

GRAMMARIAN



STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL



GRAMMARIAN

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EDITORIAL

Stanley Grammar School,
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In the last magazine we expressed our pleasure and the honour which had come to the school by the fact that Roger Simpson and June Ross had each won a State Scholarship. Since then June has added a further honour by gaining entrance to St. ——— College at Oxford. Hearty congratulations June, and every success at Oxford! While she was at school June took a keen interest in the Music Society and rendered it invaluable service in her office of secretary.

The Christmas Edition of the *Grammarians* was a great success, judging not only by its sale but also by the praise which other schools in the county have accorded it. Mr. Seed sent copies of the magazine to all the Grammar schools in the county and we have received magazines from Consett Grammar School, Rutherford Grammar School, Wolsingham Grammar School, Ryhope Grammar School and King James 1st Grammar School at Bishop Auckland. We should like to thank all these schools very much and hope that this exchange of magazines may be continued. The above mentioned magazines are in the Senior Library, if anyone has not yet seen them.

We welcome Mr. Hamilton and Miss Westall to the school and hope that they will enjoy their short term here.

School parties are going to be the fashion during the Easter holidays. Miss Thompson is going to take a group of senior pupils to Paris for one week and the experience gained should be of great use to those pupils who are taking the oral French examination in School Certificate and Higher School Certificate examinations in the summer. Another group is going to the Peak District while a party of Sixth Year pupils is going to spend a week in the Lake District. A happy holiday to all three parties.

The news that Whit-week is not to be a school holiday has so far raised a great storm. As this week is going to be added to the summer holiday, most people must prefer a longer vacation in the summer—hence their quiet acceptance of the change.

With the approach of the tennis season everyone is eagerly waiting to see if there is to be a new tennis court. This will be particularly welcome to the tennis enthusiasts, whose play at school is hampered by our having only one court.

The after-school film shows which have been a regular feature of the school's activities are to be continued during the summer term but on Wednesday evenings only.

The advertisers who so kindly support our magazine have renewed their support for another year and we would like to thank them very much for their generous aid.

The editorial staff are very grateful for the articles which have been sent in by past students. Their contributions are always interesting and it is pleasant to know that loyal support is still given to the magazine by those who have left school. If only similar enthusiasm was shown and such keen support given by the school the magazine would be even better.

M.A.

THE COMPASS PLAYERS' PRODUCTION OF "COMUS."

JANUARY, 1950.

The chief obstacle to be faced by a company presenting "Comus" is the possibility of the audience's finding the extremely long speeches tedious. Particularly is this true in the case of the modern audience accustomed to rather rapid dialogue. Although for myself no speech of Milton could ever have a superfluous syllable, it was obvious that other members of the audience at this production had been somewhat apprehensive about this difficulty; but the Compass Players skilfully overcame it by their liberal use of pause and gesture, and sympathetic movement and expression. One remembers especially the facial expressions and the frequent cross stage strides of the two brothers during their difficult philosophical debate, and the way the Attendant Spirit divided his opening speech of almost a hundred lines by stepping down from the rostrum, thus breaking up a long speech into two shorter addresses.

Yet perhaps the most striking feature of the production was the movement-gesture, miming and ballet. Movement was of supreme importance in the original masques performed by mummings, and Mr. Charles Williams has referred to "Comus" as a ritualistic "Ballet"; thus the Compass Players were wise to concentrate on this. The broadsweeping movements from the shoulders of the good characters were magnificent, Sabrina, in her stately semi-circular advance and retreat around the stage succeeded in conveying all that she characterises in the masque—the supreme power and awful beauty of chastity—"virtue in her shape how lovely"; and one admired the carefully controlled movements of the lady when gradually liberated from the "marble venomous seat." This kind of movement was markedly contrasted with that of Comus and his riotous followers. The movements of their heads, fingers, arms and legs were ugly, abrupt, pointed rather than sweeping. The first exotic dance of Comus and his crew was wonderfully exciting; and the burlesque of the two revellers who so unobtrusively changed the stage properties symbolised with admirable clarity the intemperate passions, "swilled insolence," confusion, powerlessness and absurdity of Comus' prisoners. The arrangement of movement

is apparently a speciality of the Compass Players, for one remembers vividly its effective part in their production of *The Pardoner's Tale*.

Settings and costumes could obviously not be so lavish as in the original masques, when designers like Inigo Jones would bring seas, ships and castles on to the scene; when gods and goddesses would descend from the heaven in solid clouds and rainbows; and when the bills presented to the Master of the Revels for the satins and laces and damasks rose exceedingly high. The settings and costumes in this production were nevertheless well-chosen, adequate and extremely beautiful. The concentration on the colours black, white, silver and gold ensured harmony and lent regal splendour to the scene. One enjoyed, too, the music of Purcell, and it was a happy idea to begin and end the performance with it for the entertainments in the great halls would no doubt include this.

My only disappointment in the production was the omission of part of the final scene—speech with which the Attendant Spirit, disguised as Thyrsis, presents the children to their parents; for this speech is characteristic of Milton from youth to old age, expressing as it does his firm belief in the life of inward struggle against temptation. The children have been tested, their essential virtue has triumphed. Their's and Milton's, is no cloistered virtue, but the virtue which does battle. Moreover the inclusion of this scene would have conveyed the important idea of the masque's being presented in some great hall before the lord and lady; these were often involved slightly in the action (as, for example, in Milton's *Arcades*) and always I believe, courteously acknowledged in some way in the masque as being present at the performance.

This production, however, is an achievement for the Compass Players, whose teamwork is excellent. It is perhaps a greater achievement for them than the *Pardoner's Tale*. Chaucer's work, despite the difficulties produced by his language, must always appeal to all men, because it deals with the eternal qualities of human beings, has lively humour, sly wit and amazing vitality, and presents wonderful stories. Milton's work on the other hand, requires deep thought, sensitive and scholarly appreciation, and perhaps, in the case of young people, patience. The fact that the Compass Players could stage "Comus" so successfully,

and hold the interest of a hall of school children in a work much criticised by eminent critics for its tedium and singularly undramatic nature, must afford each one of them satisfaction.

JUNE ROSS, VI.

MATHEMATICAL DEFINITIONS.

The competition under the above heading, which we announced in our last edition, proved too difficult and only brought in one entry, which was unacceptable. We repeat the definitions below together with the correct solutions. You may find some of them rather obscure but when finally traced they are found to be really good.

1. It is Greek to me, and sounds like grass. (Alpha).
2. Take care to get it. (Acre).
3. "Some" in Stanley. (Sum).
4. A maiden disarranged. (Median).
5. To gather in a different form. (Angle. Anagram glean).
6. Are these two families? At least there is eleven between two mothers. (MaXImum).
7. It can be made to do the work of soap. (Scalene. Anagram—cleanse).
8. You are if you don't get this. (Obtuse).
9. It could be once. (Cone).
10. There are wooden ones, and some are wooden when they tackle them. (Stocks).
11. Partners of No. 10. (Shares).
12. Proverbially it is better than precept. (Practice).
13. Corset (Anagram). (Sector).
14. Add five to something which is senseless. (InVert).
15. Add an era to 2. (Acreage).
16. There are three of the parts in the whole. (Triangle).
17. Associated with prunes! (Prisms).
18. Pithy, and comes to a point when rearranged. (Laconic—conical).
19. A musical straight line. (Chord).
20. Covert (Anagram). (Vector).

A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

It was Sunday, May 15th, and I was very excited because I had just been given the opportunity to go to Belgium. I had to get my passport and book my seat by the following Saturday so I did everything as quickly as possible, and then I had to wait to see if my passport arrived in time. Well, it did arrive and everything was set for my friend and me to leave on Monday, May 25th, by

the 10.5 p.m. train from Newcastle to London.

I don't know why I went to school on the Monday, because I could not pay any attention to the lessons, and all the time I longed for 10 o'clock to come.

My friend and I had sleeping compartments on the train, so the journey to London seemed to pass very quickly, and then we went on to Dover. Until then I had thought myself a good sailor, but I soon found that I was mistaken. The boat had just left the harbour when I was sea-sick. However, this condition didn't last and after a while I climbed to the upper deck to have a look round. This was the first time I had been out of sight of land and I felt completely lost.

We were met at Ostend by my friend's parents who gave me a grand welcome. From Ostend to Brussels they pointed out all the different places of interest and I felt quite at ease. In Jette, where my friend lives there were more people to greet us. They were all very kind and I think they deliberately spoke every English word they knew to make me feel welcome.

Soon I was to have my biggest surprise. It was time for a meal; so I was taken to the larder to choose what I wanted to eat. The sight of all the foodstuffs made me speechless. I saw some things that I didn't even know existed and it was so long since I had tasted others that I had forgotten about them too. I thought, "Surely, all Belgian people don't live like this?" But I was soon to find that they did. During my stay I saw all types of people and even the poorest always ate well.

Everywhere I went I looked at the houses and shops. The shops were all well arrayed, but it was the sweet shops that held my eyes the longest. I could not remember having such things as white chocolate or liqueurs, and I have never seen such wide variety of chocolate before. The houses were not in long monotonous streets as the majority are in the Stanley area. They had all individual characteristics and it was obvious that the Belgian people were very proud of their homes.

It was in Brussels that I thought people were most funny. I didn't know when the people were speaking French or Flemish because they always spoke so quickly. I enjoyed myself most in the large stores and the cafes. One morning my friend and I

had an ice in one of these cafes and when I asked how much they were the waitress answered in French, but when she thought I had forgotten the tip she managed to say, "There is nothing for me." This was the only English she knew. In any of the small cafes where they serve drinks we could see people of all ages drinking beer, and they never queried my age even when my friend and I went to a night-club.

The customs officer had been very slack on our entry into Belgium, but my friend knew from experience that they were much stricter going back.

At Dover the Customs were even more strict. The officer chose to open the case in which were the shoes I had bought in Brussels, but he only looked at the soles, and as they had been worn he passed on until he saw a coconut and he made more fuss about this than he did about anything else.

Soon we were on the train for Newcastle and I was thinking of my holiday, the people I had met and their great kindness.

MARGARET MOULD.

THE SIXTH FORM.

I wish to-night to lecture on the sixth form of your academy. I hasten to add that I do not *wish* to write on such a subject, but owing to an authors' strike my finances are running low, and with great reluctance I have been prevailed upon to write this article.

First of all I wish to comment on their appearance (which is revolting). These youths wander around in most unsuitable clothing. Most of them are to be seen in hideous sports jackets, repulsive, multi-coloured ties, baggy trousers and purple stockings. Nowhere is there to be found a decent school blazer ("Oh, we're men. Much too old to wear such things.") Their hair is either brushed back (eight inches long) or marcel waved. (No objections please! I refuse to believe those waves are natural.

These fashions may be suitable for Los Angeles gangsters, but not fitting for (presumably) Intelligent People.

The conduct of these individuals would not be so serious, were they to remain at school for the rest of their lives, but this same sixth will, at some future date, be the citizens

of England!!! These creatures, who are not capable of keeping a mass of first formers in order (unless by bullying) can hardly be expected to rule a country wisely and well.

Something must be done and quickly. I suggest importing a number of more stable cultured foreign youths (preferably Russians) to rule our country, and send our sixth form to the salt mines of Siberia, where neither intelligence nor culture is needed!

N.B.—The author of this article owing to his supreme modesty, wishes to remain anonymous.

THIS TERM'S BIOGRAPHY. MADAME CURIE.

In the small Polish town of Novolipki eighty-three years ago, Marie Sklodowski was born. She was the youngest child of Professor Vladislav Sklodowski, Headmaster of the High School for Boys.

She was a rather delicate child but made up for this by being something of a child prodigy. She amazed her family by picking up a lesson book and reading faultlessly. This happened a few days after her fourth birthday at an age when other children are attending kindergarten. It must be remembered that she taught herself to read without the aid of her brothers and sisters.

At the age of eighteen we find her at a well-to-do Russian's house, acting as governess to his children. However, as the Russians were, to say the least of it, hostile to Poland, she wisely decided to leave Russia and go to Paris. There she spent all her slender savings on books and managed to gain a place in the University. She decided to take a degree in Science and it was while she was attending the University that she met a young student whose name was Pierre Curie. Not long after this meeting they were married and looking for a place to start a home.

Having both passed their final examinations with credit, they found employment as research workers in Paris. One day a fellow scientist told them of strange radiations he had noticed coming from a lump of pitchblende in his possession. The Curies decided to look into the matter and soon realised that they were "on to something big." They rented an old, broken down shed in which to

carry on their experiments. This shed was like a refrigerator in winter and an oven in summer. For days on end Marie Curie stood by a cauldron of boiling pitch-blende, stirring it with an iron rod, taller than herself. She checked and re-checked her results but found no mistake and at last on December 26th, 1898, the Curies announced to the world that they had discovered a new chemical element which they called Radium. However, it was not till 1902, nearly forty-five months after the discovery of radium, that pure radium was produced. No one but the Curies had any idea of how much work was put into those forty-five months.

This new element was found to have strange properties. It glowed in semi-darkness, it emitted rays which could be stopped only by lead walls and it destroyed diseased tissues. The last named property made radium the greatest remedy for cancer yet known.

The world acclaimed these two young people as the greatest scientists of their day. However tragedy struck the couple in their hour of triumph. Pierre Curie absent-mindedly stepped off the pavement of a Paris street and the wheel of a cart killed this scientist with such a promising future.

Madame Curie, although stricken with grief, continued with her great work and when she died on July 4th, 1934, she had been honoured by every scientific body that mattered in the world. It is a strange fact that the substance she discovered caused her death, for radium is very harmful when handled too much. Thus died a woman who had brought new hope to millions of sufferers.

FROM A HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPT DUG UP TWO YEARS LATER.

Our army was encamped on the Stanley side of Hustledown Burn. It consisted of the whole Westantio Tanfieldleala Southmoo division, numbering in all fifteen (15) men.

On the next day we attacked the Quakio defence positions on Quaky Fells and the Quakio fortress situated on Quaky Quarry. First of all the eight officers in our number went forward followed by all four men whilst the three members of the penal battalion (Convicts 81, 81A, 81B) manhandled the Mark 92 ballista. After seventeen unsuccessful attempts the

objective was abandoned and their interests were centered on trying out the new Mark 1 cannon. They had just finished loading when Chief Field Marshall R. R. came up and seeing the convicts 81A half asleep yelled "Fire." Immediately convict 81A stood up, mechanically grabbed convict 81B, rammed him into the barrel, pulled the firing lanyard and said, "Number One gun fired, sir." Anyone seeing any bits of blue serge suit or black and red muffler please return them to the ever mourning friends (old gag, new setting). The Quakio Commander, General J. T., directed his fire well and our army was being continually straddled by conkers, pieces of chalk and Houghwell water acid (then a new discovery). Our casualties were very heavy and we were soon reduced to 7 officers, 4 men and 1 convict. The first casualty occurred when someone shouted, "Here comes the School Board Officer." Colonel R. H. has never been seen since. Convict S. M. (81) tried to redeem himself by charging single-handed the enemy positions. Unluckily, however, he fell into the burn and was immediately dissolved. The great battle came to an end when a shell from our gun hit the Quakio ammunition dump. There was a terrific explosion, the enemy were wiped out and, just as in the case of the island of Krakatoa, sunsets had unusual beauty for the next five years.

Please Note. This was originally written when author was in Form III (Ah! happy days) and was just dug out and sent to the magazine committee as a rush job. Of course anyone reading this will find it a very good simplified introduction into the history of a Form which first happened in September, 1945.

NIGHT BY THE SEA.

Softly falls the closing shadows
Of each simple, long lived day.
Silently the sun's descending
O'er the silver shimmering bay.

One by one the moonbeams flicker
O'er the silver shining foam.
Boats are in the harbour resting
'Till once more 'tis time to roam.

Nothing stirs and all is silent.
Everyone has gone to rest,
Dreaming dreams of home and friendships,
Dreams that are so dear and best.

JOYCE LANGDON, 3B.

SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

At the outbreak of war all new school building was stopped and so our gymnasium and our biology laboratory were left at ground level. Now after a lapse of ten years, it has been decided that building at our school shall recommence, but in the intervening years ideas have changed and so new plans are being prepared. They have not yet reached their final form but certain decisions have been taken.

Probably the first part of the scheme to be carried out will be the laying down of two new tennis courts, the netting for which has already been delivered, and some turf for which has been cut. We hope the courts will be in use next season.

The gymnasium as originally planned was too small by present-day standards, so the existing foundations are to be extended.

It was intended that the biology laboratory should be above the gymnasium but now it is proposed to give it a site of its own at the western end of the school, in a position roughly corresponding with that of the gymnasium at the eastern end.

The present entrance is considered to be quite unsuitable for a grammar school and so attempts are to be made to make one which will be more dignified and imposing.

A number of other alterations and additions are being considered but are not sufficiently definite for comment at the present time. However, enough has been said to show that when the scheme is completed our school will be quite modern, and one of which we can all be proud.

THE MARATHON.

The Marathon is run over a distance of 26 miles 385 yards and commemorates the feat of a Greek named Pheidippides, who ran from the village of Marathon to Athens in 490 B.C., bearing the news that the Persians had been defeated. The feat was so severe a test that Pheidippides fell dead with exhaustion as soon as he had delivered his message.

Despite the fact that the race is so long, youth is of no advantage. Most runners who participate in this event are men in their thirties or forties who have trained long

and consistently as cross-country and track runners. Although there are some first-class Marathon runners who are splendid physical specimens, most of them are lightly built.

Perhaps the best known Marathon was that run at London in the 1908 Olympic Games. The day was hot and sultry. The leaders set a fast pace but this began to take its toll after the first fifteen miles. By that time the leaders were almost down to a walking pace. Dorando Pietri, an Italian and a waiter by profession, was the first to enter the White City Stadium, but the spurt with which he passed Hefferon, a South African, had exhausted him. The severe strain of the sun had left him almost unconscious and all he could do was to stagger on in the direction of the tape. Determination alone kept him on his feet. Then he fell to the ground, raised himself, tottered forward for a few paces then once more he fell. Almost heart breakingly he regained his feet and came in sight of the tape. The officials who surrounded him urged him on with their cheering. Fifty yards from the tape Dorando burst into a pathetic spurt but fell only ten yards from the tape. He dragged himself up and managed to stagger drunkenly to his goal.

The effort nearly ended Dorando's life for his pulse almost ceased. Unfortunately a medical officer had helped both him and Hayes on. The Italian was disqualified and Hefferon, who finished third, very sportingly declined to protest so that the honour of winning the race went to Hayes. The sympathy of the public went to Dorando and Queen Alexandra consoled him by presenting him with a gold cup.

Although the honour of winning this Marathon was not Dorando's his name will be remembered long after those of Hayes and Hefferon have been forgotten. His story will go down in the annals of sport and his determination will be talked about for years to come.

DID YOU KNOW ?

Many who go to Fenham Baths perhaps never realise how historic is this suburb of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Until I was five years old I lived quite close to Fenham Hall, but it was not until

recently that I learnt of its historic associations.

Fenham Hall had been built by the Riddes of Swinburne Castle, in 1504, but it was not until many years later that John Graham Clark, an East India Merchant, came to live there. One of his visitors was a young man called Barrett, who married his daughter, Miss Graham Clark. Their daughter was Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the famous poetess and wife of Robert Browning, some of whose earliest poems were sent to her grandparents at Fenham Hall.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century smugglers flourished at Fenham. Their lair was underground, in a cave containing not only stalagmites and stalagmites, but also their illicit whisky distillery. Long suspecting excise officers found the entrance to the gallery leading to the cave, and in 1822 the raid was made. In the cave enough spirit was found for the distilling of fifty gallons of whisky. The smugglers were absent at the time of the raid and the entrance to the gallery was sealed up. It is now impossible to attempt to discover a way in as even at that time the entrance was in a derelict pit working.

There were many years ago a few pits at Fenham, but of these there are now no traces. A fire began at Elswick pit and continued to burn underground for more than thirty years, causing miniature volcanoes in Fenham. This action has ended now and where there was once scrub land, purchased in 1308 for 54/4, there is now a pleasant suburb of Newcastle.

A. M. S. LYNN, V.B.
 A. M. LYNN, V.B.
 SPINKER

THE FIRST ATTEMPT.

One night in early June last year we finally decided where we were going to hold our annual camp. The place decided on was Glencoe in the western highlands of Scotland. One of the members of our party had camped in that region before and could therefore give us a good idea of the places to see and visit.

One of the places mentioned was Ossian's Cave. This cave is a well-known sight, easily picked out by travellers along the new road through Glencoe. From the road can be seen three mountains, very close together called the "Three Sisters." Near the top of the first of these is the cave looking long, narrow and very black from the road below. The Gaelic

name for this peak is Aonach Dubh and it looked just as formidable as the name. Having heard of it we decided to "have a go" at climbing it there and then.

Having reached Glencoe we spent a few days practising rock climbing. Amongst these practice climbs was a carefree stroll up the grassy slopes of the Pap of Glencoe (2,430 feet; gradient about 1 in 2½). Several of the members found this climb the only experience of mountaineering which they needed and spent the rest of a happy holiday at just above sea level. The weeding-out process and the practices over, the big day for our attempt came—a day to be remembered by seven of us—August 1st, 1949. After lunch we made our way along the old Glencoe road to the foot of the mountain. At this time it was raining slightly but not nearly hard enough to damp our spirits. As we gazed at the cave 2,000 feet up, we felt in our pockets to make sure that we carried a pencil for by that time we had learnt that in Ossian's Cave is kept a book into which the successful rock-climbers can enter their names. Then we stopped gazing and the twelve of us commenced to climb.

It was a scramble most of the way. By this I mean it was impossible to walk upright and we had to go on our hands and knees. We climbed steadily in a compact group for some time and then began to straggle. The going was heavy and at times very dangerous for in one place we were forced to cross a smooth, downward sloping rock about twenty feet across. Over it ran water which came down as a little waterfall from a rock above. It was just after this point that one of the others and myself lost touch with the main party and continued our climbing together. Of the three parties which finally reached a point just below the lower lip of the cave we found the easiest way—trust us to do that. The other parties found the quickest and the most dangerous way, but we maintain ours was the easiest. Our view of the cave was cut off by an overhanging piece of rock and when we did reach the last lap we did not realise how near we were. We climbed to the top of a little knoll, crossed a ravine formed by a mountain stream which had miraculously dried up to enable us to cross, rounded the overhanging rock and there was the cave above us. Another party of two had reached this place before us and, on seeing them, we immediately asked where the others had got to but they had also separated at the same time as we had.

The cave was just above us with a dangerous climb up to it which would need a rope. This we did not have. We had to wait in pouring rain which inevitably began at some time in the day. At last three others came—and with them the rope. Our hopes ran high but then disaster came—in two forms. I think Ossian must have been exhorting the weather clerk to greater things for we were almost washed from our perches. An attempt was made with the rope, however, and three of us succeeded in getting a closer look into the cave. Then came a shout from somewhere below informing us that one of the five we had thought had turned back had not done so and was now decorating a waterfall. Like a proper ornament he could not mov. either way until help came. We decided to postpone our visit until another summer, uneventful day which has yet to come.

The ornament was hauled to safety by means of a bowline on the end of a rope and from then we beat the retreat downwards. On the homeward journey we heard of what had happened to the others. On the way up, the same person who was to be the "ornament" had asked one of the others to throw his haversack down to him. The latter not being a very good judge of distance threw the haversack which sailed over the head of the owner and merrily continued its way downwards. Some of the members volunteered to recover it and when they finally got to it found the view from that particular spot very beautiful. They stayed there and then realised that the others were too far ahead by then and they accordingly faced about.

Well, that is the story. I can only add that most of us were members of the Scott and Mallory patrols, the significance of which I think everyone can realise and we, like them, were not disgraced by our failure.

Q. MALLORY, 1st Annfield Plain.

THE JOYS OF ANTICIPATION.

Have you ever tried to plan a route for a holiday? No? Well, take my advice and don't, unless you want to go stark, raving mad!

I started Youth Hostelling last year, but was not troubled with the routes. The others arranged that, and I was content to book up

at any hostel I was told. That was easy—the various complications of meals, refusals and numbers are nothing compared to those of planning a route.

R—— decided we were going to the Peak District at Easter, and we agreed. The usual route-planners had left school, so, rashly, they left that business to us at school, as we could arrange things together more easily.

We eventually discovered the whereabouts of the Peak District, and I settled down with my friends (about as ignorant as I am) to plan the route. We were going down to Derby on a lorry, and were to start our walking tour from there. Armed with a map and Y.H.A. Handbook we arranged a route which seemed quite good. J—— then phoned the lorry-owner to make final arrangements, and was told the lorry didn't reach Derby till midnight! Well we would arrive at the hostel in time for breakfast—and it would save money). Route No. 1 was therefore abandoned, and we began again at the other end of the Peak District. We were to get off the lorry further up the road (at about tea-time) and get the bus to the first hostel. The rest of the way was simple. Unfortunately we did not use a handbook this time, and were later informed that this first hostel was open only on Saturdays, and of course we did not want to go on Saturday. This brilliant informer had also planned a route, starting at Sheffield, but the lorry does not go anywhere near there.

And so Route No. 2 was no good.

By this time I was getting slightly worried, but we plodded on. We held a meeting at school, and studied the map closely. Then we found a hostel on the road at T——. So we decided to get off the lorry right there. It was miles from any other hostel, but it would have to do. Oh how much of my time was spent that week as, surrounded by maps, we planned the rest of the third route. At last we had it complete; we gave out hostels and demanded immediate booking. Yet the very next day one of the clever boys discovered there was no hostel at T——, and we were depending on it! Then the madness began to creep on. There was only one thing for it—the police station at T——. We could always break a few windows. Of course we might find a couple of barns, or we could walk all night! At least if we did that we would arrive at our next hostel in time. We tried hard to think of the pleasures of an

all-night walk—how pretty the stars would be, how exciting, but then there would be no nice hot tea, it would probably rain, and there would be no moon and we would lose our way and.....

And then a bright boy actually arranged a sensible route! It worked! No barns, no police stations, it couldn't fail. There were alternatives for each hostel so we began to book. Already we have had two refusals—two hostels near each other—so now the minor complications arise.

Well, if you see eight Sixth-formers having a picnic at the Greengates, or even on the hockey field you will know why. We are just exhausted, and if we do get a route that works out right we probably will not have strength to walk it. So be warned!

WINNIE.

ERIC OR LITTLE BY LITTLE.

As the teacher comes into the room, Eric's neighbour pokes him in the ribs to waken him from his dreams. Sighing wearily, he methodically takes his books out of his bag one by one. Just as slowly he puts his books back into his bag, sorting out the ones he needs for his lesson. Suddenly he finds his pencil needs sharpening (if it doesn't he slyly breaks the point) so he wastes more time looking for his knife. He finds it and slowly opens the blade. Then he decides his razor would be better. Cunningly he drops his knife on the floor, picks it up and then begins to search for his razor. By this time industrious people like C.J., J.D., and R.H. have six problems done.

Eric finds that his pen, ruler and ink have disappeared. He immediately accuses his neighbour who denies it and they then indulge in an argument which lasts about five minutes. Suddenly the teacher's voice bawls, "Eric do me fifty lines." Eric gloats over his bad luck and decides to do some work. He picks up his pencil, writes number one down on his book and then the bell goes.

ANON.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

Photographic Society.

It was at the beginning of the Christmas Term that the Photographic Society started. Since then we have had meetings every Thursday. At first as the numbers increased the members were divided into two groups which met on alternate weeks, but then it was found that all those wishing to come could be accommodated on the one night.

Up to the present members have been very enthusiastic in developing their own prints. The use of exposure boxes greatly reduced the time wasted in walking from the physics laboratory to the chemistry laboratory and back again just to expose a print. At the first meetings the exposure and developing times had to be found by experiment, but under the helpful guidance of the photographically-minded section of the staff, the standard of prints has shown a marked improvement.

Members develop their own films as well as printing them. These are done in daylight in a special tank by the time and temperature method. After once having been successful one finds the operation very simple and accurate.

This term brought a little more variety when Mr. Robinson very kindly allowed us the use of his enlarger. After a few demonstrations the process of enlarging was found to be quite interesting.

Eventually we hope to be equipped with our own enlarger and to explore other fields of photography.

J. NICHOLSON (Sec.)

The Geography Society.

The activities of the Autumn Term began with a talk given by Joan Richardson, Jean Tomlinson, Roger Simpson and Ernest Barrass on Holland, where they had spent their holidays. Jean and Roger were cycling, a painful experience, as they soon found out for the roads are not paved but cobbled as there is a great shortage of coal there. In spite of this, however, nearly everyone in Holland possesses a bicycle for the relief of the land is ideal for cycling. They found the

Youth Hostels to be slightly different from those in England for they were open much earlier and the evenings are a social event, most people having with them a small musical instrument.

On October 17th and November 21st there were film shows in the Art Room, the first being a film on Nigeria and the second films called, "We of the West Riding" and "New Earth."

On November 7th Major Hennessy gave a very interesting talk on the West African Colonies where he had spent several years and so could give us some first hand information which proved to be not only informative but amusing. Contrary to the popular belief that the African native is lazy, he has proved himself to be industrious for in less than fifty years Nigeria and the Gold Coast (which in 1900 had no cocoa trees) together produce more than half the world's cocoa. A great number of these trees are now suffering from a disease known as swollen shoot and the number affected is increasing yearly and it is estimated that if a cure cannot be found in ten years' time all the trees will be affected. The educational facilities have much improved in recent years and now there are three universities and one college in the colonies.

On November 28th Miss Ferguson, the Principal of St. Mary's College, Durham, gave a talk on "A Camping Trip Through Greece." She went with a few friends to Greece in 1937 and she gave us an account of her trip, with the help of photographs she had taken.

Last term there was an excursion to the "Evening Chronicle" Office, Newcastle, but as only twenty people were allowed to go the excursion was restricted to sixth year pupils. It is hoped that there will be another excursion next term.

This term began with a talk given by Mr. Carr on "Scotland." He described to us a cycling holiday he had had, and he made such a holiday seem so enjoyable and inexpensive that everyone went away determined to spend such a holiday soon.

We had to have a film show and a lecture cancelled this term because the Central Office of Information was not allowed to send out its men because of the forthcoming general election. However, Mr. Conroy kindly offered to give a talk on India on February 13th. He had spent six months in

India during 1945 working in the Educational branch of the army. We were surprised to learn of the terribly low wages of the Indian servants, some of whom get only about 1/6 a week and on that they must support a wife and several children.

We are hoping to have two more lectures this term.

RITA SCOTT (Sec.)

The Music Society.

The year began with an illustrated talk on Beethoven, by Frank Pearson, which was instructive as well as interesting. On the 4th February, Peter Kennedy's visit was made an open night and even the boys agreed that they had had a good if fatiguing night's dancing.

On the 11th February a miscellaneous programme was given by members. The last programme of the term was a St. David's night. In this delightful programme we heard an excerpt from the "The Corn is Green," Welsh hymns, the record "Blest Pair of Sirens" (Parry) and some of W. H. Davies' poems.

On Saturday, March 5th, a party visited Durham Cathedral when Canon Greenslade conducted them round the library showing them copies of church music manuscripts by Byrd and Mosely.

The summer term programme began on 29th April with items by the members. This included songs, poems and community singing. On the 6th May a film was shown illustrating piano-playing technique which attracted many juniors wishing to improve their own. Another film was shown on the following Monday.

On 13th May, Mr. Yockney gave his nocturne programme. These were miscellaneous pieces and were very enjoyable. On 20th May a talk was given on Grieg, his life and music by Norma Suddick.

In June we had a visit from a member of the International Ballet who gave a lecture on Ballet. Two days later a large party of Society members, plus other members of the school, went to the International Ballet in Newcastle to see "Swan Lake."

NORMA SUDDICK.



THE SCHOOL, FROM THE PLAYING FIELD.



HOCKEY TEAM.



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM.



INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL TEAM.

At the annual meeting the following officers were elected for the year 1949-50 :

Chairman—Mary Anderson.

Treasurer—Norma Suddick.

Secretary—Colin Armstrong.

We had two further film shows, one on ballet and one on "French Organs," which was very instructive in spite of the poor sound track and the French narrator.

The first meeting of the Autumn Term was a miscellaneous programme. We were pleased to welcome Miss Joan Hancock, who was a very ardent member of the Society for a number of years. She entertained us with a selection of Elizabethan songs.

The following week's programme consisted of a most interesting and entertaining talk on Elgar's Enigma Variations, given by Mary Anderson.

The first meeting of the Spring Term consisted of an enlightening, illustrated talk on "Jazz," given by Norma Suddick.

The visit of Miss Margaret Cross on February 24th is looked forward to eagerly by all members.

C. ARMSTRONG (Sec.)

John H. Holmes., Memorial Lectures.

John H. Holmes was a Tyneside electrical engineer, who was probably more interested in Pure Science than in the industrial and business side of electrical engineering. It was his delight to design and demonstrate experiments for young people. To commemorate him his friends subscribed to and instituted a series of lectures. At Christmas time two lectures are given by experts and specialists at the University of Durham, King's College, Newcastle-on-Tyne. These lectures provide a similar opportunity for the young people of Tyneside to the Christmas lectures given by the Royal Institution for the children of the London area.

Previously the lectures were held in the Physics lecture theatre in the main building. The latest were held in the lecture theatre of the new chemistry building. It was indeed a pleasure to sit in this new, shiny room, with its cream and blue decorations, its tiered tip-up seats giving a clear view of the demon-

stration bench, its up-to-date charts, black-board and projection screen in front of us, and the projection instruments "on tap" behind us.

Our school is very fortunate in being allocated a number of tickets for these lectures. They are planned for young people between the ages of ten and sixteen. Adults are not encouraged. There is usually a request at the beginning of the first lecture that no notes be taken. This request is well received. About eighteen of us attended the last series and obtained much pleasure and enjoyment from them, as well as some addition to our store of scientific knowledge. We deem it a real privilege that our school, which is not really a "Tynesider" should be included in the list of schools to which tickets are sent. There is a great demand for these and often a number of ticketless would-be scientists is camped outside the door waiting hopefully for "returns."

On this occasion the subject was "Inventors and Inventions." It was given by Professor J. C. Prescott, D.Eng., M.I.E.E., professor of electrical engineering at King's College. In the short time available (two lectures each of one hour) we were taken through history, from the invention of the wheel and axle up to the radio valve and the cathode ray tube. Of the many excellent demonstrations two oscillograph or three made the deepest impression on us. We were shown how the extent of the very small bending of an aluminium beam could be measured electrically. Later we saw a small bicycle fitted with an electric motor and a gyroscope riding round and round in a circle of about five or six-foot radius. Evidently the gyroscope provided the necessary guiding control and so the cycle ran on without any human aid.

Another experiment showed a small globe about six inches in diameter apparently floating in air. The attraction of one pole of a vertical magnet balanced the weight force on the globe. This is a position which it is probably impossible to attain with an ordinary bar magnet. But here an electro-magnet was used. Through the space between the globe and the lower pole of the electro-magnet light shone from a lamp on to a photo-electric cell. If the globe tended to fall the space increased and more light went through. The photo-electric cell, through

an amplifier, then increased the current in the coils of the electro-magnet, and back came the globe. It was "floating" in air.

PAST STUDENTS' SECTION.

Past Students' Re-union, Xmas, 1949

The Christmas re-union was a great success. In spite of the very stormy weather a big crowd of Past and Present Students and Members of the Staff gathered in the dining-hall to pass on their best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Foster, and to enjoy the Christmas party.

The hall decorated by the Sixth Form, looked very festive indeed and the party really went with a swing.

The highlight of the evening was when Mrs. Corden (Lily Foster) cut the Christmas cake on behalf of her mother. Next, Mr. Hetherington called upon two ex-history students to say a few words in appreciation of Mr. Foster. First, Mr. Roy Elliott said that Mr. Foster had made a deep impression on him as on all students and that he was loved and remembered by us all not only as our history master but as a most understanding man. Mr. Elliott then introduced Mrs. Forrester (Nora Galley) who endorsed all that the previous speaker had said, then presented Mr. Foster with a cheque for £13 3s. 6d., and on behalf of the Past Students Association wished both him and Mrs. Foster many happy years of retirement. Mrs. Forrester presented Mrs. Corden with a bouquet of chrysanthemums which was to be handed to her mother with our very best wishes.

The party then continued in the usual way.

Once again we owe our thanks to Mr. Carr and the Staff who so willingly co-operated, to Mrs. Rodham for so ably providing the music, to Miss Speed and Miss Wilson for the Christmas cakes, and last, but by no means least, to Mr. Hetherington who took charge of the social side of the programme, as usual.

E.P.

ON WEARING SPECTACLES.

My eyes, like past attempts at estimating my knowledge before exams, are very short-sighted. Which fact accounts for my

eternal relief at not being born before the thirteenth century. (Spectacles, you see, weren't invented until the thirteenth century.) Of course it depends which way you look at the question. I have decided to tackle the disadvantage of wearing spectacles first and keep the advantages till last, to cheer up those kindred spirits doomed to a life of miniature-window cleaning.

Undoubtedly cleaning spectacles is the biggest headache of all. To small boys, who are notoriously grubby, this problem is of course non-existent. However, as I like to see the outside world occasionally, I have experimented with various cleaning processes from the primitive "spit-and-rub" method to the modern and equally useless bottle of "Anti-mist." Now my little brother directs two well-aimed squirts with his water-pistol and I sit by the fire till the glasses have dried. The weather is, of course, a sore trial to spectacle-wearers. Rain-spotted lenses give the wearer the impression that everyone he looks at has measles. In winter, considerable snowdrifts are formed on the lenses, which create the sensation of one's being blind-folded with cotton-wool.

To absent-minded people like myself, spectacles are a veritable death-trap. When I take them off, I immediately forget where I have laid them down and have to search for them. I used to waste hours in this way until I bought another pair, which I use to look for the others.

While I was at school they were a curse too. In order to see the blackboard I had to sit at the front of the class and so forego such popular and delectable pastimes as passing notes, reading the "News of the World" and holding hands with a Maths-man.

During the war when gas-masks were in fashion, I had the choice of wearing a gas-mask on top of my glasses, which cramping procedure made me incapable of opening my eyes, or not wearing the glasses at all. Either way I couldn't see a thing.

Sun-glasses prove just as tiresome. You have the choice of walking about with the eyes screwed up into tiny slits or sporting sunglasses on top of the normal ones, thereby looking like a human quadruple searchlight. Recently I discovered some neat little sun-glasses specially made to clip on to spectacles, so that you can't feel you are wearing them. This, however, proved a curse in disguise.

Once, in the Second Sixth, I spent the entire afternoon grumbling because it was such a dull day, only to discover I was still wearing the clip-on sun-glasses.

For some mysterious reason spectacles fascinate babies, especially my infant nephew who is now at the experimental age. His favourite trick is to scream until I lift him up then, amid gurgles of delight, gleefully snatch off my spectacles.

On two occasions the menace in 'duplicate' has caused nightmares. After indulging in my favourite vice of reading in bed, I have fallen asleep and dreamed that someone was stabbing me in the side of the face with a blunt instrument. Waking in a cold sweat, I have discovered I had forgotten to remove my spectacles the night before, my head being by then impaled on a twisted mass of ironmongery.

Being a woman, I love to indulge in the favourite hobby of my sex—crying at sad films. Imagine my horror one night when, revelling in the adventures of the Marx Brothers, I discovered my glasses were decidedly wet. Surely I wasn't as soft-hearted as to cry at a comedy! My mind was soon at rest when I perceived the cinema-attendadt spraying the air with disinfectant.

Spectacles can have a disastrous effect on the personal appearance. Those with a curved bridge create a rift-valley across the nose, those with "nippers" dig craters in the sides of the nose, and the arms (or is it legs?) hollow out channels behind the ears. These and the evils of lenses, will only cease when someone invents a pair of bridgeless, armless and glassless spectacles.

The last, but definitely not the least, curse attached to spectacles is the outbreak of nicknames they incur. From the first year onwards I had more names than royalty, the most picturesque being "Owly," "Goo-eye" and "Glassy-face." At present I rejoice (?) in the charming appellation of "Gogglo"!

Now for the multitudinous advantages of spectacles. When the sun shines, the wearer can see people behind him, reflected in the glasses. In winter, glasses are a deterrent to malicious snowballers. They provide a source of entertainment for friends, when jokes are running low ('low,' not low!). The possibilities here are endless. You can wear several pairs at once, the eyes thereby appearing microscopic, or you can wear them upside

down, from which it appears that something peculiar has happened to the top half of the head. All these are guaranteed to send your audience into peals of helpless laughter.

N.B. If you want to frighten people, remove the glasses altogether.

Wearing spectacles is an invaluable excuse for not speaking to people when you pass them in the street. Whether you dislike them and therefore don't wish to acknowledge them or whether, like me, you walk about in a continuous day-dream, short-sightedness provides the necessary alibi.

Spectacles are desirable too for the cases which accompany them. I, for one, have collected a varied assortment of cases, from the plain blackspecimen of my childhood (used under the short leg of our kitchen table), to the newest gleaming metal, National Health effort, which I use as a mirror. Among many other things, spectacles can be fitted with loops of thread to which to attach unsafe earrings, or false beards can be secured to them at fancy-dress balls.

Apart from personal advantages, spectacles are a godsend professionally. They are invaluable to novelists, whose cold, bespectacled heroines are forlorn until their best friends urge them to go to the hunt ball without their glasses. They immediately discover they have classic features and soulful eyes, and they are soon fallen-in-love-with by the most eligible bachelors on town. As they can apparently see well enough without spectacles anyway, I can never understand why they ever wore them.

The prime use of spectacles of course, is to provide opticians with something to occupy their time. They are all schoolboys at heart and love to sit in a darkened room flashing a light and slipping bits of glass into the formidable metal contraptions worn by their clients. Their greatest delight, however, is to confront bewildered patients with mysterious charts covered with hieroglyphics of decreasing size. (The purpose of these curiosities is unknown and I, for one, have memorised them to save future effort).

The most interesting aspect of the spectacle question is its different psychological effect on men and women. To most men, spectacles are an asset. They provide that air of distinction which **most** men welcome, to bolster their already **over-developed** vanity. The simple process of putting them on and taking

them off at intervals seems to inspire confidence in teachers, lawyers, preachers, etc. Although the countenances of most males, when divested of spectacles, are an anti-climax, to say the least, they are a few favoured by the gods who look quite *godlike* without them.

Bearing in mind the age-old maxim that "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses," all women (except blue-stockings) wear spectacles only when it is imperative to their health. They destroy the dramatic effect of woman's most potent weapon—tears. It looks most undignified when the designing female must afterwards clean her specs. with an already sodden lace handkerchief, before she can witness the effect of her outburst on her defenceless victim.

Woman's greatest objection to spectacles is that they hinder her daily ritual of "making-up." Her antics on such an occasion must be seen to be believed. First she removes the spectacles to apply foundation to her face, then puts them on till she finds the rouge, takes them off, applies the rouge, puts them on to see if it looks right, takes them off to apply powder. . . . This routine continues through all the stages of eye-adornment too, until she emerges, tired, but transfigured and triumphant. (We cannot dampen her enthusiasm by hinting that the mascara and glamorous, violet eye-shadow will probably melt and blur her spectacles in about half an hour !)

Finally, a word about choosing frames. If you have a large Roman nose, a crooked mouth and a fringe, *don't* wear tartan frames. Oh, and leave the delectable rimless variety for those godlike young men.

"MYORS."

SPORTS REPORTS.

Football.

School Senior Team.

The School Team after last year's rather dismal run of defeats, has this term made a spirited revival and consequently their record is much improved.

P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
14	6	2	6	28	36

Against Tynemouth in the Grammar School Cup first round, our superior training showed when we lasted the pace better than the visitors, on a very heavy ground, and won 5-3.

Two other home games followed: against Consett and Hookergate, which we won 3-1 and 2-1 respectively. The latter game was outstanding owing to the grand football played by both teams and also to the fact that, after being a goal down for nearly all the game, we rallied and scored twice in the last ten minutes.

In the second round of the Grammar Schools' Cup we nullified Rutherfords first half lead by three second-half goals and so qualified for the semi-final.

Our last game, against unbeaten Durham Johnston's, was most exciting. We lost our centre-half, Barrass, through an injury after fifteen minute's play, and with the score at 1-1 kept the lively Durham forwards at bay, against a strong wind.

The players attribute their recent successes to the hard training they have done of late.

The following players have represented the school this term :—

Ashburn, Snell, Keppie, Pescod, Reid, Gleghorn, Barrass, Greenwell, Newton, Pattison, Patterson, Armstrong, Moiser, Fenwick, Temple, Pendleton.

Season's Scorers:—

Patterson, Moiser, Armstrong, 5; Pescod, 4; Pattison, Fenwick, Newton, 2; Greenwell, Temple, Ledger, 1.

Intermediate Football XI.

The Intermediate Football XI, captained by Hillcoat, have had a very successful season to date. Their present League and cup record is :—

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
17	10	4	3	53	16

The team has reached the semi-final of the Murray Cup besides being well placed in the League. In the Tyneside Grammar School's Cup, however, they lost 4-2 to Hookergate, after beating a good South Shields team 5-1. Their best score is an 8-0 victory against Annfield Plain County School team. They have been represented by :—

Littlefair, Irving, Lewins, Stevens, Kirtley, Askew, Richards, Hillcoat, Stephenson, Bewley, Batty, Holgate, Lyons, Coulson, Strong, Appleton and Dobson.

Scorers:—

Appleton, Holgate, 12; Hillcoat, Batty, 7;
Bewley, 6.

Junior Team

The Junior Team has not so far this season played any games as they received a bye in the first round of the cup. The second round is to be played soon.

ALAN ARMSTRONG

(School Football Captain).

Hockey.

Last term our matches for the last six weeks were cancelled, mostly because of the weather and the condition of the field. We did, however, play one match against the boys' football team. The match was played after school on November 16th, the second half being played in almost total darkness. The boys won 4-1.

Scorers:—

C. Greenwell, B. Patterson, 2; A. Armstrong and W. Pattison.

This term we have played one match. This was at Consett on January 21st and was drawn 2-2. It was a well contested game but we did most of the attacking, having eight corners in the last ten minutes of the second half.

Scorers:—

C. Greenwell and S. Lyons.

Our matches against Houghton-le-Spring, Washington, Neville's Cross, Hookergate and the Past Students were all cancelled.

CHRIS. GREENWELL (Capt.)

Our Schooldays.*School Dinners.*

"Taste of it first as thou are wont to do—"

"My lad, I dare not."

(Richard II).

French Lessons.

"You do ill to teach the child such words."

(Merry Wives of Windsor).

School Concert.

"'Tis said

Swans sing before they die, 'twere no bad
thing

Did certain people die before they sing."

(Gray.)

Speech Day.

"Charm me asleep, and melt me so

With thy delicious numbers,

That being ravish'd hence I go

Away in easy slumbers."

(Herrick).

Returned Work.

"Better thou hadst not been born than not
to have pleased me better."

(King Lear).

Ladies' Staff.

"Kindness in women not their beauteous
looks

Shall win my love."

(Taming of the Shrew).

Detention.

"Tremble thou wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crime

Unwhipped of Justice."

(King Lear).

Chemistry Lab.

"It had an ancient and fish-like smell."

(The Tempest).

Jokes.

A certain young fellow whose father was a notorious burglar met a friend.

"I hear you take after your father," said the friend.

"He never leaves me anything to take," was the reply.

"Have you heard the story about the Scotsman who loaned a fellow a fiver?"

"I don't think I have."

"No, you never will."

An American walked up to a coster's barrow in the Strand and picking up a large melon said, "Gee, but do you mean to tell me that's the largest kind of apple you ginks can grow over here?"

"Put that blinking grape dahn," retorted the coster.

"Dad, where is atoms?"

"Atoms, my boy? I can't tell you. Most likely you mean Athens."

"No, Dad, I means atoms—the place where everything is blown to."

"Describe water, Johnny," said the teacher.

"Water," explained Johnny, after a long pause, "is a white fluid that turns black when you put your hands in it."

The essential thing for telling fishing stories is to have long arms.

To be old and broken is bad enough, but to be young and broke is worse.

M.S.M. 3.

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