

# GRAMMARIAN

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1946

No. 4.

## EDITORIAL.

STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL,  
STANLEY, CO. DURHAM.

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### *Readers :*

Miss Nicol and Miss Allison.

Readers will see that our magazine now has a new title, "Grammarians" was felt to be more appropriate, since the school has changed its name.

Most people now know that the previous editors, Kenneth Coulson and Alice Boggon, and the sub-editor, Norman Pearson, have left the school. We are grateful for the way in which they have carried out the work of editing the magazines which have appeared so far. We who must carry on that work only hope that we can keep up the high standard set, especially in the last magazine which was published. May we congratulate Alice, Kenneth and Norman on their good work and wish them success in the future.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Mr. Fewster on October 4th. This news came as a great blow to the school, for Mr. Fewster was with us for years and made many friends among pupils and staff alike. He was always highly respected but only now, when the school is made a great deal poorer by his passing, can we fully appreciate his good work. We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Fewster in her bereavement.

Mr. Gunns retired last term after having taught at the school for thirty-four years. He was an extremely able teacher and was

always thorough in his work. His cheerful and patient disposition endeared him to both staff and scholars. We wish him many years of health and happiness in his retirement and, although he may not be with us in his official capacity on Speech Days, we sincerely hope to welcome him as a guest for many years to come.

Dr. Davies also left the school this year. We are very sorry to lose him as he was liked by everyone, and we sincerely hope that he will be very happy in his new post.

We welcome Mr. Robinson, who has taken Mr. Gunns' place as Science Master and hope he will be happy with us.

We also welcome Mr. Wood, our new English Master, and wish him every success in the future.

Mrs. Hogg left the school last term. We have many happy memories of her short stay with us and wish her every happiness.

Miss Browning has ably filled the post of Gym Mistress. She is now assisted by Miss Smith.

We have been admonished because of our failure in the past to mention the kitchen-staff. We humbly apologise and take this opportunity of thanking them for the vital work which they do. Were it not for them, we should be without, what is to most people, the best "lesson" of the day!

There has been a large influx of material for this issue and, repeating its performance of the Easter Issue, the staff has contributed two articles (with no indication as to the identity of the authors). We leave you to guess which are the articles and, more difficult still, who are the authors.

It was hoped to have a specially designed, coloured cover for the magazine this term, but, for various reasons, this was not possible. However we hope that the next magazine will appear in a bright and handsome cover.

We wish to thank the readers for their valuable work and also Miss Jefferson, the school secretary, who has typed out a good deal of the material so willingly.

Finally, a word to everyone. The success of the next magazine depends entirely on the co-operation of those concerned. We ask you to print your articles in block capitals (as some writing is extremely difficult to read) and to hand them to the representative of your particular year, or to the Editor. Will all Past Students who contribute articles please mark them "O.S." as there is sometimes difficulty in distinguishing between senior scholars' and Past Students' anonymous material.

We urge everyone to contribute articles as early as possible, even on the first day of next term. This will lessen considerably the task of arranging and copying out the next magazine.

We wish to thank all who have helped with the magazine in any way at all, and we hope they will carry on the good work in the future.

### LIFE ON TABLE 17.

Why does a mighty jangling disturb the vast assembly? Why are the very walls affrighted? Why does the dictator of Table 17 assume a determined look, while his chief of police stands on the faces of two treasonable subjects? There is no need to seek further for the cause of this unrest:—Table 17 is about to revert to its barbaric state—and the reason is easily seen! The caissons are rolling again; a clang, the red signal lights flash, and the food express shoots forth from the inferno, where mysterious concoctions are devised with a rattle, rivalling the chattering of a machine-gun, the transport sweeps on its majestic way. What matter if several rulers are decapitated, or if ruin and destruction are left in its wake? The starving millions must be fed.

Let us now return to Table 17, with the hungry inhabitants lashed to their chairs, and the cutlery chained to the table, the dictator and the chief of police carefully remove the time-bombs and tin-tacks from their noble thrones, and with great dignity, sit. Then they level their sub-Thompsons at the snarling mob, and fire off a few rounds. The dead are dragged away, and now the food express tears past. After the gale has subsided, the food supplies are brought in by a special search party, well armed, who fight their way through the people, one and indivisible.

"No degradation . . . on" is the cry of the torture. The chief of police remains still more of the dictator's subjects—are so loyal—mind that potato bomb—are starving to death. The dictator, having seen the distribution of punishment and food begins his meal, but the chief of police is more wary: he waves his revolver at one of the subjects, motioning him to eat from the chief's plate. The subject obeys, and with a sizzling crackle vanishes (sorry, we're wrong: there's a small piece of ash on the table, and a cloud of blue smoke in the air). The chief grins, and flings the acid-soaked meat over his shoulder, at the same time, seizing the dinner of the deceased and late-lamented.

But, despite the high tariff, imports roll in and are handed to and fro among the dictator's subjects. Of course, before any meal can be eaten, it must be first rolled around the floor; passed from grimy paw to smoke-stained flipper, and finally mixed with equal quantities of salt.

Now we see the flash of unsullied steel, and the great slaughter of caterpillars and potato is on!! Exulting, the subjects plough their way through the untain of food ahead of them, making sure that gravy and lettuce are liberally spread on the tablecloth, and on the heads of their helots.

Tacitus, so the class of students say, preferred "a dangerous servitude to peaceful servitude." That guy should have been on Table 17! Once more the peal of bells, the rush of the transports, and the dictator and his right-hand man dive for shelter, as daggers and tridents, as well as chariot wheels, roll and stream forth in their general direction. After the deluge, they emerge, and laughingly display their coats of mail, cunningly concealed beneath their medal ribbons (who was Eglamore, anyway?).

For the third time, the trains chug past, and once more the hideous scenes, we have just described, are enacted, except that everyone is careful to soak himself in custard. The bloated subjects are now plotting a revolution, and the situation becomes tense. The plot, however, is revealed by one of the slaves, who insists on mounting the rostrum to sing a charming, revolutionary ditty. He is, however, eventually silenced, and disappears through the floor, in a welter of smashed china and splintered wood. A slight sandstorm, in the form of a cloud of

cayenne, rolls towards the dictator, disturbing his serenity. Now, however, he acts! The worst offenders are consigned to the chain-gang, and are given forks with which they must clean up table 17—a land flowing (literally!) with milk and money. The taxes are extorted and the faces of the poor ground, as usual. Another humdrum day in the life of the chief of police is almost over. The dictator makes a speech, while the chief stuffs gags and bits of broken glass into the mouths of the cheering mob. Then comes the final jangling of bells, and the dictator and his companion in crime sorrowfully bid goodbye to their dear subjects, and leave in their armoured train, laughingly avoiding the booby traps and hand grenades.

The subjects heave a sigh of relief, and, we here, produce torches, attempting to burn the table. Others manufacture treacle-thick plots to assassinate their rulers, while some brave spirits collect signatures on "magnum charters" (always ignored by the dictator). Still others, like our friend "teeth" revert to the ape-man state, making the welkin (whatever that is) ring to the cry of "tar-zan," which is apparently the war cry of all true democrats! Soon all these lost souls are driven forth into the wilderness, until such time as they are returned to their dark and horrible dungeons. It was said of them "In adversis sperant"—what a hope! Tamburlaine's "Death and tyrannising war" hasn't the slightest resemblance to the true state of affairs: and we know!

THE AUTHOR AND HIS  
CONSCIENCE.

### THE NORTH WIND.

I come, I come from my Arctic home  
And I sweep the frozen ground;  
I strip the trees of their yellow leaves  
And whirl them like chaff around.  
I hurry the fleecy clouds along,  
Across heaven's azure dome,  
And I lash into fury the ocean waves  
Till they're white with their crested foam.  
A.B. IIb.

### SECOND YEAR FOLLY.

*Teacher*: Tom, give me a sentence containing the word "Diploma."

*Tom*: Our bathroom is leaking so mother has sent for Di—ploma (the plumber).

*Native (with long hair and beard)*: I want a shave and a haircut, so where should I put this cigar?

*Barber*: If you do not mind, sir, please leave it in your mouth. It will act as a sort of landmark.

### CHESS CLUB.

Two strong players who have recently left the school are Dr. Davies and Billy Boggon. Both were enthusiastic members of the club and each has played on the school team. We miss them greatly.

The last match, the school chess-team played, was against Consett Grammar School, who narrowly beat us 3-2. Other results are: School 0, Staff 5, and School 3½, Craghead 1½. Our ignominious defeat by the masters can be partly excused by the fact that half of the school team were playing in a house football match, the same evening.

Membership of the club is slowly mounting, but there is a sad lack of sixth-formers. Chess is supposed to be a mathematical game, and our present sixth is full of "Maths-men," so this should be an opportunity for them to show their prowess. We extend a cordial welcome to new members, especially from the first year. Meetings are on Tuesday evenings, immediately after school, and last until 4-30.

### GAMES SECTION.

Members who wish to combine pleasure with instruction should play over the appended games.

No. 1

- |                         |                           |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>White</i> —H. Young. | <i>Black</i> —R. Simpson. |
| 1. P-Q4, KT-KB3.        | 2. P-QB4, P-K3.           |
| 3. KT-KB3, P-QB4.       | 4. P-K3, KT-B3.           |
| 5. KT-B3, P-Q4.         | 6. BPxP, KPxP.            |
| 7. B-KT5, PxP.          | 8. PxP, B-Q2.             |
| 9. 0-0, P-QR3.          | 10. BxKT, BxB.            |
| 11. R-Klch, B-K2.       | 12. KT-K5, R-QB1.         |
| 13. KTxB, RxKT.         | 14. B-B4, 0-0.            |
| 15. Q-KT3 ? R-KT3.      | 16. Q-B2, B-KT5.          |
| 17. QR-B1, Q-B1.        | 18. R-K5 ? ? B-Q3.        |
| 19. KT-R4, R-B3.        | 20. KT-KT6 ? RxQ.         |
| 21. KTxQ, RxRch ?       | 22. BxR, RxKT.            |
| 23. R-K1, KT-KT5.       | 24. B-KT5, BxPch.         |
| 25. K-B1, P-R3.         | 26. B-K7, R-K1.           |
| 27. P-KKT3, P-B3.       | 28. B-Q6 ? RxRch.         |
| 29. KxR, B-KT8.         | 30. Resigns.              |

No. 2.

In the following Queen's gambit declined, white conducted the opening rather tamely, and black was able to build up a good attacking position, which he carried to a successful conclusion by a deep sacrificial combination.

White—E. Zagoryansky.

Black—A. Konstantinopolsky.

- |                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P-Q4, P-Q4.       | 2. P-QB4, P-K3.     |
| 3. KT-QB3, KT-KB3.   | 4. KT-B3, B-K2.     |
| 5. P-K3, 0-0.        | 6. B-Q3, PxP.       |
| 7. BxBP, P-QR3.      | 8. 0-0, P-QKT4.     |
| 9. B-Q3, B-KT2.      | 10. Q-K2, QKT-Q2.   |
| 11. R-QL, P-B4.      | 12. P-K4, PxP.      |
| 13. KTxQP, P-KT5.    | 14. KT-R4, Q-R4.    |
| 15. P-QKT3, KT-K4.   | 16. B-B2, KT-KT3.   |
| 17. P-B3, Q-R4.      | 18. B-K3, QR-QL.    |
| 19. B-Q3, B-Q3.      | 20. P-KT3, KT-K4.   |
| 21. Q-KB2, B-KT1.    | 22. B-K2, R-B1.     |
| 23. QR-B1, Q-KT3.    | 24. KT-QB5, RxKT.   |
| 25. RxR, KT(K4)-KT5. | 26. PxKT, KTxKP.    |
| 27. KT-B5, PxKT.     | 28. QxP, B-R2.      |
| 29. QxQ, RPxQ.       | 30. R-B7, BxBch.    |
| 31. K-B1, B-B1.      | 32. R-K7, P-B4.     |
| 33. B-B4ch, K-R2.    | 34. PxP, RxPch.     |
| 35. K-KT2, R-B7ch.   | 36. K-RI, B-KT5.    |
| 37. R-KB1, B-B6ch.   | 38. K-KT1, R-KT7ch. |
| 39. K-RI, R-KT8.     | Mate.               |

Here are the results of last season's Tournaments :—Prizes were awarded to R. Simpson, who won the school championship for the second successive year in section "A" with 100% ; J. McKeever, who won section "B" with 88%, and W. Herron, who won the knock-out section "C." Better luck next time to those who were unsuccessful !

At present, our better players are studying the Sicilian defence, (e.g. 1. P-K4, P-QB4,) and the Queen's gambit, (e.g. 1. P-Q4, P-Q4. 2. P-QB4,) with great diligence, examining them part by part, and noting the various divergences. Soon we hope to investigate the Ruy Lopez and the French defence.

Our representative attended the annual general meeting of the Durham County Chess Association, and reports a proposal for a Durham County Grammar School League. If the suggestion fructifies, we shall enter a team. Other proposals of interest were the continuance of the Junior Championship for the 14-18 group, and the Boy's Championship for the under fourteens. Any member, who wishes to compete in either of these, must please notify the secretary, R. Simpson.

Our own tournaments will begin soon, and details will be posted on the notice-boards. Suggestions for the programme after Christmas will be welcomed and should be given to any member of the School Team.

We are grateful to our headmaster, Mr. Carr, who has devoted so much of his valuable time to coaching, and is the most enthusiastic member of our club. We invite other masters, who can play, to pay us a visit occasionally—we cannot have such talent going to waste !

May we take this opportunity, as the school's oldest society, to greet our three younger brothers, and wish them every success.

## THE CASE FOR DEMOCRACY IN SCHOOLS.

In the third issue of this magazine there was an article which advocated the setting up of a students' representative council, on the basis of popular elections. Probably few readers paid much attention to this suggestion, but it must be obvious that if such an elected body were set up, it would add the finishing touch to the wave of enthusiasm for social activities which has swept through the school in the past few years. This urge resulted in the formation of the various flourishing societies which supply interesting and varied programmes to the pupils, who exercise effective control over the committees, which are elected by "universal suffrage," by those who pay. Many members, as any observer will notice, do not bother to attend the elections. Later, however, they complain about the quality of the programmes presented to them. This, if we will not be thought cynical for saying it, is another example of the truth of the statement that "the people get the rulers they deserve."

Many people seize upon this last point to exclaim against the idea of any form of democratic "government" in the school. They point out that even if there were no monetary limit to the number of voters (as in the case of the societies), probably very few would bother to vote after the novelty had worn off. Even fewer would take an intelligent interest in the affairs of the council, and "slackness" would undoubtedly develop among the members, say these sceptics. They

believe that fine weather, or a long series of sports' events, would soon make the meetings of the council few and far between. But surely these are precisely the faults of our existing democracy in the outside world; they are not confined to the school! Give the ordinary citizen the chance to go to a cinema, a football game, or a boxing-match, and in nine cases out of ten he will forget about the political meeting to be held on the same day. So obviously, those who deplore democratic organisations in schools might just as well apply their arguments to the outside world, and advocate dictatorship and despotism instead of democracy, which gives the ordinary man the right to choose, rightly or wrongly, his own form of government.

Let no reader come to the hasty conclusion that we advocate some form of anarchy, however: a school must be controlled by some authority. But in so far as it educates the citizens and voters of the future in citizenship, let it also give to these future citizens some taste of the rights and duties of citizenship. Let them realise, while young, the power of the vote, and the need for the right and wise use of that power. To be sure, the evils of democracy—the party machines, the block-voting, the dominance of personality—will make their appearance in some form, but by realising when young that such evils and allurements of the democratic form of government, do exist, will not the voters of the future be able to combat these faults, and vote wisely after allowing for them? The Magazine of the school will show the young person the power of the press; the societies will show the benefits to be gained from organisation, and the price to be paid for such benefits; a students' representative council would show the power of the vote, and the need for constant vigilance and activity to keep democracy alive.

In many schools today we find an attempt to lead children to think out the fundamental problems for themselves, instead of glibly accepting other people's conclusions. Let such work continue, for the sooner pupils think out great issues for themselves, the sooner will such issues be settled. A problem well understood is a problem half-solved, and this seems to point to the establishment of some debating society, in schools in connection with some form of council. In such a society, young people learn to read newspapers intelligently, in order to be

able to gain the facts necessary for defending their beliefs in open discussion, or debate. Much nonsense, to be sure, will be spoken, but even in "grown-up" politics many nonsensical arguments are met with! When the students of today become citizens of democracy they will realise its faults, its limitations, its weaknesses, and its advantages. Having an open mind on such problems generally means "non-thinking" and a colourless and useless neutrality, usually born of laziness. Nor would we see the schools turning out bigots, but thoughtful citizens willing to defend their democracy, not on the battlefield, but in ordinary life, before any struggle or open conflict has begun.

We firmly believe that the best way of preventing war and keeping the peace is to bring democracy into the schools, to make young people conscious of their rights and duties as citizens, not only of our own democracy, but of the world. Therefore, we look forward "bold and eager" to the establishment of a Students' Representative Council, and a Debating Society, and feel sure that their activities will add further glory to the School.

"PRACTIDEALUS."

### HITLER'S DREAM.

Here is a story, strange it may seem,  
Of Hitler the Nazi and his terrible dream.  
Being tired of the Allies, he lay down in bed  
And, amongst other things, he dreamt he was  
dead.  
He was all straightened out and lying in state  
And his moustache was frozen with terrible  
hate.  
He wasn't dead long when he found, to his  
cost,  
His plans and his passport to the next world  
he'd lost.  
On leaving the earth to heaven he went  
straight  
And proudly he goose-stepped to the golden  
gate  
But Peter looked out, and with voice loud  
and clear,  
Said, "On your way, Hitler, you can't come  
in here!"  
So he went at top speed to that region below,  
But the look-out angel was well worth his  
hire,  
He got through to Satan and gave him the  
wire.

Now Satan said, "Lads, I am giving you warning,

We're expecting Herr Hitler, the Nazi, this morning.

Now get this all straight and get it quite clear, We are too ? good for that fellow down here."

"O Satan, O Satan," Herr Hitler then cried, "I heard what you said while standing outside.

O give me a place, as I've nowhere to go. But Satan said, "Nazi, a thousand times No!" So he kicked Hitler back and vanished in smoke.

Just at that very moment, Herr Hitler awoke. He was lying in bed and covered with sweat, Shouting, "Doctor, oh! Doctor, it's my worst dream yet.

To heaven I won't go, I know that too well, But it's ? hard lines to be kicked out of Hell.

### WHEN BRITAIN BATTLED FOR BREAD.

Today with bread rationing, it is fitting that we should go back for just over one hundred years to June 25th, 1846. This is a date which should be remembered for it was on that day that the "Corn Laws" of Britain were repealed and the battle for the people's bread was won.

The man who brought about the repeal was Sir Robert Peel. The greatest act of his life cost him many friends and his position as Prime Minister. Being one of the bravest, noblest, most honest statesmen Britain ever had, Peel was convinced that the Corn Laws must be repealed. He was attacked with the most bitter invective, which he completely ignored, and consequently he triumphed.

The victory of a century ago was a culmination of a fight which had been going on for years. From Elizabethan times onward there was much misery among the ordinary people. As a result of Peel's actions Britain's working millions were assured of their bread, but only after years of bitter struggle.

CECIL HALL (IV).A.

### THE PHILATELIC SOCIETY.

Last term was a very successful one for the Philatelic Society, which, although the membership is not large, has proved very popular since its inauguration last February.

The first meeting of the term was held on June 3rd, at which Mr. Mackey, a well known local philatelist gave a very interesting talk. He stressed the importance of having a good album, and of using only the best stamp hinges, and suggested that the acquisition by the Society of a catalogue and a perforation gauge would be helpful. He demonstrated to members how to bring up the water mark of a stamp by the use of benzine. Mr. Mackey concluded his talk by setting a competition, for which he very kindly offered as prizes a set of Australian Peace stamps, and a set of Falkland Island stamps. Competition was keen, the prospect of winning such a coveted prize proving a strong incentive. The winners were R. Donnelly first, and S. Hunter second.

The competition illustrated forcibly Mr. Mackey's point that stamp-collecting is not merely the accumulation of stamps, but covers a wider sphere, incorporating a knowledge of Geography and History. Mr. Mackey displayed some of his own rare collection which showed members just how stamps should be arranged, and they were all very grateful to him for his kindly interest and help.

On 24th June, Mr. Pearson, a former pupil, gave a talk on stamp designs. He took his audience through the process of printing stamps and the methods of perforation. His talk was ably illustrated by specimens he had brought with him.

So far this term, we have had only one meeting. This was held on September 23rd. The meeting was opened by a talk "What is Philately?" given by N. Pearson. Following the talk there was a display of stamps and airmail covers. The meeting ended with a quiz, the winners being (1) L. Campbell, (2) C. Todd, (3) E' Jefferson.

Our membership is not large, but this is increasing and all pupils are invited to join the Society and avail themselves of the opportunity of learning more of this very fascinating hobby. The subscription is sixpence a year for the lower school, and one shilling for the senior school.

We hope in the future to form a school collection.

## RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in snail and also in sale  
 My second is in whale but not in hail  
 My third is in ear and also in seat  
 My fourth is in heel and also in seal  
 My fifth is in tea but not in sea  
 My sixth is in slip and also in slick.

(Answer on Page 31).

2B BOYS.

## SIX MEN IN A TRENCH.

It was Thursday, January 27th, cold and frosty. Six men were seated in a trench half-filled with water. It was only a small trench on a battlefield and was roughly dug. It was raining and a mist covered the battlefield. Guns could be heard but not seen, and the intermittent rat-tat-tat of a machine gun shattered the air. The soldiers who were in the trench belonged to the Durham Light Infantry. They were tired, hungry and cold and were heavy hearted. They cursed the enemy for everything that had happened and sat there silent.

After a time a figure was seen coming towards them, and the men expected that he would be shot down any minute by the enemy. As he came nearer, they recognised him as a commanding officer. As soon as he reached the trench, they asked his name and rank. He answered, "My name Trent, my rank Commanding Officer." When he said he had come to take them back to base, they just laughed but were glad to try anything as they could not last for long in the circumstances. So they followed him.

He took them across fields and streams, through woods and marshes, without saying a word. When they were near base, he apologised for having to leave them. Thanking him, they went back to the base and he disappeared in the mist.

When the general asked who had brought them back, they answered, "Commanding Officer Trent." He sat there a while and then walked over to a desk. He took out a slip of paper and, after another minute or two, said slowly, "Commanding Officer Trent was killed in action on January 24th, to be correct,—three days ago . . . . ."

ARNOLD BENNISON, IIIb.

HOW AN ARTICLE SAVED THE  
MAG. (With Apologies).

The Editor of Awsonian, for a whole term he swore,  
 That the Mag. of S.G.S. should suffer want no more,  
 For a whole term he swore it, and named the final day,  
 And bade the subs go forth—East and West and North and South,  
 No articles, no pay!"  
 "Shame on the false Sylvestrian, who lingers in his home  
 When the Editor of Awsonian cries for a single "poem."  
 No articles or efforts are pouring in amain"  
 For nothing came from Stanley, and nothing from "The Plain,"  
 And from the lordly Sixth Form no articles unfold,  
 From "Fifth" to "First" inclusive, no pupil is so bold.  
 There be thirteen chosen prophets, the wisest of the land,  
 Who always by the Editor both morn and evening stand:  
 For two of these thirteen have turned material o'er,  
 Traced from the right on paper white, then stamped it on the floor!  
 And with one voice the chosen have their sad answer given,  
 "Go forth, go forth, thou Editor, to them that hath not striven!"  
 I wis, in that assembly, there was no heart so bold  
 But sore it ached, and fast it beat when that ill news was told.  
 Forthwith uprose the Editor: uprose the thirteen all,  
 In haste they girded up their gowns, and hied them to the hall:  
 Just then a lout came flying, all wild with haste and cheer:  
 "To Press, to Press, dear Editor, an article is here!"  
 And on that grimy sheet the Editor fixed his eye,  
 He gave a gasp profound, and heaved a mighty sigh.  
 "An article has saved us, has saved the mag. this day,  
 Now indeed we'll go to Press, and make Awsonian pay!"

To be continued by you, we hope.

. . . . . ANON.!!

**MORE SECOND YEAR FOLLY.**

*Man* : "How much are your pigs, sir?"

*Salesman* : "A guinea apiece."

*Man* : "Yes, I know, but how much for a whole one?"

**BIRD WATCHING.**

Nature is very interesting, especially when nesting season comes along. Last year I found a number of nests and did not know whether to watch a blue-tit's nest, a yellow hammer's, or a hedge sparrow's nest. At last I decided to watch the blue tit, because I thought it had the neatest nest. It had six small white eggs with brown spots. The nest was situated underneath a bunch of ferns. The week after, there was one egg left and the bird was still sitting faithfully on her one egg. A few days later the egg (when held up to the sun) began to show signs of the young bird forming inside. The next time I visited the nest, there was a young bird in the nest, and on the edge the parent bird sat feeding it. I visited the nest more often, now that the young bird was hatched. One day the young bird had managed to get on to the side of the nest, with the help of its wings. It was on my tenth visit that I found that it had its feathers. When the young bird had been in the nest for ten days, it was making attempts to fly. After a fortnight, the young bird was flitting from tree to tree with the mother bird chasing it with food. While I had been watching the blue tit, I did not bother with the other two nests, but when I visited them I found that the birds had flown away also. As I was going home, I heard a blackcap calling, and after a little search, I found the nest with five young birds in it, but I was too late to watch that nest, because the young birds were ready to fly.

ASHBURN. FORM IIIb.

**RIDDLE.**

Why are railway lines like blankets?  
Because they both lie on sleepers.

Why is treasure found in the sea like a baby?  
Because they are both brought up in cradles.

**GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY**

It was in March, 1945 that the Geographical Society was formed in this school. Now it is well established and the number of members is over eighty. Of these, the majority are seniors for it was only recently that the juniors became eligible for membership. The Society's activities are suited to both juniors and seniors.

Of the items arranged by the Society it is difficult to say which is the most popular. The physics laboratory is always full for the film shows, and the visits to industrial concerns in the district proved so popular that it was found that they would have to be confined to the seniors so that everyone should have a turn. For this privilege the seniors pay one shilling a year while the juniors still pay the modest fee of sixpence for the whole year. Then there are the lectures. These are so important and interesting that there is always a large audience to hear them. The following is an account of the last two terms' events.

On May 4th, in response to a kind offer from Mr. McKinney (a member of the Annfield Plain Branch of the Naturalists' Society) a party of members visited Pontop Hall. They were given a very good account of the history of the hall and were shown round the building afterwards. They went to the top of Pontop Pike where Mr. McKinney told them some interesting facts concerning it.

A film show on May 29th featured great circle routes and the crofters of Scotland.

A most interesting visit to Consett Iron Works took place on June 29th.

This term we have had two good film shows. The first on September 16th consisted of four films, one about the opening up of North West Canada, another about Southern Rhodesia, a third showing indirect rule in operation in Northern Nigeria, and the last illustrating the importance of the Niagara Falls. The second show (October 14th) was equally varied with two films on planning in England, one on British Birds and another on the "Britain can make it" drive.

Between these dates two groups of members visited Lemington Glassworks (September 21st and October 5th). There they saw parts being made for electrical apparatus including the manufacture of electric light bulbs.

These events were definitely memorable, but the most important item of this term was the lecture on "Regional Planning" given by Professor Daysh of the Geography Department, King's College, Newcastle. This was on November 4th. We invited school governors, former lecturers and members of the local council to hear Professor Daysh's talk. Before the end of term we intend to arrange a film show, a lecture and an excursion.

From this account it can be seen that the Society is vigorously carrying out its aims, which are to provide in a pleasant way a wider knowledge of geography in general and of the immediate district in particular.

### A VISIT TO LEMINGTON GLASSWORKS.

The Geographical Society enthusiasts who were fortunate enough to be included in this party gathered in Newcastle at an early hour and made the journey to Lemington in a 'bus which could hardly be called comfortable, but which was at least clean and neatly painted. On either side were evidences of the industrial activity of the Tyne riverside: dreary houses, tall factory chimneys, long factory buildings, and inevitable dingy shops, broken by occasional glimpses of the river itself. Soon, however, the tall yellow and red chimneys of the glassworks were seen, with small groups of high, sooty, red-brick buildings and a prominent conical tower. In a short while we were walking down to the riverside and to the works, where we were met by a smiling old man who sought out our guide. Before long we had begun our conducted tour. First we were taken to a room where we saw the materials used in the manufacture of the various types of glass: brown and white sand and cryolite. Here the methods of obtaining different colours were explained, and next we were taken to see the furnaces, which were on a raised platform, surrounded by men who were hard at work, taking the molten glass or "metal" from the fiery red mouth, and collecting the treacle-like "metal" on long iron tubes or poles. Once collected, the red-hot "metal" was placed in moulds which were clamped down for a while, after which the now solid glass was turned out, to be annealed by passing through "lehrs" where it was gradually allowed to cool. Here one of the party was presented

with a specimen, but other examples of glass-work could easily be obtained from the pile of faulty articles nearby. Among other pieces of interesting information we were told that for clear glass alone there are over one hundred formulæ to provide for varying hardness, clearness and strength; solid glasses we saw in manufacture were used for making car reflectors, and parts for television. For hollow products such as electric-light bulbs, the "metal" was removed from the furnaces on the end of tubes as previously mentioned. Through these the men could blow to produce a molten bubble at the end of the rod. The same was done when the glass was in the mould. Glass tubes were made similarly, but instead of being placed in a mould, the molten material was drawn out by being pulled away at a great speed from the hollow tube while the blowing was kept up. When a satisfactory length of tubing had been produced it was broken off by a sharp application of a file.

Later still, we saw an interesting automatic bulb-making machine, where all cutting-off of rough edges was done by small gas jets, which were used in other machines for joining tubes to bulbs for chemistry apparatus. All waste from such machines, like the rest of the "cullet" from the works was remelted and used again, and we were told that this improved the quality of the glass. Other interesting products were coffee-percolators for export to the United States, glass covers for table-lamps, and among the varied types of coloured glass produced were opal, blue, and red glass as well as ruby and crystal glass. Orange and ruby glass, we learnt, were used for imitating the glow of burning coal in gas-fires which were disguised to resemble ordinary coal fires. Apparently Lemington is the only works which manufactures this type of glass. In addition to these specialised products, there were ordinary three-ply glass and such apparatus as test-tubes, and "kipps." (Memories of distant chemistry periods floated back to non-scientific members of the party).

Then we saw the packing and testing going on, and watched the speed of the sorters, who picked out the most minute cracks or flaws which were invisible to the layman, without close inspection. Finally we saw the finished crated products being taken by horse and cart to the railway station, or by motor-lorry to London. A strange contrast of ancient and modern methods, which we

saw again when being shown round the old conical tower, now a landmark and incidentally a storehouse, built in 1729 with one million and a quarter bricks, and still standing firm!!

Still partly dazed by the contrast between the darkness, noise and sudden blasts of hot air, and sheets of flame inside the works and the freshness of the air outside, we left the riverside having greatly enjoyed our visit.

### "WHERE THERE'S SMOKE."

It is amazing how so few people realise that the veritable cloud of mystery otherwise known as Nick O' Teen (which another illustrious contributor has mentioned) is merely a new and thinly-disguised manifestation of the Prince of Darkness himself, or as some call him, Nicotimus. This Mephistophelian mystery will, in the course of the piece you are now reading, be for the first time totally unmasked and revealed with all its terrible consequences.

The innocent youth who first falls under the spell of this demon is marked down for utter destruction in the utmost pangs of fire and brimstone. Enchanted and entranced as he may be in his first taking the vile weed of Virginia, he should realise that such a condition is only the beginning. The beatific smile which lights up his face is counterbalanced by a vacant staring which makes the poor fellow look slightly more insane than usual.

Worse is yet to follow. Case Number 173, a most interesting specimen only recently brought in a stiff condition, to the museum, when dissected, showed the further effects of continual association with Mr. O' Teen. The victim's "breathboxes" were coated with soot of a charming black colour.

Even this terrific warning will not be enough for some ardent Nicotimians, so we must continue our ghastly revelations, despite the screams and shudders of the young ladies. Those who pursue Nick to his lair visibly shrink, becoming dwarfed and deformed, and they act in such a manner that all note them to be in truth "doped."

Eventually, of a pigmy size, and with their insides sooty and smoke-haunted, with their skin an attractive amber colour,

the listless waifs (Oh, unhappy day!) at long last are unable to devour the sixtieth helping of Jam Roll for which they long. They mope and visit the demon again, until they are seen no more, but drift around, a thin weeping coil of blue smoke, until a buffeting wind completes their disappearance.

"JOE WURLY."

### OUR VISIT TO LONDON.

On May 25th, 1946, Girls' Training Corps, all over England, celebrated their fourth birthday. In London a national rally was held in the Royal Albert Hall, which was honoured by the presence of Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth.

Girls from each county represented different units. Seven girls from Dipton, accompanied by an officer, were there to represent the Dipton G.T.C. They were Miss May Greenwell (officer and former pupil of this school), Eileen Cullen, Betty Levison, Mary Lowen (a former pupil), Christabel Greenwell (Form IV), Maisie Eager (also a former pupil), Cynthia Fazakerley (Vs), and Lilian Charlton (Vs).

Leaving Dipton by the 7 a.m. 'bus on Friday, 24th May, 1946, we boarded a train for London at 8 a.m., and succeeded in procuring a carriage to ourselves.

We arrived at King's Cross Station at 1-30 p.m. and as we arrived earlier than scheduled, the friend, who was going to meet us, was not there, so we deposited our kit at the luggage depot and went to an A.B.C. "serve-yourself" café near the station. We did not eat very much, as we had had sandwiches on the train and were not very hungry.

After lunch, we went to the station and met our friend, Mrs. Mary Evans (née Mary Robson), who was a former pupil of this school and a great friend of Miss Greenwell. Mrs. Evans took us to St. Paul's Cathedral, which is a beautiful building and we were really impressed by it. We wanted to go up into the Whispering Gallery but it was closed. The only thing we did not like about it was the idea of picture post-cards being sold inside.

Leaving the Cathedral, we made our way towards 10, Downing Street, and were rather disappointed, as it just looked like

any other house. There was nothing by which it could be singled out from the rest. We passed Scotland Yard safely, and we saw the Cenotaph, the Bank of England and the Mansion House. Travelling by tube was a great thrill for us, but we were still more delighted with the escalators. We had our photographs taken, feeding the pigeons beside Nelson's column in Trafalgar Square, which was being cleaned for the Victory Parade.

Later, we went to a Lyons' Corner Café for tea, where we were immediately served by waiters in evening dress. After this most appetising meal, we went to the depot to collect our luggage.

Next, we went to the Savoy Cinema at East Acton, where we saw the "Lisbon Story." We left the Cinema at 9-45 p.m. and went by tube to Clapham South. Whilst our officer was reporting our arrival, we stood in a long queue outside the underground shelters. When our turn came for admittance we went along several passages, then down a winding staircase consisting of one hundred and ninety three steps. There were several corridors, each named after a famous man in history, ours being named after Nelson.

Down each corridor were three-tier bunks on the right, and benches on the left, on which to put our belongings. After claiming our bunks, we washed and then went to the canteen, where we were each served with a cup of tea and biscuits. When we returned to our quarters, we made up our beds and retired for the night. There was very little space between bunks and if we sat up, it was only to be knocked down by the person above.

Loud speakers were fitted along the corridors, through which officers and cadets were given special instructions. At 11-45 p.m. a message was relayed to inform us that the lights would be dimmed at 12 p.m. When this occurred, the chattering died down and soon everyone was asleep.

Next morning, we were awakened at 6 a.m. by reveillé and, as washing facilities were inadequate, we had to wait our turn. We left the shelters at 7-15 a.m., and went by 'bus to a British Restaurant in the centre of London and had an appetising breakfast. After breakfast, we joined forces with a group of girls from Amble. We visited Selfridges' in Oxford Street, where we spent most of our money. Then we went to Madame

Tussaud's Exhibition, where we were really impressed by the wax models, which looked so life-like, but we were not horrified by the "chamber of horrors."

Leaving Madame Tussaud's, we went to see the Tower of London and had some snaps taken—one with a Beefeater. At 12 a.m. we went to a school for lunch and then proceeded to the Royal Albert Hall, where, to our delight, we found in our programmes a slip of paper, informing us that we were to be honoured by the presence of Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth. When Her Royal Highness entered the Royal Box, the orchestra played the National Anthem and we all felt very proud to belong to such a nation. After a most entertaining show by cadets of different G.T.C.s, with Bruce Belfridge as narrator, the fourth birthday cake was brought into the centre of the hall. The Princess, with her ladies-in-waiting and a G.T.C. escort, walked down the centre aisle, which, fortunately for us, was where we were sitting. A G.T.C. cadet presented her with a bouquet and Her Royal Highness lit the candles on the cake, whilst reporters were photographing the proceedings. After the ceremony was performed, the Princess gave a short, but very delightful speech, after which she was escorted from the hall. We next went to a café for tea and then to the Victoria Palace where we saw a variety show.

After a snack at the shelter canteen, we gladly went to bed. We were awakened again at 6 a.m. on Sunday morning and after washing and dressing, we travelled by tube to a British Restaurant and had breakfast and left our luggage at a school. Then followed a parade to Westminster Abbey, where we were again honoured by the presence of Royalty, namely Queen Mary. After the service, we marched back to the school, collected our luggage and went to the station, only to find there was no train until 4-25 p.m. We spent the afternoon in Regent's Park and also visited the Zoological Gardens after which we returned to the station for the train. We were again fortunate in securing an empty carriage. Although the week-end had been exciting and most enjoyable, we were glad to return home and sleep in comfortable beds once more.

CYNTHIA FAZAKERLEY }  
LILIAN CHARLTON } 5s.

### LAMENTATIONS OF VA MISCREANTS.

This is the tale of VA boys,  
The teachers' terror at S.G.S.  
They shouted, yelled and made a noise,  
And had the class in a proper mess.

Early in the year they played the fool,  
Work and study they couldn't stick,  
They played the wag from the grand old  
school,  
Cards in the wood, that did the trick.

Oxford month approached at last,  
The poor old boys began to fret,  
At the results they looked aghast,  
Because, with them no jobs they'd get.

So you chaps in the gay fourth year,  
A hint from those who have gone before.  
Work firm and hard for your career,  
Brag and pontoon please play no more.

We repent for our then innocent rags,  
Hope you forgive us for those bumps.  
Stick in and don't be one who lags,  
Well, goodbye, from we who were chumps.

K.H.

### SPEECH DAY.

On the afternoon of June 8th, the Annual Speech Day and Prizegiving was held. Mrs. Brass, in the Chair, first addressed the large audience of parents and pupils upon the important occasion.

The Headmaster, in his report, commented upon the number of the school scholarships and gave an account of the work done in the School during the year.

Unfortunately, the Reverend George Nicholson, a past pupil, was unable to be present and Mr. Ingram, formerly Deputy-Head of the School, very kindly offered to deputise for him at a few days' notice.

Before commencing his speech, Mr. Ingram unveiled a beautifully carved reading-desk, presented to the school by an anonymous donor.

Mr. Ingram's speech was enjoyed by parents and pupils alike. Contrary to the popular belief, Mr. Ingram reaffirmed his faith in the youth of today, by declaring that they were as intelligent and bright and enterprising as their fathers and mothers of yesterday.

After the usual presentation of the prizes, a vote of thanks to Mr. Ingram was moved by Alice Boggon, then Head Girl of the School.

Following a fine performance of gymnastics by a group of boys, which roused no little interest among the audience, the choir rendered a selection of songs. Among the items were a humorous mime of "Sir Egla-more" and a scene from "Twelfth Night" which were both received with great enthusiasm. A happy afternoon was concluded by the singing of the School Song.

### ETERNITY.

See yonder the numberless weary souls  
From their ceaseless journey thro' time  
Remorselessly seeking that which is lost!  
Flashing past the spinning satellites  
Of the fiery glowing planets  
Come those who seek safety!  
Truth in this place is not to be found  
Go, wanderers, seek elsewhere!  
Halt, the forward, retrace that long  
Blazing scorching trail of madness  
And fight instead for solitude, and quiet.

MESIS.

### MUSIC SOCIETY.

Almost two years have elapsed since our formation, and we continue to expand. Our Society Register now contains over one hundred names, and with the increase in numbers has come an increase in funds, which has enabled us to branch out into new fields.

Owing to the general rush in school last term, society meetings were cut down considerably. On May 10th, Jack Jeffrey, a society member, introduced an interesting selection of gramophone records, and the next day, some of us saw the performance of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" by the Carl Rosa Opera Co. at the Theatre Royal. A Youth Hostelling expedition to Edmundbyers and a walk over Blanchland Moor during the weekend, 24th—26th May, was enjoyed very much by all. Mr. P. L. Rogers visited us once more on May 31st, when he played Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, and a large party visited the City Hall a few days later to hear a concert by the Hallé Orchestra. The term was rounded off on July 26th by the Society Party which was a great success.

Norman Pearson was elected Chairman in place of Alice Boggon, and Frank Pearson Treasurer in place of Joan Hancock, who both left at end of term. We wish Alice and Joan every success in the future.

We began this term, as usual, with an open night, when Mr. Tom Hall, Miss Elsie Eyre and Ramsay Hall, a past member, entertained. We even went so far as to provide refreshments. Needless to say, attendance was excellent!

For the rest of our meetings this term, we decided to hold a series of evenings dealing with composers. We chose Beethoven, Vaughan-Williams, Chopin, Handel and Tchaikovsky as being representatives of different periods, styles or branches of the art. In these meetings, we have also included art and literature of the composer's contemporaries, together with dances of the period, and we thank all members of the staff who have co-operated in arranging these. An exhibition of contemporary paintings and books, together with articles about the composer himself is open in the library each dinner hour during the week before each programme. This is proving very popular.

The Beethoven programme on 4th October, consisted of a résumé of the composer's life; selections from his orchestral, pianoforte and violin music; readings from Wordsworth and Shelley; descriptions of contemporary England; his famous Minuet in G; and "Creation's Hymn."

Dr. R. Vaughan-Williams celebrated his 74th birthday on October 12th, so the Music Society decided to send him a birthday greeting. A few days later, we received a charming reply in the composer's own handwriting, which we shall always treasure. We arranged a Vaughan-Williams Evening on 17th October, and though the numbers were then somewhat lower than usual, the programme was very much enjoyed by those who were present. After a résumé of R.V.W.'s Life and Works, we listened to a scene from Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree," folk songs, collected by the composer, "On Wenlock Edge," his setting of Houseman's "Shropshire Lad;" poems describing the Cotswolds, where R.V.W. was born; three of his songs; and his well-known "Greensleeves" Fantasia, while a group of girls gave an English country dance.

The Chopin evening on November 1st comprised selections from his pianoforte music and the ballet "Les Sylphides;" a Polish peasant dance; Polish songs, recorded by the Polish Army Choir; passages describing Warsaw and Paris, districts in which Chopin spent most of his life; and a poem by the French poet, Verlaine.

The Handel and Tchaikovsky evenings have yet to take place, and we hope that they will be as successful as the other three. This Term's activities are to conclude with an evening of International Carols on December 19th, to which we welcome all who are interested.

We are hoping to arrange a Youth Hostel Weekend for December 7th—8th, similar to last year's Carol Outing to Edmundbyers, which was enjoyed by all.

We have had several outings again this term. On October 5th, we heard a lecture on singing by Dr. Sydney Northcote. Thirty-five of us went to the Hallé Concert on October 13th, which was as enjoyable as ever, and Mr. Conrad Eden showed a small group of members over his organ in Durham Cathedral on November 2nd. Other important dates include November 16th, when the Bach Choir are giving a Bach Concert at King's College; the School Carol Service in St. Andrew's Church on December 13th; and the Hallé Concert of December 15th, which is to be an all-Tchaikovsky programme.

Fortunately, we have now joined the record-lending library of the Literary and Philosophical Society in Newcastle, and now that we have a good pick-up installed in the Music Room, it has been suggested that we should form a gramophone section in our Music Society for members who would like to arrange informal listening groups on alternate Fridays or during the dinner hours. Will all who are interested please get in touch with Jack Jeffrey?

In order to maintain contact with all Past Members of the Music Society, we intend, each term, to send each member a news bulletin containing details of all our musical activities and we hope that they, in their turn, will send us news of their well being.

We invite all enthusiastic music-makers to join us in our work and pleasure next term, and ask our older members to give us

even more loyal support by attending all the meetings regularly and helping us in the arrangement of our programmes.

Vaughan-Williams ended his letter to us by saying, "May your music continue to flourish and prosper!" This is a sentiment which all, who are really concerned about the health of the Music Society, will echo.

JUNE ROSS.

### HAEC AMO.

I love to miss the Scholars' Bus,  
 I love the way our Teachers fuss,  
 I love to come a trifle late,  
 I love to swear I left at eight,  
 I love to whisper during prayers,  
 I love to clatter up the stairs,  
 I love my homework every night,  
 I love not trying to do it right,  
 I love those lessons not learnt yet,  
 I love the marks I'll never get,  
 I love to keep on chewing gum,  
 I love when questioned to sit dumb,  
 I love to dream and doze in class,  
 I love the silly notes we pass,  
 I love the splinters on the floors,  
 I love the draughts beneath the doors,  
 I love our windows, which won't close,  
 I love to trumpet, blowing my nose,  
 I love the Art Room's carefree life,  
 I love French with its storms and strife,  
 I love the Music Room's wild yells,  
 I love the Labs. with all their smells,  
 I love to wriggle all through grace,  
 I love the trolley boys' mad race,  
 I love our frantic grab for food,  
 I love not meaning to be rude,  
 I love to swell the Lunch Hour's babel,  
 I love to spill my milk at table,  
 I love to scream and roar and shout,  
 I love to flick hard peas about,  
 I love the school cat stalking booty,  
 I love the fifth and sixth on duty,  
 I love the Cloakrooms bleak and cold,  
 I love our desks so worn and old.  
 I love the din we raise 'tween classes,  
 I love the field with long lush grasses,  
 I love our air-raid shelter mounds,  
 I love the wood that's out of bounds,  
 I love these things and many more—  
 And Holidays, I just adore.

### ON VISITING CONSETT IRON WORKS.

They are the men who know the heat of  
 strange desires  
 Which, tempered into finer metal, become  
 the impulse  
 And the power of greater works.  
 For them the darkness is as bright as day,  
 The fire is moulded by their sure touch  
 They work as sailors in a storm at sea  
 The howling and the crying only serve  
 To quicken on their pace, towards that haven  
 Which is real, which is REALITY.

J.M.B.

### THE SIXTH.

This exalted company is divided into two sections, male and female—just like human beings. These are again divided into two classes, "First-Sixth" and "Second-Sixth" (the only difference being that, what the First-Sixth don't know—neither do the Second Sixth).

The Second-Sixth (we put them first out of sheer respect (?)), are extremely intellectual beings who, oddly enough, spend part of the day working (in this respect, they are quite distinct from the First-Sixth) They are prefects, they are preparing for the terrible ordeal commonly called "Hiya," they will soon be launched into the cruel world to make their way alone, and are consequently regarded with awe by the members of the lower school. This is perhaps what is meant by a Junior's reference to a second-sixth year—"Isn't s(he) awful!" But to get back to the work of these superior beings. They love Lamb (who doesn't?), they are enthralled with "Vanity Vair" and they simply revel in "Paradise Lost." The latter work describes their present state, but they will probably enjoy its sequel much more when they leave school. Second-Sixth years are noted for the methodical way in which they forget to do their homework. In this respect, they are surpassed only by the First-Sixth.

We must not end this intimate study without mentioning those towers of strength, the "Science" boys, or the "Maths-Men," as they are sometimes called. These august personages wear expressions of supreme contempt for inferior members of the school.

The First-Sixth are quite different. Not having recovered from that horrible disease known as "The Oxford" (we doubt whether the Plague or the Black Hole of Calcutta could have been as bad), they have yet to settle down fully to the work of the Sixth (their favourite date still being 1066). Consequently they are always a month *derrière* in their *devoir* and have exclusive ways of filling in the time while at school.

The "pure" Maths-Men indulge in such luxuries as "fags" and "dates." For this reason, you seldom hear them rattling coins in their pockets. These gallants are easily discernable by their swaggering gait and have a Sinatrian effect on the First-Sixth girls.

These charming creatures have a delightful boudoir furnished with a labyrinth of desks, a cupboard which won't close, from which have been unearthed hockey sticks, felt hats, odd shoes and an orange umbrella. There is also a cracked mirror. (This explains why most sixth-year girls are two-faced). The girls have various ways of spending their time. Dozens of Fair-Isle jumpers, gloves and rainbow scarves are produced every term. One or two of the girls can be seen, every break, gorging bananas, fish-paste sandwiches, cream-cakes and corned-beef rolls in the true Queen Anne tradition.

They are connoisseurs of literature, their favourite classical work being the "Sunday Dispatch," which they faithfully peruse every week. Many of them can often be seen gazing ardently at photographs of James Mason. Their favourite fruit is "dates" and their favourite poem, "Gray's energy in a country churchyard." Their favourite lesson is dinner and, every day at 12-15,

"into the Dining Room roll the Sixth,  
hungered."

And so we say farewell to these intriguing creatures, who are *so* affectionate (at the moment one individual is in danger of being defenestrated, owing to a fight for the mirror).

PHIL. ANTHROPIST.

## GOING TO CHURCH.

Some go to Church to take a walk,  
Some go there to laugh and talk,  
Some go there for admiration,  
Some go there for speculation,  
Some go there to doze and nod,—  
A few go there to worship God.

MAVIS CROSSLEY. Form II.

## SONG.

We are the weekend walkers  
The Hostels know us well  
Some dawdlers and some racers  
We cross the moor and fell.  
*Chorus* : But who went walking  
In a motor-car  
There's none of us will tell.

A pan of stew at Once Brewed  
Was scattered in our haste  
We picked the pieces from the floor  
And much improved its taste.  
*Chorus* : But who came homeward  
In her py-jam-as  
Will never now be traced.

All night the Acomb Hostel  
Will murmur like a hive  
At two we hunt the slipper  
We breakfast there at five.  
*Chorus* : But who was drowned  
In the Beldon Burn  
And yet came home alive ?

At Crooked Oak the Bridge is kept  
By more than one Horatius  
And C—L—N L—K— eats endless pies  
With appetite voracious.  
*Chorus* : But a sardine tin  
From the bumper slung  
Was really most disgraceous.

Some day we're going to Oyfylliog,  
Cae Ddafydd, Cardigan,  
Llanrwst, Llanberis, Ffestiniog,  
Up Snowden then to Van.  
*Chorus* : Now who could have thought  
Of such a route ?  
J. P. B. D.'s the Man.

Now let us praise one hostel  
With song that never tires  
When no-one else will have us  
There's always Edmundbyers.  
*Chorus* : Shall we ever go  
To fair Allendale  
While Miss B—N—G sends the wires ?

### THE DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

"Christmas comes but once a year and when it comes it brings good cheer," goes the old saying, and though we used to wish that we might have several Christmas Days each year to bring us happiness, our parents, to our amazement, seemed to find one sufficient. As with all other things, we found most of our enjoyment in anticipation, which usually began about six weeks before Christmas Day, but reached its zenith during the last week.

What a wonderful week that was! Every morning we would rush to the frost-patterned window to see whether there was snow on the ground, and how we rejoiced to see the snow-covered garden looking like an enchanted world. For we could never really enjoy Christmas unless it was a white one . . . and even now we eagerly look for snow at Christmas.

After breakfast the day's work began. What we used to love most of all was the baking. There were cake mixtures to be tasted; the large cake to be iced; our wishes to be made while stirring the pudding . . . this was a very important event, presided over by grandmother, and enjoyed by all, even father, who pretended to be indifferent; the almonds to be scalded and peeled . . . we were always told to sing while doing this, to ensure that we did not eat any; and the ginger wine to be made. This period was a time of scoldings because of our attempts to steal into the pantry and taste the good things arranged on the shelves. As batch after batch of cakes came from the oven we became more and more impatient for the day when we might eat them, so delicious they looked.

Then the Christmas decorations were put up, and here, as we three children tried to help, trouble arose. The number of times the paper garlands were caught on corners of chairs and various other articles of furniture was incredible. As the torn pieces had to be glued or pinned together, the tempers of the grown-ups were roused, and we were usually sent off to gather more holly. The next task we were set was to find out the most unsuspecting-looking places to hang the sprigs of mistletoe. And then the Christmas tree! This was usually decorated about two days before Christmas Day, and

when this event took place, we really felt that Christmas had come. We were fascinated by the little golden balls, the gay Chinese lanterns, the silver star and tree-fairy, and the long glittering lengths of silver tinsel. The Christmas tree has never lost its charm for us, and even now we insist on having it decorated each year.

With the baking and decorating completed, and Christmas cards sent out and received, Christmas Eve . . . the fireside evening for every family, and the most beautiful, happy and moving evening of the year . . . was upon us. As we sat round the fire, roasting chestnuts and our faces, we would chat and laugh together. Always, on this occasion, we were told the story of Dickens' "Christmas Carol." This was a firm favourite with us all, and we never tired of it. Each telling seemed to give more enjoyment than the last; each year we would hear the clanking chains of Marley's ghost; taste the Christmas pudding of the Cratchits; rejoice at Scrooge's reform; and smile because Tiny Tim did not die. Then, my brother accompanying at the piano, we sang our favourite carols. Our little notes of special wishes for Christmas gifts were sent up the chimney, and how disappointed we were when they were caught in the flames. At last, off we went to bed, not forgetting to hang up our stockings . . . Brother, who had not so long ago desperately tried to prove that he was quite grown up, suddenly found that he just had to hang his stocking up, for the last time! . . . and soon, we found ourselves in the Land of Dreams, where we saw Scrooge perched on the top of the Christmas tree, and Tiny Tim sitting on the Christmas cake, shaking his crutch at us, and laughing as if he would split his sides, crying:—"Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, wonderful happiness."

### A VIEW FROM WORE BEDROOM WINDOW.

On the left hand side ye can see nowt but a greet warl belonging to the next dor folks, and on the reet hand side there's the add garage where the man cross the road keeps his add cars. Over on the reet hand side of the garage is the gaffer's hoose (they always get roondies amang their coal).

In the front of the window is the allotments where the keep pigs, chickens and allsorts (not liquorice allsorts). The add man doon the street has built a garage in wore garden (the Store's took his off im). Reet in front is the chimney, smoking like out. Me mother's always complainin cos the yard's always full of "Busty-Dust."

## HOCKEY.

### SCHOOL TEAM.

The Hockey XI's first match this season was played on September 28th against Consett and resulted in a victory of 4 goals to nil. The team was as follows:—

R. Hewitson, Goalkeeper; P. Rodham, R. Back; M. Millican, L. Back; A. Raine, R. Half; F. Henderson, C. Half; L. Wright, L. Half; B. Reed, R. Wing; M. Tinkler, R. Inner; H. Trevena, C. Forward; M. Strong, L. Inner; B. Howie, L. Wing.

On November 2nd, we took part in the tournament at Greyfields, West Hartlepool. We were none of us too happy when, fairly early, on a cold, frosty Saturday morning, we stood waiting at the 'bus-stop at West Hartlepool. Yet, what dampened our spirits more, was the knowledge that two players had failed to turn up. We therefore played with only ten players and minus a goal-keeper. It was rather a surprise, therefore, when we succeeded in winning the first match against Durham Grammar School. This game was played ten minutes one way only. We proved less fortunate against Henry Smith Grammar School, who won by a narrow margin of one goal. We played three more teams—Chester-le-Street (Lost 2-1), Wellfield Grammar School (Lost 3-1), and Houghton-le-Spring (a Draw).

Perhaps it may be interesting to note the surprise, shown by the opposing teams, at the sight of an empty goal. Thus we left with the knowledge that we proved more successful than we dared to expect.

In the tournament, there were two changes in the team. Joan Reed played at Left Wing and Betty Howie, the reserve, played Left Inner.

N.B.—The team offers an invitation to any pupils to come and cheer for the School Team.

## TANFIELD.

### HOCKEY.

We soon recovered, after our first defeat, and beat Dunelm and Watling. Then we eagerly awaited the result of the Watling and Neville Match, because if Neville won, we should have to play them again to decide who was to have the Shield. However, the match ended in a Draw and we, after having had many struggles and skirmishes, found that the Shield was ours for at least a year. The team played hard and consistently after the first match and well deserved to win such an honour.

### NETBALL.

The Netball Team did not do so well as the Hockey Team, the Shield going to Dunelm. However, the team was mostly composed of first years' pupils and judging by their form, they should do well next year.

### SPORTS' DAY.

We started off well for Sports' Day, gaining five points from the Long Jump—Mary Millican being first after jumping 12' 8" and Freda Henderson coming in second. Then in the High Jump we gained first place, Margaret Strong jumping 4' 3". As we anticipated, Freda Henderson was Victrex Ludorum and gave us valuable points from the Flat, etc., thus helping us greatly to win the Girls' Senior Shield. The intermediates did very well indeed, considering there were so few of them, and they well deserved the points they gained. We thought Jean Wadge had won the Junior Shield, but later found that Sheila Lyons had one more race to run than Jean, and she won it, so gaining the Shield. Better luck next time! The margin of points, between Dunelm and us, for the Junior Shield, was small, but Dunelm took the Honours. However, our results on Sports' Day were very good indeed and we hope to gain more points next year.

## WATLING.

The Junior Captain is Margaret Curry and Edith Mallet, Norma Suddick and Ruth Watson are our third, fourth and fifth year representatives respectively.

## HOCKEY.

In the last House Matches, Watling had many hard struggles and played very well. We drew with Neville and Dunelm, but suffered a defeat at the hands of Tanfield. This term so far we have had only one practice as the weather has not been very favourable. At the practice, however, many people turned out including some of the Third Year Girls who are keen and are shaping well. The proposed team played well and pulled together and we are hoping to be more successful this year.

## NETBALL.

In the last matches the Juniors did not do very well but they did not have very many practices. This year, however, they have been much luckier and have been practising regularly. They are playing well together as a team and under the able leadership of Margaret Curry we are looking forward to this year's matches with hope and confidence.

## SPORTS' DAY.

Although Watling did not win any Shields the number of points gained was considerable. Doreen Nicholson was third in the Long Jump and we were successful in other events.

## DUNELM.

## REPORT FOR LAST TERM. (SPORTS' DAY).

A great deal of enthusiasm was shown in the practices for the various races. The Seniors were well rewarded for their work being only a point or two behind the winners. Perhaps, most worthy of note was the Senior Hockey Dribbling Team which finished well before the others.

The Intermediates, although they were not successful in winning, put up a good fight and are looking forward to next Sports' Day with much eagerness.

The Juniors showed great ability in their various races and previously, they had won the Netball Shield. The Netball shooting was rather disappointing considering the practice matches but this failure was certainly made up in the other events.

The Juniors, Intermediates and Seniors were all unsuccessful in the Potato Races but hope to do better next time.

Sheila Lyons, the Junior Captain, certainly proved an asset to her House, winning the Junior Cup.

Jean Carr, the House Captain was also outstanding in the Races but did not manage to win. She did good work for Dunelm throughout the year and we, in Dunelm, know she will always take an interest in this House's affairs.

## NEVILLE.

## HOCKEY.

Last year, we were all disappointed at not winning the Hockey Shield, which went to Tanfield. The results of the three matches which we played were as follows:— a win against Tanfield, a loss to Dunelm, and a draw with Watling. This term, we have had quite a few practices, when the weather allowed us, ready for next term's matches, as a result of which, we hope to retrieve our chances. The team is mostly composed of 4th and 5th years' pupils, there being only two 6th years' pupils remaining in Neville, who play Hockey. Better luck next year.

## NETBALL.

The Hockey Team, however, was not alone in its defeat, because the Netball Team was also beaten. They have had regular practices every week this term, and there are some very promising players in both the first and second years, and the team looks like being composed of equal numbers from the two years. They are really very lucky, for when it is not suitable for them to have their weekly practice outside, they are allowed to go into the Hall, where they usually play at Dodge Ball and Knee Ball. This is a good help for bettering their passing and many of them have felt the benefit of these games. Welcome to our new members, and good luck!

## SPORTS DAY.

The Intermediates in Neville took all the glory, leaving our Juniors and Seniors far behind. Denise Gowland was our champion, as she won the Intermediate Championship Cup. Congratulations, Denise, on a really grand performance, which I am sure you will keep up on many following Sports' Days. It was a grand spectacle to see three Neville girls at the fore in the Intermediate Hundred Yards Flat Race. Let us hope that the Juniors

and Seniors catch up on the rest next year, but even if they do not, they always try their best and always will. Try hard and keep up the spirit, "Win the Race, we'll still be modest: lose it and we'll yet prove gay."

### THE SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM.

The following have played in School Matches up to the present:—Nicholson, Strong, Vickers, Taylor, Hall, Hunter (S.), Stephenson, Posselt (Captain), Harrison, Golightly, Hunter (A.), Robson, Newstead, Posselt (C.), Natrass.

The School Team has more fixtures this season, than it has had for the past few seasons and so far has played six games.

The season commenced with a home fixture against Houghton-le-Spring. Houghton took the lead, quite early in the game, but Robson soon reduced arrears with a magnificent goal. The home defence foiled many scheming attacks and Nicholson in goal, played a good game. Strong and Taylor were sound Backs and Hunter, Robson and Newstead, scheming Forwards. The final score was Stanley 5, Houghton 1.

The next game was against Consett, who were defeated 5-1. The surface was very wet and Stanley soon took the lead through Robson, the School centre-forward. The School XI scored three goals in a very short time and then exchanges were even until the interval. After the interval, both sides played good football and at times the Stanley defence was hard pressed, but Nicholson was safe in goal. Hall and Posselt were promising wing-halves and Hunter and Robson were a menace to the Consett defence. Harrison, at outside-right, played well. This was his first appearance in this position.

The following Saturday the School XI entertained Jarrow at home. The School XI took the lead when Robson crashed home a penalty. Throughout the game the School XI were at full strength, but only managed to score four times, the visitors replying once.

The fourth game of the season was at home against Rutherford. The first half was one of magnificent football; the home forwards played very well but seemed afraid to shoot at goal. Stanley took the lead when Strong took a long shot and scored. Rutherford

drew level shortly afterwards, when a visiting forward scored. Nicholson made a good attempt to stop the ball. Taylor was a sound left-back, but had some hectic duels with the visiting right-winger, who scored the deciding goal for Rutherford, just before full-time.

Stanley then entertained Consett. Consett forced two corners in succession, but Stanley soon took the lead through Newstead. In defence Stephenson was prominent and Hunter, after racing through, missed when well placed. Stanley attacked for a long period but it was Consett who scored next. After the interval Consett took the lead and looked like winning, but the home captain, Posselt, registered a fine goal after a solo run. There was no further score after this and a draw of 2-2 was a fitting result.

When the School XI drew 1-1 with Chester-le-Street in an evenly contested game on a treacherous surface, Stanley exerted pressure after even opening exchanges, and gradually took command. In a sudden breakaway Chester should have scored, but eventually the ball was scrambled through. C. Posselt equalised with a smartly taken opportunity. After the interval Robson hit the upright from a free kick. Then the home team obtained a penalty, but Nicholson saved. Hall was outstanding as right half.

The School Team would like more support to cheer them to victory in the future. "Support your team."

### CRICKET.

The school team had a fairly successful season, winning four out of seven matches played. Hookergate were our worst enemy mainly due to the bowling of N. Kelly. For the school:—K. Coulson, J. Maughan, J. Patterson, and R. Dixon did very well and will be missed next season. Coulson made 47 against Chester-le-Street at home and at Chester-le-Street took 8 wickets for 9 runs. This proved to be the best performance of the season. The bowler's greatest success was at Houghton where the home side were dismissed for 21 runs. In this match Patterson (B) got a hat-trick. Batsmen had their best match at home to Chester-le-Street, the side scoring 83 for 8 wickets.

At the end of the season matches were played against the Old Students and Craghead 2nd. XI; we lost both matches. The match against the Staff had to be abandoned because of rain.

*Results :*

May 18th. STANLEY *v.* HOOKERGATE.

In this game Hookergate were dismissed for 45 runs, but Stanley fared even worse, being all out for 30, mainly due to the bowling of Kelly (6 for 11). Strong was top-scorer for Stanley with 12, including 2 fours off Kelly.

May 24th. HOUGHTON *v.* STANLEY.

This was a personal triumph for John Maughan who scored 24 and then took 4 wickets for three runs. Stanley won easily, scoring 48 and then dismissing their opponents for only 21.

May 25th. BLAYDON *v.* STANLEY.

This was a low scoring match. When Blaydon made only 30, Stanley were confident of winning but only managed to scrape together 28.

June 1st. STANLEY *v.* CHESTER-LE-STREET.

This match, played on a dead wicket, resulted in an easy win for Stanley. Batting first we made 83 for 8 wickets, mainly due to a grand 47 by Ken Coulson and Chester could reply with only 55.

STANLEY *v.* CONSETT.

Dixon batted well scoring 21. The whole side made 69 altogether therefore narrowly defeating Consett who made 58 in reply.

July 20th. CHESTER-LE-STREET *v.* STANLEY.

This was Ken Coulson's match. He scored 10 towards the side's 55, and then played havoc with the opposition's batsmen, taking 8 wickets for 9 runs. Chester were all out for 22, eight of which were extras.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of innings.	Not Out.	Runs.	Aver- age.
Coulson ...	6	0	62	10.33
Patterson (J.)	6	0	59	9.83
Maughan ...	6	0	46	7.66
Dixon ....	5	0	30	6.0
Hunter (A.)	6	0	31	5.16
Patterson (B.)	6	2	18	4.3
Jeffery ...	6	2	17	4.25
Strong ...	6	0	22	3.66
Nattrass ...	6	2	7	1.75
Collin ...	6	0	6	1.0
Harrison ...	2	0	2	1.0
Newton ...	3	0	0	—

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	
				Average.	
Coulson ...	29	10	34	20	1.7
Patterson (J.)	16	3	33	12	2.75
Nattrass ...	8	5	11	3	3.66
Maughan ...	23	7	58	10	5.8
Patterson (B.)	33	6	60	9	6.66
Collin ...	1	1	0	1	—

TANFIELD.

CRICKET.

During the past cricket season, Tanfield were successful in carrying off the Cricket Shield, being supreme in all departments. Such was the supremacy they enjoyed that both Senior and Junior sides were unbeaten at the end of the season.

Those who represented the Senior Side were:— Maughan (Captain), Boggon, Hunter, Nattrass (R.), Nattrass (J.), Dixon, Hall, Nicholson, Vickers, McKeever and Rainbow. This team's best victory was in the game against Watling who could only muster 40 runs against the Tanfield total of 95 for 3. Credit for this victory must go to Maughan and Hunter. Although the team won its match against Neville the absence of Maughan was greatly felt. Credit for the best batting in this match must go to Nicholson who batted very well against strong bowling. Praise must also be given to the Junior side under the captaincy of Jefferson, who by winning their three matches helped to bring the shield home.

SPORTS DAY.

Again Tanfield showed that they could beat the other houses. For the second year in succession, Boggon was Victor Ludorum and high praise must be given to Boggon for his splendid victory. His training before Sports' Day showed itself on the field. Maughan, who last year won the Javelin Throwing, this year could only gain a second place. It was however by all-round ability that the house carried off the Senior Boys' Athletic Shield. The house was ably supported by its two masters, Mr. Elliott and Mr. Scott, who, we hope, will continue to give their support.

FOOTBALL.

Although perhaps it is a little early to predict, it seems probable that Tanfield

will add to their successes by winning the Football Shield. So far, the Seniors have played only one game, in which they defeated Neville 11 goals to nil. A highlight of this match was the ability of Newstead (inside left) to seize his opportunity. He scored 6 goals. On that showing the team should do well. Members are Nicholson; Marrs, Vickers; Hall, Robson, Tarran; Walker, Hunter, Rainbow, Newstead, Natrass. Included in this team are no fewer than six players who represent the school.

The Junior side, captained by T. Wilson, is also showing grand form and this term have defeated Dunelm (6-0) and Watling (4-0). Keep it up, Tanfield!!

### WATLING HOUSE.

Last term, Watling did nothing spectacular in the Cricket Competition. The only game won was against Dunelm, who dismissed Watling for 67. Dunelm were soon dismissed, Coulson taking most of the wickets, for very few runs. Against Neville and Tanfield, Watling were well defeated. These two opposing houses were strong in batsmen and bowlers. Coulson played well in every match. In the forthcoming season we hope to do better.

On Sports' Day, Watling were very prominent, being narrowly defeated for the Athletic Shield by Tanfield. Golightly was awarded second place in the 100 yards and the "Hurdles," Strong second place in "Putting the Shot," S. Hunter third place in "Throwing the Javelin," F. Posselt third place in the "Hop, Step & Jump." Watling won the Relay Race, in which Golightly ran very well. The Baton Team, which included Grimes, S. Hunter, F. Posselt and Golightly was awarded second place to Tanfield in the Baton Race. Tanfield and Watling competed in the Tug o' War and after a magnificent pull, Tanfield were worthy winners. Watling Juniors did very well, being winners of the Junior Shield and R. Patterson won the Junior Cup.

Up to the present Watling Seniors have played only two games of football this term, being winners in both games. Against Dunelm, who were defeated 9-3, the team lacked thrust in the first half, with the result that Dunelm were on level terms at the interval. However, after the interval Watling exerted pressure, the Dunelm defence crumbled and Watling added seven goals to their

half-time score of two. Dunelm procured another goal in the second half through Pinkerton. Against Neville, who were defeated 6-2, Watling were on level terms at half-time. Strong, at centre-forward, put some punch into the forward line in the second half and Watling added six goals. The team has played very well and hopes to do the same in its forthcoming game against the strong and aggressive Tanfield team. The following represent Watling:—Hall, Watson, Taylor (H.), Taylor (N.), Posselt (F.) (Captain), Hunter (S.), Golightly, Cox, Strong, Harrison (R.), Harrison (J.)

The Junior Team have played only one game and were defeated 4-0 by Tanfield Juniors.

### DUNELM.

#### FOOTBALL. (SENIORS).

So far this term Dunelm has played one football match. This was against Watling, who defeated Dunelm 9 goals to 3. This game was not as one-sided as the score suggests, for during the first half Dunelm was superior but hesitancy on the part of the forwards resulted in Dunelm only finding the net twice while Watling scored four times.

During the second half Dunelm's defence tired and was greatly disorganised. This resulted in the forward line having little support. Should Dunelm keep her present forward line next season, goals should be the result.

Colin Posselt proved himself a very capable leader, scoring one goal himself, and, along with "Sandy" Newton, helping Pescod to score. Pinkerton, playing at centre-half, scored the third goal. Among the defence Jack Stobbs was outstanding at right full-back.

Dunelm is very fortunate in possessing two of the school's most outstanding goal-keepers, namely: Robinson and Dickinson.

The present team is now chosen from:—Robinson; Stobbs, Chester; Naylor, Pinkerton, Gurkin; Armstrong (A.), Dickinson, Posselt (C.), Pescod, Newton (R.); Millar and Jacques.

(JUNIORS).

The Junior team has played very badly so far this term—losing the two matches played. Bell, right full-back, and Porter, centre-forward, were the two most outstanding players. Tanfield scored six goals against us while Neville defeated us 2-0. The following players make up the team:—Ledger; Bell, Sowden, Currie, Clarke, Heron; Dennison, Jefferson, Porter, Johnson, Stevenson.

CRICKET. (SENIORS).

Last season Dunelm struck a bad patch in the cricket matches, losing the three games played.

Dickinson carried a good bat through each of the games while both he and Arthur Naylor were the two best bowlers in the team.

The team was composed of the following players:—Alderson, Barrass, Hall, Naylor, Armstrong (W.), Pinkerton, Gurkin, Dickinson, Posselt (C.), Armstrong (A.), Ashburn.

(JUNIORS).

The Juniors last term unlike the Seniors, enjoyed a good season, winning two out of the three matches played. The third game was lost by a margin of one run.

Against Neville the Juniors scored 34 runs. They dismissed their opponents for 19. Shaw and Ashburn made most of the runs and along with Pescod, they took most of the wickets.

Against Tanfield, Dunelm, incidentally, won by the same margin as in the game against Neville. The score being: Dunelm 32; Tanfield 17. Again Shaw and Ashburn were outstanding.

Ill-luck dogged the Juniors in the game against Watling. Having scored 24 runs, Dunelm began fielding. With two balls of the last over to be played Watling's score stood at 20. However 5 runs were scored off these balls and victory was theirs. Had nerves not been on edge in the last minute Dunelm might have brought off a treble victory. But, there it stands.

SPORTS' DAY.

Dunelm's chief victories on Sports' Day were the "Hop, Step & Jump" which was won by Jack Alderson, and the "Football Dribble," the team of which was Alderson, Hall, Armstrong, Gurkin, Posselt (C.), and Pescod.

In the 100 yards Alderson was placed third while Hall was also third in the 880 yards.

Jack Alderson was also third for the Javelin Throwing.

The Juniors had very little success on this day.

NEVILLE.

CRICKET.

Our Seniors, under the leadership of Jack Patterson, were successful against Watling and Dunelm, but suffered defeat at the hands of Tanfield. The team was composed of Jack Patterson, Norman Collin, Jack Jeffery, Brian Patterson, Fred Watson, Ronald Newton, Ian Stephenson, Harry Graves, Ernest Barrass, William Pattison and Tom Hutchinson or Keith Hagar or Sid Taylor. The first six of the above played also for the School Cricket XI. The Junior team, which was composed of Wood, Fisk, Moir, Smith, Buckley, Wears, Brabban, Docherty, Haste, Latimer and Dowson, were unfortunate in losing against Watling, Tanfield and Dunelm.

SPORTS' DAY.

The Seniors had very little success, in the sports, where they only gained first place in "Throwing the Javelin," second place in the High Jump and third place in "Putting the Shot."

The Intermediates were more successful, Brian Patterson winning the Intermediate cup with thirteen points, scored from 1st place in the High Jump, (5' 1"), and the Hop, Step and Jump (35'), and second place in the 110 yds. Hurdles. Billy Pattison also did well by winning the 100 yards flat race in 11.5 seconds and gaining two points in the High Jump (4' 10").

FOOTBALL.

Again the Seniors have suffered a decisive defeat at the hands of Tanfield, who possess 75% of the School XI. We were well beaten by eleven goals to nil. The absence of Jack Patterson from his position of goalkeeper was obvious, and the scores would have been worse but for the persistent tackling of Stephenson at centre-half and Jeffery at right-back. The rest of the team was composed of:—William Pattison (outside right), Ernest Barrass (inside right), C. Taylor (centre-forward), Roger Simpson (inside left), George Watson (outside left), Norman Collin (right

half), Fenwick Lawson (left half), Ronald Newton (left back) and Brian Patterson (goalkeeper). Our game against Watling was more satisfactory. We managed to score two goals as against their six. The honour of scoring the two goals goes to George Watson and Norman Collin. The right wing played well but missed several opportunities owing to faulty kicking near the opponents' goal.

The Junior team composed of Herdman, Askew, Stephens, Gardner, Dowson, forwards (right wing to left), Daghish, York and Latimer as half-backs, Muirhead and Robinson as full-backs, and Ridley as goalkeeper made a good start to the season by beating Dunelm by two goals to nil. The scorers were Stephens and Dowson. They can be relied upon to put up a good show against Watling and Tanfield.

We were very sorry to lose our house master, Dr. Davies, at the end of last term and welcome in his place Mr. Ratcliffe who, together with Mr. Forster and Mr. Gee, can be relied on to help the house to future successes.

## PAST STUDENTS' COMMITTEE.

*President :* Mr. W. Carr.

*Vice-President :* Miss A. A. Nicol.

*Secretary :* Mr. S. Hetherington,  
12, Carrmyers,  
Hare Law,  
Annfield Plain.

### *Committee :*

#### *Dipton :*

Mr. W. Wells.  
Mr. J. Carruthers.  
Mr. J. Temperley.

#### *Stanley :*

Mrs. Hogg.  
Mrs. Sample.

#### *Annfield Plain :*

Mr. E. Pallister.  
Miss E. Pallister.  
Miss E. Eyre.

#### *Craghead :*

Miss B. Bott.

"Dalbeattie,"  
View Lane,  
Stanley.

Dear Editress,

Enclosed is 7/6d. for fifteen Magazines—the twelve you sent me and three more if you can spare them. They are all for Past Students.

The Easter Term Magazine is indeed a splendid effort and makes me feel closer than ever to S.G.S., though I had always a keen interest in the school's activities. Several names of contributors to the Magazine are familiar to me through being associated with Front Street School. Odd items of school news reach me from Mr. Gunns and Mr. Livesey who live on either side of me.

My lapses in decorum at school, came back to me unpleasantly when, during my husband's absence on War Service, with great goodwill, one frosty morning, Mr. Gunns handed me kettles of hot water to thaw a frozen pipe and on another occasion, when Mr. Livesey even helped me to deal with an awkward sink. They must have helped me before with scientific problems but I never remember showing much gratitude.

In my school days perhaps I should not have appreciated such a berth either!

I think the "Grammarian" with its generous Past Students' Section will help to strengthen the Past Students' Association.

Good Luck and great success go with your future editions.

Yours sincerely,  
D. M. SAMPLE.

Pegasus 7 Mess,  
R.N. Air Station,  
Evanton,  
Ross-shire,  
Scotland.

Dear Editress,

Many thanks for the copy of the third issue of "Awsonian," which I received a short while ago. It is a very worthy effort and I derived great pleasure from looking through its pages, particularly as I know quite a few of the contributors.

It is over two years since I left school but I still hold memories of the grand times I had—I only realise now how good they were. During my short time in the Royal

Navy I have met one or two old school colleagues in the service. Also while on leave I learnt that almost all the boys from my year are now serving in the Forces. Time rolls inexorably on bringing with it great changes in our lives.

The enclosed contribution may be of some use to you. I wrote it a few weeks ago while attempting to climb a hill near here. The beauty of the surrounding countryside made a deep impression on me that day. I think one has to travel extensively in this area to appreciate its real splendour.

May I take this opportunity to wish you all success in the future. The Magazine will, I think, do much to strengthen the link between Past and Present Students of Stanley Grammar School. Looking forward to your next issue.

Yours sincerely,  
J. P. GILMORE.

PAUSE FOR ADMIRATION.

I am writing this on a grassy slope half-way up Mount Fyrish. I am attempting to reach the summit but the sun is beating down mercilessly and I have been compelled to "camp down" for awhile to regain some strength.

If you look at an ordnance survey map of this district you will find Mt. Fyrish shown about two miles north of the village of Evan-ton near Cromarty Firth. Yes! This is the North of Scotland—the country of Ross-shire to be exact. In my opinion, the countryside around here is some of the grandest I have ever seen.

I am seated in the shade of a small tree about seven hundred feet above sea-level. From this position I can see Cromarty Firth wending its way slowly towards the sea. The water is startlingly blue and very, very still as if it too, had lost its power in the terrific heat. Beyond the Firth, the land is flat with hardly a house to be seen.

Below me, at the foot of this hill there is a wide belt of trees. They are packed so closely together that the sun is almost completely blotted out. As I walked up through these trees, the eerie silence, the dim light and the tall dark shapes looming on all sides gave me a peculiar and unpleasant feeling.

Close to the water's edge is the airfield where I am stationed. I can see scores of planes parked in orderly rows looking like toys laid out on a carpet.

Over to the east about a dozen white specks are bobbing on the surface of the water. They are Sunderland Flying boats attached to an R.A.F. Coastal Command Station nearby.

Overhead the sky is a clear blue unmarked by a single cloud. Its serenity is broken only by the sun casting down shrivelling rays on to the earth. Truly, I cannot remember a more wonderful day than this. It is as if Nature were revealing herself—in all her beauty and power to my newly-opened eyes.

I believe that moments like this come to everyone at some time or another. Then one realises a Great Power behind it all, so unspeakably lovely that we can only marvel at it. . . . Well, I must push on if I want to reach the top in time.

J.P.G.

14, Burnham Avenue,  
Ickford,  
Uxbridge,  
7.5.46.

Dear Editress,

I have read many school magazines, but yours is truly pre-eminent in my opinion, both in diversity of subject matter and in style of presentation.

During the early years of your School, when it was Tanfield Lea Higher Elementary School, I did hear whispers of a Magazine—perhaps the Form Magazine mentioned by Doris Laws (now Richardson) is the one I am thinking of, but I never saw it. Anyway, it may have formed the nucleus or germ of the present "Grammarian."

I have always hoped to revisit Stanley, but there have been difficulties, so I have had to content myself with talking about it to my family, with the result that my daughter Kathleen (now twenty) is just as interested in the "Grammarian" as I am. Last year, she was one of four Archivists chosen to go to the San Francisco Conference, and she had three months of unexpected, de-

lightful experiences. I am sending excerpts from some of her letters for insertion in the "Grammarian" if you think them suitable.

I am so pleased to be remembered by Mary Graham (now Mrs. Garfoot) whose quiet, conscientious ways I still remember.

With every good wish for the continued success of the "Grammarian."

Yours very sincerely,

MYRA SANDERSON,  
(Née FEATHER).

At sea en route for San Francisco, 9.4.45. Please excuse the more than usually bad writing, but the ship is rolling rather badly, and often it has been a work of art to keep in my bunk at night as I am the top one of three. The food is rich and plentiful. I have had an egg for breakfast every morning (as well as fruit) and we can have both fish and meat for dinner. Time passes quickly and we have seen many interesting things:—phosphorescence on the sea at night, flying fish, meteors and what we suspected to be the Northern Lights.

On the train from Halifax to Chicago 18.4.45. We disembarked from the ship without much bother and then after an hour on the train we had lunch. Some lunch!—Iced tomatoes, green peas, and then pineapple pie with meringue. Our train is a "special" and we often have to wait to let the ordinary train pass as there is only a single track in some parts. I still think I am either having a wonderful dream, or that I am some-one else watching me very closely. The weather is beautiful and the scenery is beyond my powers of description—rolling hills covered with trees (dark-green pines and silver beeches), lakes and log-cabins everywhere. The cabins are painted brightly, thus making the country-side look like a very clean and bright holiday-camp with chalets, as they are raised from the ground and have little steps leading to the veranda in front.

20.4.45.

We have just stopped at a little place in the Colorado called Akron. I posted my last letter at Monckton and we stayed in the same train till we came to Montreal where we boarded a pullman sleeping car. We spent one and a half hours in Montreal and I was greatly impressed by the Cathedral of St. James. It is a beautiful building with

white marble pillars and lovely little stained-glass windows, and chapels with red lights burning in them. From Montreal we went to Toronto and Oh! the lights—five to each lamp-post. It was a dazzling sight indeed to us who had been accustomed to complete blackout. The next day we stopped at Chicago for six hours and we were taken on an organised tour of the city arranged by the Mayor. We travelled in Police and Fire Cars with bells ringing continually and we ignored all traffic lights. It was wonderful and we got a clear idea of the size of this wonderful city. Our next stops were Galesberg, Wray and Akron. Incidentally the time is rather baffling, as we keep forgetting to put back our watches and often get up an hour too early in the morning. Actually, we are now eight hours behind British Summer-time.

22.4.45.

We are now having the best part of our trip—through the Rockies. It is truly wonderful, just like a picture with so many trees and such a blue sky. The sunshine on the snow makes a dazzling scene and we just want to stare. At 6.10 this morning we arrived at Salt Lake City, and immediately set out to see the Mormon Temple. We could not enter, but we saw the Tabernacle and heard the choir rehearsing. It was marvellous, for the organ has eight thousand pipes. We saw the City Hall and the State Capital Building at the top of State Street which is thirty miles long. I shall never forget the inspiring scene with Salt Lake in the distance and the sun rising over the mountains. On boarding the train again, we passed along the edge of the lake and along miles and miles of salt desert with perhaps one house in every fifty miles. We are due at San Francisco in the morning.

San Francisco. 23.4.45.

At long last we have arrived, and it was good to find letters from home awaiting us, and to be standing on "terra firma" once again. The hotel is wonderful. Two of us share a room with two beds, two easy chairs, two chests of drawers and two writing desks. We have even a bath-room to ourselves. I've never seen such shops—they are full of everything. It is peculiar here at night. We keep on thinking there is an air-raid as sirens are going, but it is only the police cars. Food is most plentiful. We generally have two eggs served to us and we are

asked if we want them staring at us or turned. Work hours are long and I get very tired. I have seen Mr. Eden once but most of the other big wigs come to our room to collect their papers. The weather is glorious and San Francisco looks a lovely place.

15.5.45.

Work has eased off somewhat and we can relax a little. I am going for a trip round the Bay in a coast-guard cutter and am going to see about an aeroplane and a blimp.

22.5.45.

I had a grand time on Sunday as three of us had a two hundred mile drive through the Redwood Forests. The trees are huge and the forest is quite dark in places. The Redwood is light and easy to work and is used to make furniture as well as ornaments.

Our driver was a loyal San Franciscan and made a free gift of his time and his gasoline which disguised in diplomatic language means don't tip. Rather a blessing as funds are getting low as we near the end of our stay here.

I guess you are excited at the thought of seeing Miss Nicol and her sister at Whit. I only wish I could be there to see them.

But I have had a wonderful experience and am so glad I was one of the four chosen Archivists.

KATHLEEN SANDERSON.

### LINES COMPOSED ON A RAILWAY STATION.

On Leamington Station at 6-25  
Playgoers waited for the train to arrive;  
Among these passengers eager and keen  
Phyllis and Elsie were \*plain to be seen.

In came the train, all was bustle and hurry,  
The girls took their seats with never a worry,  
Name after name they saw flashing by,  
But Stratford-on-Avon they failed to espy.

"This route looks familiar, we've been here  
before,  
Good heavens! its Birmingham! open the  
door!  
To Stratford, to Stratford!" the maidens  
did cry.  
The porter looked on with a tear in his eye.

"Your most direct train is that one over  
there,,,  
So under the sub-way and don't tear your  
hair.  
Just get off at Tysley and there you must  
wait  
Till the Stratford train comes at ten minutes  
to eight."

A rumble of wheels and a thunderous din.  
"Be sure it's the right one before you get in."  
"Of course it's the right one," two Army  
boys called,  
And it did go to Stratford—but oh! how it  
crawled!

Through the gathering dusk they sped through  
the town  
And at last reached the theatre, that place of  
renown,  
Then tiptoed in softly, the play was nigh done,  
But they joined the applause that the actors  
had won.

The moral is plain, they have learnt to their  
cost  
Tomorrow be early or "Love's Labours  
Lost,"  
For tonight in their wanderings they've  
had ample leisure  
To realise they've failed to get "Measure  
for Measure!"

TWO STRATFORD STRAGGLERS.

\*Plain—*meaning easily discernable, not lacking  
in beauty!*

### CAMBRIDGE.

Cambridge is somewhat of an old-fashioned town, which has from time to time been modified by the modern world around, so that here and there are touches of the new of every generation. There are the high buildings seeming to oppress the narrow thoroughfares, and then on entering King's Parade, the exhilarating feeling of broad freedom with the dignified King's College and Senate House separated from the passing throng, by lawns. Among the Colleges also there is great variety, the large and the small, the old and the new. The Dinginess of some of the smaller College courts, with their weathered dull ochre plastered walls bears no comparison with the red brick and clean stone of Wesley House, or the impressiveness of Trinity's Great Court, with its Central Fountain.

The College chapels bear the same marks of contrast and of the passing of time. The immense turreted King's College Chapel, with its ornate pinnacles and central organ bridging across the great length of the lofty chamber, is awe-inspiring and in contrast to the smaller chapels, often having brighter interiors of mosaic floors and multi-coloured marble pillars. (Although all have their stained glass windows, the fine series in King's Chapel is acknowledged, unequalled throughout the world for size and grandeur).

However, Cambridge is not all beauty, for it has a railway station, and its approach is lined with the seemingly inevitable, tall, soot-blackened buildings. But once past this grim spot, the student is free to pursue his search for truth, in the more serene and pleasant setting of the "Backs" and quickly settles down to the routine of College life. The stretch of river known as the "Backs" is banked on one side by the back walls of some of the Colleges, rising sheer from the water, and on the other by College lawns and Fellows' gardens. The avenue of trees leading to Trinity College is bright with crocuses in early spring and as these fade the daffodils begin to bloom in King's College grounds and on the banks of the small streams almost surrounding the lawns of St. John's College.

The perfect student begins the day at about half past seven, with a bath or shower, and calls at the kitchen to collect his breakfast dish, on the way back to his rooms, where the table has been laid by his "Bedder" a college servant who performs some of the domestic duties.

After breakfast, groups collect in the court yards to join the general exodus through the college gates, and wend their ways to the lecture theatres for the first lecture at nine o'clock. Inside the lecture theatre, there is a low buzzing of conversation until the lecturer enters and is welcomed by intense stamping of feet and thumping of book-rests, which dies away as quickly as it arose. The lecturer then proceeds, in absolute silence, often with demonstrations, slides or films to illustrate an important or interesting point. The first lecture is finished at five to ten—the silence being broken if the lecturer shows inclination to exceed his time—and the hundred or so students swarm into the practical laboratories, for two hours testing and observing. As noon approaches, the laboratories empty and

everyone is on the move for the next lecture. Since this is often in another block of buildings. The road is crowded and civilian traffic hardly dares to nose its way among the throng, especially since those on cycles seem to career through the human mass, instinctively sensing where the best path lies. After this lecture, the groups break away, as they go to their Colleges for lunch, discussing some lecturer's joke or what the afternoon holds for them.

If there is no practical work in the afternoon, and no need to be out again by two o'clock, games can be considered. Often there are sports' practices for the various teams of College and University, or perhaps a game of squash or tennis with a friend, followed by tea in college rooms.

The evenings are generally given to work, either private or as a group with a supervisor, to explain any difficulties encountered in lectures during the week, and to suggest questions to be attempted. The many student societies also claim attention in the evenings after dinner, and members collect to hear discourses on politics, some new extension of science or modern thought, delivered by persons eminent in their own branch of knowledge. The meetings generally close before ten o'clock, and shortly afterwards the town is almost clear of students, in their black gowns, which are worn for some lectures, for dinner in the College halls, and always after dusk. Although very inconvenient at times and admirably suited for catching cycle-handlebars, when the cycles are parked at narrow pathways, these billowing garments afford quite good protection from waiters who carry seven or eight plates of soup at once.

So the full day closes and night descends on the University, the place of Education, Religion and Learning.

A VISITOR.

### **"TO SWOT OR NOT TO SWOT" That is the Question**

I know that the majority of readers of the Magazine are or were "would-be" swotters. No doubt many past and present students, when the fatal, dreaded day of the examinations has dawned, have said, "why did I not begin revising when every-one else did? Why do other people swot so much?" But then I have learned (much to my sorrow, you may be sure) that answering questions, not asking them, brings forth a good result.

Perhaps you are one of the fortunate people who take to swotting as a duck takes to water, or better still, perhaps, you have no need to revise. Unfortunately, I am one of the world's unfortunates; I belong to neither of these categories and here I am, exactly one week away from my examinations and doing nothing to compensate my amazing lack of knowledge.

Now if you were in my place (as no doubt many of you have been), what would you do? Would you begin cramming into your head snatches from here and there, or would you ask your school friend to play tennis, ensuring that by doing so, she too will neglect her revision?

The usual tendency is to examine the more agreeable prospect first, but, I, dear readers, shall be different, in that I shall consider the more obnoxious side of the question: I say obnoxious, but, to some of you misguided creatures, my use of epithets may be at fault. You must tolerate one who is definitely your mental inferior!

No doubt, much can be said for learning in snatches. For example, one of you might even point out that a smattering of knowledge is better than none at all. But then the worthy poet, Pope, said on this subject:—

“A little learning is a dangerous thing,  
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian  
Spring.”

and who are we humble individuals to contradict one so renowned?

Let us now view the more pleasing suggestion—that of playing tennis. What is most outstanding is the fact that, instead of one person having to bear the disgrace of a poor result, there will be two or even four people, if two other vessels of learning can be induced to make up a “foursome.” As a mathematician would put it, the disgrace would be halved or quartered. In fact, if the exact amount of disgrace could be anticipated, the same mathematician could work out the exact amount to be allotted to each non-swotter.

Of course there is a drawback to this suggestion—what if one's partner in crime

has a more retentive memory than oneself? If it is so (and usually it is because only geniuses and lunatics neglect their revision), then the Latin verbs, etc., hammered into her head during the previous term, may make an appearance in an answer.

On the other hand, will not a good, invigorating game of tennis, out in the fresh air, dispel from one's head the misty vapours clouding the brain, and bring to light some deep-rooted knowledge?

However, when I look back on past examinations, I realise that, on more than one occasion, my mind has proved a bottomless pit, in which no amount of delving for deep roots has had any reward, even after an inspiring game of tennis.

“Sinking from thought to thought  
a vast profound  
Plunged for the sense and found  
no bottom there.”

I tremble to think of the teacher's wrath and fear I must resign myself to the engaging occupation of swotting!

Yours in Anguish,  
ST. BARNABUS.

## REPLY TO FRANK POSSELT. VI.

How I squirmed as I read your monograph purporting to “relate some facts” about General Booth. Having thus stated the aim of your writing you proceed to make the following very sweeping statement: “Among . . . developments of social life . . . none has been more swift, far reaching or more influential than those which have taken place, through the revival of religious thought.”

To this I say . . . if there was a revival of “religious thought” (of which I am not aware) then it must have been short lived as there is no evidence of it today. I have seen a great number of P.M. Wesleyan, and other chapels put to other uses than for religion and the newspapers tell us that the churches are empty. It would be enlightening to the reader if you supported your statement by giving some actual facts as examples.

I squirm still more at the unqualified statement which follows . . . . "In the Middle Ages religion has been content to suffer and even sometimes to encourage the most terrible social conditions and cruel tyrannies of conscience."

I will be brief. Please tell me *what* were the most terrible social conditions and cruel tyrannies suffered and also those encouraged.

Next you say that churches at that time were unaware of social evils. First let me correct you. The word "churches" should be "Church." At that time you were either a member of the Church and a Christian or you were not a member of the Christian Church but either a worshipper of idols or a follower of Buddha or some other prophet.

As for the second part of that surprising statement, "unaware of social evils," . . . to this I say . . . ridiculous! To the present day the head of the Church successor to Peter, who was appointed by Jesus Christ, writes what are now known as encyclicals, commenting on and advising about current social problems. A well known one is "Rerum Novarum" (Leo XIII. 1891). Of course there are many more. An early example is the "Golden Bull" of the eleventh century which denounced the prevailing custom of fighting, rife amongst the feudal lords.

I should like to point out that the conditions of "poverty, unemployment and distress" of which you speak, came about chiefly with the break up of the old feudal system and the advent of the industrial and agricultural revolutions. Many people in the new working class were in a very distressed state as there was as yet no organised relief for them. Since the dissolution of the monasteries and other Church foundations they had to turn to the State. Before this in the Middle Ages the members of religious communities taught the young people, nursed the sick and offered hospitality to travellers. Those with money gave what they wished and those without received all gratis, for the greater glory of God.

Just one example close to home:—At Sherburn, near Durham, there is a hospital. This was originally a Leper hospital where the victims of the dreadful disease were cared for by nuns. It was one of the many es-

tablished in this country and it was because of the Church's work that this much feared disease of leprosy was wiped out and completely disappeared from Europe.

I could say a great deal more on this subject but I must limit myself, I am afraid. One last word, though . . . . you speak at the end about "great powers for Christianizing life." Have you ever considered Christ's own way? He took time and care to found his Church and instruct his disciples before he said, "Go ye and teach all Nations."

## HOW TO BEHAVE AT THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

(With apologies to "PUNCH")

Arriving slightly late, the party advances into the auditorium. The noiseless progress of the pupil who leads you to your seats ensures that no one misses a word of your conversation, so stop in the gangway and discuss who should sit next to whom. Having decided, the last parent remains in the gangway with the programme girl. He should say loudly, "How much?" and drop a handful of silver on the floor. After he has scabbled for it, he should say "there's another half-crown somewhere," then he should push along the row, making sure that his overcoat is over his arm. This enables the coat to brush people's hair the wrong way. When the people in front have recovered, someone peers at a programme and audibly reads out the name of the item being performed. One of the ladies can now say "what a pity we haven't any chocolate!" or make any other comment likely to interest the audience.

After a few minutes, which can be spent in coughing, or playing with a bunch of keys, a member of the party at one end of the row should ask "Is this Form III singing now?" This question should be passed along to whoever is at the other end of the row, and she should say, "No," or "Yes," or "I don't know," as the case may be. Her remark should be passed back to the original inquirer, who should then say, "Oh," indistinctly, so that the original answerer can ask, "What did aunty say?" What aunty said should be passed along the row as before. Go out during the interval to stretch your legs, returning just after the choir has begun the second part of the

programme. Arrange yourselves at leisure, then look at the platform. One of you may notice a soloist who resembles a friend—comment on this amazing coincidence with unrestrained hilarity.

After the second half has been in progress for twenty minutes, you should all whisper that if you don't go now you will miss your 'bus. Fidget until a soft passage is in progress, then surge into the gangway.

When you are all at the door, the man with the overcoat should remember he had forgotten it. He can then go along the row to retrieve it, and drag it out so that it brushes everyone's hair the other way, and you can all have a good laugh about it as you stand waiting for the 'bus.

D. RICHARDSON.

### HUNTSMEN ! CONSIDER RENARD !

Tally Ho ! The horn sounds and the hunt has begun. Off they go, a stream of barking dogs and pink coats.

The hounds have scented the trail ! With joyous "Whoops" the horsemen pursue Mr. Fox over meadow and stream, taking the hedges in their stride. "This is the life," every expression seems to say, "What grand sport indeed !"

But friend, do you agree that it is sporting to track down a defenceless, little animal, whose only thought now is to find refuge from this noisy mob of horsemen and persistent dogs ? What chance has the fox of escaping from so many foes, all hot on his heels ?

There is no time now for cunning strategy. He flees, half-demented and panic-stricken towards his "earth," vainly hoping that there, he may be safe. Alas, that cannot be ! He makes one final heroic dash, only to be cornered and seized by his canine pursuers, which, given the chance, tear his spent, little body apart limb by limb before the huntsmen's eyes. What a wretched sight ! But there are no qualms of conscience as the brush is victoriously displayed for all to behold.

You may argue that the fox is a nuisance and ought to be destroyed. "Consider how the farmer loses by having his chickens stolen," you may say, and you would be right. It would be interesting, however, to investigate the fox's purpose in the world, for every living thing has a special duty to fulfil. Perhaps he was sent to add to the farmer's worries ; we do not know. But we do know that it is the natural instinct of all animals, when really hungry, to snatch food, regardless of means or owner. There are numerous examples of this weakness in our fellow men and also of the hunger for riches, which adopts more unscrupulous means than the former. Therefore, when the human race, which is credited with more sense than a mere fox, cannot restrain this desire, how much less can he, who is among the lowest of animals.

Perhaps we cannot alter the fox's partiality for raw chicken by imprisoning or reasoning with him. "That is quite impossible," you will say, "He must be exterminated, or like those rabbits introduced into Australia some years ago, the fox will become an uncontrollable pest." If that is so, we must destroy him, but let us find a more humane method than hounding him out for mere enjoyment. As professed Christians we would not allow our domestic pets to be mentally and physically tortured in this way, so why one of Nature's creatures ?

Surely shooting would prove a more satisfactory remedy, and would be less expensive. Granted, it would deprive the poor huntsman of his sport, but he would soon find another pastime, which would give more pleasure than destroying life solely for amusement.

HUMANITAS.

### THE COUNCIL CHAMBERS, NEW DELHI.

India is very prominent in the news at the moment and it may be interesting to see what changes take place in the Government of India in the future.

At present India is governed from the Council Chambers in New Delhi. In October of last year I was fortunate enough to be

sent to Delhi on duty from my Royal Air Force station in the Punjab, and while there I was able to see the seat of Government for myself.

Historically, New Delhi is new in every sense of the word. In 1912 the seat of Government of British India was transferred from Calcutta, the former capital of the Mogul Emperors, to Delhi, and a new city was built some four or five miles from the Indian City. Sir Edwin Lutyens planned a new city and the Government Buildings are grouped on a rock whose summit was levelled to receive them.

The foundation stone of the Council Chambers was laid by His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, in 1921, and the building, which took five years to build, was opened by Lord Irwin, who was then Viceroy, in 1927.

In shape the Council Chambers are circular, half a mile in circumference, with a continuous open colonnade. This circular formation was intended to signify unity and eternity. There is a central dome with a diameter of ninety-eight feet, which is only slightly smaller than the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. In the verandah are one hundred and forty-four columns of creamy sandstone, each twenty-seven feet high.

There are three separate chambers radiating from the Central Hall which is large enough to hold them all at a State Durbar. These chambers are for the Legislative Assembly, designed to accommodate four hundred members, the State Council for two hundred members, and the Princes' Council for one hundred and twenty members.

Between the Chambers are fountains, waterways, and gardens. There are also Committee Rooms for each Chamber.

As a building the Council Chambers has been criticised. Soon after the first storey was completed it was christened "an Indian egg in an English tea cup" and after the second storey it was styled a "glorious Christmas cake." Its latest name is very irreverent "The Gas Works." Despite critics, however, the Parliament Buildings of India should be destined to play a prominent part in the shaping of India's future.

(MR.) R. PEARSON.

Answer to Riddle-me-Ree on page 7.

**"SWEETS."**