

GRAMMARIAN

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STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

GRAMMARIAN

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No. 8.

EDITORIAL

STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
STANLEY, CO. DURHAM.

Editorial Staff :

Mary Anderson, June Ross, Roger Simpson.

Committee :

Mr. Carr, Mr. Binks, Henry Mason, Wendy Herdman, James Moiser, John Greenwell, Frank Pearson.

Business Manager :

Mr. Seed.

Readers :

Miss Nicol and Miss Allison.

Following the policy announced in our last issue, the Committee publishes the Easter Edition, the eighth magazine since July, 1945. Grammarien No. 7 was in great demand and Mr. Seed tells us that every copy was bought. A financial statement covering the Christmas and Easter Editions will be published in the Summer Magazine.

Our previous seven issues have provided the Magazine with a solid foundation and as a school institution it has become popular, and we hope, permanent. We recommend all who have the welfare of the Magazine at heart, especially Old Students and Sixth Formers leaving this year, to place a permanent order with Mr. Seed. The Grammarien has proved itself the democratic organ of the school's opinion and "another outlet for creative activity," as Mr. Carr said it should, in his letter to the Magazine in 1945, when "A. W. S. onian" was its title.

In our last four pages, this time, we include our very first advertisements. We must stress that the advertisers, knowing our limited circulation, have acted out of good will to the School rather than with any profit-motive, and we urge our readers, as prospective customers to repay this kindly gesture. Another innovation is the photographs of the staff and sports' teams.

We have come to the conclusion that Old Students do not contribute enough material to the magazine's columns. Remembering,

as we do, our previous six Editors, each of whom was well-known for a literary flair, we judge it time to ask them and their friends for letters of criticism and advice, which we will publish.

Unlike the society committees, our Magazine Committee is not elected every year. A representative is elected for the First Year's pupils and this pupil continues to represent his year all the way up the School. If he drops out, his place is filled at the discretion of the Committee. This state of affairs, we feel, is the one flaw in our claim to total democracy. We beg to submit that in future, representatives be elected annually, the Editors being the two representatives of the Upper and Lower Sixth. A more revolutionary proposal has been received from the Fourth Year, desiring to give one representative to each form. We expect to hear readers' views on this matter.

The Editors wish to thank Miss Crossman for the industrious way in which she has typed out articles, J. Nicholson for his meticulously neat posters, Mr. Seed for his energetic organisation, the Readers for their work in correcting and in encouraging the lower forms to send in contributions, Mr. Carr for his guidance as Chairman of the Committee, and most of all, the contributors. The spade-work done by H. Young and Sheila Gracey has been invaluable to the Editors.

SCHOOL NOTES

We reluctantly bade farewell to Miss Arkless (now Mrs. Robinson) at the end of the Christmas Term. She was very energetic in the societies, especially in the Music Society, and was an all round favourite. We hope Mr. and Mrs. Robinson will have many years of happiness together.

Mr. Conroy is welcomed kindly as our new Latin master. He is already very popular in the School, and we hope that he will be very happy with us at Stanley.

Two Old Students who have distinguished themselves recently are Mr. G. Lowen, who has been given the headmastership of Dipton School, and Mr. J. Temperley, who succeeds Mr. Goss as headmaster at East Stanley.

The societies have been going strongly all the term and the film shows organised by Mr. Livesey and Mr. Seed are proving very popular. The Music Society and the Chess Club report falls in membership, but we look upon this as the ' purging ' of these worthy institutions to leave a nucleus of real enthusiasts.

Dunelm boys look as though they might win the Football Shield this season—a notable performance, seeing that it is ten years since they won it last.

Among the victims of the photographer this term were the Staff. Rumour had it that the photographs taken after those of the Staff were mysteriously ruined! The camera, however, continued to function as such!

Marjorie Tinkler's name fills the final space on the second Honours' Board in the lower corridor. The modest Sixth taking Higher in July are not unduly worried about a third Board!

The work of the caretaker too often goes unnoticed, but Mr. Jeffery, interested as he is in the school activities, especially the cricket, is very popular, both for his cheerful manner and his efficiency. Several badly-needed innovations about the building are the result of his enterprize.

Footnote. All the Editors and Readers are in Neville. Inference ?

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Dear Sirs,

I noticed in your last issue a scorching remark concerning the racial discrimination in the southern states of the U.S.A. The remark was brought to mind again when I read of the February visit of Paul Robeson to Britain. In recent years we have been disgusted by accounts of how prominent coloured men have been insulted and maltreated even in this country. Learie Constantine, the West-Indian cricketer-lawyer, was asked to leave a London hotel because the other guests did not quite like his presence as a coloured man; Robeson himself has had similar experiences. America is the most prejudiced land in the world in this discrimination, though I do not forget the Malan policy in South Africa. Lynching, public-transport segregation, elections and wild justice, are all among the many hateful devices used by these unenlightened savages of 'the South.'

What is inferior in a coloured man com-

pared with a white man? The coloured athletes Dillard, La Beach, Ewell, Owens, Wint and Bailey, the boxer Louis, and the politicians Gandi and Jinnah, are among the world's most famous names in their respective professions. Coloured men have a physique generally stronger than white men's; their ability in the medical profession cannot be disputed; with equal opportunities of education they have shown themselves equal to anyone. Most of our universities have a number of coloured students and not only are their examination results equal to our own, but their personalities have earned them high respect among their companions and among the townspeople.

Leading eugenists have deplored the intermingling of coloured and white races on the grounds that a hybrid race will result combining the good qualities of neither. This is surely a fallacy. It is well-known that a mongrel dog will have more energy and intelligence than a pure-blooded animal descended from pure-blood parents, which are usually weakly things from the beginning. The susceptibility of European Royal families in the last few centuries to insanity has been the result of a harsh code of inter-marriage within a well-defined circle of small radius. Therefore it must be thought that a fusion of white and coloured races would produce a sturdier and more progressive race. Environment plays too large a part in shaping our minds and characters to allow us to believe that heredity has such an influence on our destinies. The British especially must see to it that the colonial coloured peoples are given every modern facility to develop, despite the disadvantages of climate and natural surroundings. The Americans are clearly against this on principle, but it is to be hoped that President Truman's Civil Rights Bill will rectify much of the wrongs suffered at present by the negro in the U.S.A. This much at least is due in the cause of humanity, even if an intermingling of white and coloured peoples is not desired. John Stuart Mill has summed up my feeling in this condemnation of racial discrimination: "Of all vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the effect of social and moral influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and character to inherent natural differences." Not only is liberty denied to the American negroes, but even equality also.

Yours etc.,

OLD STUDENT.

PAST STUDENTS' REUNION

On Saturday, December 18th, West Stanley Grammar School held the Christmas Reunion.

As usual, those Students present had a most enjoyable evening. Once again Mrs. Rodham provided excellent music for dancing and once again Miss Speed supervised the refreshments.

The Christmas cake was made and presented, for the second year in succession, by Miss Wilson. The Past Students' Association presented Miss Wilson with a box of handkerchiefs as a token of appreciation for her gift.

The cake was cut by Mrs. Forrester (Nora Galley) whose name is on the school Honours Board. Mrs. Forrester was presented with a butter dish by the Past Students' Association.

As a slight variety from the usual procedure, a net for balloons—made by the Sixth Form—was suspended above the dance floor. These balloons were cut down unofficially by some of the more impatient Sixth Formers.

Another feature of the evening was the Conga, which was a great success. The dining hall was completely emptied as the dancers were led round the school.

The next reunion is fixed for April 2nd. The programme will be announced later.

MUSIC. "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

It is said that if you give a dog a bad name, you might as well hang him. Such a remark can hardly be applied to Music, however, for if one does not supply an attractive name (good or bad) to a composition, it is, according to "hoi polloi," unlikely to achieve much popularity. The formidable title :—Sonata in C Sharp Minor, Opus 27 No. 2 (Beethoven) does not always create the necessary appeal, but the name "Moonlight" Sonata makes the listeners prick up their ears in joyful anticipation. Many un-named musical compositions are ignored completely by the general public until some enterprising person tags a name and a story to the pieces concerned and "thereby hangs a tale."

Such practices are by no means confined to music. Recently, someone suggested that

railway locomotives should be known merely by their respective numbers, and should cease to bear names of any description. If this were the case, more than half the interest shown by so many people would disappear. Youngsters who are thrilled to know that the "Silver Link" is approaching would be unimpressed if informed that locomotive No. 60014 was standing in the local engine sheds. Yet the name does not render the locomotive more efficient, nor does it remedy its ignominious position if it happens to break down. So it is with music. A title does not improve a musical composition, though on the other hand it may detract from its value, especially if the listener is paying attention only to the name or story itself. The nickname merely serves to arouse interest and to enable the listener to form some picture in his own mind—a picture which generally has nothing to do with that which the composer originally intended.

When the composer himself supplies the title to his music the name is legitimate, since in most instances he is attempting to give some information about the scene depicted: e.g., the "Pastoral" Symphony (Beethoven); but when the title is added by another hand, it can do little more than misinform the appreciative listener.

It would no doubt interest the lovers of "named" music to know that many of these well-known titles were supplied by contemporary music critics whose aim was to extol their own wit at the expense of the composer concerned. Hence many of these nicknames, far from representing the ideas of the composer, actually originated as terms of mockery. It was not for nothing that Saint-Saëns, in one of his well-known compositions, referred musically to the critics with the sound of "hee-haw."

Beethoven's fifth symphony is one of the most popular works in existence and the reason is not far to seek. Those who are keenly interested recognise it as great music of course, but others have become acquainted with it as a result of the titles by which it has been known. These include "Fate," "Woodpecker" and "Victory," the last-named making it more popular than ever. If someone recounts a fairy-tale in connection with this symphony and makes the opening notes represent "Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum," no doubt it will gain more protagonists still, especially amongst the juvenile population.

Numerous examples can be quoted about music which has suddenly appeared in the limelight as a result of some sentimental title. One dear old lady could not face the name—Etude in E. Major Opus 10 No. 3 (Chopin), but thoroughly enjoyed a performance of "So Deep is the Night," though her ardour was somewhat damped when she discovered that it was merely another name for Etude in E. Major. The enthusiastic scholar who was horrified on being asked to listen to Harpsichord Suite No. 5 (Handel) was quite impressed by the "Harmonious Blacksmith"—a name later added to the final movement of the Suite in question.

In one of the Enigma Variations, Edward Elgar pays tribute to a great organist, and everyone formed his own impression of the masterly pedal-work supposed to be represented in the music, until it was discovered that the variation referred to an episode in which the organist's bulldog rolled down a bank into the water and had to swim for his life.

The term "Chamber Music" is the frequent cause of people turning off their wireless sets, yet when the programme is described as "Music in Miniature," the same individuals will listen to it with relish. To some people the name of a piece means everything and in many instances they do not actually recognise the music itself. An amusing instance can be related in which a woman admitted that she did not know much about Handel's oratorio "The Messiah" but one piece at least thrilled her—the "HONOLULU CHORUS." Another person, under the impression that the Hallelujah Chorus was written to give each vocalist an opportunity to out-sing his neighbours, referred to it as the "HOLLER LOUDER" Chorus.

Apart from the titles of the music itself, much importance is attached to the names of the performing artists. A recital by Edward Brown might attract a small audience, but this would in all probability be trebled if the name were altered to Edvard Bronowski or even Ted Brown. Musicians, like ice-cream merchants, have discovered the value of a final "i."

One of the most glaring instances of popular prejudice occurred when a certain lecturer was comparing two recordings of a well-known work by Johannes Brahms. The first was conducted by an English conductor, the second was performed under the baton of Toscanini. Having played the first record-

ing, the lecturer, unknown to his audience, proceeded to play, not the Toscanini version, but, the same recording over again, and they all of one accord bore witness to the superiority of what they thought was the second version—"What's in a name?"

G. A. YOCKNEY.

GIRLS' NAMES COMPETITION

The prize offered by Mr. Seed in this competition has been won by Margaret Little (Form III). The conditions of the competition were given in the Xmas Magazine as follows: a square containing 81 squares (9 by 9) was to be filled with as many girls' names as possible, after the manner illustrated by Sheila Lyons' flower-square. Here is the winning square:

A	D	A	R	O	E	A	R	Y
N	N	I	T	S	M	T	E	G
L	I	L	E	S	M	H	A	V
O	R	U	A	R	E	L	I	Z
N	R	U	N	T	A	D	E	S
A	N	E	T	W	M	N	A	H
O	J	A	H	I	A	O	U	I
U	N	E	L	R	Y	M	I	U
E	O	I	C	L	I	A	N	E

The names claimed are:—

- | | | |
|-------------|----------------|---------------|
| 1. Ada. | 25. Esme. | 49. Joanne. |
| 2. Adele. | 26. Eliza. | 50. Juno. |
| 3. Adela. | 27. Elise. | 51. Jeanette. |
| 4. Adelia. | 28. Ena. | 52. Janice. |
| 5. Ann. | 29. Edna. | 53. Joanna. |
| 6. Anna. | 30. Etta. | 54. Lillian. |
| 7. Annita. | 31. Esmeralda. | 55. Linda. |
| 8. Annette. | 32. Elma. | 56. Lorna. |
| 9. Annetta. | 33. Emma. | 57. Lena. |
| 10. Amanda. | 34. Elisa. | 58. Lavinia. |
| 11. Annie. | 35. Greta. | 59. Lana. |
| 12. Avril. | 36. Gert. | 60. Laura. |
| 13. Alice. | 37. Gail. | 61. Lorretta. |
| 14. Amy. | 38. Hester. | 62. Marian. |
| 15. Arlene. | 39. Helena. | 63. Mary. |
| 16. Anthea. | 40. Helen. | 64. Mae. |
| 17. Ailie. | 41. Ida. | 65. May. |
| 18. Celia. | 42. Isa. | 66. Meta. |
| 19. Delia. | 43. Ina. | 67. Martha. |
| 20. Diana. | 44. Jane. | 68. Miranda. |
| 21. Dawn. | 45. Jean. | 69. Miriam. |
| 22. Ethel. | 46. Joan. | 70. Myra. |
| 23. Eunice. | 47. Janet. | 71. Millie. |
| 24. Eva. | 48. June. | 72. Mona. |

73. Maria.	89. Nelly.	105. Theresa.
74. Mina.	90. Olive.	106. Thea.
75. Marleine.	91. Rita.	107. Tamar.
76. Marlene.	92. Rose.	108. Therese.
77. Mamie.	93. Rosemary.	109. Una.
78. Moya.	94. Ruth.	110. Vivian.
79. Moyra.	95. Rosalind.	111. Vivien.
80. Nanette.	96. Rya.	112. Vera.
81. Nita.	97. Hazel.	113. Verna.
82. Nan.	98. Sheila.	114. Wanda.
83. Nina.	99. Selina.	115. Zena.
84. Nora.	100. Sara.	116. Anona.
85. Netta.	101. Sadie.	117. Anne.
86. Nova.	102. Tilly.	118. Anita.
87. Naomi.	103. Milly.	119. Rona.
88. Nell.	104. Tess.	

Margaret sent in 216 names but only the above 119 are mentioned in Webster's Dictionary.

Next term's prize will be for the best design for the front cover of the Grammarians.

ARNOLD OF RUGBY

Thomas Arnold was born at West Cowes on the Isle of Wight on June 13th, 1795. He was the son of a respectable collector of customs. At the age of three, Thomas was presented with the twenty three volumes of Smolett's history of England as a reward for knowing his studies. Arnold's father died when he, Thomas, was six years old and Arnold became devoted to his mother. When he left Oxford he took his mother and sister to live with him, and after his marriage, they lived near him. As a boy, Arnold was shy and reserved. His early studies were directed by his mother's sister, Miss Delafield. At the age of eight he was sent to a preparatory school at Westminster, and four years later he went to Winchester. In 1811 Arnold went to Oxford. While at Oxford, Arnold became troubled by religious doubts, but after praying earnestly and turning himself more strongly to the practical duties of a Christian life, he obtained perfect peace of mind. Arnold was friendly with J. T. Coleridge and admired Wordsworth. In the last ten years of his life he spent his holidays at Fox How, near Rydal, and became affectionately intimate with the Wordsworth family.

In 1819 Arnold left Oxford and became a private tutor at Laleham, a small and beautiful village on the banks of the Thames near Staines. His wife, Mary Penrose, was the daughter of a Nottinghamshire clergyman and the sister of one of his Oxford friends. In 1829 he made a continental tour. Four years after the commencement of his work at Laleham, he wrote: "I have always thought, with regard to ambition, that I should like to be 'aut Caesar aut nullus' and as it is pretty well settled for me that I shall not be Caesar, I am quite content to live in

peace as nullus." During his residence at Laleham, Arnold delivered a series of sermons in the parish church, and began to write a History of Rome. Arnold's duties at Laleham absorbed him and he spoke of them as the happiest years of his life.

In 1827 Arnold offered himself as a candidate for the headmastership of Rugby School. He was appointed and began his new work in August 1828. Arnold's appearance showed his energy, earnestness and best intentions. He had a sturdy athletic frame with short legs. He had thick dark clusters of hair, bushy eyebrows and curling whiskers. His nose was straight, his chin bulky and his eyes were bright and honest. Arnold believed that moral reform was needed more than intellectual reform in public schools, and taught his boys the "elements of character" and the "principles of conduct." He introduced a religious principle into education in the hope of making his school a place of really Christian education. Arnold as a headmaster had no scruples about corporal punishment. He never lost his temper nor shouted, and when he thought a flogging was needed he administered it with great gravity. He was severely criticised for allowing elder boys, as prefects, to inflict corporal chastisement on juniors. Arnold's relation with his sixth form boys was a friendly one. He talked to them in a friendly way, once a term he invited them to dinner and during the summer holidays he invited them to stay with him in Westmoreland. When boys left Rugby School it was Arnold's custom to correspond with them and keep in touch, as far as possible, with their progress at the university and elsewhere. He liked his former pupils to visit him and consult him in all their difficulties. The school chaplaincy fell vacant soon after Arnold's appointment, and from that time he preached regularly on Sundays to the whole school. When Arnold delivered his sermon at the Sunday Evening Service, his whole character was revealed. Everyone's attention was focused on him while he talked of his own conduct and that of his school boys. After attempting to fulfil his highest ambition, which was to make his history as different as possible from that of Gibbon, Arnold became professor of modern history at Oxford.

On June 11th, 1842, Arnold died from an attack of Angina Pectoris. The news of his death was like a thunderbolt to many thousands of people who had learned to love and revere him. His greatness was beginning to be generally recognised, as respect for his character had overcome all prejudices.

GENUINE HOWLERS

1. There is so much Hydro-electric power that some of it is taken by pipe-line to other towns.
2. Broccoli and strawberries are the two main root crops.
3. Wales is fairly mountainous and is part of the Appalachian system.
4. The planetary winds originated in the time of sailing ships. The name of the winds is Horse Hair.
5. Lake Winnipeg, which is the boundary of the Laurentian Shield, is quite fertile.
6. Swansea imports platinum to cover the tins with.
7. Butter and cheese are made with the *surplus* milk.
8. A German's idea of Heaven is painted blue and has machine-guns on the lawn.
9. The American method of government is "Snub the people, buy the people, jaw the people."
10. A savage nation is one that doesn't wear uncomfortable clothes.
11. Shakespeare said you should be true to yourself and you will not then be false to every man.
12. The Russians are Communists and believe in machinery.
13. In 1848 the Serbs were revolting.
14. The brain is connected to the retina of the eye by the optional nerve.
15. Every village in England and Wales has its school-martyr or mistress, usually an illuminated woman.

BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE : HOMEWORK

(I) Attack

There are many reasons why homework should be abolished, for it affects the student both mentally and physically and it is thus a danger to health and well-being.

I think that five and a quarter hours of keen study per day is quite sufficient for the student. Human beings have a limited amount of mental energy and the work done during school hours uses all this energy up and a further dose of schooling in the form of homework makes the brain tired. A tired brain is not receptive and if it is called upon to do extra work in the form of homework, the work done will become laborious. The student may study into the early hours of the morning and through lack of sleep may not be able to work during the next day at school.

It is claimed that physical work is more fatiguing than brain-work, but good food and adequate sleep can replenish a tired body, but a tired brain can only be restored to its former condition by complete rest from studies. Homework is harmful to the brain and students have been known to break down or even go mad through over-study.

Fresh air and plenty of sun are most important for a healthy body and young people should have as much of these as they possibly can. Excessive homework makes it impossible for students to gain these health-giving properties of nature.

The strength of a nation depends on the soundness of its social and communal activities and if young people are unable to take part in these activities because of homework, the future of this nation is going to be endangered. I think that homework should be abolished, for although a scholar like Bacon may argue that studies serve for delight, ornament and ability, most people agree that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

J.F. (IV).

(2) Defence

Homework is a grand old institution ! For centuries, it has kept thousands of would-be ill-doers to the straight and narrow path. How many scholars have sat up into the small hours of the morning, wrestling with difficult problems and tricky pieces of Latin translation, when they might have had a wonderful time dancing or going out to parties ? Their weary struggling was all for their own good, however, for homework provides a much better chance of securing suitable employment after leaving school than dancing ever does. One rarely finds that people who persistently neglect their homework do very well later on.

Homework enables one to cover twice as much ground in the way of learning. Lessons are so short at school that teachers have only time to inform pupils briefly on various subjects. Homework completes the knowledge, and fixes facts only touched upon in class firmly in one's head. If there was no such institution, school hours would have to be a great deal longer. I much prefer the shorter hours, and the homework. Learning is far easier beside a cheerful fire than in a bitterly cold classroom.

Homework keeps one busy, especially in winter time. On free evenings, there seems nothing to do, and after a holiday, it is a change to have some difficult problem to work out or a verb to learn. It provides an interest at home in one's school work, and without it, everything learned during the day would be forgotten by tea time. Some of it can be enjoyed. I, myself, have never liked Mathematics, but I should think that those who are good at the subject will enjoy doing their Mathematics homework. I have always liked Drawing and Writing, so I take a special interest in mapwork and essays.

Homework must be done in moderation. Too much of it causes utter weariness and inability to work. It is not worth while to spend a whole evening over a single problem in Algebra until one's brain turns numb. Homework should be taken seriously, but not so much so that a scholar spends all his free time on it.

This time-honoured custom is a grand standby for those who are not domestically inclined. The pretence of doing homework saves them from having to wash dishes or dust the bedrooms. How often can one sit behind a screen of righteousness, reading a thrilling novel, while other people clear the table after tea ?

Homework pays a large dividend. What a wonderful feeling one has, when, after hours of hard grinding, the translation is finished, the verbs are learned, the Chemistry copied up, and the problems successfully worked out. Then one can sit back with a sigh of relief and murmur, "Thank goodness ! Homework finished at last."

E.R. (IV)

CHESS CLUB

So far this season we have played four matches, three in the County League and a Friendly against the Staff.

RESULTS.

School v. Durham	$4\frac{1}{2}$ — $1\frac{1}{2}$
School v. Sunderland	$2\frac{1}{2}$ — $3\frac{1}{2}$
School v. Consett	$4\frac{1}{2}$ — $1\frac{1}{2}$
School v. Staff	$2\frac{1}{2}$ — $3\frac{1}{2}$

The score in the Staff match was as follows, in playing order :

R. Simpson (VI)	1	Mr. Yockney	0
H. Young	$\frac{1}{2}$	Mr. Carr	$\frac{1}{2}$
H. Jackson	1	Mr. Conroy	0
R. Simpson (V)	0	Mr. Livesey	1
C. Milburn	0	Mr. Seed	1
J. Nicholson	0	Mr. Proud	1

We are amazed but offer no excuses !

The season's averages, so far, are, in playing order :

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts.	Ave.
R. Simpson (VI) ...	4	3	1	0	$3\frac{1}{2}$	0.88
H. Young ...	4	2	2	0	3	0.75
H. Jackson ...	3	1	1	1	$1\frac{1}{2}$	0.5
K. Smith ...	2	1	0	1	1	0.5
R. Simpson (V) ...	3	2	0	1	2	0.67
W. Pescod ...	2	1	0	1	1	0.5
C. Milburn ...	3	1	0	2	1	0.33
F. Pearson ...	1	1	0	0	1	1.0
J. Nicholson ...	1	0	0	1	0	—

We were interested to see that Consett played a girl as bottom-board on their league team. Frank beat her in a most unchivalrous fashion but it was her points he was after ! Girls in this School seem to be wash-outs as regards chess, but we know certain young ladies who can play and who were formerly members. Encouragement is needed.

H. JACKSON
(Hon. Sec.).

AN IMITASHUN OF JACK OXLEY'S ARTIKL.

Professa Car the leedin syentis ov grate brittin woz inventun a rokit shipp korld the silva streek. Itt woz fiftee feet long and tirtee feet wide. Professa Car indended do pud raydar inn that rokit an sen it to tha mune butt iff enemee spyz stole tha bloo-

print itt wud bee verry danjarus too brittin az thair woz a warr going onn. Iff Professa Car new att that tym an enemee spi woz planing too steel hiz blooprint hee woz surtinlee verry carb abowt itt orl. Az itt woz, hee woz moste indizkret, and won nite a nartsi spi, kord Hoffmann, krept inn; the blooprint woz onlee saved bi a mous witch rann outt ov a hoal an dizterbd the spi. Hee fledd shreeking an woke Professa Car from slumba. An upror broke outt an the spi woz seezed bi three berli poleesmen. The blooprint woz safe.

JON SMIF, (1B).
(Not gud att inglisch).

THE DANCERS

They danced to the music so light and so gay,
Their laughter so merry while all shouted
“hay”
The birds they were singing; the sun it was
high;
They danced thro’ the daylight, till evening
was nigh
Then homeward they wended, and darkness
was hung
With echoes of music and songs they had
sung.

JOHN RIDDELL, 1B.

AUTUMN AND WINTER

This is the season of Autumn fruits, and
falling leaves,
Of squirrels storing their winter nuts, in tall
beech trees,
When the little bird wings to his winter nest,
And the robin appears with his perky red
breast,
And the wee furry animals scurry to rest,
And the little brown dormouse has said good-
night,
As winter draws nigh.

Winter is next with its cheerful snow, and
sparkling trees,
When the children go sledging with merry
glow along the leas,
When on Christmas Eve with the children
asleep,
Their mothers and fathers the bright fire keep,
To hear carol-singers at their door,
Singing God’s praises in groups of four—
What a merry sight!

MISSOURI HARRISON, 1B.

GEOGRAPHY SOCIETY

The activities of the Easter Term began with a lecture by the Rev. D. J. Herbert on “The Flying Doctor and the Aborigines of Australia.” Rev. Herbert had spent three years in Australia and so was able to give an excellent talk which was both informative and amusing. He first stressed the great size of Australia. In such a large country home-steads are widely separated from each other and so a speedy medical service had to be set up. It was the Rev. John Flynn who founded the “Flying Doctor” system. He appealed to the Australian people for financial aid and in three weeks he received £51,000, which he used to set up a small hospital. This proved insufficient and so the “Flying Doctor” came into existence. This service is operated in Central Australia over an extensive area. The doctor is called by using an electric typewriter-like machine powered by a generating-wheel with pedals attached to it. Rev. Herbert mentioned some of his own experiences as a doctor in this service and then went on to tell us about the aborigines. Their diet is extremely strange—boiled lizards, wild turkeys, grass-seeds, emu’s eggs, and white caterpillars. They have photographic minds and are the best trackers in the world. One man had been able to find a small child lost in the bush after over a hundred men had searched fruitlessly. Rev. Herbert then demonstrated some of their weapons. There was a boomerang, a woomera made of jarrah wood which is used for hurling spears, a shield, a waddi, and a tribal implement called a “Roaring Bull.” This last was used by young men when they were initiated in the tribe. Animal blood is poured into a bowl, the boy drinks some, and the rest is smeared on his chest on which feathers are stuck. No woman may look at him for a month and this instrument helps to warn them of his approach.

On Monday, January 24th, we had a Film Show in the Art Room. The first film was called “Clydebuilt” and dealt with ship-building on the Clyde. It stressed the high standard of workmanship maintained on the Clyde, which had been forced to compete with much speedier American mass-production methods. The next film was about South Africa, describing fruit-farming, gold-mining, and South Africa’s armament production when she entered the war as an ally of Great Britain.

On February 14th, Mr. Krawczyk gave a talk on "A Varied Life." He first told us how he had come to England as a member of the Polish Army which was forced to leave France when the Germans invaded that country, and then told us something about his own country—Poland. Poland has only one natural frontier, and she suffered foreign domination for 150 years, so that there was no real Poland until 1918. The country is comparatively flat and 60.6% of the people are engaged in agriculture. The people live as we British do, but their towns are more modern than ours since many of them were rebuilt after 1920. Education is much the same as in England; children attend the elementary school from five years of age and the secondary school when they are thirteen. Here they take a School Certificate examination and may stay for three more years in order to matriculate and go to the university.

There was another film show on March 1st, when three films were shown: "Britain Can Make It, No. 27," showing a specially constructed park where children may learn road safety while playing, an intelligence test for ants, and the use of an accurate model of the Firth of Forth for experiments to discover how to keep the entrance free from silt; "Charting the Seas," showing the work of the Hydrographic Service of the Royal Navy and the method by which Admiralty charts are kept up to date, and "Buried Treasure," which gave a detailed account of coalmining in a modern mine. It showed methods of ventilation and mechanisation underground, and the process undergone by coal when it reaches the surface.

On March 7th, Mr. Hucks gave us a talk on Tanganyika, illustrated by lantern slides. On March 21st, Dr. Richmond will give a talk on "The Roman Camp at Corbridge," and there will possibly be an expedition to the Roman Wall next term. The last meeting of the term is a film show on April 4th when the films to be shown are "Grassy Shires," "Robinson Charley," and "Taken for Granted."

The committee thank all those who have in any way helped to make our meetings successful, especially Mr. Carr, the President, who has on many occasions acted as chairman at lectures and who is always most willing to help, Mr. Seed and Mr. Livesey, who prepare the Art Room and show the films, Mr. Binks who so kindly allows us to use the Art Room, Miss Speed and others who help with the

teas, and Miss Richardson who works enthusiastically for the society.

ROBINA THOMPKINS
(Hon. Sec.).

SCHOOL HOCKEY

A great many of our fixtures have been cancelled, through bad weather, and only five matches have been played since the last issue of the magazine. Two of these were against the Old Students, who have been endeavouring to form a permanent team. They defeated us in our first match against them, but we held them to a draw in the return.

January 22nd. Hookergate v. The School.

This match ended in a draw 3-3. The School began well, but at half-time we were losing 3-0. In the second-half we pressed with such determination that we made the score level, and were unlucky not to score the winning goal.

January 29th. Consett v. The School.

This game was easily won by 4-0, and was not of a particularly high standard. The defence had very little to do, as most of the play throughout the game was in our opponents' half of the field.

March 5th. The School v. Jarrow.

This was another easy victory, the School winning by 3-1. The team as a whole did not play up to standard, probably due to the fact, that it was our first match for over a month.

A match against the Staff was arranged for March 10th, but could not be played because of snow. We hope that this game will take place at a later date.

The team welcome back Joyce Riddell, now recovered from her fractured leg, and hope she will display her previous form.

Our last match of the season (April 2nd) is against the Old Students, who will be able to field a strong team; and we are looking forward to a keen game.

Team :—

Jean Tomlinson, Winnie Thompson, Mary Anderson, Joan Ellwood, Joan Rooke, Kathleen Lowson, Norma Suddick, Joyce Leach, Chris Greenwell, Denise Gowland, Sheila Lyons.

C. D. GOWLAND (Capt).



THE STAFF.



HOCKEY TEAM.



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM.



INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL TEAM.

FOOTBALL

TANFIELD SENIORS.

Tanfield seniors have had a very moderate year, winning one game and having been defeated in four.

The side has been greatly weakened by the loss of Nicholson, last season's goalkeeper and Robson the house-captain. Several young players have had to be introduced into the side.

In our first game against Neville, we won 4-3, but we lost our next four games. In our second match we were unfortunate to lose Robson for a long period in the first half through injury but we were well beaten. Watling, Neville and Dunelm then beat us. In the game against Neville only ten men were able to play and after putting up a good fight we were beaten 1-0. The following players have represented Tanfield this season :—Middlemast, Campbell, Reid, Gleghorn, Hall, Robson, McKeever, Pendleton, Batty, Coe, Jefferson, Smith and Rose. Scorers :—Hall 3, Robson 2, Coe 3, Campbell 1.

TANFIELD JUNIORS

Our juniors have a much more impressive record than the seniors, not having lost a game this season. We have beaten Dunelm 3-1 drawn 1-1 with Watling and were beating Neville 2-0 when the game was abandoned.

The team which is captained by Hawley, is :—Thompson, Hansford, Coulson, Bell, Roxley, Gerry, Proctor, Heckles, Bolam, Fisk, Hawley.

Scorers :—Bolam 4, Heckles 1, Hawley 1.

Last Sports' Day Tanfield were beaten by Watling in the Tug of War Final. In other events we were not very successful. We are looking forward to this Sports' Day with confidence and expect to win some events.

JOHN HALL (Capt.).

DUNELM SENIORS

Dunelm seniors have played three games since Christmas winning two and drawing one. We were unfortunate to draw with Watling 1-1, after having done most of the attacking. Our goal-scorer was Ashburn who had moved from goalkeeper to the outside-left position.

Tanfield and Neville provided poor opposition allowing us to run out worthy winners, 5-2 and 3-0 respectively. Armstrong has been prominent in attack on each occasion, scoring five goals himself.

Team :—Ashburn, Sowden, Cook, Wilson, Posselt, Newton, Bolam, Pescod, Fenwick, Armstrong, Dennison, Temple, Chester.

DUNELM JUNIORS

The juniors have played only one game so far this term, running out winners over Neville Juniors, 2-0. If the juniors can keep up this winning form, Dunelm stand a good chance of winning the football shield.

Team :—Snowden, Fawcett, Manley, Haytack, Thirlaway, Elliott, Coulson, Appleton, (Capt.), J. Dodds, Taylor, Ardle, Gracey, Carter, Swaby.

COLIN POSSELT (Capt.).

WATLING SENIORS

So far this term Watling seniors have played two matches. We were able to take another point from Dunelm after a 1-1 draw. The other match resulted in a 4-1 victory over Tanfield.

Team :—Patterson, Snell, Herdman, Moiser, Cox, Harrison, J., Greenwell, Keppie, Harrison, Charlton, Smith, Reynolds.

Scorers :—Reynolds 2, Harrison 2, Smith 1.

WATLING JUNIORS

Our juniors have played only one match up to date. This resulted in a 4-0 victory over Neville.

Team :—Crossey, Lee, Croudace, Doolan, Dowson, Thornton, Roxborough, Gordon, Cornforth, Blackburn, Atkinson.

Scorers :—Gordon 1, Cornforth 1, Blackburn 1, Atkinson 1.

R. R. HARRISON (Capt.).

NEVILLE SENIORS

Neville has done little better this term, having played two matches, winning one and losing one.

In a scrappy game with Tanfield, Neville won, the only goal of the match being scored late in the second half by Patterson.

Dunelm were the stronger side in a game which was played under the worst possible conditions and ended with Neville being defeated 3-0.

The following have represented Neville this term :—Fisk, Brown, Simpson, R., Simpson, N., York, Lawson, Farclough, Brabban, Gardener, Barrass, Pattison, Smith, Patterson.

BRIAN PATTERSON (Capt.).

FOOTBALL

Seniors.

The team made a bad start in the new term, losing the first match 6-3 to Rutherford College. Amends were made the next week, however, when we beat Consett 5-2. The next match against Blaydon resulted in a 5-1 victory for the School. The team, showing its best form to-date, drew 3-3 with Jarrow, away. Washington were rather fortunate to gain a 2-1 victory over us after a very hard fought game.

P. 15, W. 8, D. 3, L. 4, Gls. F. 45, A. 34.

Players :—Ashburn, Chester ; Lawson, McKeever, Cook ; Wilson, Patterson, Hall, Greenwell ; Cox, Posselt, Armstrong, Harrison, Pattison, Fenwick, Pescod, Reynolds.

Scorers :—Harrison (18), Armstrong (14), Robson (5), Pattison (4), Cox (2), Wilson (1), Fenwick (1).

Intermediates.

So far this season the team has enjoyed reasonable success, having gained 24 pts. from the league and still being in the Murray Cup.

P. 19, W. 11, D. 2, L. 6, Gls. F. 56, A. 29.

Players :—Bell, Thompson ; Keppie, Ledger ; Gleghorn (Capt.), Snell, Hillcoat ; Dennison, Batty, Bewley, Pendleton, Moiser, Wilson.

Chief Scorers :—Dennison (20), Pendleton (14) Wilson (6), Batty (5).

The "under 14's" have played only one competitive match up to date. This resulted in a victory over Dilton St. Pats. in the Junior Cup.

R. R. HARRISON.

STATES MAY COME

(with apologies to Joan).

The Current Affairs had escaped from their folder and were making hay while the moon shone. Their leader, English Village, pert orange-backed little fellow was squeaking orders to the mass at his heels : "Blue-backs follow Nationalization and release all other imprisoned periodicals in this library ; red-backs follow United Nations to free non-fiction books ; green-backs under New Zealand, the fiction assortment ; and turquoise-backs polish the sullied tables under the glinting eye of Steel. Orange-backs follow me to the filing-boxes." In less time than it takes light-headed girls to change their minds, the place was in a turmoil ; books and pamphlets, magazines and leaflets, folios and index-cards, all were running about in delight, although several large old dictionaries, almanacks and directories were content to sit in a group rumbling about the degeneration of the weather, about language and girls' morals and hatching some sort of plot against Dictionary of Slang and his lightweight family of novels. The tables were soon shining like mirrors and English Village called the assembly to order. He assigned them all places in order on the tables, the heavy matter of Dicey's Law of the Constitution, Paley's Moral Philosophy and Dewey's Decimal Classification and Relative Index on the back tables, the good novels and poetry books in the middle, and at the front trashy literature, various pamphlets, magazines and index cards. While occupying strategic positions around the room, his own Affairs booklets sat guard, watching the silent audience in case of clandestine insurrection (for you must know there were numerous French Revolutions present).

E. V. then began his speech, saying thus : " Finding ourselves by chance at liberty, we Affairs are determined to reject humanity, to reinstate our fallen integrity and to return no more into slavery and dogs-eating. We therefore intend to set up a State of Affairs in which the government shall be by Affairs, of Affairs and for Affairs, with due regard for all legal literature except pools-coupons and love-letters. This State of Affairs will be maintained only during the hours of darkness and every dawning we shall return into temporary oppression by humanity. All literature, whether of the English tongue, or foreign, whether grammatical or statistical, artistic or scientific, sensible or feminine,

will be under the protection and dominion of this State."

Having delivered this amazing manifesto, he descended from his platform on the filing-boxes. Immediately a buzz of squeakersation filled the air, shattering the moonbeams into fragments much to the moon's disgust. Pamphlets and much handled fiction were all for the scheme, seeing in the new state the fulfillment of their dreams of nightly frolics with their sweethearts, to shake out their dog-ears and remove dirt and grease from their pages. Travel books were dismayed to find that their nightly rest was to be disturbed and squeaked mightily in protest. Latin cribs and French novels did not approve—they said they did not speak the language and anyway they had had so little exercise these 40 years they could not easily come out to play. Learned tomes and scientific treatises were left cold by the scheme; what would happen to their accumulations of dust? Besides, they could not with dignity, proper to their station, break forth each night into gambols of merriment. A team of clean-shaven Sports' books gave repeated cheers from their stands as E. V. passed them, agreeing that this State of Affairs was fair and above chess-board. Their plans ranged from cricket on the tables to football on the floor, while Card Games, a greasy individual, rubbed his hands and rattled his money in anticipation; now he could put into practice what he had known in theory for ages. Chess books stolidly sat and moved occasionally—none of them spoke—their concentration was evident—their fronts were wrinkled in meditation. History books looked on the new developments with interest, many shaking their heads dolefully and sighing that they could not understand a bloodless revolution. In drooping postures stood a few tattered geography books mostly on irrigation, fainting for lack of water and sweating in the heat; one of their number, Mediterranean Lands, bound in dark brown Morocco, was suggesting that agriculture be commenced at once in the chernozem dust on the top shelf. A tall slim white book on "The Artistic Conception" was languidly leaning on her rosy-coloured neighbour "Keep Fit" and drawling innuendoes to the effect that the scheme was ingenious in theory but would be clumsy in execution, and was incongruously backed up by a contorted red-nosed Picasso Album who was standing upside-down nearby. The Astronomy group seemed far away, except one blue-

bearded fellow of the first magnitude who was engaged in a heated discussion with Nuclear Energy and Atomic Physics, the last two, needless to say, supplying most of the heat. They were arguing, strangely enough, not about the revolution, but about how to repair the moonbeams which lay in various postures on the floor. Cosmic Rays approached and added some very penetrating remarks to the discussion and though their effect was not noticeable immediately, the rate of talk quickened up greatly. Last week's Listener waxed furious and said he had never heard such rubbish broadcast since the declaration of peace.

Meanwhile, E. V. had again mobilised his followers, the Affairs, and from them chosen a cabinet. This adjourned privily to a corner under the shelves and when the deliberations were over, a herald mounted the file boxes and announced that a choir was to be formed and would all literary citizens wishing to join please meet at the foot of the safe. The choir-master was a florid-faced Dictionary of Music and it was not long before he had the basses and contraltos on one side, and tenors and sopranos on the other. The basses were mainly thick black scientific tomes, Statutes at Large, dictionaries and reference books of grim aspect who treated their task with great respect, and thundered full loud at every bidding; their neighbours, the contraltos, had a strong strain of poetry in their ranks and they sang strongly but with mellow accord. The tenors comprised some sports' literature, several novels, a travel book or two, and a contralto book on mathematics which had strayed thither by mistake. They blended well with the sopranos who were wholly composed of magazines, pamphlets and fiction of a sentimental, thrilling or improbable nature. It was clear that many of the latter had joined the choir merely to surround the male voices, and Dictionary of Music frequently had to tell them to return to their correct places. The first piece they practised was a little local air called "The Lambton Book-Worm," and this was followed by a solo from the masculine contralto, who insisted despite the pleas of the choir-master, that she be allowed to blow her own trumpet, which, it was conceded by all, she did extravagantly well.

In obscure corners courting couples could be seen—all sentimental novels and Shakespearean plays—Romeo and Juliet seemed to be making the most of itself; and what's

this? Card Games cheating Golden Treasury and exhorting the choir to sing "The Poker Club"? Bleak House was weeping on the window-sill, refusing to be comforted by the Great Fire of London, and shaking a gaunt fist at Kingsley's Water Babies who were plodging in his tears and making great fun of it. Two Current Affairs, the Law and Capital Punishment, acting as policemen, were dragging off a screaming Economy of Britain, who was apparently up to the ears in debts of one description or another, while a group of Pope's Works were following to mock the captive wretch with pointed satirical jeers.

Scenes of worse disorder were taking place under the tables. Two brutal fictional murders, aided and abetted by Card Games, had done to death a wealthy-looking Country Sports, who now lay open near a table-leg, his pages rumpled and ink-stained. The villains were not ashamed of their dirty work and stood round, or rather on, the body saying that now he knew what a fox felt like during the hunt, and that he would no longer be able to protest against the cabinet's abolition of blood-sports. Soon, however, three dark-red Conan Doyles and several burly Sexton Blakes laid hands on them, and as usual, triumphed in the end. A jury was hastily set up by E. V. and his cabinet of Current Affairs pamphlets, and the case was brought to a speedy conclusion by the sentencing of the murderers to life-imprisonment beneath the filing-boxes, which served the double purpose of preserving the polished surface of the table. Capital punishment was only averted by an emotional oration by the counsel for the defence, Death Penalty Abolition, a blue-backed Affair. The same court, with Webster's Dictionary as President, tried the shaggy ruffian, Barbary Coast, for slave-trading with the African Problem and the Negro World. The Prosecutor was a French Revolution who waxed vehement and gory and drew guillotines in the dust on his desk. In Barbary's defence it was stated that he had been printed in America and did not understand Christian principles or democratic ideas; but the President, notwithstanding, declared his behaviour inhuman, and sentenced him to be divested of his binding and to be placed in chains between Polar Regions and Scott's Expedition, so that his hot rashness might be frozen out of him.

By now the gaiety had turned to nervous apprehension in all minds except those of the Affairs, who maintained a martial vigil at all

windows. The Universe and his colleagues Nuclear Energy and Solar System, had succeeded in repairing the broken moonbeams but were at a loss to know what to do with them, since the Moon had long since withdrawn from night's shadowy cone. At last they agreed to fold them up and slip them in a drawer until next evening. At sunrise an order was issued by the cabinet for all literary works to return to their various shelves, tables and boxes. Naturally there was much reluctance and even indignation on the part of some books, who were only just beginning to enjoy themselves, as they said; but the Affairs troopers, armed with bayonets forged during the night by Steel, drove the stragglers into their devious refuges. One poor soul, Drinking Songs, was accidentally run through as he lay, sleeping an intoxicated slumber, over the legs of his booze 'em friend, Rural Inns, who was unable to move the prodigious bulk athwart his midriff, being as he was, a mere lightweight handbook. The choir persisted in bawling ditties which by now had grown a trifle raucous and coarse, so repeated baton-charges were made to disperse the crowd. When he could no longer see or hear anything except the spasmodic explosions of bombs placed by Anarchy's Trumpet (a demented but harmless youth), E. V. slipped into his folder beside his subordinates and slapped shut the canvas-covered boards. The ascending sun shot searching rays right across the room, guessing something odd had happened, but only settling dust was to be seen, so he jumped, disappointed, into a nearby cloud and sulked with concentration.

CHAMB CINNA.

THE EGG BEFORE THE HEN

There seems little doubt in the eyes of science that the egg did come before the hen. Production of hard-shelled eggs, as opposed to the thin-shelled, more perishable eggs of amphibians and fishes, was a most important step in evolution. It enabled reptiles, which pioneered in this innovation, to lay their eggs on land, and thus freed them from dependence on water necessary for the thin-shelled eggs. Free to rove the land at will, reptiles could go ahead and evolve the stocks that eventually produced mammals and birds—among them the hen.

SIXTH SCIENCE.

PARABLE OF THE ISMS

Communism : If you have two cows, you give them to the government and the government gives you the milk.

Nazism : If you have two cows, the government shoots you and keeps the cows.

Capitalism : If you have two cows, you sell one and buy a bull.

PURE MATHS.

LITTORAL

Whirling high their flaky plumes, the green mountains surging on the rocky headland bellow as their bulk buries land's granite outpost. Thunder peals along the receding cliffs as the savage crash sends soaring ten million atoms of stinging ice-cold foam. Then retreating with scraping gurgle the broken giants subside beneath the shadow of their advancing allies, which repeat the devastating assault on the streaming jagged ramparts. All along the headland the marauders signal their attack with unrelenting white crest-lines, piled tremendous by the wind, each before the other, over a black abyss without bottom. Low over the cliff-tops and hanging close, damp swirling fog obliterates the heavens with an impenetrable cold canopy of ever-moving grey vapours, dizzying to behold. But beholders there are none. No single shaft of light from star or sun banishes the gloom, nor pulse of life quivers against Nature's might.

In silent harbours, the oily swell stirs uneasily, dipping its scum of industrial waste and discarded rotting cargo in slow bulging ripples that creep noiseless to the tarry staithes. The night sky's starry cope is doubled in the black mirror that scowls in eyeless apathy to the heavens. The incoming tide warns only by the rolling-over of the old rusted anchor-chain of a steamer whose stern looms black against the stars. The dripping grey harbour walls gleam cold and maintain the silence of death—inanimate blocks. The grisled watchman slumbers over his long-dead brazier ; the cold white ash is distributed by gentle eddies of wind around the tiny hut on the quay. Three gaunt waggons, their faded black paint peeling and curling stiffly out from the wood, stand on a deserted railway along the grimy staithes. Icy stillness rules this desolated black world.

The malice and might of the sea is like woman's mind—immeasurable in depth, fickle in countenance, dangerous to contest. The sudden hurricane is no more expected than the becalmed doldrums or gentle southerly breeze. The mariner has no compass sufficiently cunning to give him supremacy ; in autumn nights the thwarted waves threaten his high-tossed prow ; at summer's hot noon the shallow rock-fang strikes down its prey. The wise landsman lives and dies in his fields ; the sailor commits his body to be broken. So man is perpetually tormented by the idle race.

C.E.

THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN

With heaving flanks on sped the stag,
The baying hounds were near ;
To reach the summit of the crag,
The one aim of his fear.

This reached, he paused, took one long breath,
And as fangs reached to rend,
Sprang up, and out, to meet his death,
True monarch to the end.

THAT YOUNG BROTHER OF MINE

My young brother Jim arrived in this world on January 26th, 1945. From that day, panic has ruled in the household and indeed in all Tantobie.

He is one of the prettiest children I have ever seen, with blonde curls and a rosy complexion. People have called him "The biggest devil between here and Darlington." Since he could walk, he has been in one scrape after another. Cars hold a fascination for him.

One day, quite recently, he emptied the car of a commercial traveller. The car was parked up at the top of the street while the traveller went on his rounds. In the car were various articles of clothing. Jim carried all these out of the car and put them on the pavement. Then he ran away. On another occasion, he and two other kiddies got into a car which was parked in the street. The car doors were open and the engine was running. One child was turning the wheel and Jim was tooting the horn, when suddenly the car began to go up the street. The kiddies were delighted, but the owner was not. Luckily for them, he managed to stop the car before any damage was done.

Usually, a lorry is parked just opposite our gate at dinner-time. One day, James sat on the step opposite to the one on which the driver steps. The driver came out of the house, and, not seeing Jim, stepped into the lorry and drove off. He had gone quite a distance before someone stopped him and told him about Jim, who was still sitting on the step and quite enjoying it all. Not content with this, he was once dragged from the top of the street to the bottom behind a horse and cart.

Another thing he cannot resist is a tap of any description. Before Government control of milk came, Mr. Atkinson used to bring our milk around in a large churn on a cart. There was a tap fixed on the churn, and Jim never could resist turning it. So Mr. Atkinson was rather out of pocket with his milk, half of it running out before he could turn the tap off.

One day Jim picked up two or three bottles of milk from doorsteps, took them home, emptied them, and took the bottles back to the different houses.

His latest adventure occurred one Tuesday, when he tried to gas himself. We used to have a gas oven, but had it taken out. However, they left the tap, and when it is turned, there is a flow of gas. We plugged it up, but a certain amount of gas still escapes when the tap is turned. Jim turned the tap, and if my mother had waited a few seconds longer, he would probably have died.

They say a cat has nine lives but I think Jim is far luckier than any feline.

JOYCE LISHMAN, Form 3.

NOVEMBER

The mellow year is hastening to its close,
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the blast—
The shrill piped harbingers of early snows.
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves hinder the straggling way
Of oozy brooks which no deep banks define,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with solemn ivy leaves.

ARLENE ELLIOTT, Form 1.

IN SCHOOL

In school, we learn a lot of things,
We've many things to do;
But, when we do a thing that's wrong,
We very often rue.

We learn such things as Algebra,
And Geometry too;
In French, we wonder what to say
To, "Marie, qui est tu?"

And yet our parents say to us,
How they should love to come;
But when we think it over,
We would rather stay at home.

MELVINA WILSON, Form I.

WHO AM I?

I am a club of famous renown—
Seven letters will show I'm not Huddersfield
Town.

My first is in Blackpool but not in Everton,
My second's in Preston but not in Bolton,
My third's in Chelsea but not in Charlton,
My fourth's in Brentford but not in Grimsby,
My fifth is in Sunderland but not in Middles-
brough,
My sixth's in Manchester but not in Derby,
My seventh is in Liverpool but not in Birming-
ham,
My whole is a well known First Division
Team.

KEITH WISHART, Form 1.

ANSWER :—Arsenal.

JOKES

"Here are two apples," said the lady,
"Which will you give to your brother, the
large one or the small one?"

"It all depends," said Willie.

When she asked what he meant, he replied,
"It all depends which brother you mean, my
big one or my small one."

QUITE CORRECT.

When sitting an examination a young boy
was faced with the following question :—
Give the export and import figures for coal
for any one year. His answer was, in 1066
the figures for export and import of coal was
nil.

RIB-TICKLER.

Bobby :—"I have just bought a watch
chain."

Peter :—"What for?"

Bobby :—"To keep a watch dog on,"

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is a

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