks, to take shelter from some unseen oppressor. Small fish romp happily amongst these deadly tendrils, which may inflict death upon an unsuspecting victim at a moment's notice.

The lights dim, and before me I see a shoal of pleasant-looking fish which makes one wish to stroke them. A fairly large bone with meat on it falls through the depths, and immediately the fish set about it, churning the surface of the water to foam. A few seconds later, nothing but a bone remains, stripped of all flesh and I check carefully to be sure all fingers are still present.

The time has passed quickly, and I now step into the bright sunshine at the seaside resort, long to remember the visit to the Public Aquarium.

A. FROST (VB).

A MEMORABLE DAY

Eyam, the Plague village. Surely during the August Bank Holiday some of you heard about this little village in Derbyshire to which the Great Plague spread from London.

During the summer holidays my mother and I were staying at her brother's house in Worksop in Nottinghamshire. On August Bank Holiday Monday we went to Eyam as there was a festival celebrating the tercentenary of the plague. It had spread to Eyam from London because some wool from London was infected.

We parked the car in the village square where a crowd of people were gathered to see two tableaux depicting the plague. Across the road from these was the inn which was built in 1643. Leaving the square,

we were just about to climb a steep hill to see a famous well when Aunt Doreen and my mother said it was too steep for them so they went back. My Cousin Joyce and I decided to go up the hill, even though it meant walking over a mile up a very steep hill. The well is called after the vicar of the time of the plague, William Mompesson. It was here that the villagers brought provisions during the plague. The well was filled with vinegar and water and the villagers dropped their coins in to be disinfected. The well is square and half of it is covered with a stone with a cross cut out of the top of it.

When we arrived back in the square, Joyce sat in the car with her mother and father while I went with my mother to see the church. In the chancel is Mompesson's chair and in the vicar's vestry is a chest which is said to have been the one in which the infected material was taken to Eyam.

On the south wall of the church is an ancient sun dial which also shows the signs of the zodiac.

Next to the church on the west side is a row of three cottages and the middle one is where the tailor who brought the wool lived. He was the first person to die of the plague. These cottages are known as the Plague Cottages.

Opposite them, on the old market square, are the stocks. The wood and the seat rotted away, but in 1951 a local smith renovated them and put a new lock on them.

This was indeed a memorable day because not only did I see some historical sights but I thought how brave the villagers were to risk death rather than try to escape from the plague and so spread it. Their spirit is still needed in this present age.

M. WOOD (VB).

RHINE CASTLES

During the Summer Holidays the Durham Youth Orchestra set off for a 'working holiday' in Germany. We gave three concerts: one in Mainz, one in Cochem, and the last one in Coblenz. As it was the first time since I had joined the orchestra that it had ventured to foreign parts to give concerts, I was very thrilled at the prospect of playing to a foreign audience. The concerts, fortunately, went well and so ends the 'working' part of the holiday.

Not the least exciting parts of the holiday were the coach journeys along the Rhine valley from one Youth Hostel to another: in the course of a week we travelled from Mainz to Cologne, which is perhaps the most beautiful stretch of the Rhine.

The picturesque castles and terraced vineyards make a trip along the river one to be remembered. After every bend in the river one can see castle-crowned crags, while the steep valley sides are almost purple with vineyards. The Rhine is Europe's greatest river in terms of traffic and

population. Because it was such a trade route the castles were built, and the barons of days gone by exacted tolls from the shipping that passed by. Nearly always the baron built his 'Schloss' (castle) on a hilltop commanding the river; a few were built on islands in the river itself, the better to levy tolls on passing traders.

More picturesque castles can be found in Germany, but nowhere is there such a succession of castles so scenically situated. Our journey began at Mainz, capital of Rhenish Hesse, with its six-towered cathedral, the oldest of all Rhenish Cathedrals. We passed through the Rheingau, where some of the finest wines in the world are produced, and through Bingen, a quaint old town with its 'Mouse Tower' set in mid-stream on an island, where, in the tenth century, Archbishop Hatto II was, according to the legend, devoured by mice! A row of castles begins here, my favourite being the lovely old mad Rheinstein with its tree growing out of the top of one of its towers. Next we came to St. Goar, overlooked by Schloss Rheinfels, and opposite, the great mass of basalt rock of the famous Lorelie, the scene of Heine's song of the hunting siren with her golden hair, luring the boatmen to their doom. These last two or three hundred yards are the most romantic stretches of the entire Rhine, steeped in legend, and just like a scene out of a fairy tale.

'The Rhine trip is a wine trip: grapes are the river's garland'. This description was certainly true when I visited Rhineland: everywhere we went there always seemed to be a wine-festival in full swing and the streets were filled with merrymakers. Vineyards climb up the steep hill-sides in stiff steps of terraces that make patterns like the tension-lines in abstract art.

At the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine is the beautiful town of Coblenz with its old fortress Ehrenbreitstein, which is now used as a youth hostel, at which we spent three nights. The fortress dates from the time of the Franks and was besieged several times, but restored again between 1817 and 1828. During the Second World War it was used as a prison camp and has recently been converted into a Youth Hostel, but the hard, cold beds and dark chilly tunnels and corridors make the past hard to forget. To keep our spirits up, a jazz band formed from the brass and wind section of the orchestra would often play such popular ditties as 'Pasadena' and 'Colonel Bogey', and not surprisingly, attracted much attention from the foreigners who would come in their scores to listen to the music. Youth Hostel meals left much to be desired, and one day hunger got the better of us, so we went to a restaurant. German restaurants are almost perfect. Lunch was excellent, but was further improved by a bottle of Steinberger Kabinet '53 (shared between twelve) which was recommended by an amiably arrogant German waiter who did not hesitate to describe the less expensive wines on his list as 'river water'.

We travelled on down the river Rhine. The Seven Mountains with the outstanding peaks of the Drachenfels and Petersberg were the next point of interest:

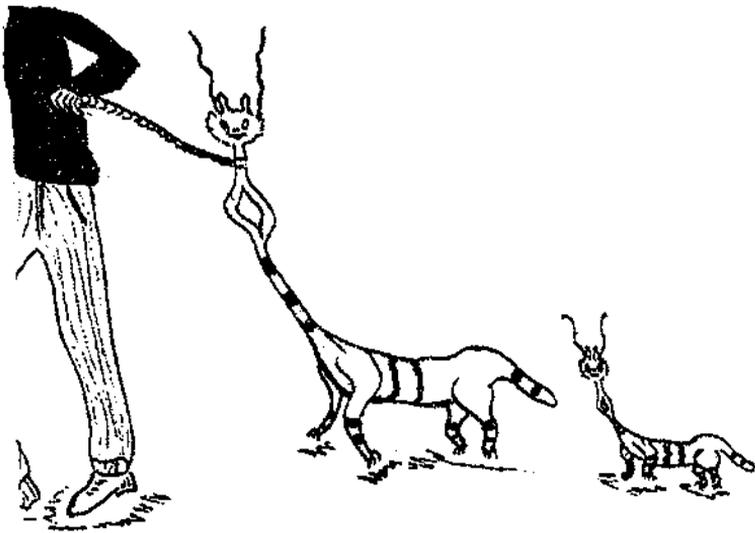
The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine'.

Such is Byron's description of the ruin of Drachenfels, now no more than a black ruin. It is positively unromantic-looking, and nothing like its description in story books. However, regarding Drachenfels, it does help to conjure up some of the aura of storybook romance to know that this is the mountain where legend locates the cavern where lived the dragon that Siegfried slew.

Bonn was the next stop, our purpose here being a pilgrimage to the birthplace of Beethoven; then on to Cologne with its fine Gothic Cathedral with its soaring twin spires. Here we reluctantly left the Rhine, that beautiful river which through the ages has stirred the fancies of men and which will undoubtedly continue to do so.

MARGARET STEPHENSON (VIU).

Observations on a Variety of Subjects



ALLAN BAILES (VIU).

SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS

To many, the thought of animals being used for experiments is repellant—so repellant that some oppose it outright. However, those who have less extreme views are still left with queries. Are the experiments strictly necessary? Must animals always be used? Could not other equally reliable but 'inanimate' testing methods be devised? What safeguards against cruelty exist—and are they rigorously applied? It is true that some current experiments involve drastic experiences for the

animals concerned, but the law insists that any animal suffering unduly should be destroyed. Unlike human beings, animals have no advance knowledge of an operation, and are spared the human fears of anticipation: what is more, animals recover much more rapidly than human beings. The law governing the use of animals is strict, much stricter here than in other countries. Nobody in Britain is allowed to experiment on animals without a Home Office licence.

The whole range of life-saving antibiotics, to mention one example, could not have emerged without animal experimentation. Faced with two such alternatives—human welfare, and very often human life, versus animal experimentation—the choice may be clear enough to most people, but we must be wary that animals do not become regarded more as chemical substances than as living creatures.

JOAN PHILLIPS (Head Girl).

CHANGES IN STANLEY

When I first came to Stanley, eight years ago, I found the town a smoky but friendly one. As I grew older, however, I realised that the shortage of amenities to please the 'teenager' was acute. Apart from three cinemas, one small library, and several public houses, there was nothing. Stanley mothers found themselves paying out pounds in bus fares each week in order that their children might enjoy themselves outside the town.

However, since then the situation has altered considerably. One of the first changes to occur was the building-up of the bus station so as to give it a new look. At the time when the completion of this beautiful new building was approaching there was, unfortunately, a serious bus strike, involving the whole of the North-East. This caused people who were passing the new building to smirk at it rather than admire it.

At this time also, work had already begun on a new library for Stanley. It was built near the bus station and when completed looked just as modern. Immediately after the opening ceremony, a flood of people joined. This addition to Stanley was an asset to both young and old alike.

Meanwhile, work had already begun on a somewhat larger building on the King's Head field. People were soon excitedly enquiring about it and the rumour was that Stanley would soon have its own swimming baths. This rumour was later confirmed by the erection of a large notice outside the area, which read 'Swimming Baths Now In Progress'. The opening ceremony was anxiously awaited, but there was a delay because of leaks being found in the large pool. It was then announced that the opening ceremony would take place a month later than expected. Consequently, the beautiful sun lounge would begin its existence in winter.

Stanley Grammar School must not be excluded from the alteration scheme. Building operations are already in progress to turn it into a modern building.

Apart from the alterations to buildings, the Church of England in Stanley has also modernised its Christian message in the town. Discussions were recently held called 'No Small Change'; the name implied that a big change must come from these discussions. Young and old were allowed to join in to discuss the prospect of the Church in Stanley, and the Clergy now state that the 'No Small Change' campaign has been extremely successful. Leaflets were distributed to let the people of Stanley know about this important change; a mischievous youth acquired one of these leaflets from a pile inside the Church and carefully laid it in the collection box. Anyone entering the Church was immediately confronted with a collection box containing a leaflet which read 'No Small Change'. On the next day the leaflet had been removed.

So, Stanley, proceed on your journey to perfection!

CHRISTINE WHITE (VA).

SCIENCE: FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF AN ARTS STUDENT

Modern science has made unbelievable progress and has made it faster than any other subject and, with the application of great minds from all four corners of the earth, it has developed from the old herbal 'Cure for all Ills' to Ceperin, the new wonder drug which can do everything that penicillin can do, and more. Science has also developed from the discovery of Newton's Laws of Gravity and other basic principles to produce fantastic missiles capable of destroying whole cities, and others which can carry men into orbit, or crash land on the moon.

With the invention of the atom bomb, people were optimistic then, as now, claiming that the risks would be too great for atomic warfare to break out. In spite of this, the Americans dropped one atom bomb on Hiroshima and another on Nagasaki and as a result, thousands of men, women and children died and thousands more were injured. Some children were born maimed long after this. The Russians, the Chinese, and the Americans, like Barry Goldwater, are fanatical enough to start a nuclear war.

My argument is that bombs, guns and missiles are an expensive extravagance which are now necessities owing to that well-developed facet of human nature which causes continuous disputes between nations. If these weapons had not been invented man's ingenuity would have had more time and money to develop cures for such incurable diseases as leukaemia.

On the other hand, science has made transport systems on land, sea and air much quicker and more efficient than ever before. Science has

also made possible the manufacture and development of useful objects such as surveying equipment, electricity, and most of the equipment and theories used in arts subjects, such as geography.

It can, therefore, be argued that science is a creative art; it is fair to claim that it is also the most convenient art of destruction.

N. BOUGOURD (VL).

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Is there life on other planets? Will the world's hunger problems be solved? Will there be another war? These are questions which face the world and will only be answered by the passage of time.

The possibility of there being life on the other planets is very remote: this is the opinion of astronomers and scientists, yet there are many sceptics who will only accept true fact, consequently they will not believe the opinion of the scientists. If there is life on other planets it will certainly not be of the form that we know. This is because there is little or no oxygenated atmosphere surrounding the planets; there are very small quantities of water, therefore life as we know it simply cannot exist. This may conjure up visions of Martians or 'green-faced monsters' as described most vividly in schoolboy fiction: however, they are only figments of a novelist's imagination and are as such, an extreme point of view. Reading this paragraph it is easy to perceive that I am convinced that life does not exist on other planets, but my advice to the more sceptical is to wait and see.

The problem of food production for the peoples of the world is one that grows every day. It seems pointless that thousands should die of malnutrition and starvation when seemingly infinite amounts of money are being spent on space research. Surely the lives of these people are more important than the prestige of achieving the first manned landing on the moon. One answer to the problem is to curb the population of the world, yet this really defeats the whole purpose. Surely the problem is to produce more food and it is for this purpose that research is being carried out. The sea has been recognised as one great natural source of food, but as yet no method has been devised to take advantage of this on a large scale. Food has been cultivated on a very small scale, but not nearly in large enough quantities. Thus this problem still remains and will probably do so until some positive action is taken by a representative body drawn from all nations. When this action will take place is still unknown, and meanwhile thousands die.

After the horrors of two wars involving the whole world, the possibility of a third never seems very far away in this strife-ridden world in which we live. There always seems to be a major tussle going on in some part of this globe and ultimately some of these struggles may snowball into what could become the Third World War. If this happened one can only assume that it will be a nuclear or biological war which very few people would survive. Those who did survive would probably

have their own nuclear shelters, or live in some desolate, sparsely-populated area. Yet the perils of survival may be even greater than those endured during the war; therefore one hopes that neither of these perils will have to be faced by anyone in the future.

The purpose of this article is to provide a basis for further thought on these three topical questions, and on reflection one will probably arrive at the obvious conclusion that we live in a world where there are many latent dangers.

KENNETH REED (VIU) (Head Boy).

"FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN, LEND ME YOUR EARS"

There we were, strolling leisurely through Newcastle, returning from a day at the seaside, not harming anyone, when a funny little red-faced man, wearing a 'real-live' sandwich board, suddenly yelled at us, 'You are sinners!' We came to an astonished halt, looked round to make sure that he was addressing us, realised that it couldn't be, and so continued our walk. But he pursued us, "You are sinners, do you hear me? No one is free from sin," he shouted gruffly, and it was while we were deciding whether to call a policeman or a male nurse that we realised we had stumbled across a miniature Hyde Park Corner in the centre of Newcastle.

This was the Bigg Market, a cobbled stretch of road frequented by barrow-boys during week-days, pigeons during week-ends, but speakers on Sabbath evenings. The red-faced man was now addressing a large crowd of which we had become part. "I am not here tonight to preach religion." A groan went up from the crowd. Who could blame them? After all, he did have 'Jesus Saves' emblazoned all over the sandwich board. "No my friends I am here tonight, as one free from sin, to spread the Word of the Lord." "I thought you said no one was free from sin," shouted a wit from the crowd, so while 'Jesus Saves' tried to splutter his way out of that one, we moved on to the next speaker.

This was the prospective Communist candidate for Newcastle West, who gave a really excellent speech, which incited much discussion, though not really on a constructive level. One of the hecklers we later nicknamed 'The Collateralist'. Begorrah, he was a broth of a boy, as Irish as the pigs of Dublin, to use a rather apt colloquial expression. We later discovered he had entered a Roman Catholic seminary to become a priest, but he had turned to drink and away from God. He was drunk when we first saw him, and he was drunk whenever we saw him afterwards. Anyway, he was fond of yelling, "If I had my way I'd send the Jews back to Israel, the Indians back to India, and the Africans back to—wherever they belong." We secretly wondered, not only what he would do with the Irish, but what he would do with those of mixed blood. "This ear must go to Scotland, the other to Wales, while I'll send the legs to Holland, the arms to France and the head to Germany"—perhaps? What a macabre thought.

Someone asked if he were a fascist. "No!" he answered passionately "I'm a collateralist." You—yes, even you, little First Year—have as much idea of the meaning of that word as he had.

While we were standing watching, a very angry Communist proceeded to knock his teeth down his throat. We were approached by a chinless person, who told us we should wear a badge like his, which advertised the 'Bible Reading Society' to all and sundry, adding that we should not listen to the glib propoganda churned out by the communist speaker. His suggestion was that we should instead attend a 'good' meeting, presumably to hear the glib propoganda of the Pentecostal Church of which another of his badges proclaimed him a member. Some older members of the crowd heard him trying to lead us on to the paths of righteousness and angrily demanded that he should stop trying to poach an audience from other speakers. The crowd thickened around us, and suddenly we were the centre of controversy, so we agreed to slink away whilst they argued over our heads.

We were drawn about 50 yards up the street to where a small but passionate band was chanting:

"Oh what I'd give if only I could,

Stand on the ground where Moses stood."

This was followed by an innocent looking youth who stepped forward, held up his hands for silence and cried, "Friends, I was a bad boy, I was a sinner, but look at me now." We did but, to be quite truthful, he seemed much the same as anyone else.

By this time the three of us had caught the heckling fever, so we demanded 'question time'. Jesus Saves graciously decided to answer questions at 9.55—the meeting was to close at ten. Nothing daunted we waited until five to ten and then asked, "Do you believe in evolution?" confidently expecting an answer of deep theological significance. The boy who had turned his back on sin stepped forward. "No," he said. We had not waited in vain!

Jesus Saves was now preaching again, advocating brotherly love in a loud voice. "Hear me, ye unbelievers. Miracles do happen. Mrs. Boothroyd will tell you if I'm lying." We all turned expectantly to a tiny woman who was obviously Mrs. Boothroyd, but her lips remained resolutely sealed. He went on, "I had a friend who decided to go as a missionary to the Congo. He didn't tell anyone he was going; he just waited for the Christian aid he knew he would receive." Hallelujahs sprang from the lips of the devout. "He received gifts of clothes, books, money, everything he needed—except a French/English dictionary. But he was not dismayed; he knew the Lord would look after him. And sure enough, just as he was boarding the ship at Southampton, a man rushed up to him and pushed a brown paper parcel into his hands. He did not need to open it. He knew it could only be The Dictionary!"

A stupefied silence eventually gave way to derisive cheers while Mrs. Boothroyd, as full of brotherly love as ever, declared that two years in the army would do us endless good. Nor do we think that she was referring to the Salvation Army.

The clock struck ten, but we only fully realised that the night's entertainment was really over when we saw the rostrum which had been used by The Catholic Women's League being returned into the 'Half Moon', a disreputable-looking tavern, whence it had come.

MARGARET BOYD, VAL TEMPEST, PAT MACDONALD.

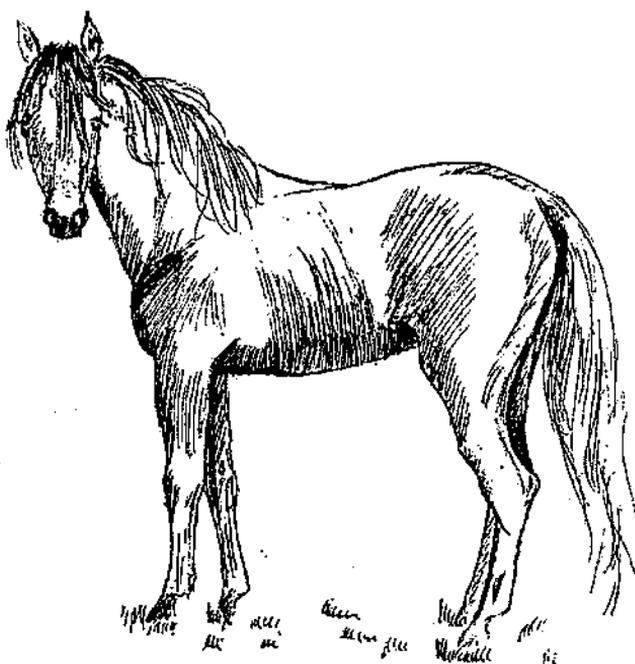
MY PERFECT WHITE MARE

I long for a ride on a perfect white mare,
Turf under foot and wind in my hair,
Others look on with an envious stare
As I gallop past on my perfect white mare.

Children look up as my horse and I rise;
Oh! what fierce jealousy shows in their eyes,
Higher and higher we reach for the skies,
We're over, we've done it; we both realise.

Could all this happen? Could it all be?
In my dreams? see someone,
Could it be me?

PENNY ROUTLEDGE.



MAUREEN HUTCHINSON (VIU).

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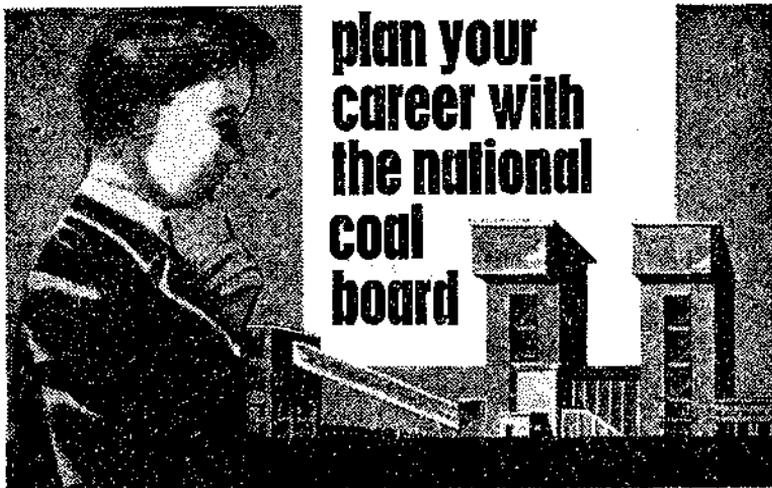
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