

AWSONIAN

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No. 3.

EDITORIAL.

STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
STANLEY, CO. DURHAM.

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Committee :

Mr. Carr, Miss Arkless, W. Armstrong (VI),
J. A. Carrick (IV), J. Stobbs (III), J. Green-
well (II), Maureen Aitchison (I).

Readers :

Miss Nicol and Miss Allison.

The 3rd issue of our magazine marks the beginning of a new phase in its history for (speaking comparatively) it has grown to an enormous size, in fact four times its original. This we are glad to say is not due to the efforts of a few individuals but to the enthusiastic support of the whole school (encouraged by a vigorous system of propaganda from the Committee), the keen interest of Past Students and the hard work of the Committee.

The standard of the school material is definitely higher but perhaps that is because we now have to contend with fierce rivals from very august circles—yes, school, believe it or not we have two articles from the staff. Which those are you will have to guess for yourselves as we have been bound to strict secrecy concerning the authors or their works.

The excellent response from the school, we believe, is very largely due to the fact that we now have on our Committee a representative from each year.

The Past Students' material is up to its usual good standard and being more plentiful and of a greater variety than before has been assigned, for its sole use, a quarter of the magazine.

The variety of the material ranging from 'Atomic Power' to a recipe for lemon jelly is especially heartening. We have tried to make the most of this variety in our arrangement of the magazine but in doing so have involved ourselves in some minor difficulties such as placing "Reflections" next to "Lemon Jelly"—we assure the authors that we had no ulterior motives.

The Committee has decided to award a prize, to be presented on Speech Day next term, to the person who has sent in the best entry. The final judges are to be Miss Nicol and Miss Allison and the result of their judgment will be printed in next term's issue.

Owing to the extra cost which the printing of designed covers would incur we have not been able to make use of the many designs offered but hope that we may be able to use them soon, for our ambitions have not yet reached their final goal. We still hope to see in the terms to come a magazine decked out in a brilliant cover and inside it sketches, crosswords and music.

After much consultation we have decided to raise the price of the AWSONIAN to 6d. since it is now four times its original size. We have also decided to retain the title AWSONIAN as no better one has been suggested.

The school parties were thoroughly enjoyed this year and we extend our heartfelt thanks to Miss Lumsden for contributing so much to their success—for what could be more important than the tea?

This term has seen the birth of yet another society, the Philatelic (a name which has been a source of great glee to the school) and already it is well on its way to rank along with the rest of our flourishing societies.

We were very sorry to lose Miss Dixon at the end of last term and wish her every success in her new school.

We welcome Miss Browning and Mr. Gee into our midst and hope they will be happy with us.

We apologise to Miss Hakin for omitting her name from the list of the members of the Staff printed in last term's issue.

It has been suggested that those pupils who are interested in art should make a list of the reproductions of great paintings which we have in the school and write a series of articles on these works and their artists.

We wish to thank the Readers for the willing way in which they have carried out their laborious task. They are very much appreciated. We are especially indebted to Miss Jefferson, the school secretary, who has cheerfully typed out the majority of the

articles so that they can be sent to the printers in a legible form. We tremble to think what we should have done without her.

In fact our thanks go out to all those who have in any way contributed to the success of the magazine and we hope that their example will be an incentive to others for next term.

Carry on AWSONIAN!

THE KINGDOM OF SYLVESTRIA.

There, surrounded by a wide and pleasant lawn, whereon are built the cairns of those who used flint axes, we see the Royal Palace of Sylvestria, which, being interpreted, is "The Land of the Woods." This palace is a kingdom in itself, and is divided into districts, each of which is ruled over by a mighty potentate; all of these princely rulers are subservient to the Emperor of Sylvestria, who is as pleasant as a summer day. Further more there exists an organised police force of cruel and stony-hearted tyrants, who are known separately as Praefixes, but who together make up the Sweetsingers. And behold, these Sweetsingers have set up far-famed organisations, which levy taxes, under the thin disguise of such mild names as "The Seekers after Earth-Knowledge," or the "Philosophers of Tely." And be it known, that he who seeks to evade being conscripted to the Celestial Choir, and to the Music-Breakers, stands not the chance of a First Year, for do not the Sweetsingers distribute the rations? Lo, the slothful Praefix grows and flourishes, and the People of the Phormes dwindle and perish. Moreover, when the storms rage and wind blows, are not the Phormes rounded up, and imprisoned in dark dungeons, where their cries go unheard, and their chalkmines are pilfered. Even on those balmy days when the sun shines, do not those who seek for faggots in the mighty forest, or wave their untarnished rulers at the enemy, or those who defend the frontiers of the Empire on the River Coughwell, are they not, we say, in danger of being rendered "Examples"?

And in the upper regions of this Kingdom, we find the mining area of this happy land. Here they mine both clay and lead, which substances they wrench from their natural homes in the face of great danger, and a warfare unequalled in ferocity. Here the

The weary days in this land ringing with ghastly laughter, pass and the tasks of the slaves for the hours when they do not work, are increased. These slaves live on a strange diet, which consists of an alcoholic drink of a black and cloggy nature, commonly called ink, and Logwood Chip, from off the ends of the stumps which they drag from the Pencilwood, using strange animals called Molars.

The clanking chains and weary groans of those prisoners who are haunted by a terrifying ghost called "Osford" and another, his elder brother, called "Hiya," are only relieved by a tempting spirit, a servant of the Evil One. He is called Nick O'Teen and lives chiefly on blue and pungent smoke. Things of interest to the prisoners are found in the countries of the Empire which are called Joggeroom, Kemilabb, Fizzilab, and Mewsy-Kroom.

Does not your heart ache when you see the shields of the Giants of Old, hanging in the Parliament House? We appeal to you to support this—

I regret I must end on a tragic note!

I shall be unable to end this, as I am now being dragged away, screaming and kicking, by twenty five cruel Praefixes, who will fling me into the deepest, darkest, unremembered dungeon, where I shall soon become,

"Your affectionate Skeleton." Help!!

FRANK PEARSON, IVA.

THE STREAM.

Little stream, where flow ye
Gurgling on so brightly?
Starting in the wooded hills,
Where the Blackbird sweetly trills.
Hurrying onwards on its way,
Never stopping night or day,
Passing by the golden fields
Which soon will give their goodly
yields.

Little stream, where flow ye
Gurgling on so brightly?

Little stream, I'll tell thee
Where will end your journey,
In the blue sea, great and wide
Ever swelling with the tide
Where the ships go to and fro
Fearing not the deadly foe
To the lands spread far and wide

Playing, Wondrously

