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EDITORIAL NOTE

STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL,
STANLEY, CO. DURHAM.

Editors.

KENNETH COULSON AND ALICE BOGGON.

Committee.

Mr. Carr, Mr. Dobbs, Mr. Seed, Doreen Bell,
K. Harrison, W. Armstrong.

Readers.

Miss Nicol and Miss Allison.

This is the first attempt the school has made to produce its own magazine. We hope it will prove a success and will continue so. We have been obliged to restrict the amount of material, owing to paper shortage. For this issue we have received two articles from old pupils and we take this opportunity to invite all old students who are interested to contribute articles to our Christmas number. We wish to thank all those who have so willingly helped by writing reports on the school's various activities or by contributing original articles.

Good luck and long life to the magazine !

MR. CARR'S LETTER.

I am sure we all welcome the appearance of a School Magazine. With so many thriving societies, the need has never been greater. It is another outlet for creative activity and all budding journalists are here given their chance. My sympathy is with the Editors, who, I feel convinced, will have difficulty in selecting the most suitable material. Contributors, as well as readers, are needed for a successful effort. With the end of the war, we hope to resume Past Students activities and these pages should be open to their contributions.

We were included among the 10 schools invited to the Shakespearean Festival at St. Hild's. Since there were no prizes, the atmosphere was a jolly one and we all went about congratulating others. We received high praise from influential sources ourselves and were duly elated.

The Education Act is engulfing us in the general system so that we do not look quite so outstanding as in former days. Our prestige must now depend on our deserts, but I feel satisfied we can maintain our position. Our Art work appears in a King Penguin, our School Song, entirely original, is outstanding, and we have just had an invitation to prepare the masks for a play, "The Great God Brown," by Eugene Niel, for the Peoples' Theatre at Newcastle.

MR. CARR, Headmaster.

MR. PAXTON'S LETTER.

Copy of a letter sent by Mr. Paxton, Chairman of the Governors of this school :

"It was with some reluctance that I consented to pen a few lines for publication in your School Magazine. It is not my intention to deal with any specific subject, but rather to offer a few words of praise and encouragement to those who are responsible for the magazine's publication. I sincerely hope that it will prove a huge success and will serve a two-fold purpose, (1) that it will be of some educational value to all its readers and (2) that it will be an avenue whereby students can express their views on current events. The school has many fine achievements to its credit. Let us hope that this venture will prove such another success. Therefore I appeal to all students of the Stanley Grammar School loyally to support their own magazine.

"For the last few years, I have had the very great privilege of coming in contact with you, in both your studies and your social activities, and the one thing that has struck me most forcibly is the fine team spirit that has been displayed in all your activities. The desire to do well for the school as a whole predominates.

"In conclusion, I hope that this spirit will at all times prevail and that not only will the magazine go from success to success, but also that the school will continue to maintain the high and prominent position that it holds in the educational sphere.

Yours,

THOMAS PAXTON, **

ALDERMAN WOOD COLLEGE.

It is half-past five, on the 12th July, 1958. A small, thin man with a large moustache alights from the 5-30 tram at New Tanfield Council Estate. His moustache quivers, he stamps his feet and it is plain he is vexed and perturbed.

This is strange, for he has just passed by rows of white-walled American boss-shaped flats, and the fragrant odour of fish and chips pervades the air from a large rectangular Communal Restaurant overlooking the tram-stand. Could there be a situation more delightful and exhilarating?

As the worried man walks downhill to Alderman Wood College—so called in Sir William Beveridge's Second Education Act of November, 1952—he may be heard to mutter plaintively: "Oh, my poor boy! There is something wrong; he said it finished at 3-30. My poor Winston! He is lost!"

Our little hero, like so many other visitors of the past, is filled with awe as he passes through the imposing main entrance of our great college. Inside, he hears shouts of laughter, the wailing of musical instruments and the clatter of desks as if the scholars were working 'overtime.'

The first room which attracts his attention is crowded with pupils blowing or sawing all the members of the musical race, from grandfather oboes to little tin whistles.

"My!" thinks our hero, "it sounds like Adrian Boult on the B.B.C.!"

The second room displays a notice, "Sports' Committee—No Latecomers" and the small man, Mr. Bones, can see two pupils indulging in a wrestling match amidst delighted vociferations from the onlookers.

As Mr. Bones passes Room 8, he hears strange foreign voices and sees a notice, "Société Francaise." "Ah," he thinks, "Poor bairns! kept in to learn Greek."

Completely cowed amidst so much culture, our hero plucks up his courage and enters the next room which exhibits a large rectangular placard, "Committee for the setting up and management of New Societies."

"Excuse me" he says, "My son, Winston Bones, hasn't returned yet. I thought, I wondered if . . . perhaps, . . . you may know . . ."

A tall sixth-former interrupts him . . . "Oh, he will have stayed for one of the Societies. I will look him up in the register." The boy opens a gigantic volume marked "A—C."
"Ah! Winston Joe Roosevelt Bones,

Dramatic Society. I move that Mr. Bones tries the Dramatic Society in the Dining Hall." The motion is seconded and passed and Mr. Bones is ushered out of the room.

His mouth waters at the smell of roasting cheese as he enters the Hall. Trolleys of Semolina puddings and other wholesome foods arrest his attention. These victuals are part of tomorrow's dinner, for the Ministry of Food has decided that, to save fuel, the dinners shall be cooked the preceding day and put in refrigerators at night. The system is astonishingly efficient—like most Government solutions to such problems!

Feeling a gnawing pain where his waistcoat would be if he wore one, our hero turns to regard the Dramatic Society. He is appalled, to say the least, when an actor brandishes a sword at him and shouts in fiendish glee, "Turn, hell-hound, turn!" Rallying from the shock, he perceives his son, sword in hand and oblivious of all such mundane things as the chips, waiting for him since four o'clock. Drama has captured him for her own! With a sudden movement, he turns upon his father, declaring,

"Of all men else have I avoided thee
"Get thee back. . . ."

A passer-by would have heard a small man at the return tramstand passionately muttering through his large moustache,

"This modern education! So that's what they teach them nowadays. 'Hound' indeed. Wait till he comes home—I'll learn him."
G. PARBROOK.

CHESS CLUB.

The Chess Club is flourishing and can now boast a membership of twenty-five persons. Until recently, it was completely composed of males, but now two young ladies have joined us.

We have just completed a Chess Tournament, and the high standard of the games played shows that members are acquiring greater skill.

Colin Luke or Roger Simpson and Billy Pattison are to be congratulated on winning the Senior and Junior Championships respectively.

Our Headmaster, Mr. Carr, has spared us much of his valuable time in helping us to improve our play.

We meet each Tuesday in the Library. The meetings last until 4-30, and new members will be welcome.

A MURDER WITH A MORAL.

Now listen, my most learned friends,
 To this tale of direst woe,
 Of a murder by the sixth form done,
 Not very long ago.
 We'd barely read one page of Burke,
 A page but barely one,
 When Mouse peep'd out, and surely
 thought
 He'd be an English don.
 Round about my feet he played,
 As if by Burke attracted,
 Then hearing of my feline name
 Away from me he started.
 Boldly, boldly did he step,
 And louder did he squeak ;
 The girls did scream, the boys did laugh,
 But the teacher did not speak.
 Scornfully she looked at us,
 And then returned to Burke,
 Till Mouse who knew of manners nought,
 Disturbed her at her work.
 " Will no one rid me of this pest ? "
 Full loudly did she cry ;
 Straightway rushed out two heroes bold
 Prepared to do or die.
 Mouse was cornered,—
 Attack closed in,—
 Girls did stare,—
 And boys did grin.
 Down came a foot of no small weight
 On that poor squeaking thing ;
 Quite dead it was, there just remained
 Its requiem to sing.
 Then back to Burke we all returned,
 Murd'ers without a doubt ;
 Stained with guilt and torn with shame,
 We threw the dead mouse out.
 Now from this murder we point out
 The moral duty drawn.
 Never invade the VIth form room
 To be an English don !

ALICE BOGGON.

SPEECH DAY.

Speech Day was held this year on Friday, March 23rd. For the first time since the beginning of the war, parents and friends were able to be present.

As usual, the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. Paxton, opened the proceedings with a few introductory remarks. Mr. Carr in the Headmaster's report, gave a resumé of the school's activities since its opening in 1912. During the war, despite adverse conditions, we have achieved, scholastically, even more than usual success.

The principal speaker was Mr. Bell, a former pupil, now Chief Constable of Manchester. His speech was interesting and amusing, and not too long—a great consideration in the eyes of the school and probably in those of the parents and staff, also ! Margaret Seymour, the Head Girl, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Bell.

The school showed its appreciation of the prize-winners in the usual fashion.

There was an innovation this year—the School Choir (ably organised and trained by Mr. Dobbs and Miss Richardson). The items contributed by the choir were truly enjoyable, as the audience showed. An unusual item was the Choral speaking, rendered by the Second, Third and Sixth Year girls. These, too, were enjoyed.

We heard for the first time, the school song, the words of which were written by Alice Boggon, Form 6, and the music by Mr. Dobbs. The day was ended by the singing of " Jerusalem " by all present.

We have one criticism to make—only Mr. Carr used the microphone, with the result that the other speakers were almost inaudible at the back of the hall, which, of course, made that part of the audience restive. Finally, we must thank those boys who prepared and, later, tidied the hall.

THE LIBRARY.

Books to the value of over £40 were ordered and a long list of substitutes suggested, but of these only 44 books came to hand and those, unfortunately, not of the greatest general interest. The prospect is not much better this year. We are indeed grateful to Miss Allison and her assistants.

THE MUSIC SOCIETY.

The Music Society was formed with the primary aim of learning about music through hearing it and making it.

On 16th Feb., we held our first meeting. Mr. Dobbs gave a talk on the Romantic period in Music, which we were to study throughout the Spring Term. To form a background for this period in music, we had talks concerning romanticism in English and French Literature, from Miss Nicol, Miss Allison and Miss Hakin. On the 23rd Feb., our first Open Session was held. This was a concert of instrumental and vocal music which was a great success, and which added

