



1964

# GRAMMARIAN

MAGAZINE OF STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL



Reginald Lumsden (vi u)

## First Things First

---

---

CHRISTMAS, 1964

No. 28

---

---

Staff Representative: MISS A. THOMPSON.

School Editor: VALERIE TEMPEST

Business Manager: MR. E. R. ROBSON.

### EDITORIAL

The last year, following faithfully the tradition of other years, has brought several changes at school, not the least of which have been the retirements of Mr. Scott and Mr. Livesey. After long years of patient teaching at our school, undismayed by the ignoramus and the know-all alike, they have left for a well earned rest. We must hope that once in a while they will give a thought to those of us who are still toiling on.

Mr. Scott's position as Deputy Headmaster has been taken over by Mr. Proud, causing a vacancy in the library which has been ably filled by Miss Williamson. There have been the usual arrivals and departures amongst the staff and the newest members are Miss Knighton, Miss Chadwick and Mr. Underwood. Perhaps they too will be able to stay the course and in forty years time the magazine will be announcing their retirements.

I regret to have to announce the crushing defeat of the school Rounders Team by the Staff Team on the last day of the summer term, a defeat in which Mr. Livesey played a large part. However, the school will look forward to taking its revenge next year.

Speech Day was as triumphant as ever but for the first time there was an added attraction in the shape of an art exhibition in the main and upper corridors. Parents were invited to see the work of their budding Picasso sons and daughters and, as all comments were complimentary, we may be permitted, I think, to consider it a success.

The excitement, or if you prefer it, the boredom, of election year has not passed by the school altogether for a mock election has been held complete with rallies, speeches and posters in the class rooms. The battle was keenly contested and the Conservative victory in the 6th Year and the Labour victories in the 4th and 5th Years were received with enthusiastic joy by the parties' supporters.

Pupils seem to have fallen victim to the wanderlust; one party has already visited the atomic power station at Calder Hall and another will soon be in the position to experience Paris in the Spring. Look out General de Gaulle!

The play put on by the school, Thornton Wilder's "Our Town," earned much praise and it is hoped that another may be produced in the not too far distant future.

Thanks are due to the Art Club for an unusual and highly effective poster which has done much to boost the quantity of articles submitted for publication, many of which, we regret, we have not been able to use. We now leave you to judge the quality.

VALERIE TEMPEST (6L)

## *Past Students*

### A TRIBUTE TO Mr. LIVESEY

Mr. Livesey taught Physics and Mathematics at S.G.S. for nearly forty years and, for many years, had the additional responsibility of being Deputy Headmaster. Stanley has been fortunate to have had the services of such an exceptional teacher. In the class room his clarity of thought and his gift of clear exposition commanded even the cleverest pupil's respect and admiration, and his kindness and unfailing good humour made him particularly adept at getting the best out of the poorest scholar. No matter how late on a hot Friday afternoon, or how tired Mr. Livesey seemed, a pupil's question or difficulty always received his fullest attention.

Outside the classroom his personal qualities made him a great favourite. Although the least aggressive of men, Mr. Livesey could achieve a level of discipline which must have been the envy of the strictest martinet and could only have resulted from the high degree of respect and affection he inspired in his pupils. You always felt that he had a genuine not a professional interest in you and your progress and your welfare.

It was only at the University, where I came into contact and competition with people of widely differing educational backgrounds, that I fully appreciated what a fine start he had given me. I shall always feel privileged to have been taught by such a fine teacher and to have come into contact with such an absolutely nice man. No doubt my sentiments are echoed by all his ex-pupils and, on their behalf, I would like to express our best wishes for a long, well deserved and very happy retirement.

BRIAN LOGAN

#### and Mr. SCOTT

Mr. Scott, who retired in July 1964, taught chemistry at Stanley Grammar School for nearly forty years, an exceptionally long period of service to one school. During recent years he also served the school as Deputy Headmaster. He has been conscientious and enthusiastic in his teaching and, as a result, many scholars who have since made their career in chemistry have to thank him for making it such an exciting and interesting subject. In the field of after-school activities he started the Photographic Society, to which he devoted untiring effort, much more than most members ever realised. He will be remembered especially for his strong and sincere personality. He was always ready to speak his mind frankly and to take a personal interest in the lives of those around him. Consequently many scholars have learnt to regard him not only as a teacher, but also as a friend, and long after leaving school are always happy to visit him.

Mr. Scott, without realising it, has become part of the school's character and his presence will certainly be missed by many of the staff and scholars. May he have a long and happy retirement.



## SURVEY 62

In the survey of Past Students conducted by the Association, 114 completed questionnaires were received from pupils who left the school in the five-year period 1958-62.

From the replies the following statistics emerge:

- 92% continued to live in Northern England.
- 80% remained in the School 'area'.
- 58% found work in Northumberland or Durham County.
- 16% found work in the School 'area'.
- 45% went to a full-time course of further education.
- 85% continued with further education of some kind or other.
- 73% expected to gain higher qualifications by their courses.

Two pupils of every five had made up their mind about their chosen occupation while in the 5th Form, and the two chief factors which governed their choice were parents and prospects, in that order; remuneration had little weight in their decision.

Views on the value of Grammar School education as a preparation for their chosen employment showed:

- 25% thought it to be fairly good.
- 50% considered it good, and
- 11% considered it excellent.

Asked for suggested alterations to the School curriculum:

- 50% thought that no change was needed.
- 25% would have liked to study more subjects.
- 40% would have liked to specialise earlier.

Time allotted in school hours to the use of the Library and for Careers discussions was strongly favoured, but opinion was divided on the question of obligatory attendance at careers talks, school societies or works visits outside school hours.

About half the pupils leaving at the end of the 5th Year considered that they had completed the Grammar School course, and the most popular reasons given for leaving school at this stage were a wish to earn and thereby to achieve independence as early as possible. For those who went on to the 6th Form the predominating reason was the need for good qualifications, with family encouragement a poor second.

The replies were also studied according to the number of passes obtained at 'O' level.

Group 1 (2 passes or less) all continued to live in Stanley and district and found their employment in Northumberland and Durham County. Composed almost entirely of pupils in the 'B' stream, they favoured less subjects and earlier specialisation (probably because of their intention to leave at 'O' level) and considered obligatory works visits necessary.

Group 4 (7 or more passes) consisting of pupils in the 'A' stream would have liked to study more subjects and preferred delayed specialisation, and while not supporting the idea of obligatory works visits would encourage obligatory participation in school societies.

Many more interesting points have been elucidated and the Secretary will be glad to hear from Past Students who seek further details.

We wish to thank all who took part in this survey, especially our volunteer interviewers who devoted much of their own time so enthusiastically, and are very grateful to Dr. Sharp for his interested co-operation.

FRED SMAILES (Secretary)

---

**Past Students' Association**

The Annual

*Christmas Reunion*

is to be held in

**The Civic Hall, Stanley**

on

**TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22nd, 1964**

Dancing 7.30 p.m. to 1.00 a.m.

to the music of

**The Eric Carroll Trio**

**BUFFET SUPPER from 9.00 p.m.—10.30 p.m.**

---

**PRESENTATIONS TO MR. SCOTT AND MR. LIVESEY AT 10.00 p.m.**

**Tickets 8/6 each**

may be obtained from Westwater's Shops and from  
Dr. Sharp, Grammar School, Stanley.

Friends of Past Students will be welcome

**DRESS OPTIONAL**

# *The School Year*

## PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Many years ago a group of teachers gathered together and decided to form a Photographic Society. Under the guidance of Mr. Scott the society was built up into a self sufficient and most flourishing meeting. Out of the money raised a new enlarger, costing well over £20 was bought. The society then possessed equipment which enabled its members to print, enlarge, develop and glaze photographs. Meetings were usually held at weekly or fortnightly intervals. Printing and enlarging were permitted until 5.00 p.m. After that, washing and glazing were continued until all the prints had been washed and glazed, usually until 6.15 p.m. About forty postcard size enlargements and one hundred prints were completed in a meeting. Prices were 1d. per sheet of printing paper and 3d. per sheet of postcard size bromide paper. Mr. Scott even founded profitable refreshments with tea at 1d. per cup.

The last two or three years of the society have not been happy ones as enthusiasts have been transferring to colour photography for which the society had very little equipment. The final blow came when the six glazing sheets disappeared. It is, however, thanks to Mr. Scott that the Photography Society flourished and rose from obscurity to a considerable position. It may some day flourish again and serve as yet another tribute to Mr. Scott.

WILLIAM HUTTON, Secretary (6U)

## GEOGRAPHY SOCIETY 1963-64

This year was opened by a General Meeting presided over by Dr. Sharp. On October 7th three of our own pupils gave illustrated talks about their holidays in Czechoslovakia and Switzerland. Shortly afterwards, two films on West Africa and Sheffield Steel were shown.

The Spring term began with an illustrated talk on Switzerland and the Holy Land by Miss M. Whitfield. Later in the term, fifteen senior members of the Geography Society were given an extremely interesting tour of the 'Evening Chronicle' offices at Newcastle. March began with a lecture on Poland by Mr. J. W. Atkinson from Durham Technical College. The final meeting was addressed by Mr. McGuckin, who gave a talk on the U.S.S.R., illustrated by a coloured film.

Our thanks are due to all who have helped in any way to carry on the work of the Society, and we look forward to another successful year.

AUDREY ATKINSON, (Secretary) (6U)

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Last year the Debating Society was one of the most popular in the school. The majority of people who attended debates, however, preferred listening to active participation. The Lower Sixth boys and the Fifth

Year were extremely poorly represented, and it is hoped that the present Upper Sixth boys and Lower Sixth will take steps to remedy this defect.

An encouraging feature of the Society was the large number of Fourth Years (the youngest people in the Society) who took part, and with great success, in debates.

Although almost all functions of the Debating Society were well attended last year, some functions were more popular than others. Particularly popular was the Inter-House Quiz and its sequel, the Staff v. Pupils Quiz. The most popular debate was one in which the supporters of the Beatles defeated those who sought to deride their idols.

Several debates have already been arranged for this year and, although the Society is open only to senior members of the school, if support is forthcoming a discussion group for junior members of the school may be formed as a branch of the Society.

The members of the committee of the Society are grateful to those members of staff and pupils who have had the courage to speak or otherwise appear before us, or who have shown, by their attendance, that they want the Society to succeed. The committee is particularly grateful to Mr. Percival for his untiring efforts on behalf of the Society.

PETER CARR (Secretary) (6U)

## ART CLUB

The Art Club continues to be active, although we would like more members. If we have not quantity in members, we certainly have quality in those who do attend. Last year several murals were painted on the walls of the upper corridor, but not all of them were finished. There is also the mural in the Art Room itself of Mods and Rockers which was done by Dickinson and Barnes from last year's Upper Sixth.

One day before the end of the Summer term members of the Art Club visited the Art Exhibition at Newcastle University. The works on display there were done by first year art students and were mainly abstracts.

For those who are interested, the Art Club functions on Thursday evenings after school until either five o'clock or half past five. There is a great variety of fascinating things which can be attempted. The Art Club is open to everyone, and pupils are very welcome to join for the small subscription of sixpence.

MAUREEN SHIELD (6U)

## MUSIC

The most important event in the musical calendar for schools in the Stanley area was the Stanley Music Festival. The first part of this was two days in which various school choirs and recorder groups performed in the Civic Hall. It was not a competitive event, but was produced to show parents and in fact any adults what a high standard the children had

reached. An intermediate choir of second and third form girls from this school sang several items in one of these performances.

The second part of the Festival consisted of performances of "Noye's Fludde", by Benjamin Britten, in St. Aidan's Church, Annfield Plain. This was an enormous undertaking, with a cast of over one hundred and fifty children and about twelve soloists. The majority of the orchestra for this production came from this school, and after putting in a large amount of hard work in preparation we were very pleased at the response. There were three afternoon performances attended by schoolchildren in the area, and three evening performances, at all of which the church was full to overflowing.

This year's school concert was slightly different from usual in that there were two groups of recorder players, the junior of which had been trained by a member of the senior group. The senior group played a minuet and gavotte by Handel, with piano accompaniment. There were two girls' choirs—intermediate and sixth year. Each choir performed three items, and the intermediate choir joined up with the orchestra for a finale in the form of a "Folk Song Suite". The orchestra also played "Trepak", a lively piece by Morand. There were also two solo pianists, Pamela Parkinson, who has now left to study music, and myself. All in all, we have had a busy year.

ANNE STOREY, (6U)

### LE CLUB FRANCAIS

Tous les ans il y a un club francais pour les enfants de la deuxième année. La réunion est après les leçons et elle ne se termine qu'à quatre heures et demie. Les élèves donnent une souscription de six pence pour lesquels ils reçoivent chacun, une carte de membre.

Les enfants jouent beaucoup de jeux. Par exemple, Familles francaises, Jeux d'animaux et de temps en temps nous avons joué à Cherchez le trésor, ce qui nous enchante tous.

À la fin du dernier trimestre nous avons eu une pièce française qui s'appelait Le Professeur Distrain. C'était pour la présentation des prix.

Nous sommes certains que les enfants dans la deuxième année aimeront le Club française.

BARBARA DRAPER and PATRICIA ROCKETT, (3A)

### 'LE PROFESSEUR DISTRAIT'

The play was performed by the French Club on the evening of Speech Day. The audience was very large; everything was pointing towards us, the actors.

The main part was played by R. Russel, who was an eccentric old professor who drew smiles from everybody, even the actors. In rehearsals R. Russel had us all laughing as he tried his spectacles and beard, and likewise D. Eston, who poured the wine in a plant-pot as he did not like

it. The rehearsals lasted for several weeks and we all enjoyed ourselves even when it meant staying two hours after school. The stage in the hall was not always available, and so a classroom had to be used. Each member played his part well, and was willing to sacrifice his or her spare time.

On the evening of the play everybody was full of nerves, and practising parts in the Teachers' Staffroom. When the time came, we took our places on the stage and started to act. The lights were very dazzling, but this was overcome and we enjoyed acting very much. The following day we acted twice, and by now we were feeling more confident.

The play was the result of many weeks of practising, learning and fun. Congratulations to Miss Grieveson for guiding us, and we hope you enjoyed it as much as we did.

THE ACTORS (Members of Second Year)

### AN ENTERTAINING VISIT

Earlier this year, a number of the sixth-form French group went to see a performance of "Tartuffe" given by the Durham University French Society. The play was a comedy, by the celebrated French playwright Molière and the University production of it was very successful. Costumes and scenery were colourful and the interpretation of the characters was indeed excellent on the whole. The afternoon was very entertaining and interesting. It is to be hoped that the University will continue to produce plays of such calibre with such a degree of success.

The performance by the Troupe Francaise of Molière's "Medecin Malgré lui" was equally entertaining, more difficult to follow maybe because the native actors speak more quickly. This was however, eased because of the most dramatic and telling actions of the players. The modern play which followed the main play was very funny particularly so because L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle demands some spoken English and the French actors were far from fluent although courageous.

ELIZABETH THIRLAWAY (6U)

### FIRST XI HOCKEY

Last season there was a lack of enthusiasm among players and as a result the team met with little success, either in friendly matches or in the County Tournament. Our congratulations must go to Ann Ridley who, last season, was chosen to play for the County.

I am happy to report that this season players seem to be much more enthusiastic and it is hoped that we shall soon reach a higher standard of play than that of last season.

MARGARET STEPHENSON (Captain) (6L)

### BOYS' ATHLETICS

The 1964 season saw the beginning of the Stanley District Schools Track League which consisted of a series of six inter-school meetings

at various grounds in the area. This League has undoubtedly created interest and improved the standard of athletics in the area by providing the necessary competition needed before meetings such as the area and County Championships. In the final League tables our school was placed 2nd in the 1st year boys' competition, 3rd in the junior boys' competition and 1st in the intermediate boys competition.

Then, in the Stanley District Championships the 1st year boys improved to 1st place, the juniors were again 3rd, and intermediates again 1st. A high overall standard you will agree? Ten athletes were successful in gaining places in the team to represent Stanley at Houghton in the County Championships.

Meanwhile the Senior boys were not entirely resolved to a life of leisure; they managed a 3rd place at both the County and Tyneside Grammar School Championships, from thirty two and twenty four schools respectively.

Three pupils, Alan Porter, John Caine and Fred Humphrey won places in the County team for the English Schools Championships at Hendon, Middlesex. Alan Porter claimed 3rd place in the High Jump with a leap of 6ft, only one inch behind 1st and 2nd place. Your scribe on this occasion won the Senior Boys' 2,000 metres steeplechase, and later represented England in the Schools' International at Cardiff.

The season proved to be a very successful one, considering the school has only 300 boys to call upon, as compared with many larger schools in the County.

JOHN CAINE (6U)

(J. Caine who has written the above report on athletics has omitted to state that at the National Schools Championships he established a British Junior record of 5 mins. 54 secs. in the 2,000 metres steeplechase, and in a subsequent international junior meeting at Blackpool also established a British Junior record for the 1500 metres steeplechase of 4 min. 12.3 secs. Ed.)



Colin Lambert (5B)

## DUNELM

### GIRLS

The year has not been very successful. There has been a lack of support from both Juniors and Seniors.

However, thanks to some excellent team-work Dunelm won the Inter-House Hockey tournament.

On Sports Day we were fairly successful in that we won the Intermediate Shield.

Congratulations to Mary Cordey on winning the Senior Athletics Trophy.

This year greater enthusiasm is expected of each member.

JEAN BARKER (Captain) (6U)

### BOYS

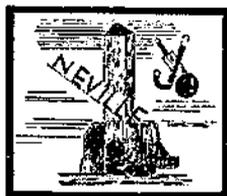
Dunelm had a good start to the season when they were placed second in the overall football placings. After this pleasing result the coming season promised much in all sports.

Maximum effort, however, was not given and we failed miserably in the inter-house cricket where we were placed third.

Sports day was a day of mixed fortunes, many individuals doing well and the senior team was placed second. This result was marred by the failure of the juniors.

In the coming season I hope that all the members of Dunelm House will follow the example of John Caine who gained representative honours for his County in athletics.

A. DAVIES, (Captain) (6U)



Joan Suddes (4b)

### NEVILLE

#### GIRLS

Last year was even more unsuccessful than the previous for the girls of Neville House, since in the Hockey Tournament we lost all our matches, and on Sports Day, although the juniors were second in their section, the intermediates were third and the seniors were last.

It is to be hoped that this year's juniors will maintain last year's standard, and that the remainder of the house members will find some means of supporting the present intermediates, and put a stop to this unsuccessful trend.

JUDITH GALES (Captain) (6U)

### BOYS

Last season the seniors did not prove very successful at football. They gained only one point of a possible six.

The inclement weather prevented the completion of the cricket fixtures.

On Sports Day Neville gave a moderate display. There were however, outstanding performances in the "mile" and "shot-put".

The best performance of the year was the annual cross-country, when several members of the House did exceptionally well.

It is hoped that in the coming year both juniors and seniors will do their best to maintain, if not improve, the attained standard.

J. HALL, (Captain) (6U)



Maureen Shield (6u)

## TANFIELD GIRLS

Last year was not altogether successful. In the Inter-House Hockey Tournament we were the runners up.

On Sports Day we were placed last in senior, intermediate and junior sections. The majority of our members showed no

enthusiasm at all.

We hope that everyone will now show enthusiasm and achieve a more creditable result this year.

JEAN PEACOCK (Captain) (6U)

## BOYS

Unfortunately this year has not been too successful for Tanfield. In cricket both the juniors and the intermediates took last positions, whilst bad weather prevented the seniors from playing any matches. In athletics the defeat was not so crushing, but very disappointing. Our football record is much better. The juniors won their section and as the other years were runners-up the House won the shield.

It is hoped that each member of the House will show more enthusiasm in the coming year to improve on the results of last year.

KEN ORGAN, (Captain) (6U)



Grahame Dearden (4b)

## WATLING GIRLS

The House has had a year of mixed successes. In the Hockey Tournament Watling managed to gain third place after winning only one of our three matches.

However on Sports Day a marked improvement was shown. The seniors won their shield. The juniors and the intermediates were close seconds.

Let us hope that at least this standard is maintained and the enthusiasm shown by the whole House continues.

KATHRINE SAUL (Captain) (6L)

## BOYS

Watling has again completed yet another year of successful sport. In football we were placed third and the seniors achieved maximum points in the overall placing.

In cricket, although the senior fixtures were not completed, our juniors and intermediates won overall.

Sports Day was our best for several years because Watling made a clean sweep by winning the junior, intermediate and senior shields. Several individual members gave fine performances.

In the coming season I hope that all Watling members will contribute to another successful season.

A. WILSON, (Captain) (6U)

## *Experiences at Home and Abroad*

### TYNE TEES AND I

Returning from shopping, completely exhausted and liable to get more exhausted as time passed because of the two heavy baskets I still had to carry about a quarter of a mile, I began to climb the stile which straddles the footpath over the field, but managed to clamber only half-way before being paralysed by a voice yelling,

“Miss Boyd!”

No one ever calls me “Miss Boyd”—it is always either “Margaret” or “You”—however, as there was no one else of that noble name about, I realised the voice was addressing me. Straining to see over the hedgerow, I caught sight of a taxi, complete with uniformed driver, parked by the roadside, and beside it stood quite an impressive man in crumpled cavalry-twill trousers, sports jacket and checked shirt, plus of course, a tie.

“I’m from Tyne Tees Television. May I call you Margaret? Now Margaret. I’m very interested in this essay you wrote. Do you like writing?”

As he talked, I wondered, “What essay?” Then, slowly but surely, realisation dawned. I had sent an essay, “The Causey”, to Tyne Tees Television, but I had only posted it yesterday, or was it the day before? They could not have found it agreeable in such a short time. Indeed, I had expected it to get no further than the waste-paper basket, yet so far it had travelled from here to Newcastle and back again.

Silence reigned as we crossed the fields towards my smallholding home, except for the man to ask, twice more, if I enjoyed writing, to which I replied each time, “Ooooh, yes!” as enthusiastic as a child when offered a jelly baby. I had not previously informed my family of my intention to ‘break into television’, so it came as something of a shock to them, my mother being struck dumb except to utter the word, “Television.”

The man, I did not dare ask his name in case he was annoyed at my not already knowing it, asked me to read the essay aloud, which I

did, addressing my one and only true friend, my dog. When I finished, the dog yawned; the man was more enthusiastic. He began to praise it so ecstatically, I expected him to bounce on the settee and yell, "Bravo!" and, "Encore!" However, he proved to be not as temperamental as I had always thought people connected with television were. He merely rushed me into the waiting taxi and away to the Tyne Tees' studios.

It was my first-ever taxi ride, and, as I felt rather sorry for the driver being left out of the conversation, I enquired if he were married, and if he had any children, and their ages. The outcome was that the taxi driver and I talked all the way and the television man was left out of the conversation.

Arriving at the studios, he had a brainwave—he invited me to lunch in the canteen. As I was extremely hungry, this suggestion was welcomed heartily. I ordered tomato soup, then chicken, caviare not being on the menu, and I ate steadily through several courses, not because of greed, but because I did not want my stomach to drown my voice. I was introduced to a slow-speaking gentleman named Ian Macsomething, who was wearing quite an expensive looking black corduroy jacket, and he angered me by suggesting to my 'protector' that any old photographs would do to portray the places I had mentioned. I indignantly retorted that there is only one, and there will always be only one, Causey Arch, and shooting me a look of reproach, he shut his mouth. It was decided that I should read my essay and no photographs be shown, but no one consulted my views on the subject.

I was then taken to the make-up room, where a very pretty, blonde girl with a dark suntan took charge of me. She was very nice, but insisted on addressing me as, "Da-a-rling", which I hated. However, while she was waiting for the dirty-brown solution, meant to make my cheeks appear hollow, to solidify, she did not ask me how I felt about it at all. I told her that I wanted the essay read but I did not want to read it. She sympathised, then took up a trowel-like instrument with which she applied lipstick.

A visit to the wardrobe room came next, and a sweet, middle-aged lady with enormous protruding teeth addressed me as "standard size", and gave me a floral-patterned dress, which made me look like an eight year old, ordering me to put it on. I was in the act of doing so, when the door opened and a male voice shouted, "Is there a shirt for me?" Some minutes later, I was dragged from a rail of dresses, looking slightly shaken and dishevelled, but still presentable.

I was hurried down to the studio and, on entering, tripped over a length of cable. The producer—I presumed he was this from the ear-phones he was wearing—and the co-producer began to discuss, over my head, the merits of my walking on to the screen or not. I ventured to say in a rather timid voice, "Please don't make me walk on. I've got

ladders in my nylons." They all doubled up and laughed hilariously. I personally, did not consider it funny.

At last, after a few words of introduction by an announcer, I found myself facing the camera and reading aloud my essay. Every time I came to the end of a paragraph, I paused and gave the camera man a 'cheesy' grin, as I had been instructed to do, but my grins grew feebler as time wore on. I seemed to have been reading for hours and my jaws were aching terribly when I finally reached the end. To my relief, the producer said my essay was longer than usual and took six minutes to read, which was longer than could be allowed, so they replaced it by a futile story concerning Martians.

A week later, however, my essay was read by an announcer, just as I had wanted, and, to the delight of most of the people who saw it and know the Causey, photographs of various places I had mentioned appeared on the screen: the Causey Arch, the Causey Arch Inn, Causey School, Causey Chapel and St. Andrew's Church, Stanley. So my brief moment of fame came and went in six minutes flat.

MARGARET BOYD (6L)

### 'IT'S JUST ACROSS THE CHANNEL'

I have always expected to find France, such a close neighbour, very similar to England in all but the language employed. Perhaps I should have been less surprised by a visit to India where, at least, any differences encountered would have been expected. Certainly I was fortunate in being able to come in contact with a cross-section of the populace, for I stayed almost two weeks at a chateau with the aristocracy of the area and just over a week on a farm with a working-class family—an approximate counterpart of my own family.

To begin with, I had to arrive on one of the hottest days of the year, wearing, of course, a tweed suit. The latter aroused no little disturbance considering that everyone in sight was in a low cut dress or string vest and shorts. The French may be famed for their good dress sense—I may add that the English have exactly the opposite reputation in France—but I am sure that, on the whole, an English person, and especially a man, could look twice as smart with the same amount of money. The commonest dress for a man was a shabby suit, a short-sleeved, open-necked shirt and a dirty beret or cap. For women's dress I cannot be so general—I could not even be general in describing one woman's dress since there seemed to be no general idea behind an outfit.

This lack of feeling for colour and planning was most apparent in, or rather on, houses. The only ones which I saw in untouched stone were those in the process of being built, most others having a creamy-white, plaster-like finish. It was, however, the more modern ones which

caught the eye, the favourite colours being green or flesh-pink accentuated by vividly coloured shutters. What I believe to be the worst house I saw was painted an atrocious green with brilliant purple shutters, but even my French companions mildly assented that it was a little too gaudy.

Again, I have always heard of the ease with which French women could, with only the most basic of ingredients, make a mouth-watering meal. To me there are few differences between the foods of the two countries, and to any woman who wishes to 'go French' next Sunday I advise four simple things:

- (a) cook in oil.
- (b) serve each part of the main course separately (which makes a seven course lunch comparatively easy to prepare);
- (c) eat plenty of bread with everything but the sweet, and
- (d) always finish with fresh fruit and cheese.

Personally I am not fond of our own method of boiling everything—from beef to carrots—and although I persisted in eating all vegetables and meat at one and the same time, I much preferred my meals "au français".

The only saying which I found I could apply successfully in France was: "People are the same, the world over." Their sense of politics, tradition, humour, all agreed with a well-bred Englishman's outlook, but far beyond these points stretched their friendliness and kindness. The people I met always greeted me in a friendly way, took a sincere interest in the fact that I was English, and were considerate enough to speak more slowly. In shops and trains people often began brief conversations, and were willing to help in all manner of small but delightful ways.

Unfortunately, France itself did not really appeal to me. The countryside was too flat, and there were many other things—furniture, cars, insect-life—too numerous to describe here, which I found vastly different. Yet as I have discovered in writing, merely by trying to analyse the differences in order to recount them intelligibly, they seem to diminish to such an extent as to become negligible.

I shall never re-visit France to see the country, but the people will, I know, draw me back.

MARCIA CORNFORTH (6U)

### THE DROPPING WELL

During our holidays we went to Knaresborough where I visited the Dropping Well, the only one of its kind in England.

After walking along the riverside, we came to some private grounds containing the well. We paid at the toll gate and entered the grounds where we came to the well which was a cave with water dripping into a large pool at the bottom. Hanging from the top were a number of petrified

objects such as dolls' shoes, hats and handkerchieves. There were two ridges in the rock, above which were two hats which had been put there in 1870.

We went further and came to Mother Shipton's Cave. Mother Shipton was a prophetess who is said to have foretold the coming of the flying machine, and the cave is where she was born and lived.

Next, we went and saw the wishing well. This was another cave with a hole in the wall in which was a rather dirty spring. To make a wish you place your hand in the spring, take it out, make a wish, then allow the hand to dry. After seeing this we left and went to see the "house in the rock" which was a house carved in the rock face.

JOAN JOBLING, (2A)

### THE WAITING

Every sixty seconds the minute hand of the electric wall clock clicked in an alarming manner, each click bringing two o'clock a little nearer. The scene was an antiseptic-looking room with white paintwork, and in the centre a small table which seemed to be the object of interest of the chairs around the walls. It was on one of these fascinated chairs that I was sitting, lodged firmly between my parents and looking from left to right as a frightened mouse does before it makes a dash for safety.

Click! ten minutes to two. I knew we had come too early and had said so repeatedly on the journey—which must have somewhat wearied the maternal ears. Click!

"Don't bite your fingernails! I've told you before!" The voice sounded hollow in that clinical room, and it echoed through my mind like a voice in a dream. Click! I was brought back to reality and began to twist (nervously) my handkerchief about my fingers, intrigued to see the tips turn a deep shade of pink. Click! My inside felt as it does when I am in a lift. Yes, I felt as if I was going down . . . down . . . down—click! I bit my bottom lip almost viciously to control myself. The air I was breathing seemed to be fifty per cent ether vapour and my head felt heavy. Click! A trolley passed outside the room, the bottles clinking together and sounding as if they were laughing at me. Then there was silence. It lasted, in fact, less than a minute but seemed like a century. Everything was so silent that I imagined I could hear the walls screaming at me. Click! Thank goodness! My mind in that brief time had had long enough to ponder about the evils around me. Injections! Foul-tasting potions! Click!

"Marilyn! I asked if you wanted a sweet."

I must have made some reply because the voice faded away and I was allowed to go back to my thoughts. Click! This time it was not the clock.

A green-clad figure in a white cap and apron stood at the door smiling, half sweetly and half menacingly.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hunt? Come this way please."

I clutched my chair convulsively in open rebellion, but the firm gentle hands of my father soon overcame my childish power. I dragged my reluctant feet towards the open door like a condemned prisoner leaving his cell at that fateful dawn. In actual fact, one could say I was leaving a cell—the cell my frightened mind had made for me, and I was entering a new world, a world of orange juice, ice cream and children.

MARILYN HUNT (6U)

### REMOUCHAMPS AND BOKRYK

A month's holiday travelling through Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg and Germany seemed an interesting prospect as regards a magazine article; but my holiday was so exciting and interesting that I realized I would need a complete magazine to myself and as I knew this to be out of the question I have decided to select only two of my visits and describe them in detail.

First let me describe a trip made to Remouchamps, a small holiday town situated in the heart of the Ardennes forests. "Forests" is an appropriate word, as the Ardennes cover an extensive area comprising parts of Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland and France. The attraction of Remouchamps is the underground 'grottes' or caves which in some parts go as deep as four hundred feet. The idea of walking through cold, damp caves for an hour, listening to an enthusiastic guide who spoke only Flemish, did not at first greatly appeal to me; however, rather than disappoint my companions (three Belgians and my brother), and rather than show that I was a little apprehensive, I agreed to go. After walking a few yards I had entered the icy depths of the underworld. What, you may ask, was interesting about a few caves?

During thousands of years water has penetrated gradually through the rocks of the caves and underground rivers have been formed. The passages of the caves are narrow and damp, but not dangerous. In some parts of the grottes water has eroded the rock to form figures and statues. A mother stands holding her child, a family of three children, a father and mother stand together and there are numerous others. Overhanging one rock are the organ pipes. Water has gnawed at the rock and what remains appears to resemble organ pipes. Similarly curtains, carefully formed, draped and folded, surround a crystal clear pool. Even Santa Claus with his long beard and gown dominates one of the passages. None of these statues is contrived. Only fresh sparkling water, the patient worker, has formed these subterranean marvels. The passage we were walking along widened until eventually we came to a huge clearing. This was known as the Cathedral. In the course of centuries the water

has trickled from the top of the caves and a Cathedral dome has been formed. What was more wonderful was that the water had formed a Madonna and a cross in the wall of the dome, and the most spectacular sight of all was the three crosses, one carrying Jesus, and one on his left and one on his right. A bell had been installed and we were privileged in being allowed to hear it ring. I am sure most of my companions felt as small and insignificant as myself as we stood for a few moments in another world while the peals of the bell thundered and echoed around us.

The last stage of our visit took us on a trip on the underground rivers. The caves and passages were cold and eerie, so that I was rather reassured when a companion began to sing in broken English "She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah!" and "It's a long way to Tipperary", which seemed rather appropriate, as we were travelling through a labyrinth of never-ending tunnels. At last my journey ended and I was soon standing in brilliant sunshine once again.

My next trip may surprise you when I say it took me into the past. No! I was not a member of Dr. Who's crew. I was a visitor to Bokrijk. Bokrijk is an open air museum. It covers several hundred acres of land on which houses, monuments and villages stand. These come from different parts of Belgium and some are many centuries old. The date 1789 was cut into a beam in the stable from Olen which now stands at Bokrijk, and the farmhouse Helchteron carries the inscription 1815 on the beam over the hearth. These dates are famous as the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods of history. But the lists of battles and leaders we learn about do not bring us a real insight into the living conditions of their time, how they lived, built houses, ate, made bread, butter, cheese, how they slept, made their fires and looked after their cattle. To demonstrate that daily life which is the true history of earlier generations is the function of the open air museum. It is an ideal museum for studying peasants, farming and landowners' lives. It includes mills, a smithy, a cartwright's shop, a brewery, a rope making shed, monuments, chapels, shops and cottages. The houses and buildings have been carefully preserved and transferred stone by stone, girder by girder and carefully 'replanted' at Bokrijk. We were allowed to enter each house and enter all rooms, see kitchen utensils, linen cupboards, wardrobes full of the original inhabitants' clothes, stables and farming implements. Guides explained every detail of the house and the period in which the people lived, and these enjoyable tours around different houses gave a clear picture of the lives the people lived. Houses were graded, one cottage being a poor man's home, small, dark and smoky, while others showed how the rich and middle classes lived. This trip was a valuable experience.

During my holiday I saw much of the big cities of Belgium, but for me Bokrijk and Remouchamps stood out in my mind as unusual and interesting and they greatly contributed to making my holiday one I shall never forget.

ELIZABETH REYNOLDS, (6U)

## OUR HOLIDAY IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

The English-Czechoslovak Friendship League sends parties every year to Czechoslovakia and this year we were fortunate enough to be chosen to join a party which was going to a camp at Krizanov.

We left Durham about 8 a.m. at the start of our first holiday abroad. We arrived in London and rushed to the airport, only to find that our flight had been delayed. Later, on the plane, we had our first Czechoslovakian meal. Prague airport was nothing compared to London Airport and after a delay of one hour we left it for a hostel which was to be our home for three nights.

Our first morning was spent sightseeing around Prague Castle and St. Vitus' Cathedral, and in the afternoon we went swimming. The next day we had a very memorable visit to Lidice, a village which had been completely destroyed during the war by the Nazis. A new village has been built, but part of the hillside has been left as a memorial.

The next day we left for camp, a day's journey by bus from Prague. We arrived in time for the evening meal, which, like all the meals we had there, was delicious. Then we were allowed to unpack and wander about the camp. Our three weeks at camp were spent swimming, walking, playing ball games, and in the evenings, dancing. Most Sundays and Wednesdays we had trips to various places of interest, including limestone caves at Machoca, a museum of books at Zdar, and shopping trips to Zdar and Brno, the regional capital.

At last it was time to leave camp after a wonderful carnival and fancy dress parade on the last day. Everyone was broken-hearted to leave such warm-hearted people as our Czech friends. In Prague we did some last minute shopping and on the Tuesday we flew home after four weeks that had seemed like four days. It is the best holiday we have ever spent.

OLWYN HARRISON (4B) and VIVIEN REED (4A)

## TO BE A FARMER'S GIRL

Anyone with a mother like mine is doomed to a life of gumboots, jeans and 'washday red hands'. You see, she has a habit of collecting things. Live things. Any creature with a pair of melting brown eyes or a hungry, helpless look, is destined to become part of what is locally termed, "Thirlaway's Private Zoo."

It all started with three ragged-looking bantam hens that she brought home one day with a depleted purse and a guilty look. Dad, of course, knows that it's easier to go along with her ideas than put obstacles in their way, so we acquired an allotment, complete with hen-house to house the waifs. With the appearance of the first egg, Mother went into ecstasies, and her enthusiasm knew no bounds. Little did we know then

what was in store! I'm still not quite sure how it all happened, but the number of hens rapidly grew from three to eighty.

Suddenly, winter was here, and we thought her enthusiasm would begin to abate with the arrival of snow, but no! A man who knew of her fatal weakness wheedled her into buying his four rabbits, which, being fond of family life, rapidly began to increase. Dad began to build tiers of hutches as quickly as he could, to keep up with the numbers, and went about with a look of dark foreboding in his eye.

We were all in the garden bright and early that Saturday morning when a truck stopped outside the gate. A farm labourer stumped in with a sack in each hand. From each bag he tumbled a small, pink, squealing object, and on closer inspection, I found myself gazing into the small, beady eyes of two piglets. The effect on the family was catastrophic, and we all declared that Mother had just gone too far this time; flashing sweet, apologetic smiles all round, she bounced off to install her new arrivals.

These were by no means the last, for the enthusiasm was still running riot. Within a matter of weeks Mother had added two geese, a three-year-old chestnut gelding, a capricious goat called Bridget and a one-eyed cat formerly called Penny, but which, on account of her character, we have renamed Jezebel. She sidles up to you with a look of innocent charm on her moon face, then with delicate precision clasps her claws round your leg and proceeds to sharpen her claws thereon.

It is rather awesome to think of all those hungry mouths waiting every day to consume the mounds of corn, goo and pig-swill we whip up for them. Of course, we now have only one pig, Dinah, as Ringo, being a hog, was destined from birth for the slaughter house. Some mortals do not depart this earth with such tearful regret at their passing.

Recently, Mother was offered a greenhouse and (oh joy!) her enthusiasm turned to plants. Perhaps now I shall be able to stay in bed a little longer—at least until seven o'clock—instead of trudging around at six, bleary-eyed, listening to the dawn chorus of grunts, clucks, baas, squeals and honks!

ELIZABETH THIRLAWAY (6U)

### THE NATIONAL YOUTH BRASS BAND

When I returned to school after the Easter Holidays many people were curious to know more about a badge that I was wearing which bore the initials N.Y.B.B. These initials stand for the National Youth Brass Band of Great Britain—a thriving organisation which gives young musicians throughout the country unrivalled opportunities for making music under expert tuition.

If you mention teenagers and music the immediate connection seems

to be 'pop' music, but this not quite true, for whereas nearly all the members of the N.Y.B.B. enjoy 'pop' music, they can also appreciate a wide range of more classical works.

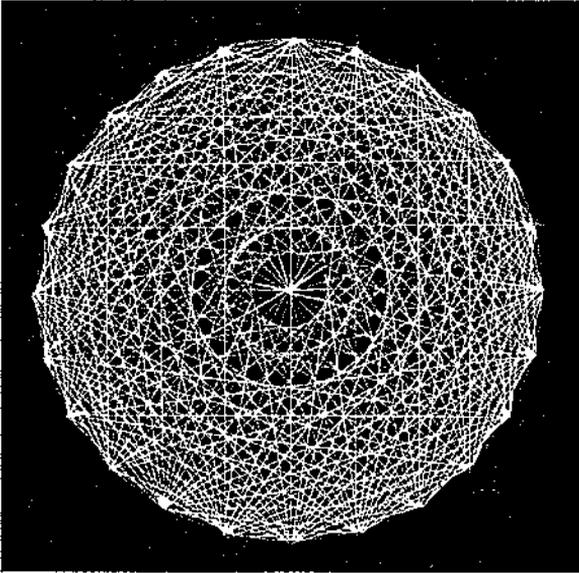
At first, the music seemed rather disjointed, but our conductor, the well-known Dr. Denis Wright, brought the best out of us, and soon the music of Elgar, Tchaikovsky, Bach and Sullivan echoed through the corridors of the school. I felt that we were all showing a general improvement in our playing and in our understanding of the music, and the climax came when we made a B.B.C. recording and also the first recording that the N.Y.B.B. has made. Finally all one hundred and six of us, sore-lipped after a week of hard work, consisting of five or six hours playing a day, were rewarded by the obvious pleasure the audience derived from our concert given on our last evening.

Next morning there followed an anti-climax, when all one could hear was the noisy farewells of the students. An hour later as I journeyed homewards my thoughts were filled with eager anticipation of meeting my new-found friends at our next course.

MARY CORDEY (6L)



# Thoughts Serious and Slight



*Elizabeth Thirlaway (6u)*

## FISH (Home-grown)

Three tanks of tropical fish occupy prominent positions in my home. They have a fascination for all visitors, from the smallest child who jabs at the glass, to the oldest adult who asks questions like, "How much do they cost?" and in spite of ten years co-existence, I too am still fascinated.

They are fascinating creatures, darting into the green foliage, gulping at the surface, chasing between the rocks, and bridling at their own reflections. They come in all colours and shapes—small, quick, luminous blue and red neon tetras, slow, graceful, black and white gouramis, red, fat, ugly catfish and the small, brightly-coloured guppies. They breed in different ways, the gouramis building nests of bubbles and laying eggs, the guppies producing live young and being cannibals, and the catfish, living alone, "unfortunately not bred in captivity."

Part of their fascination lies in the odd things my family does for them. We have gathered and carried, with due regard to colour and shape, rocks from Whitby and the tops of many Lakeland peaks, to be boiled for decorating the tanks. We have fished for invisible food in stagnanti ponds, and dug for worms in the middle of winter. We have washed

worms, chopped worms, and worst of all now breed worms in a tin, all for the fish. My mother has bought and boiled green nylon pan scrapers for small fish to feed in, bought a large vacuum flask to carry them in, and special chemicals to cure them of diseases as infectious and lethal as any from which man suffers.

As you may have realised, the keeping of tropical fish has disadvantages, such as homework with Father cleaning out a tank. First he needs the tank light on, so my reading lamp must be unplugged to make room for it. Next the siphon between the tank and the bucket will not work, and some one must suck the end to start. It is usually me, and usually I do not replace the end quickly enough into the bucket; the resulting mouthful of water is not pleasant. Next some fish has been accidentally dragged down the siphon into the bucket, and has to be caught from among the whirling debris, no easy task. If I do not get wet, my books do, and the resulting smudges look as if I had cried over my homework, or done it in the bath.

All advantages and disadvantages duly considered, I must admit I like living with tropical fish. They have provided two despairing children, my sister and me, with material for paintings, three-minute talks, English essays, and even school magazine articles.

RUTH PUCKERING, (HEAD GIRL)

## ON EDUCATION

Until well into the nineteenth century a liberal education consisted entirely of a study of the classics and, to a lesser extent, mathematics. In the nineteenth century, however, the rapid growth of all branches of knowledge forced new subjects in to the school curriculum. The inclusion of these new subjects made more justifiable the claim that a person who had spent several years at school was fully educated.

The accumulation of large numbers of 'O' and 'A' levels does not necessarily constitute a good education, although preparation for a future career plays a very important part in all education. A good education also develops the mind and character of the student. Since a child's moral character is usually formed before the age of six, educationists should strive to develop the intellect of the student, which will produce the further development of character which is still necessary.

Because the economy of a modern society depends almost entirely on the applications of scientific principles, the study of science plays an important part in our educational system. To meet the need of an increasingly complex world for scientists and technologists, heavy emphasis is laid on the utilitarian aspects of science. A scientific education is thus designed mainly to enable the student to handle chemicals, machines and electrical apparatus. The study of science, however, besides affording

knowledge essential for various practical purposes, stimulates the imagination and evokes a deep interest in, and respect for, the world around us.

Although it teaches that logical study, experimentation, and the acceptance of conclusions based on facts are the way to truth, science only teaches its students to apply these principles to material things. Science has not yet invented, nor ever will invent, a method of calculating and measuring man's thoughts and hopes. While science explains, or attempts to explain, the physical world, the humanities are concerned with the place of man. The humanities assume the responsibility of distinguishing between man and nature, and are therefore concerned with what man has been and has done in the past, man's troubles, weaknesses and achievements.

A study of the humanities cannot be expected to show great practical results. It nevertheless develops the minds of the students by the ideas which it presents and the experiences to which they give him entry. Who, for instance, would forbid the study of the works of Shakespeare because no one—except those connected with the theatre—has profited materially from them? A knowledge of "King Lear", say, gives a student a mental possession which he would be sorry to be without, and makes him, in some sense, a more excellent person.

For the imagination to be fully developed, it is necessary to be acquainted with great literature, music, art and architecture. The study of science, however, also stimulates and develops the imagination of an interested pupil, and, as Bertrand Russell has said, "It is only through the imagination that men become aware of what the world might be; without it, progress is mechanical and dull."

Just as, two hundred years ago, it was thought that a knowledge of the classics justified a man calling himself educated, there seems to be a feeling among certain scientists that a study of nothing but the sciences makes a man fully educated.

These people, who follow the philosophy of naturalism, argue that the only knowledge which deserves the title of knowledge is that which is susceptible to scientific methods, such as those used in physics and chemistry.

A hundred thousand years ago, the only thing which distinguished our ancestors from other anthropoid creatures was their desire for knowledge about the world around them. This led man to the discovery of agriculture and started him off towards civilization. Even to-day it is this insatiable curiosity, and not the use of atomic weapons, penicillin or electricity, which distinguishes man from other creatures.

One of the chief aims of education is to develop the love of knowledge inherent in all normal children. No one can truly love knowledge unless he is interested in both man and the natural phenomena which occur around him, and therefore no person can call himself educated unless he has studied both the humanities and the sciences.

PETER CARR (Head Boy)

## A CRAFTSMAN AT WORK

As I entered his workroom, I was not amazed at the professional finish of his models, but the beauty of the swans, deer and other creatures arranged round the room, scintillating in rainbow lights, made me wonder how a man could have such a delicate touch and an eye for natural beauty as well as a talent for turning glass, a man-made fibre, into the creatures that have given the countryside colour and an atmosphere of peace. These tiny models helped to nullify the workaday atmosphere of the room, and make the creation of these creatures more of an art than a trade.

The shop also had many signs of the industrial world. A long bench stretched in front of the bare window, and, as it did not give enough light, two small but powerful lamps were mobile above him to provide still more illumination. The essential parts, the bunsen burner and glass, were on the bench, and a small rack held all the tools he needed. The craftsman himself had on a large white apron which, although it played no part in the cleaning of any utensil, was dirty merely from the dust that was so abundant here. Some unfinished models lay in a big cardboard box at his feet.

As he began to work, I paid close attention. He began by heating a glass tube in a strong bunsen flame. The glass began to melt and, hastily, he took it from the flame and began to blow. Using one of his tools to mould its shape, he gradually gave the glass a form: a long, slender neck and graceful, long legs showed the animal to be a giraffe, quite rough, but it was there. Completing this, he took out another of his utensils and with it pulled, twisted and shaped the melted glass until he formed the position of the legs, the neck reaching up into a tree and the large eyes.

However, this was not all. I could see a vast difference between the models on the wall and the one he held. But he merely left it on the bench, I presume in order to cool, and, picking up an unfinished one, a swan, he began painting the eyes, beak and feet. The first had to be black and beady: for this only a touch was required. However, the beak had to have more detail; the bill itself was orange, but the nostrils had to be ebony and nature provided a fine colour for the rest of the body, which he did not paint. The finished article had to be sprayed with varnish, which was quite an easy job, and also gave the swan a brilliant shine, as if the water had reflected the sun's rays on its back.

Animals were perhaps the most pleasure-giving subjects, but the craftsman also manufactured somewhat easier and less delicate instruments for chemical use. Long tubes with large swellings at the end were created, all sorts of shapes and sizes appeared from nowhere, and all these were carefully placed in cardboard boxes padded with straw.

In a glassblower's trade, one wrong breath could ruin the whole effect, and so he has to be exact in every particular and well-versed in the craft. I also noticed the serenity and the composure he possessed;

there was plenty of time, and, although he was not fast in production, every detail was put in with ease and care.

As I left, he was making models with infinite care, and I walked through his shop, where were arranged all his works of art. I stayed to admire them and on an impulse, I bought one as a souvenir of when I saw a delicate art being performed; a craft which, probably, was dying, being pushed out by mass-production by machinery. However, a few still continue in it, if not as a living, as a hobby, and although machine-made articles may look the same, they have not, for me, the same fascination as man-made articles.

JULIA VICKERS (5A)

### IMPRESSIONS OF A POPULAR BEACH IN WINTER

"I wandered lonely as a cloud," Wordsworth says. On this particular day, I think this applied to me. I did wander, very lonely, on a popular beach which should have been full of people, but it was not. For this was the month of February and the scene was as desolate as anyone could imagine.

I believe I felt more lonely than the clouds. "At least," I thought, "clouds have each other and the bitter north wind sends them scurrying together across the bleak, grey sky." The high cliffs seemed to frown down upon me and there was constantly in the air the sound of the white gulls, which huddled close together on the grey cliffs, as though for warmth. There was a fine drizzle in the air which soaked me to the skin and seemed to dampen my spirits, as well as everything else around me. Its dampness extended to the fishing boats, which sat, high up on the sand, as though daring the sea to come and carry them off. An old fisherman sat mending his nets and shivering in the bitterly cold wind. He looked as though he were part of the scene; as though he had never moved from there for a hundred years and would sit there another hundred, just watching the sea, with eyes as blue as the sea itself, in summer.

I kicked bitterly at a pebble. The sea in winter always succeeded in making me miserable, it looked so desolate. I gazed at the deep, dark plain of grey water, flecked with white foam, and I wondered. No one really knew what went on beneath those dark depths. Turning away from the sea, I gazed at the grey cliffs. Grey seemed to be the predominant colour that day. The sea was grey, the cliffs were grey, the pebbles were grey and even the sand took on a greyish tinge. I found a certain charm in looking at the cliffs, they were so domineering. They were like the sea in many respects. They were both grey, and while the sea was flecked with white foam, the cliffs were adorned with white gulls. I reflected on these things as I walked along.

On glancing up at the pier, the sight which met my eyes was far from pleasant. Small cafés which sold ice-cream and confectionery had been closed and boarded up for the winter, and dirty bits of cardboard blocked up the window-panes. From where I was standing I could see one forlorn-looking poster flapping against the wall. It had been there since the summer, when it had advertised a show at the pier theatre. I could almost hear the dull thud it made as it continued its never-ending flapping against the wall.

I looked at my watch. It was just a quarter past four, yet already it was beginning to grow dark. I made my way back to my hotel. When I entered, I began to feel more cheerful. The lamps were lit in the lounge, and everything looked quite cosy and pleasant. My thoughts on the lonely beach had departed from me, and I was glad. I did not want to think of the sea any more, and like the poet, "I put it off until a more convenient season."

LINDA JACKSON (5A)

## REFLECTIONS ON OUR TRANSPORT SYSTEM

What fills you with trepidation? What makes your heart beat faster and your eyes open wide with horror. Spiders? X-certificate films? The Rolling Stones? For me it is that common but none the less dire experience, travelling on a bus.

Bus steps are a sure way of committing suicide, should one choose such a diabolical way to die. Perhaps the transport workers fill them full of holes and gaps on purpose to pay us back because they hate being public servants (and I should). At any rate, no sooner has one reached the first step than one is firmly fixed; the bus speeds merrily away and one is left to sway helplessly back and forth until the conductor, with accompanying weak jokes, hauls one in. (Boys please note: it is to us young ladies I am referring; you are not yet wearing stiletto heels, though no doubt it will come.)

Once inside the bus, one is no safer. Should one find a seat (or, even rarer, should a gentleman offer his), it is sure to be next to someone obnoxious; a gruesome old lady with her incessant chatter about funerals or accidents—why are they such favourite topics?—or a dirty, sticky infant who wipes his chocolate-coated hands on one's new coat (exit dirty, sticky infant). Standing is little better; one is pushed, elbowed and kicked up and down the aisle (so narrow that it is presumably intended for the circus thin man). If looks could kill, one would be stretched out on the floor, slain by the daggers from the beady eye of the majestic matron whose head-piece—to call it a hat would be quite inadequate—one has knocked sideways with one's basket (actually it looks better that way).

I could enlarge further on the horrors of buses, but I might be sued, and I cannot afford it. I feel I owe it, however, to those stalwarts who have struggled this far through my article (though it may be only my mother) to say something good about buses. I can only think of this. If there were no buses, I should not have been able to write this. So now you can go out and shoot all bus drivers on sight. And the very best of British!

ANN I. STOREY, (6U)



Pamela O'Neill (2b)

### THE SCHOOLGIRL IN FICTION AND FACT

I have read many books on schools and schoolgirls, and to be quite frank, I think they are childish and unrealistic. The girls portrayed in these books do not bear any resemblance to to-day's schoolgirls, except, perhaps, those brought up in convents. That is to say, these girls are much too honourable to belong to this present day and age of juvenile delinquents. Schoolgirls of to-day are much more grown-up and have more grown-up opinions. They are not "giggly" and irresponsible, but are sensible and take most things seriously, but at the same time they can be jolly and very friendly and most of them are quite intelligent.

My idea of a schoolgirl in fiction is a girl with long, ribboned pig-tails and short, white socks. She is quite brilliant and studies hard. She is a member of every club ever formed in the school and is good at most of the sports and is in all of the school teams. This schoolgirl must be very friendly, with a good reputation and many friends who support her when she is in trouble. Her clothes are out-of-date and her parents are owners of a sweet-shop or something similar, and are excellent citizens. The schoolgirl's mother is a member of the Townswomen's Guild. This idea of a small girl who is almost an angel is, in my opinion, very wrong, and I think the authors of these books should try to be more up-to-date in their writings.

Today's schoolgirl tends to be less studious than the schoolgirl in fiction, spending all her spare time, other than the time when she does her homework, on current trends. Once homework is done she forgets about it and if she is stuck she does not worry herself sick about it, but asks at school. Most girls to-day loathe school uniform, but they try to brighten it up and keep it smart, so that it is clean, if not very modern. They never have pig-tails; some of them wear nylon stockings and modern shoes. The modern schoolgirl may think more about pop stars than French, but one usually finds she studies a great deal, if not as frequently as the schoolgirl in fiction.

My idea of an ideal schoolgirl is a girl who tries hard at school,

even if she is no good at a subject, but even so she enjoys herself out of school hours. I think she should try to make the best of her uniform, even if she loathes the sight of it, and it would help her to bear the agony if she changed on returning home. She should try to enjoy lessons and make the best of her life at school.

I would certainly not class myself as an ideal schoolgirl, because I do not devote all the time I should to my studies. However, I quite enjoy going to school and the only part of the term I really hate is examination time.

ANNE CAMSELL (4B)

### IMAGINATIVE IDEAS

#### A POLITICAL SPEECH FOR THE EVE OF DECEMBER 31st, 1999

We stand with one foot in the past, and the other about to stride boldly into the future. This evening we have reached the vital link in time between the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. We can look over our shoulders and see the past stretching behind, like a faded, well-trodden carpet, while in front we gaze hopefully into the future, as yet spotless, untouched by man's careless and clumsy footsteps. We must, however, realize that the twentieth century embodied, for man in 1899, the same hopes which we cherish.

We, the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of these men have learned in the often bitter experiences of the last century that optimism is a weak weapon with which to face the future. To-day we are a century wiser than our forefathers, and it is our duty to use that hard-won experience to provide more practical means of achieving our hopes.

The twentieth century has seen three terrible and bloody world wars. In the last great war of 1979 it seemed that men would complete the work begun by the folly and thoughtlessness displayed in 1914 and again in 1939, by wiping the human race from the surface of the earth. A crisis was reached in 1979, in which humanity struggled to determine the basic principle on which man's relations to man were to be based. At last, owing to determined efforts by men of every nation, humanitarianism triumphed over materialism. The terrible situation had forced people to recognise the doctrine first put forward by the French Revolution in the form of 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.' The ultimate value in the future was to be Man. This momentous conclusion is the great heritage which we can give to tomorrow. This is the basic reality on which the new World Government is based; without this the existence of such a government is utterly invalid.

Internationalism is to be the great positive force in the modern world, just as nationalism was the negative force of the nineteenth century. The century through which we have just passed saw the fierce struggle

between the two. The older nations had at last begun to realise the emptiness of the nationalism for which they had striven so unceasingly. When once attained it revealed itself for what it was, a despicable force based on man's lowest instincts. To balance this new outlook, however, was the fierce nationalism of the struggling nations in Africa and Asia. The international role of the United Nations in such an unstable, divided world was difficult in the extreme, but, nevertheless, almost succeeded.

At last the time has come for the success of the international idea. We are now politically mature enough to conceive the basic principles of world government, and we are determined enough to carry through with wisdom what our minds have conceived in theory. We must not delude ourselves into self-complacency, but neither must defeatism obscure and limit our view. Humanity could be at the dawn of a great new era in man's history, a truly golden age, not for a minute area of the globe and a small fraction of mankind, but for the entire world and every single living person in it.

DIANE PICKERING (6U)

### LA GUERRE

La guerre est si cruelle,  
Avec la peine et la mort tout autour,  
Les héros ont une mort actuelle,  
Mais les lâches meurent jour après jour.

Les soldats entendent les canons,  
Des camarades tombent par terre,  
Quittant leurs femmes et leurs enfants,  
Il n'ya rien de si cruelle que la guerre.

W. RODHAM (3A)

### A PASSENGER FOR REG

It was in Crawley that Reg first met Mr. Hammond. Reg was a close friend of mine, but had just died as the result of a driving accident. In a few minutes of consciousness, he revealed to all around his bedside an incredible story, which I, as one of the people present, shall never forget.

Reg had met Mr. Hammond in the only inexpensive restaurant in Crawley. Reg did not like him at first, but he saw him again the following evening, when he was, by this time, really absorbed by Hammond's suavity and readiness to laud and praise every suggestion of his. Hammond's pale eyes seemed to penetrate and hypnotise Reg with a benevolence behind his gleaming spectacles. He was impeccably dressed: his excellently tailored suit was dark grey in colour; his white shirt and highly polished shoes formed a sharp, but perfect contrast. Reg had to drive home during

the night and could not refuse Hammond's company for the journey: it was as though Hammond compelled him to move, to breathe, to speak and even to offer the very invitation to accompany him.

In no time at all, Reg had opened the car door to allow Hammond to climb in and place his large suitcase on the back seat. Reg was soon in the driving seat. He was not altogether happy with Hammond's mood: he was too dominating, he had changed, and in fact, at times he began to become quite aggressive and objectionable in an odd, rather sinister manner, questioning him about personal matters. Reg drove on through the night, not daring to become angry with his passenger. He felt that he must not say one word in contradiction of Hammond's now excessive criticism.

Then Hammond's tone suddenly changed. It was as if he was coerced by some sinister force in the black void of the unknown. He began to talk as though he had just absorbed the essence of a library of science-fiction novels; he asked Reg how some planet, more advanced than we are, would endeavour to make a surveillance of us. Reg gazed stolidly on the road ahead. He remained silent. Hammond continued. His conversation was intriguing; he began talking in technical, scientific language and suggested that the unknown people would undoubtedly construct a human being identical to our race. This "robot" would mingle with the confusion of everyday life; learning about the world, its people and their habits. Reg was astounded that this man, who seemed to be such a mundane character in the restaurant at Crawley, should spout such a remarkable tissue of improbable philosophy. Hammond was becoming unbearable. His suggestions were profound: he talked at length of how such a "spy" could be created, of how every cell in the human body could be made to co-ordinate with the unknown influence locked away in the infinite journey into space or time.

Within ten miles of home, Reg realised that Hammond must be insane, or a genius, or . . . Then he really felt his scalp tingle. What if Hammond was one of these robots, one of these spies, especially constructed by the weird, invincible powers of another planet? The thought of this creature prying into his life! No, he must control himself, realise that he was only listening to an eccentric professor, eager to vent his knowledge about his new ideas, which he had recently calculated in his new toy, his computer. Reg despised these people. He remembered the heavy spanner under his seat and slowly reached down, picked it up, and placed it between his thigh and the offside door. He felt better.

Hammond detected the change in his attitude, and languidly turning his head towards Reg, he said, "Do you think you could stand the sight of — I think you thought of it as a 'creature'?" Reg felt his clammy hands sticking to the steering wheel as he managed to say, "Sure I could, sure." He regretted it: Hammond seemed to shimmer and dissolve as there was a luminescence and a whirl of light and shade. Then Hammond was gone—in his place was a presence, utterly alien, cold, powerful,

and of a tremendous will. Reg remembered screaming as he tried to get out of the car, which was gaining uncontrollable speed and hurtling itself to certain destruction.

He regained consciousness for those few, brief moments in hospital, when he revealed this story. His last words were concerned with Hammond's large suitcase on the back seat. It was not found on the scene of the crash, but I made some investigations at Crawley and found that someone at the restaurant had seen Hammond with his suitcase. Now, I should like to meet this Mr. Hammond, or would I? Would you?

DAVID COOPER (6L)

### A DESCRIPTION OF A BORE — AS MIGHT BE READ IN A GOSSIPY LETTER

... Well, my dear Gertrude, you know how I hate talking about people behind their backs, but I just had to tell you about yesterday. She invited herself to tea, you know who I mean, that Agatha Twiddlefrump.

She went on and on about her Willie's lumbago and how the "poor dahling" suffered without complaining. Who wants to hear about her "Willie" and his lumbago? Not I, I can tell you. I could not push a word in edgewise when she began to relate the life history of her prize begonias. Did you know that there is not one single weed in her "beootiful" flower bed? Every evening she goes into the garden to pick out any nasty little weeds—it looks as if she has put them all in her hat. What a ghastly creation that was.

I was nearly hypnotised once when she was talking with her hands, waving them all over—she was, like a "tick-tack" man at the Grand National. Of course, she only did it to make me notice her new emerald ring.

Her new purple two-piece was from Madame Gavioli's—such an absolutely divine, petite shop, but of course only for regular upper class customers. "Who does she think she is?"

The only time she stopped talking was to eat all my spice cake—what an appetite! Afterwards she said it was "quite nice", stressing the "quite". Well, you know my spice cakes always win first prize at the annual fair! That set her off on another topic. How she used to cook in the jungles of Africa when she was not helping Willie to catch "big game". The only thing they caught was malaria!

Her hair is going to be dyed from black to "sophisticated grey—such an awfully distinguished colour. "Of course it's not because she is already going grey—"oh, no, no, no, Mummy always said my hair would never go grey."

I finally got rid of her when there was no more cake to eat, but I am afraid the last thing she said was, "I really must call on Gertrude next week, it is such a long time since I last saw her."

I really do envy you—such pleasant company!

MARGARET LAIDLER (5A)

### AFTERMATH

There is quietness now—  
Yet a short time ago  
The wind sobbed like a lost spirit,  
And the soulful sound filled my heart.  
There is quietness now,  
And the icy rain no longer demands entry  
At my window.  
The forked light has fled the sky  
And his sonorous companion with him.  
Can you smell the wet grass?  
Always the smell of wet grass  
After the storm.  
There is quietness now,  
But my heart—as ever—is without peace.

MARILYN HUNT (6U)

The sun, newly risen, sends forth searching beams  
To seek out the dew on the green meadow grass.  
The shafts dart forth, everything sparkles and gleams,  
And dappled light pierces the thick woods' mass.

The young leafy boughs stir and wake with the morn,  
And nests seem to throb with the new joy of Spring;  
The soft moss and wild thyme the valleys adorn,  
And down the rocks, busy streams chatter and sing.

Clearly and gaily, their song fills the air,  
As through the white hawthorn they babble their way.  
The wind gaily laughs as He blows away care,  
And the bird of morn sings for the birth of the day.

ELIZABETH THIRLAWAY, (6U)

**HUMOUR**  
**ON HIS MEANNESS**

When I consider how my money is spent  
Ere half a week, in shops small and dingy,  
And that one penny which to keep is stingy,  
Locked in a coffer, though my will more bent

To be served with chocolate, and to buy  
Good magazines, lest I get bored,—  
Can I afford such luxuries, with my small hoard?  
I niggardly ask:—But Meanness, to stay

That murmur, soon replies, Thou dost not need  
Either magazines, or chocolate: who best  
Bear this hard yoke, they are served last: this state  
Is critical; thousands need yet to feed  
And drink, and some even to rest:—  
They are eventually served who only stand and wait.

S. CLOUGH (5A)

**INN FEVER**

I must go down to the inn again, to the lovely beer and pie,  
And all I ask is a pint of beer, and a thirst to steer her by,  
And the cider's kick and the drunkard's song, with his high notes a-shaking  
And a fine head on top of my pint, and the sound of a hiccup breaking.

I must go down to the inn again, for the call of the beer, frothing and  
brown-eyed,

Is a wild call and a clear call, that may not be denied,  
And all I ask is a game of darts, with the coloured flights flying,  
And the flying darts may be true to mark, and never will I end up crying.

I must go down to the inn again, to the rueful, misled life,  
To the peace and quiet of the bar, where a fellow's safe from his wife,  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow drinker,  
And blissful stupor and sweet dreams when the long day is over.

(N.B. I do not frequent inns.)

T. G. BOGGON (5A)

## PARODY

O my love's got a big, black nose  
That looks just like a prune:  
My love looks like the farmer's cow  
That jumped across the moon.

How vile you smell, my bonnie lass:  
How silly must be I,  
For I will love thee still my dear,  
Although I know not why.

Till Hartlepoons beat 'Spurs', my dear,  
And your wig melts with the sun;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While after you I run.

PAUL BURDEN (5A)

## PARODY ON "YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND"

Ye constables of England  
That guard our native shores:  
Whose badge has braved a hundred years  
To guard the British laws.  
Your glorious helmet don again  
To meet another foe  
And plod through the Mods  
While the Rockers rage below;  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the Rockers rage below.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall ring the bells of Bow—  
For that street was their field of fame,  
Now it's "Z-cars" on the go:  
When you hear mighty Barlow yell  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As you plod through the Mods  
While the Rockers rage below;  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the Rockers rage below.

Britannia needs your truncheon  
To quell the raging throng.  
Your march is on the Clacton front,  
Your place is on the prom,  
Where Mods and Rockers mill around  
And visitors lie low.  
So plod through the Mods  
As the Rockers rage below;  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the Rockers rage below.

The magistrates of England  
Shall yet the vandals teach  
That ways of wanton violence  
Are futile: they'll impeach.  
Till then, ye pavement warriors  
Take heart! To Margate go!  
And plod through the Mods  
While the Rockers rage below;  
Till the fiery fight is heard no more  
And the Mods and Rockers blow.

JANET MUNCASTER (5A)

