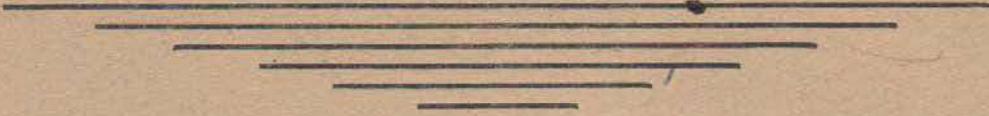


GRAMMARIAN

A decorative graphic consisting of five horizontal lines of varying lengths, centered below the title. The top line is the longest and spans the width of the title. The lines below it are progressively shorter, creating a stepped, inverted pyramid effect.

The Magazine of

STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

GRAMMARIAN

SUMMER TERM, 1949.

No. 9.

EDITORIAL

This term it has been decided to extend the number of pupils on the Magazine Committee and instead of one pupil from each year there is to be a representative from each form. Each representative will be on the Committee for one term during the year so that every pupil will have a chance to help with the management of the magazine. The following pupils have been elected on the new committee:—

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Moira Hodgson. | 1a. Joan Westgarth. |
| 2. William Wilson. | 2a. Henry Mason. |
| 3. Wendy Herdman. | 3a. Robert Dodd. |
| 4. Edwina Rogerson. | 4a. James Moiser. |
| 5. John Greenwell. | 5a. Lawrence Campbell. |
-
- | |
|------------------------|
| 1b. Missouri Harrison. |
| 2b. Joyce Langdon. |
| 3b. Pearl Mitcheson. |
| 4b. Gloria Nichol. |
| 5b. Kathleen Lowson. |

Most of us read in the newspaper a little while ago that Viscount Kemsley had awarded £500 for ten boys and ten girls, under the leadership of a master and mistress, to have a holiday in Holland from July 31st to August 16th. We congratulate Joan Richardson and Ernest Barrass, two pupils from Form VI, on their success in obtaining two of these Travel Scholarships and hope that they enjoy themselves very much on their "continental trip." Next term we expect to hear all about their experiences in Holland and hope that their holiday will provide interesting material for a future magazine.

We must not forget the other distinction which came to our school when Hazel Hill was awarded a State Scholarship last year, for, as a result of Hazel's achievement, the governors granted the school a day's holiday on May 2nd. This action was much appreciated by the whole school, and the Geography Society took the opportunity afforded by the holiday to have an excursion to the Roman Wall, a visit of much educational value.

Films are becoming an increasingly popular method of education in schools, and our own Geography and Music Societies, especially the former, have recently devoted their meetings to shows of this kind. At the end of the Easter term, however, a film which was of interest to the whole school, "Treasure Island" was shown in the Art Room for 'three houses.' Despite the fact that it was the last day of term and that the third performance lasted a considerable time after school hours, many people were enjoying the film so much that they remained to the end. We must thank Messrs. Livesey, Seed and Gee for making this film show such a success by their untiring efforts in the "operating-box" during the whole day.

Once again we are losing a member of the staff, and this time it is Mr. Forster, who is leaving at the end of the Summer Term. Mr. Forster has for a long time been History Master at the school and has been so well-liked that we are sure to find him a big loss. All of us who have ever had Mr. Forster for History will always remember his good humour and the jokes with which he enriched his history lessons. The best wishes of the whole school go with him in his retirement.

Speech Day 1949 will always be remembered for the forthright address given by Professor Hutchings. His bright and breezy speech certainly dispelled all the former notions that Speech Day is a rather dull and tiresome event. Although it was full of witty remarks and stories of humorous events, his address contained many sound ideas and much good advice.

On Speech Day a photograph of those governors who were able to be present was taken. Many pupils do not know all the governors of the school and as the photograph is appearing in this magazine, they are afforded a good opportunity to get to know "the people who sit on the platform."

The more athletic members of the school will have observed with pleasure the recent erection in the Hall, of wall-bars for P.T. which have for a long time been needed in the

School. Some people will have noticed that besides providing a good climbing ground for the 'monkeys' of the school, they are also a good back rest for the Sixth Years in Morning Assembly. Next year we hope to see resumption of work on the Gymnasium and Biology Laboratory, which should prove valuable additions to the school.

While we are on the subject of athletics and the erection of new buildings and gym apparatus, we must mention that there is a growing interest in tennis among the Seniors and that one tennis court is insufficient to meet the need. Tennis activity is much restricted by the lack of courts and as there is a considerable area of spare ground in different parts of the school field, tennis enthusiasts feel that the urgent need for more courts could easily be met.

We must not forget to thank the groundsmen for their commendable efforts to remove the last traces of the shelters, which were not very sightly. The terrace should look more pleasant when the results of the work are finally shown.

It is interesting to note that while there is a growing enthusiasm in the athletic life of the school, a certain form still carries on the classical tradition. This form, not content with a request in English, produced a document, written in Latin, requesting the Latin master to give the lesson out of doors. Besides causing a stir among the staff, this evidently shows that learning is not altogether dead in our establishment!

No editorial is complete without some words of encouragement to the whole school about providing material for the magazine. Surely talent is not altogether lacking in the school and articles, ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous, are always appreciated.

XMAS REUNION
of
PAST STUDENTS
in the
School Dining Hall
on
Saturday, December 17th.
7-11-15 p.m. Late Bus.

COLOUR

The pigmentation of the skin seems a small matter and yet it constitutes the world's biggest headache in human relationships. The bulk of the world's inhabitants are coloured. The contraction of the world by the expansion of communications and the growth of literacy by such methods as the 'each one teach one' system and the radio and printed page all combine to make 'Colour' a white man's fear.

A preview of this problem can be seen in South Africa today. Two million whites are contesting with eight million blacks for the ownership of that sub-continent which is suitable as a permanent residence for the white races. Like the Old Man of the Sea perched on Sinbad, those whites are perched precariously on the shoulders of the natives and their luxurious way of life can only be sustained by exploitation and subjection of the docile and backward African.

The eight million black people are prominently natives of various tribes and languages; but around the Cape (the first European Settlement) there is a large half-caste coloured population, who have the traditions and virtues and vices of both European and African. There is also a large number of Indians and Malays chiefly centred in Natal who were brought in as cheap labour in the sugar plantations and remain to become a minority colour problem with their own particular difficulties.

A story is told of a Boer farmer who had a dream of heaven. He was relating the dream to the family. He told how wonderful it was and he saw the various departed and loved members of the family. A coloured servant was listening enraptured and broke in to ask him if he had seen his father. Contemptuously the Boer turned on him saying that he'd never gone near the kitchen. That sums up the traditional white man's attitude and indeed is the "apartheid" policy of the government. Approximately 160 members of parliament represent 2 million whites while **THREE WHITE REPRESENTATIVES** are the spokesmen of eight million blacks.

The policy of "apartheid" or segregation is physically impossible to carry out. It is true that certain areas of South Africa are set apart as native Reserves and here no white man may own land or property but

these reserves are so overcrowded, so increasingly unproductive by (world enemy) soil erosion, unscientific farming, and overstocking that the native must leave the Reserve. He can find work in the gold mines on which South African Economy is built or in domestic service and so he goes to the cities. Away from the tribe the moral sanctions are broken and often he drifts into crime. Near every city or town are native locations, where he is forced to live. Overcrowding, poverty and malnutrition make their slums hideous with disease and violence.

The fruit product of the Cape is the grape. This crop is planted and harvested by coloured labour. By custom these labourers are paid a pittance in money and kind, but their chief reward is so many 'tots' of wine per day. Through habitually imbibing the strong raw dregs from the wine vat, the coloured labourer becomes an habitual drunkard. The 'tot system' has been condemned and a remedial law lays down a maximum quantity which may be given but now the greatest resistance to reform is the coloured man himself. He will transfer his labour to the farmer who unscrupulously is prepared to give him most liquor.

There is a perceptible quickening of conscience in the minds of enlightened Europeans and a gradual programme of emancipation by education, initiated by the often maligned missionary, is now generally accepted. £11 million is spent on the education of the European whilst £1 million is spent on the education of the African, which means 9 out of 10 natives are doomed to illiteracy. Fear and greed are remarkably illogical. The white man will allow the native servant to be nurse to his children in their most receptive years but no native nurse is allowed to attend a white person in hospital. A coloured medical student is not allowed to be at the post-mortem of a white person but the 'theatre boy' who is coloured is allowed to stitch up the body for burial. The Dutch Reformed Church which is the largest in the land gives generously to native missions but insists that such converts be attached to a Mission Church only. Biblical sanctions are invoked to show that the African is divinely ordained to be a Son of Ham, and thus a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Perversity is writ large upon the problem of colour.

Why does the white man fear the African? He argues that there is a limited amount of

goods and wealth and that if it is shared by millions more he will get less. There are those that have a different theory. They say educate and make the African a skilled man and he will produce new wealth and the end will be new markets and more for all. One policy leads to crime and shortage and race hatred; the other alone can lead to a brave new world. A more fundamental argument is of course that of simple humanity which is the obligation to do what is just and right and it is always right to do right.

G. NICHOLSON.

SEASON'S GRACE

You've got to die (for sleeps are deaths)
Before you can become anything else :
And it's up to you to grow as big as you can
Or as straight as you can
Or merely as tough
Before the axe or the worm gets you.

And if you've got sense (I mean of ripeness)
You'll be glad of the frost and the snow :
For really they're the recurrence of autumn
Which helps you to shed your grub-riddled
fruit that you are so proud to have
begotten,

And your deceptive fat foliage which hides
the fact that you're mostly skeleton.

So when you feel the first nip don't get
flustered

Because your leaves aren't winter-proof :
Or squawk because for some godly reason
your neighbour's a pine :

Stand up on your toes and shake yourself and
laugh

Laugh at your withered leaves, and rejoice for
autumn's negative promises.

"ART THOU TROUBLED?"

OR

"LIFE IN THE LATIN QUARTER"

After burning the midnight candle at both ends and disposing of seventeen gallons of purple ink and Nescafé, the author has at last completed the following astonishing document for the further education of Grammarian students. (N.B. Throughout this article, the plural of the personal pronoun shall be used, to avoid I-strain.)

Nearly a year ago, the massive portals of Stanley Grammar School closed behind us for the last time. After an illustrious career as a

senior prefect, in which capacity we were ensured of the life-long devotion of thousands of grateful juniors, we were cast adrift in an unsympathetic world. "However," we consoled ourselves, "we have our genius. We can get anywhere with that." For, during ten years' stay at the illustrious academy, thus earning the title of "the original *old* student," we had achieved the impossible by actually learning three things, viz.: (a) "the crofters" does not only describe Scottish farmers but also a particularly dissipated scholars' bus. (b) What Gladstone said in 1878. (c) *Ou est la plume de ma tante ?*

Our worthy parents had of late made the petrifying discovery that the letters M.D., which appeared so frequently on our report book, did not signify that we were "most diligent," but they were actually an insinuation as to the state of our *ceribrum*. Obviously we could not be given a normal training. They thereupon decided to send us to an "art school" (a kind way of describing the real nature of this institution, in consideration of the feelings of the inmates).

Our first day at the A.S. was not encouraging. We were first told to attend a lesson on a nattermy. As we had never heard of nattermies before, we did not know what to expect. We experienced considerable surprise when confronted with a very thin, white, gangling figure which we greeted affectionately, believing it to be one of our former overworked comrades from S.G.S. Our mistake became clear, however, when, patting him on the back, we had difficulty in extricating our hand from between his ribs. We soon learned he was a late-lamented inmate who had worked himself to the bone. This made us think of our own prowess in English at the old school, and before we realised it, we were stroking his upper maxillary and murmuring soulfully, "Alas, poor Yorick."

Having been tactfully persuaded to change to the Life class, we made our way to the Life room (with its atmosphere of penal servitude). Singing the "Red Flag," to keep up our spirits, we began to portray the model in our bold, distinguished style. However so much charcoal dust collected that the drawing could no longer be distinguished so we adopted an alternative style, which consisted of covering the entire paper with charcoal and rubbing out the shape of that model with our sleeve. Thus originated the famous phrase, "Life gets

tedious." We were finally evicted from the Life class for writing "We want Rita Hayworth!" on the Venus de Milo's pelvic girdle.

Our penultimate lesson was painting and we produced a masterful creation depicting the school dining hall at 12.15 and entitled "Peace and Concord." The professor did not grasp the significance of this "*pièce de résistance*" and had been deploring our lack of design for ten minutes before we realised he was looking at the rag we use to wipe our brushes. He did not take kindly to our florid flesh tones, but we pointed out that we had only followed Hamlet's advice "The reddiness is all."

Finally we were taken to an exhibition of famous paintings which were divided into two sections, great paintings and modern art. The first section included painters whose names are now household words, e.g., Raphael tickets and Watt O! In the room where the modern paintings were displayed, we noticed several people standing on their heads to look at some of the pictures. On enquiry, we were told they were *real* artists, and were the only ones who knew which way up the pictures should be. Looking at a particularly futuristic effort resembling Danny Kaye and entitled "Animated Bacon-Slicers," we expressed doubt as to the connection, whereupon a female art student in a puce sweater laughed sedately and uttered the immortal words, "You don't know my Picasso."

Finally we would offer a word of advice to possible recruits for the artistic world. The essential thing is to create an impression. One simply must look "arty" in an art school, otherwise one might be mistaken for an easle-peg, or something equally insignificant. There are several ways of appearing arty:—

1. DRESS. Everything you wear must be old or loud or both, and definitely the wrong size. Jumpers should reach the thighs, with brilliantly coloured stripes (the jumpers, we mean). Skirts, slacks and jeans should be as dirty and baggy as possible. All pullovers and socks should be bright yellow. The hair should be worn shoulder length by both sexes and washed as little as possible. It should never be cut on any pretext.

2. CONVERSATION. A true art student always chooses carefully the subjects he

knows nothing about and talks about them for hours. Favourite subjects range from existentialism to be-bop.

3. **POLITICS.** You must be a political fanatic, to be a successful art student. There is a wide choice here, e.g., nihilist, bolshevist, anarchist, terrorist, etc. The actual meaning is of no consequence, so long as the word sounds violent.

4. **LEISURE.** Art students have unusual hobbies such as collecting earth-worms, hunting and shooting (each other when necessary), sitting on beds of nails and making sows' ears out of silk purses.

5. **VICES.** (a) Drinking black coffee. Gallons of this treacly liquid are consumed every day to keep up the student's strength, and it tastes peculiar. (This may have something to do with the fact that it is always drunk out of paint jars).

(b) Smoking. Art students, being notoriously impecunious, make their own cigarettes which they pretend are made of hashish, but which smell suspiciously of gorgonzola cheese rolled in carbon paper.

One last word: Sometimes art students are at a loss what to do. At such times as this they resort to painting. If you intend to join this race of degenerates therefore, it is useful to have a slight knowledge of art to fall back upon in an emergency.

—from *"The Plain Man's Guide to Art Students"*

(published by MIKE ELL & G. LOW).

SPEECH DAY

Wednesday, March 23rd, chosen for our Speech Day and Prize Distribution favoured us with glorious weather. After Mr. V. Richards, Chairman of the Governors, had made a brief opening address the Headmaster presented his report, of which these are the main points. The staff, which had been remarkably free from illness, had received two new members, Miss Holmes and Mr. Conroy, to replace Miss Smith and Miss Arkless. Miss G. Firstbrook, a member of the caretaker's staff, had unfortunately broken a wrist by falling on an icy road, and thus was absent for the first time in eighteen years. Examination results were better than usual, 61 out of 79 passing the School Certificate Examination and 48 of these had five or more credits. Fourteen pupils gained their

Higher School Certificate and Hazel Hill was awarded a State Scholarship. (To mark this event the Governors, through their Chairman, awarded a day's holiday). Lily Haste's gaining of a School Certificate despite the fact that she has been a patient in Stannington Hospital for the last two years was a fine effort. The increasing number of pupils who left school before taking their School Certificate Examination was regrettable. Pathetic letters from Past Students who had made the same mistake backed the argument against this procedure. The School Open Day had been a success, 110 parents attending, but the next one would be postponed until the Spring Term, which was considered a more suitable time. The success of the Passion Play at the previous Speech Day had encouraged further effort. This year's production was quite different but had something just as important to say. It had involved much original work, all costumes, masks and properties having been designed and made in the school. At the request of the pupils the two masters concerned were thanked for the inspiration they had given. School Societies still flourished and the conduct of pupils on a walking tour in Yorkshire had received favourable comment. A growing interest in Athletics had found expression in competitions with Elswick Harriers, Consett Grammar School and Durham County G.S.A.A. The Talkie Equipment allotted to the school has been in constant use. Staff members, helped by some pupils, have blacked out the Art Room for projection purposes. The Geography Society run a monthly show while films of general interest are shown fortnightly on two successive evenings. An Old Boy had gained Sporting fame by playing for Newcastle United. A "Bring and Buy Sale," restricted to the school, had raised about £50, so that we had been able to send £52 5s. 0d. to the fund for "Children of Europe." A voluntary collection limited to ½d. per person was taken to support the British Association Meetings and raised 12/-. Despite a very wet day, Mrs. David Adams had presented the Trophies on Sports' Day. The School Magazine has become a regular feature with growing circulation. The Past Students propose erecting a school bell and installing an accurate clock as a memorial for those students who lost their lives in the last war. Plans for the re-equipment of the kitchen are well under way and it is hoped that work on the gymnasium and biology laboratory will soon recommence.

the workhouses, hospitals and nursing institutions in whichever city they happened to be staying. And so she gained, in the face of much opposition, some knowledge of nursing and when she was about twenty-four her parents grudgingly allowed her to become the superintendent of a small nursing home. This was not all that she had longed for, but it was a beginning, and she made the most of it so that when, a year later, her great opportunity came, she was ready to seize it.

In 1845, the Crimean War broke out. The British and French went to the help of Turkey in her struggle against Russia. Thousands of our men were rushed out to the Crimea, for what those in authority said would be but a short, sharp fight. But when the winter came on, the war was not over and the men suffered terribly in the severe cold.

Reports reached England that thousands of men were dying, not in battle, but through cold and lack of attention when they were wounded, for there were very few doctors to attend to all the men, and no nurses ever went out with an army in those days. Miss Nightingale heard of all this distress and she longed to help the poor fellows who were lying sick and wounded with no one to attend to them. Why should she not go out and look after them?

Such a thing as women in an army hospital had never been heard of, and so of course she again met a great deal of opposition. She persevered however, and at last the government agreed to let Florence Nightingale and a party of thirty-eight nurses go to the Crimea. And what terrible conditions she discovered when she arrived!

At Scutari, the headquarters, an old tumble-down building was used as a hospital. Its walls were thick with dirt and its floors so rotten that they could not be scrubbed. It was crowded with sick and wounded; there was no ventilation and the cooking and washing arrangements were indescribable. Florence was appalled, but she quickly got to work and though she was opposed by the older doctors and officers, who all objected to any change, she soon obtained some kind of cleanliness and order.

She and her nurses worked heroically. There were four miles of beds in that vast hospital, but Florence Nightingale always managed to be where she was most needed, and her courage and skill saved the life of

many a man whose case the doctors had declared hopeless. The men looked for her coming and almost worshipped her as she passed among them, tending them with a gentleness and sympathy which were often as good as any medicine. In addition to all this, she wrote their letters for them, if they were too sick to do it for themselves; she provided reading and recreation rooms for the convalescents, and arranged to bank their money or to send it home for them if they wished.

In these and other ways she did a great deal to improve the conditions under which the soldiers on active service had to live, and when she returned home she worked just as hard for many years, because she was determined to make it impossible for such a state of affairs as she had found at Scutari ever to occur again.

Though she was suffering from the strain of her life in the Crimea, she worked hard for years against the opposition of those in authority, until at last she forced them to remodel the barracks and the army hospitals, so that the number of deaths due to poor food and inefficient nursing gradually decreased by half.

However, her work was not only for the soldiers. A large sum of money was collected by the nation as some recognition of her work in the Crimea, but she would not accept it for herself. She spent it on a large hospital and nurses' home where nurses could be properly trained for their difficult work. And so today we have to thank Florence Nightingale, the Lady with the Lamp, for the splendid body of nurses who are ever ready to help the doctors in their fight against disease and death.

She was a ray of sunshine to those in pain and near to death. On her statue at Derby are the two Latin words: "Fiat Lux"—"Let there be light," truly a fitting expression of her life's work.

SCHOOL BOOKS

School Books can be classified in many ways—by their subject matter; by the people who use them, or, as in the case of our school by their state. However in this masterpiece they will be classified in the following three groups. (1) Text books. (2) Exercise books (3) A certain type of book officially named "rough note book," used by teachers and pupils alike.

First we deal with school text books. We find by long experience that as a rule Latin books are the oldest and Maths books rank a close second. The usual thing to find is the inside of the front cover of the fly-leaf covered with names long dead, and sometimes having thumb-nail sketches of teachers who taught Latin to boys in knee breeches. Other things worth notice are (a) that through the accumulation of years and years there is a translation of nearly every sentence in North & Hillard, (b) these sentences, contrary to the Latin teacher's warning, are correct. The books which are newest are invariably those dealing with French or Chemistry. The reason for the newness of the former is unknown, but, it can be easily explained as regards Chemistry. It depends on the whim of Chemistry teachers who have not yet decided which Chemistry book is the most efficient and consequently keep on trying out new books.

Now we come to exercise books. These are actually meant to be written in and therefore hold a great advantage over text books. Of course exercise books are always flimsy and soft backed (except for the legendary hard-backed chemistry book which lasted pupils nearly three years), and are generally coloured in two shades of blue—one light, the other blue-black. Many unfortunates get into trouble through the state of their exercise books. Here is a typical scene (from the Chemistry lab.)

The unfortunate walks slowly and timidly towards the raised dais, holds forth his book and says, "Please sir, may I have a new exercise book." "What?" bellows a voice from behind stacks of test tubes and retorts and miles of rubber tubing. When the scholar picks himself up he repeats the question. "Is it full," comes the voice again. "All but one page, sir," says the pupil, "but R.H. spilt some ink on that one so I can't write on it." "Write on the back then," says the voice irritably, and so the pupil trudges wearily back to his desk.

And now—rough books. This thought brings happy memories of lessons spent playing battleships and noughts and crosses, and the story of the little teacher who picked up a first year pupil's rough book and asked what 'all this' meant. Rough book means every type of book under the sun including writing paper, note books, jotters, ledgers, schoolbooks, hard-backed and soft-backed books of all types. People from the outside

world picking up a rough book would have no idea of its use. They would see Geometry theorems covered with sentences in pidgin Latin and algebra problems mixed with doodles drawn to while away the tedious hours.

And now my ravings being exhausted, I must, in the words of the immortal J.D. say, "back to the asylum."

NEMESIS.

FAMILY STATISTICS

Inspired by a broadcast talk on Statistics, Mr. Carr, at the end of the Easter Term, organised a survey of the constitution of the families represented by our present pupils. The primary purpose was to find the number of families having

- (a) only one child
- (b) all children of the same sex, and
- (c) mixed families.

The number of families concerned was 433 and it was found that 97 (22.4%) of these had only one child (48 boys, 49 girls).

Families having more than one child, but all of the same sex numbered 109 (25.2%) with a total of 272 children (138 boys and 134 girls), giving an average of 2.5 children per family. Big families in this group were restricted to boys; one having five sons, and five with four sons. Against this there was only one family with more than three daughters.

As might well be expected the number of mixed families was the largest group, being 227 (52.4%). Here there was a total of 721 children (382 boys and 339 girls) giving an average of 3.18. Details of all these families were not collected but of those that were provided it was found that there were two with eight children each (4 boys and 4 girls in each case), three with seven (4 boys, three girls; 4 boys, 3 girls; 6 boys, 1 girl), and four with six.

As there was a total of 1107 children for 433 families we find the average number of children was 2.5 per family.

A surprising feature was the fact that boys were more numerous than girls, but only by 46 (568 boys and 522 girls), and the figures already quoted show an amazing evenness of distribution in all three classes.

W.S.

AUTUMN

See them fall like golden fingers
To the ground now brown and drying
Thro' the branches the late sun lingers
Autumn leaves fall softly sighing.

Autumn makes her sad farewell
Winter snow it soon shall be
Christmas rings its cheerful bell
Spring green spring we soon shall see.

THOMAS CROSSEY, IIa.

THE SUMMER HOLIDAY

The holidays are drawing near
Oh boy! Oh boy!
Oh boy! Oh boy! Oh boy!
And when they come they bring good cheer
Which fills us full of joy.

We all play cricket in the field
And sometimes go for hikes
We cannot go for cycle rides
Because we have no bikes.

Some of my friends go fishing
Mother won't let me
When they are gone I'm wishing
That I could share their glee.

Alas! the summer is over
Our playtime is all gone
Instead of being in clover
We add up ten and one.

WILLIAM ATKINSON, IIa.

THE LITTLE GIRL

A little girl said "won't!"
A little girl said "shan't!"
A little girl said "don't!"
A little girl said "can't!"

You naughty little girl,
Your mother thus to tease,
You can't give father joy,
Unless you try to please.

J.B., Form Ia.

OF MYSELF

As Cowley says, to write of oneself is a hard and nice subject. It is also a most uninteresting one, for what could be more dull than the life story of such a grave person as I? I have never been abroad, or farther from home than Edinburgh, am too young to have formed much of an opinion of the world, and

have never had any exciting adventures of any kind. My life, spent in the quiet backwater of this small northern town, has been quietly enjoyable, without anything distinctly remarkable about it. I am thankful to have kind parents, a warm house to live in, and good food to eat. I try (perhaps unsuccessfully) to do my work well, and have a variety of employments with which to fill in my leisure hours.

I was born in August, during a heat wave (which I think is partly responsible for my not being able to endure cold) and from the first hour, seemed interested in my surroundings, nothing escaping the gaze of my curious eyes. I was not a beautiful baby, but everyone made up for this by saying how extremely intelligent I looked, even if it was just to flatter my mother. In all my photographs, I am smiling happily despite my toothless mouth and bald head.

As a small child, I had an adventurous spirit, and would often crawl upstairs and create havoc in the bedrooms by emptying drawers and throwing clothes about. I used to enjoy covering myself with black lead from my mother's "rubbing basket," and no correction could spoil my amusement. I had plenty of children to play with, but as an only child, I soon began to prefer my own company, and could play far more happily alone with my mother's button box, or my dolls, than I could with a companion of my own age.

My year at school before the commencement of the last war was enjoyable, but after that, life became just a jumble of gas masks, air-raids and shelter drill. How I longed for the chocolates, the grapes and the bananas of the previous years, how I wished for a new doll or a pretty dress, when they were no longer obtainable! My father thought that my mother and I would be safer in the country but after a week in the Lake District, we returned home, unable to endure life any longer in a house where rats were familiar creatures.

As the years went on, I grew more and more retiring, I gave up all my childhood friends, and became a great reader. Unfortunately, I did not read Latin or Greek, or the Classics, but instead, enthusiastically devoured all the Westerns and murder-thrillers that I could lay my hands on, and I still believe that Edgar Wallace is a much more interesting writer than either Scott or Dickens.

With the marvellous imagination of a child (which unfortunately, I have now lost), I played on with the remains of my dolls, until I reached the age of about eleven years, when I put away such childish things, and took up gardening instead. In summer, this is always my main attraction, because when I see my flowers in bloom, I feel that all the trouble taken in planting and weeding them is worth while. I love to see people turn back to look at my garden, and am intensely proud to hear them remark how pretty it looks.

A year or two ago, my parents and friends thought that I might become a good pianist, because, having done well in a music examination, I won an Exhibition of ten guineas, which has paid for my music lessons during the past year. This has been my only success, however, apart from being first in my class at a Consett music festival, and winning two large, very uninteresting books on extremely dull musical celebrities. I am still very interested in music, but I now find that I have not enough time to spend on this subject.

I have nearly always liked school, especially when I have been first in my form! It is surprising to me that I have ever done well in examinations, because I am so useless at mathematics that I long for the time when I shall enter the Sixth Form, and my days of learning arithmetic will be over.

My dreams for the future are wide and varied, but I often wish that my father could win a large sum of money from his Football Pools, so that I could lead a life of leisure, go to as many dances as I pleased, and yawn as much as I liked in English lessons, without a thought of anything but the present. As it is, I should like to go to a University, and travel a good deal, so that when I grow old, I can feel that in my youth, I made something 'of myself.'

WHO AM I?

THE LIBRARIES

At the end of last term the two libraries received their best consignment of books since 1938. During the last ten years we have had no books at all, then quantities ranging from a quarter to a third of our order and those not the books we really wanted but the second and third best. Even now the best of the books on our order fail to come but there is a marked improvement in quality as in quan-

tity. Though they look more attractive, books are not as strongly bound as they used to be and they cost twice or three times as much. There seems to be a moral lurking here!

Amongst 112 new books it is difficult to decide which to choose for special mention. Perhaps the most notable addition is a number of biographies which should appeal to a wide range of readers. Some of them are books of real importance. One or two should prove helpful to the fourth year in their Scripture course. A list follows:—

- The Tale of Beatrix Potter: *Margaret Lane*.
(Author of Peter Rabbit and other Children's classics).
John Barbirolli: *Charles Rigby*.
Delius—A Critical Biography: *Arthur Hutchings*.
In the Path of Mahatma Gandhi: *George Catlin*.
The Challenge of Schweitzer: *J. Middleton Murray*.
(Organist, Theologian and Medical Missionary in West Africa).
The Duke: *Philip Guedella*.
(The Duke of Wellington).
The First Woman Doctor (Elizabeth Blackwell): *Rachel Baker*.
Allenby: *Viscount Wavell*.
Bradman: *A. G. Moyis*.
Man with Wings: *Joseph Cottler*.
(Leonardo de Vinci: Italian Artist and inventor of the Renaissance).
Life and Times of J. S. Bach: *H. V. Van Loon*.
(Reviewed below).
The Stream of Days: *Taha Hussein*.
(The autobiography of a blind Arab student).
Lady with a Lamp: *Reginald Berkeley*.
(A play on the life of Florence Nightingale).

Forty of the new books have been put in the Junior Library. The most important of these is the volume of the New Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia. This volume, entitled Mankind, will appeal especially to those interested in geography and travel. It is housed in the Senior Library and may be consulted at dinner hour on any day except Wednesday.

It is perhaps a pity that so many of the adventure stories written for younger people are based on adult detective fiction nowadays. Some of the new junior books are of this type but two of them, at least, are well written. They are:—Roy Fuller's

"With my little Eye" and Cecil Day Lewis's "The Otterbury Incident."

There are some attractive non-fiction books you should make a point of borrowing:—

Over the Hills with Nomad: *Norman Ellison*.
The Young Traveller in Holland: *Van Somereu Liesji*.

What the World Wears (A comparison of national dress).

Man is a Weaver: *Elizabeth Baity*.

Adventure and Discovery for Boys and Girls.

Discovery and Romance for Girls and Boys.

The Football Association Book for Boys.

Made in China (Porcelain, lacquer, silk, etc.):
Cornelia Spencer.

The Boy Electrician: *Morgan and Sinis*.

The Story of Migration: *E. A. R. Ennion*.

Lost Worlds: *Anne T. White*.

The following are reviews of books in this year's batch written by pupils of the fourth and sixth years:

1. Flush. A Biography by Virginia Woolf.

This delightful story of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's cocker spaniel should appeal to all dog-lovers. Flush is a charming creature, his loves, jealousies and hatreds are so well-portrayed, that he becomes quite an old friend. The book also provides an insight into the lives of Robert Browning and his wife, for Flush experienced their courtship, elopement, and married life in Italy. Information drawn from old letters combined with the imagination of the writer makes an interesting book which is well worth reading.

EDWINA ROGERSON, Form IV.

2. Sue Barton—Superintendent Nurse by Helen Dore Boylston.

Sue Barton—Superintendent Nurse by Helen Dore Boylston is so interesting that readers will be reluctant to put it down once they have started it.

Sue Barton married Dr. Bill Barry, whose ambition to become head of the hospital where they both worked, had come true. They lived in a small cottage near the hospital. Sue was superintendent of the nurses' training college, which she, Bill and her best friend, Kit, had started. Although she was married, and had a responsible position at the hospital, she still had plenty of adventures as head of a number of responsible young girls.

Finally we leave Sue and Bill to live happily ever after amid the hustle and bustle of the

hospital.

This story is a fitting climax to a series of other interesting Sue Barton stories.

3. Thunderhead by Mary O'Hara.

The story of Thunderhead, the white stallion born of Flicka and sired by Appalachian, is told in such an interesting way that even a person who dislikes horses is intrigued by it.

The setting is a ranch in Ohio, and the main character is Ken, the ranch owner's son. Flicka had been given to Ken at her birth, so her son belonged to Ken, also. His devotion to his horses was so great that he risked his life for them.

Thunderhead is a book which I recommend to anyone. It is an ideal book in every way, full of movement, description, and sound, and it is told in such a way that we can imagine the feelings of Ken and the horses. The beautiful countryside is described so vividly that one can almost see the hills and colourful landscape of Ohio.

4. Carol on Tour by Helen Dore Boylston.

One of the most interesting additions to the Senior Library is Helen Dore Boylston's "Carol on Tour." This book is one of a series, telling of the stage career of Carol Page and her friend Julia, two young Americans. The story is not all of success, for, at one time, during her performance in a successful play, Carol becomes very conscious of public admiration, and begins to attend large parties of famous people. Mike, another of Carol's friends, who is a young producer, disapproves strongly of the late hours Carol keeps. It is not until a good while later that Carol realises her folly, for the actress who introduced her to this gay life, proves to have a very shallow nature. The quarrel between the young actress and the producer is, however, settled, after Carol has a nasty experience in part of an old theatre, which was said to be haunted. This book gives a good illustration of an American girl's life and friends, and also makes very interesting reading.

5. The Life and Times of J. S. Bach by Hendrik Willem Van Loon.

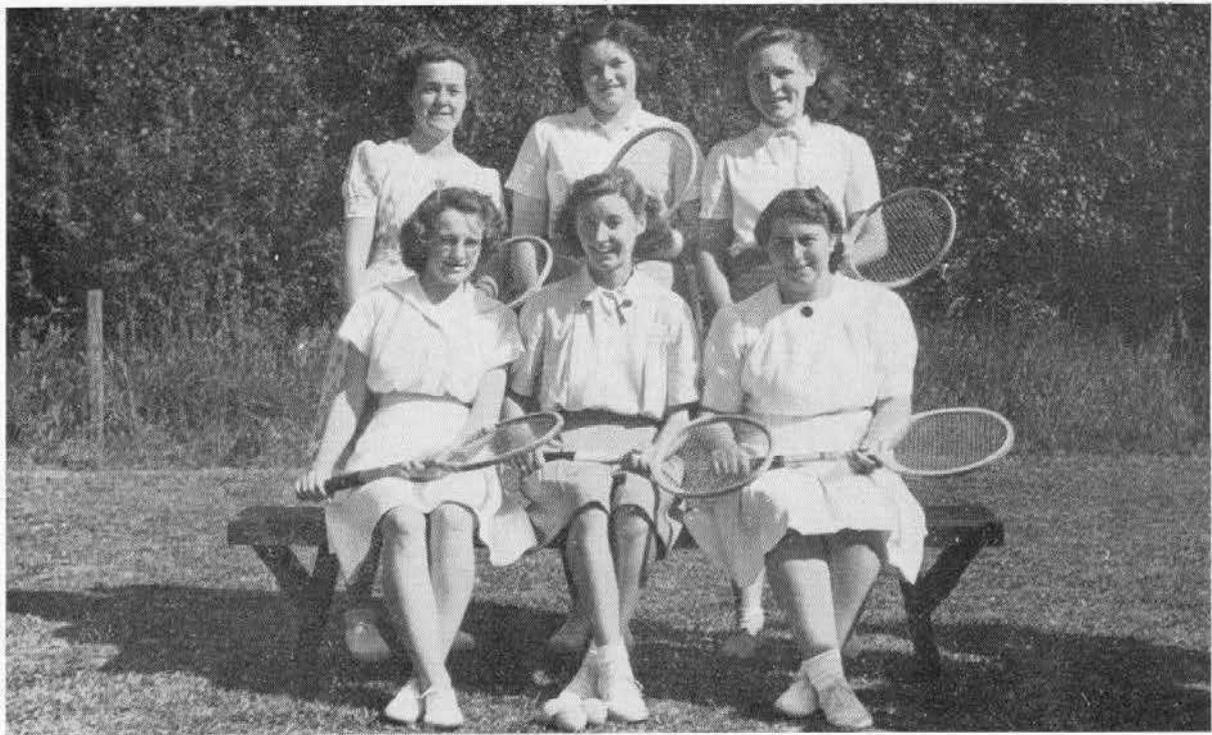
Like Mr. Van Loon, one often wonders what it is that keeps so many people, not antagonistic towards music, from Bach, and why there should have been so marked a



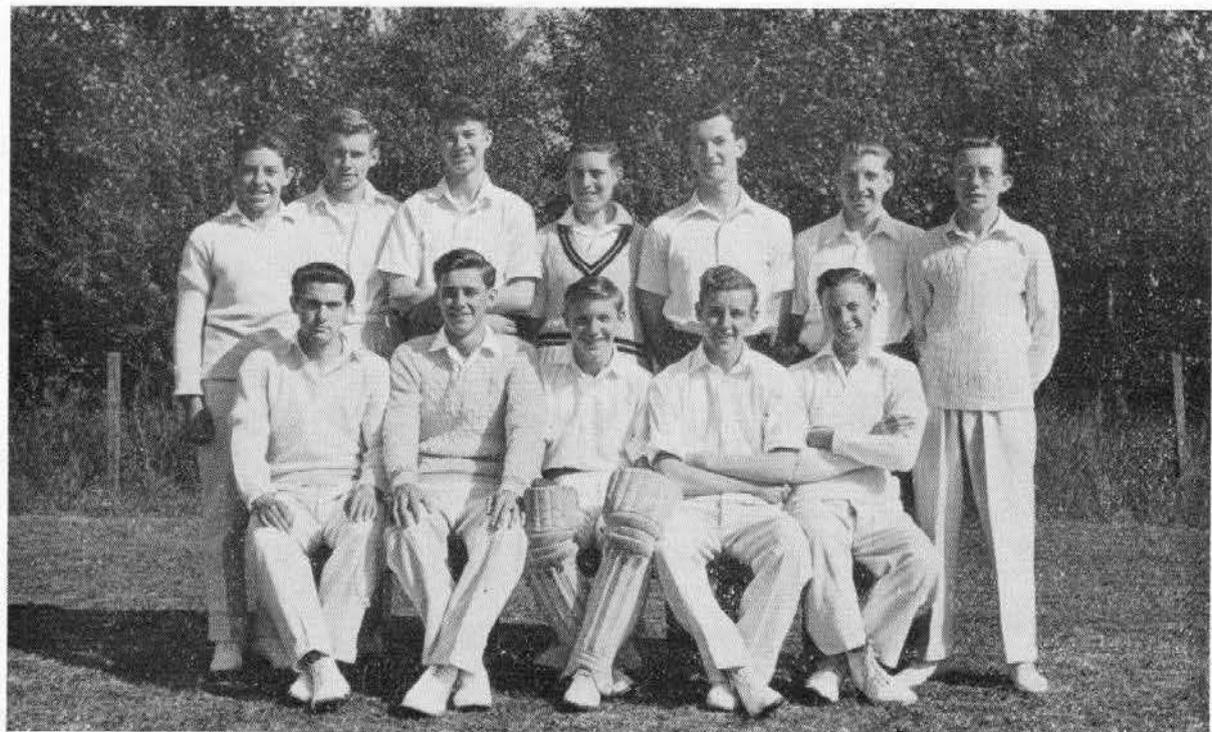
GOVERNORS AND FRIENDS.



CHAMPIONS AND WINNING HOUSE-CAPTAINS.



TENNIS TEAM.



CRICKET TEAM.

difference between the measures of popularity awarded by generations to the names Handel and Bach. This little book supplies the answer. Bach never attempted to be a popular composer, whereas Handel did. After the latter's emigration to England, he mingled with influential people, wrote much for the theatre, conducted frequently in public, and generally made himself known; but his contemporary was hidden away in the tiny courts and Church Schools of Saxony, worried by the demands of a large family and by quarrels with his trying superiors, and seldom able to perform or even to publish his compositions. Moreover, Handel, of an altogether more sociable epicurean nature than our composer, was a more "showy" composer, and comparatively easier to understand. Mr. Van Loon reveals Bach to us as a quietly dignified man, strongly independent and indefatigably diligent, and, above all, devoted to God (he headed all his compositions *Jesus Juva*); his music is correspondingly serious and sublime.

All are familiar with the main events in Bach's life—his descent from a musical family, his early training as a choirboy and employment as court soloist at Weimar, his most productive periods as Kapellmeister of Cothen and Cantor of St. Thomas' Church, Leipzig, and his ultimate blindness and the fatally weakening effects of an unsuccessful operation; but Mr. Van Loon has breathed life into this common material of music text-books by adding revealing touches. He gives us, for instance, a charming picture of the relationship between Bach and his second wife, the young Anna Magdalene: "In the beginning it is quite easy to differentiate between the handwriting which Bach himself has written and that which was done by Anna Magdalene. But after 20 years of a most faithful co-operation the difference completely disappears. Husband and wife have become one, even in the way they cut and handled their goose quills." Or he recalls Bach joking about his deficient income: "It has been a very healthy summer. Hence there have been very few funerals, and my income has suffered accordingly."

The book is scarcely less successful in its manifestation of the musical life of the period. Here is the great but greedy Paganini, before his violin recital, standing in the box-office to supervise and count the takings; here is Frederick the Great of Prussia, so impressive a dictator, so capable a soldier, but alas!

almost toothless, and hence finding great difficulty in producing clear notes on the flute; and there are king and musician enjoying a musical evening together with flute and newly-invented pianoforte, completely oblivious of the difference in station, knowing only that they are "two civilised human beings united on this occasion by their common love for the greatest of all the arts—the music of Johann Sebastian Bach." Yet perhaps the greatest revelation is the chapter describing life for both masters and pupils in a typical Church Choir School of the time. The pupils were poor and paid no fees, but "were supposed to work hard, eat little, and be grateful that they were allowed to exist at all." How modern pupils would hate to be obliged to beg for alms in the streets twice a week, like mendicant friars; and how embarrassed teachers would be had they to accept as charity three half-pence from each pupils earnings! Apart from singing at all Sunday services in Church, on Feast-days, at weddings, and (frequently in pouring rain with no prospect of a change of clothing) at funerals, Choir students had to study exceptionally hard if they were to be accepted later for the most insignificant position as Choirmaster of some obscure country church. Yet this need for intensive work, under the threat of utter poverty, and the scarcity of published compositions to assist their studies, made them appreciate whatever opportunities for musical study came their way; and the modern reader must agree with Dr. Livingstone that we, with our ready access to all publications, are never fully grateful for our opportunities, and rarely apply ourselves sufficiently earnestly to our studies.

It is only possible here to indicate a few of the good things in this surprisingly slim volume. The reader will discover for himself how clearly and simply Mr. Van Loon explains the old art of "*pretending*" and the pedigree of the modern pianoforte; how, by frequently using German and occasionally Latin words, he whirls one away to that spiritless and unapproachable Mr. John Sebastian Bach of many text-books, but invariably presents him as Herr Bach, Kapellmeister Bach, Magister Bach, Herr Hof-Komponist Bach; how charmingly he illustrates his text with line drawings. Mr. Van Loon writes in a pleasantly, but never irritably, discursive style. He is familiar with the subject without understating his

genius; friendly but never frivolous; and attractively whimsical at times. Dull indeed would he be of soul who could not enjoy this book. It is a treat for all, but especially for music lovers; and to come down to the criterion of mere utility, it is a gift for the courageous few who study Bach for School Certificate Music. Finally, it passes the test of a really good book on music—the reader immediately hurries off to practise and *practise*.

THOUGHTS OF SUMMER

Oh! Listen to the shouts of glee
 With which the air resounds.
 'Tis children lingering at their play
 Though twilight has come round.
 For summer is the children's time
 For sun and flowers and games.
 So let them play while summer's here
 For autumn soon comes round.
 And brings the winds that people fear
 The summer fun is done
 And all that's left of summer days
 Are thoughts of summer fun.

PATRICIA GREEN, Form Ia.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY'S VISIT TO ST. MARY'S ISLAND

We were all assembled at Marlborough Crescent 'bus station by about 10.40 a.m. and made our way to the Central Station. There were eleven pupils and three teachers. We boarded an electric train and sank into the seats excitedly. In what we thought was a very short time, we had reached Whitley Bay station and we all walked down to the sea. The sun was extremely hot and we all had to take off our coats. We soon sensed the delicious smell of the swell. We walked along the road (above the sea) and then across the beach towards the island. Most of us climbed to the road again when we approached the rocks, but two of us attempted to walk over them and we actually had to wait for the rest. We walked over the road to the island, which is only an island at high tide, and stood gazing at the lighthouse, which we later learned was 110 feet high. We were invited to enter and we all began to mount the winding staircase. On looking up, we thought we would never reach the top. At last, however, we succeeded in climbing the 137 steps and entered the room at the top where we saw the beacon, which is like a

candle, surrounded by countless lenses. The keeper explained and demonstrated to us how it worked. He also told us that the light was 120 feet high as the island was 10 feet above sea level and the light could be seen for approximately 25 miles. After we had examined it, we descended the stairs, which was more difficult than the ascent. We left the lighthouse and walked over to the rocks, where we had lunch. Afterwards we went paddling in the pools or we sat on the rocks and dangled our legs in the refreshingly cold sea. When we were tired of doing this we began searching for sea-weed. We found some rather pretty pieces and saw several sea anemones or sea flowers which closed into a ball as soon as we touched them. We spent just an hour paddling and roaming around the rocks and then walked back to the beach as the tide was coming in. Then we enjoyed a very vigorous game of rounders. We rested for a short time and again paddled in the sea, and ran around playing with a ball. When the sea had nearly reached us, we decided to move further along to a place where the water did not come in as far. Mr. Gee bought us each an ice which we enjoyed immensely. We had tea and played with the ball and enjoyed ourselves until about 6 p.m., when we returned to the station where we boarded the train. Nearly all of us were as red as turkey-cocks with the sun which had been very very hot for the whole day. We had spent a wonderful day and it is hoped by all that this trip will not be the last of its kind.

THE STORY OF ESAU WOOD

It is said that Esau Wood sawed wood. Esau Wood would saw wood; in fact, all the wood Esau Wood saw, Esau Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esau saw Esau sought to saw. O! the wood, Wood would saw; and O, the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood. But one day Esau Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood.

Now, Wood would saw wood with a wood-saw that would saw wood, so Esau sought a saw that would saw wood. One day Esau saw a saw saw wood as no other wood-saw Wood saw would saw wood. In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood, Wood never saw a wood-saw that would saw wood as the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood

would saw wood, and I never saw a wood-saw that would saw as the wood-saw Wood saw, until I saw Esau Wood saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Finally, no man may ever know how much wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw, if the wood-saw Wood saw would saw all the wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw.

SPORTS DAY RESULTS

BOYS. (Points, 6, 5, etc.,) awarded for first six places).

CHAMPION HOUSE—

Senior.—Watling (109 points).

Intermediate.—Tanfield (65 points).

Junior.—Watling (89 points).

Victor Ludorum.—W. Pattison (42 points), Neville.

Inter. Champion.—G. Egleton (27 points), Dunelm.

Junior Champion.—K. Heckels (20 points), Tanfield.

Seniors.

High Jump.—R. Patterson (4' 10"), C. Posselt, B. Patterson, W. Pattison, E. Barrass, L. Campbell and M. Smith (tie).

Long Jump.—R. Patterson (18' 10"), W. Pattison, C. Posselt, B. Patterson and M. Smith (tie), L. Campbell.

Mile Race.—W. Pattison, K. Ashburn, J. Fenwick, H. Blackburn.

880 yds.—W. Pattison, R. Patterson, K. Ashburn, R. Newton, C. Posselt and A. Armstrong (tie).

100 yds.—R. Patterson, W. Pattison, R. Harrison, M. Smith, L. Campbell, B. Patterson.

220 yds.—R. Patterson, W. Pattison, R. Harrison, A. Crosby, L. Campbell, A. Armstrong.

440 yds.—W. Pattison, C. Posselt, M. Smith, K. Ashburn, A. Crosby, R. Newton.

Hurdles.—R. Patterson, C. Posselt, L. Campbell, M. Smith, A. Armstrong.

Putting the Shot.—R. Patterson (33' 10"), L. Campbell, R. Harrison, B. Patterson.

Javelin Throw.—W. Pattison (126'), W. Wilson, L. Campbell, E. Barrass.

Relay Race.—Watling, Neville, Dunelm.

Intermediate.

High Jump.—(4' 6") Egleton, Fraser, Rose & Robinson (tie), Alderson and Batty (tie).

Long Jump.—(17' 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ ") Egleton, Price, Alderson, Robinson, York, Nicholson.

100 yds.—Wilson, Egleton, Robinson and Beecroft (tie), Ridley, Keppie.

220 yds.—Wilson, Egleton, Beecroft, Keppie, Ridley, York.

350 yds.—Robinson, Fraser, Keppie, Price, Richardson, Beecroft.

Hurdles.—Wilson, Egleton, Robinson and Fraser (tie), York, Price.

Relay Race.—Watling, Tanfield, Dunelm, Neville.

Junior.

High Jump.—(4' 1") Marshall, Mason, Heckels, Roxby, Cornforth, Moore.

Long Jump.—(13' 8") Marshall, Heckels, Croudace, Urwin, Cuthbertson, Moore.

100 yds.—Bailes, Croudace, Moore, Marshall, Atkinson, Appleton.

220 yds.—Bailes, Heckels, Appleton, Roxborough, Mason, Atkinson.

300 yds.—Bailes, Atkinson, Heckels, Cummings, Moore, Cornforth.

Hurdles.—Moore, Croudace, Thompson, Roxborough, Heckels.

Relay Race.—Watling, Neville, Tanfield, Dunelm.

GIRLS.

CHAMPION HOUSE—

Senior.—Neville (35 points).

Intermediate.—Tanfield (23 points).

Junior.—Dunelm (29 $\frac{1}{2}$ points).

Victrix Ludorum.—Denise Gowland—Neville (26 points).

Inter. Champion.—Audrey Turnbull—Neville (14 points).

Junior Champion.—Betty Dearden—Dunelm (16 points).

Seniors.

Long Jump.—S. Lyons, D. Gowland, C. Greenwell.

High Jump.—S. Lyons, D. Gowland, M. Crossley.

100 yds.—D. Gowland, N. Culbert, S. Lyons.

Egg & Spoon.—D. Gowland, G. Greenwell, S. Lyons.

Skipping.—D. Gowland, N. Culbert, S. Lyons.

Sack Race.—D. Gowland, J. Wadge, S. Lyons.

Three-Legged Race.—Gowland & Rooke, Wadge & Dent, Smith & Richardson.

Hockey Dribbling.—Neville, Watling, Tanfield.

Potato Race.—Neville, Dunelm, Tanfield.

Relay Race.—Dunelm, Tanfield, Neville.

Intermediate.

Long Jump.—A. Turnbull, E. Atkinson, P. Mitcheson & J. Simpson (tie).

High Jump.—W. Herdman, P. Mitcheson & M. Little (tie).

100 yds.—J. Eddon, J. Simpson, P. Mitcheson.

Egg & Spoon.—A. Turnbull, J. Hetherington, P. Mitcheson.

Skipping.—A. Turnbull, I. Mason, E. Atkinson.

Sack Race.—J. Hetherington, M. Coulson, F. Hutchinson.

Three-Legged Race.—Fullerton & Barton, Daglish & Eddon, Coulson & Little.

Hockey Dribbling.—Neville, Watling, Dunelm.

Potato Race.—Tanfield, Dunelm, Neville.

Relay Race.—Tanfield, Watling, Dunelm.

Juniors.

Long Jump.—M. Foggon, B. Dearden, J. Hardy & M. Johnston (tie).

High Jump.—J. Hardy, J. Brown, N. Hague. 100 yds.—B. Dearden, J. Brown, N. Hague & C. Pringle (tie).

Egg & Spoon.—N. Hague, K. Oliver, V. Slater.

Skipping.—J. Brown, B. Dearden, C. Pringle.

Sack Race.—B. Dearden, N. Hague, C. Pringle.

Three-Legged Race.—Price & Maudlin, Foggon & Riddell, Craig & Rundell.

Netball Shooting.—Watling, Neville, Dunelm.

Potato Race.—Dunelm, Neville, Watling.

Relay Race.—Tanfield, Dunelm, Watling.

Colours were awarded as follows :

Boys.

Football — R. Harrison, W. Wilson, C. Posselt, B. Patterson, W. Pattison.

Cricket — W. Wilson.

Athletics — W. Pattison, R. Patterson.

Girls.

Tennis — D. Gowland, J. Tomlinson, E. Firstbrook.

Hockey — D. Gowland, Joan Rooke.

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