

# GRAMMARIAN

DW

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1948.

No. 7.

## EDITORIAL

STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

STANLEY, CO. DURHAM.

### *Editorial Staff :*

Mary Anderson, June Ross, Roger Simpson.

### *Committee :*

Mr. Carr, Miss Arkless, Mr. Binks, Henry Mason, Wendy Herdman, Maureen Aitchison, John Greenwell, Frank Pearson.

### *Business Manager :*

Mr. Seed.

### *Readers :*

Miss Nicol and Miss Allison.

The Committee decided during Term to reduce the magazine to half of its former size. This will have three beneficial effects: First it will lower the costs of production, enable us to sell the magazine at half of its old price and thus encourage sales; Secondly, not so much material will be required to produce a magazine and the work of the contributors and the Editorial Staff will be considerably lessened; and lastly we can publish three small magazines a year instead of our present one or two larger editions.

Grammarians No. 6 cost about £19 to print and there was a slight profit on this expenditure, owing partly to excellent support by old students and to yet another welcome donation from Mrs. Sanderson. If profit is made with every publication we shall eventually be enabled to issue a magazine with a stiff cover and photographs. The magazine will also benefit from Mr. Seed's kind acceptance of the position of Business Manager.

The Editors thank all those who have written contributions, copied out material for the printers, counted words, and who have helped the work in any other way.

## SCHOOL NOTES

Since the last issue of the magazine, a garden-seat in plain wood—a legacy from Miss Lumsden—has been delivered to the school. It has a metal plate on which is recorded her years of service and a quotation from a letter of Mr. Hardy "So her memory will live on." This memorial will always be treasured by the school.

There has been one change in the staff since Summer. Miss Holmes replacing Miss Smith. We extend kind greetings to Miss Holmes and hope she will be happy with us.

After three years of good work as school secretary, Miss Jefferson who did such good service for the magazine has also left us. Miss Crossman, the new secretary, is keeping up the excellent tradition of Miss Jefferson and is a model of efficiency.

The School Concert was again a great success. The solos, duets, choir items and acting were all good. A new feature was the introduction of items by a male voice choir.

A mass exodus of the seniors on November 2nd to see "Hamlet" at the Queen's Hall Cinema, was the result of an offer by the management to show the film at a cheap rate. While regretting that many people went merely to escape lessons, we are sure that all enjoyed the film and benefitted from it. Another party went on November 3rd to Whinney Hill School to hear a viola recital by Mr. Bernard Shore. This also was enjoyed by all.

The prize for the most cheerful student in the school is divided between Billy Gill and Billy Wilson, while that for the most serious-minded goes to Trev. Westgarth.

## CHESS CLUB

The final positions in the Durham County Grammar Schools' League were:—

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts.
Bishop Auckland	5	5	0	0	10
Sunderland ...	5	3	1	1	7
Stanley ...	5	2	2	1	6
Darlington ...	5	1	2	2	4
Consett ...	5	1	1	3	3
Durham ...	5	0	0	5	0

Our team this season is unchanged from last and we should win the league this time. Never once last year did we field our strongest team—indeed against Bishop Auckland and against Darlington the team was a player short.

Our results were :—

Stanley v. Darlington	3-3.
„ v. Consett	4-2.
„ v. Durham	4-2.
„ v. Bishop Auckland	2½-3½.
„ v. Sunderland	3-3.

In a friendly match against Consett we were ignominiously defeated 5-1.

Season's averages (in playing order) :—

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts.	Ave.
R. Simpson (VI) ...	11	6	4	1	8	0.727
H. Young ...	8	5	1	2	5½	0.688
H. Jackson ...	9	4	1	4	4½	0.5
K. Smith ...	9	5	0	4	5	0.556
R. Simpson (V) ...	8	2	1	5	2½	0.313
W. Pescod ...	6	3	0	3	3	0.5
{ J. Nicholson ...	7	0	0	7	0	—
{ T. Welsh ...	2	0	0	2	0	—
{ K. Lynn ...	3	0	0	3	0	—
{ C. Milburn ...	1	0	0	1	0	—
{ S. Reid ...	2	0	0	2	0	—
{ F. Pearson ...	1	0	0	1	0	—

Roger Simpson won the Durham County Junior Championship, winning 14, drawing 1, and losing one out of 16 games.

We would like to thank Mr. Carr for his advice and support during the year.

H. JACKSON (*Hon. Sec.*)

## THE SILVER FLAME

The Silver Flame was a space-ship, built and designed by Professor Potts, the most scientific of the scientists of the early 'twenties who had only recently completed a course in aero-dynamics at Ye Verie Scientific Taverne, Barnsley. He intended to visit Mars aboard this streamlined monster, but having no assistants, and not daring to approach the Cripps' Institute of Labour down the road, he sent out the dog to seize five men who happened to stroll past his gate, blissfully unaware of the existence of Mars, but ruefully aware of the dangers of the new Pools' Racket and Co., Ltd. These wretches were pressed into service and hastily instructed as to the manoeuvres of the old 'bus.

Early on the morning of August 7th the party set off, singing rude songs and eating grass sandwiches. Ten months is a long time, but they had plenty of grub in the lockers and dehydrated water in canisters, for making cocoa. They had one or two packets of Woodbines but no matches—silly old Potts had forgotten them—so it was with relief that they passed through the Northern Lights, when, by leaning out of the lower deck, they could just manage to light up, with electric sparks from the Lights.

One day, the Prof. lost control and they hit an unknown planet. This knocked the whole contraption into smithereens and gave the laddies a bit of a toothache—naturally. They salvaged their oxygen suits, hastily donned them, and put on their warm winter woollies because their toes were dropping off with the cold.

On looking about them, they found their surroundings to be completely flat, with the exception of one huge mountain about a hundred miles away. Quickly they strolled across to it and patted its little head, but lo! and behold! a horde of little green men with no eyes and with a spike protruding from their foreheads appeared. "O Moses," gasped the Prof., "Civil Servants!" The nasty little so—and—so's seized the six Earthmen and carted them off down a hole in the mountain's side, into a huge subterranean cavern. Here the Professor saw a lot of wicked Russians with the wicked machines they had invented to destroy the British Isles. As soon as the Earthmen and their captors appeared the Russians stood to attention and sang the Red Flag with gusto.

From the paintings on the walls and the devilish machines assembled on benches, the Prof. could see that these Planetarians with their Russian allies were far in advance of thought on the earth. After being dumped down in a cold room filled with old tooth-paste tubes and television sets, the Earthmen were left to themselves, bound and gagged.

The Prof., being a clever chappie, whistled to the rats that had emerged from their holes in the walls, and ordered them to cut the bonds with their teeth. This was done. Escape back to the surface of the planet was simple then, for the Planetarians had gone to celebrate with Scotch Broth and Pickled Onions. Before reaching the surface they found a room full of space-ships belonging to the Planetarians, and apparently designed to destroy towns and villages. The Prof.

hastily made a bomb out of old scraps of string and fluff from his pockets, and set it to go off in ten minutes. Then they flew back to the earth in one of the space-ships, and watched the planet through opera-glasses. Sure enough, it blew up in ten minutes, and with a sigh of relief the Prof. retired to his study to smoke and spit and chew.

J. OXLEY,  
Form I.

## JOKES

*Doctor* : I've just had a week's holiday.

*Patient* : Yes, it was in the papers.

*Doctor* : I did not see it, what did they say?

*Patient* : They didn't mention your name, but I noticed there had been fewer deaths than in the previous week.

*Customer* : Have you anything in the shape of bananas ?

*Grocer* : Yes—Cucumbers.

" Well, there's one thing I like in a German."

" What! whatever can there be to like in a German ?

" A Bullet."

GEORGE JARVIS,  
Form III.

## GEOGRAPHY SOCIETY

The society's activities this term began with a talk on " Palestine " by Mr. M. Ridley. Mr. Ridley had spent some years in Palestine, and so was able to give us a first-rate account of the country and its problems. He began by giving us an outline of the country's history, and how friction had gradually arisen between the Arabs and the Jews. Then Mr. Ridley talked about his experiences in the country, and of how he had been astounded by the great development and initiative in the settlements, which were run on a co-operative basis. The Jews had also been concerned about using T.V.A. methods on a much smaller scale so as to utilise more land for farming. The main British interests in Palestine were—(a) the oil, which comes out at Haifa, and (b) the use of the country as a strategic centre and a key point of

militarism in the Middle East. After the talk Mr. Ridley answered questions put to him by some of the members of the audience.

The next meeting was a Film Show and was held in the Art Room. This was much better accommodation than in the Physics Laboratory. The first Film, " The Harvest shall Come," dealt with the conditions under which the farm-worker had been employed. It showed that it needed two wars to show the nation the value of the farm-worker, and that something must be done to rectify two evils—low wages, and bad housing conditions. Improvements had been made after the first World War, but a slump had occurred soon after. It is to be hoped that this will not happen again. The second film was entitled " Prescription for Rubber," and showed how rubber is made synthetically at a huge plant at Ontario, Canada. The need for rubber had arisen when the Japanese captured the rubber plantations in the East. Even though this was not pure rubber, it was shown that it could stand up to a great deal of wear and tear. The third film was about " The Falklands." These desolate islands are mainly used as weather observation stations, which are of considerable value in helping to calculate the weather conditions in the South Atlantic. The last film was in technicolour, and was about West Africa. It gave us glimpses into native life and showed how western methods of civilisation were showing their marks in railways and the purification of water.

The first and only excursion of the term was on November 6th, when a party of senior members visited the Lemington Glass Works. We were shown all the stages in the manufacture of glass articles, and were fascinated by the actual blowing of the glass. This requires great skill which in most cases is hereditary, generations of the same families working at the trade. One of the notable sights at the Works is the old furnace of huge dimensions which was built in the eighteenth century. This has been left intact because it is a landmark for the surrounding area. Another of the things we saw was some coloured glass cups and saucers. However these were all for export as were numerous other things produced here.

The next meeting was to have been a talk on " Manufacturing Co-ordination " given by Mr. Bainbridge of " Huwoods." However, it had to be cancelled owing to Mr. Bainbridge's inability to attend. The talk will probably be given next term.

## GRAMMARIAN

On November 29th, Mr. Norman Pearson, an old student, is to give a talk on "Town and Country Planning" e.g. Tanfield Village. It is hoped that this meeting will be well attended, especially by senior members. A series of talks and films is being arranged for next term.

An invitation is extended to all students of the school who are not members of the society to join, and make use of the lectures and films available to the society.

ROBINA THOMPSON  
(Honorary Secretary).

### LIMERIGALLERY

All the girls are attracted by H——son  
When arrayed in his batting caparison,  
But though they are worried  
He never gets flurried  
But quite unconcernedly carries on.

—————  
This could also apply to P——son  
The Sixth Form's long and lanky 'un,  
Looking up from below  
Some admire him so  
While others just think he's a 'swanky' 'un.

—————  
There is likewise another called R——r  
Who on hikes is the true 'artful dodger,'  
He would tear them with talk  
As through puddles they'd walk  
And become an experienced plodger.

UNCAPTIVATED VI.

### THE FILM : HAMLET

It was with great excitement and expectation that on a cold, crisp Tuesday morning we drove from the school gates to see the picture of *Hamlet*. This was a new experience. I expected a supreme picture as all accounts which I had heard spoke of it very highly. We were well satisfied afterwards, I am pleased to say.

I think there are two main reasons why the film was so attractive to me. Firstly, *Hamlet* is a dramatic tragedy. These two qualities of drama and tragedy are so admirably displayed, that one could not, I think fail to respond. What could be more tragic than the watery death of Ophelia? Secondly, illustrations and scenic effects are brought into play on the screen, which cannot be used on the stage. This point is emphasised in

the ghost scenes. Such a misty spectral form appears that one gasps instinctively. This adds interest to the film.

The first scene takes place at the Castle of Elsinore in Denmark. A little after midnight, the ghost of the former King of Denmark appears on the battlements. Scared soldiers of the Guard tell Prince Hamlet of this and he determines to speak to his father's spirit next time it appears. For this purpose he waits until midnight when the ghost is seen beckoning to him. It is all very sinister. The plot quickly unfolds. The pulse of the music in the background adds fear to the already black and awful spectacle. His faithful officers would have deterred him, but Hamlet breaks away and follows the spirit.

Hamlet had so loved his father that his grief for the King's death, two months before, has increased daily and is now mingled with horrified anger at his own mother, Queen Gertrude, and his uncle, Claudius, who has married the Queen in less than two months after the death of the King. Hamlet's ideals are thus shattered.

He is suspicious as to the manner of his father's death, so that when the spectre reveals to him in fact that he has been poisoned by his brother, Hamlet's whole thoughts turn bitterly to means of vengeance. In order that he may better carry out his plans, he feigns madness even to Ophelia, a beautiful maiden whom he loves.

In my opinion, Ophelia is the best character of the whole play. Without doubt Polonius, Ophelia's father, ranks next.

The Prime Minister, Polonius—the shrewd, wary, subtle old courtier seems to me to be the very father who should have a girl like Ophelia. His character is well shown in the speech he makes to his son as he sets off for France. It shows a careful mind, but also his genuine love.

He says:—

“Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy  
The friends thou hast and their adoption  
tried  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of  
steel.”

This is certainly good advice.

Ophelia is a perfect character. She is far too good for the world, with its pain and grief. Consequently she is torn in mind and goes mad. Her madness is very touching. All her gestures are touching. When I see her

floating down the shimmering stream, I can not help thinking how beautiful a scene it is.

Back to the evil side, we find Hamlet looking every way to convict the new King. An opportunity soon presents itself as a company of players comes to the Castle. It dawns on Hamlet that by means of the actors he might test his uncle's guilt :—

“The Play's the thing,

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.”

With this end in view, Hamlet arranges that the play will tell how a certain King is poisoned by his brother. When performed it becomes evident that it has “caught the conscience of the Monarch” as the guilty King can stand it no longer. The Court retires in great agitation and confusion.

The Queen summons Hamlet to her private apartment but, the aged Polonius, fearing lest some violence might result from the Prince's supposed madness, remains hidden behind the curtain. So wild are Hamlet's words, that the Queen, fearing he would kill her, calls for help while Polonius echoes the call. Hamlet, pretending that the disturbance is created by a rat, thrusts in his sword and kills the aged courtier. Then with wild, strange words, he reproaches his mother.

A comic scene is the scene of the grave-diggers at work. It appears more comical as it is a transition from tragedy to comedy. In the film it begins with an Elizabethan song by a grave-digger. Then follows a humorous chat between Hamlet and a grave-digger about the previous Court Jester whose skull has just been dug up. Presently appears a funeral procession. Hamlet and his friend Horatio withdraw, but from their hiding place they see the corpse of Ophelia borne in the midst. That unhappy girl has been drowned while gathering flowers by the side of a brook.

The body is laid in the grave, but Laertes, Ophelia's brother, distraught at her death, throws himself in the grave. Hamlet then runs forward. Laertes accusing Hamlet of his sister's death struggles to be on him. However in the end, Ophelia is left in her grave.

A duel has to be fought between Hamlet and Laertes. Claudius and Laertes plan to be sure of Hamlet's death. Laertes uses a poisoned rapier and Claudius sets a cup of poisoned wine for Hamlet if he should not be overcome. Laertes wounds Hamlet with

the rapier. Hamlet guessing villainy exchanges swords with Laertes, who is also wounded. The Queen drinks from the poisoned cup, to her son's victory and so dies. Hamlet is now sure of villainy and kills his Uncle Claudius. The poison takes effect on Laertes who dies a little later. Hamlet last of all dies with the words :—

“The rest is silence.”

So ends the strange, sad tragedy. The film holds rigidly to the story and does not add any pieces. Throughout almost all the scenes an atmosphere of treachery and ill will hangs about the Palace. The one remarkable fact which struck me is that the Castle had no battlements on the top of the towers. Hamlet was viewed sometimes half hanging over the edge of the tower, which looked into an abyss. Otherwise the film was faultless and all the actors played exceptionally well. I was much amused by the gallant who rolled head over heels down a flight of steps in his effort to play the perfect gentleman. Yes, it was a superb film.

T. WESTGARTH, VI.

## OMELETTE

“They're going to see ‘Hamlet’”—“Lucky Creatures!”—“A morning off School!”—“Who is the fellow anyhow?”—“Isn't he the person who sings ‘Tubby the Tuba’?” Such were the remarks to be heard among the baser elements of the school during the week before the excursion of the Nymphs and Demi-gods of the school, along with the Fourth and Fifth Forms, to see ‘Hamlet.’

We ourselves were a little confused but it cost only 2/6 and it cost 1/9 to see H-p-l-n-g C-s-dy—and no time allowed off school for it!

The great day arrived at last. Staggering from our couches at about 7-50 a.m., we rushed to get to school for 8-20. The attempt was more or less successful, but what a crowd of freaks! The girls did not have time to adorn their faces with what they are pleased to call ‘Beauty Preparations’ and the boys forgot to shave. However, after being thrown into heaps in the middle of the aisle seven times en route we quite forgot our original appearance.

We reached Newcastle after numerous stoppages (obstacles—one man, one child, three dogs—all eliminated) and filed out of

the conveyances looking subdued and demure. We were a typical school crocodile and much better looking than the other schools—their girls wore school uniform en masse, whilst our procession was gaily bedecked with about a dozen 'new looks' and innumerable out-size handkerchieves artistically draped around fair brain-boxes (?).

Reaching the door of an edifice proclaiming itself to belong to the king's wife we trooped past a distinguished-looking gentleman before whom I suppressed an almost overwhelming desire to salute. Someone whispered to me in a delicate baritone that I must not do this as he was a commission-agent or some such animal. His elaborate get-up was hung with medals from the Wars of the Roses (1066) to the Durham Wasps Supporters' Club (1948).

We scampered up the steps while a harassed usherette chanted, "Single file, please," (shades of stair-prefects!). Safely ensconced in armchairs of a hideous pink colour we waited for the torture. The horror of horrors soon came—there was no cartoon! We were pitched head first into 'Hamlet' which was much the same as other films except that both the hero and the heroine were mad; they also had rather a good line in trumpeters who piped the king and queen on deck at regular half-hour intervals.

Various things were noticeable during the performance:—

1. The boys, while gasping for a forbidden communion with Nick O'Teen, were being mentally tortured by a teacher (male) puffing away contentedly at a miniature pit-chimney.

2. Someone with a bag of potato-crisps was giving a creditable rendering of 'I'm Terrible Terry the Turrrmite, Crunch! Crunch! Crunch!'

and 3. Laurence Olivier has either an awfully good leg or very good padding.

The film eventually ended with a scene like a republican's dream come true, all the Royal Family had expired, willingly or forcibly. At the end of the three hours we were dragged back to the 'buses chanting the song of the chain-gangs, "Weary, always so weary!" Some of the more adventurous spirits succeeded in escaping from the wardens and fled to hide themselves in the multitude surging around a certain '3d. and 6d.' store. Most of the females however turned up for the nightmare ride back to school to the feast.

'YORICK,' VI.

## PUZZLE

O	L	E	R	O	C	K	C	A
I	P	A	T	N	A	B	P	L
V	I	N	S	E	L	U	T	I
Y	K	Y	C	O	R	M	L	N
S	I	A	O	R	I	P	Y	G
T	B	M	R	B	I	X	O	C
R	A	E	F	L	S	R	U	S
D	I	Y	A	E	Z	W	C	F
S	Y	G	V	N	C	O	D	K

In the above square there are hidden the names of at least 32 flowers. Can you find them? You may start at any letter, and move in any direction—up, down, sideways or diagonally. The same square must not be used twice for the same word, but may be used again in different names. This square was made by Sheila Lyons and her solution appears on a later page.

## BACK-SEAT BOTTLE-NECKS

Eight of us always occupied the four back seats of the scholars' 'bus, a conservative, a socialist, an atheist, an anglican, a lover, a chess-fan, a swot and a girl. The position was ours by right of seniority long established by custom and unchallenged as such. Our daily discussions were never lengthy but it was amazing to see how much we packed into twenty minutes, for what we lacked in parliamentary polish we balanced with glowing (indeed, at times of stress, flaming) fervour and heart-felt passion. However, "warmth and earnestness are a proof at least of a man's own conviction of the rectitude of that which he maintains," and no matter what subject provided the keystone for our argumentative arch, each contestant was as zealous for his course as any of your north-country football supporters. Occasionally the verbal strife reached such an intensity that we were glad of the conductor's good nature but we never came to blows, even over politics.

Usually our debates were started by caustic observations from someone when one of us came up late for the 'bus. The swot was notorious for turning out of the school gates just as the 'bus was beginning to lurch away from its stand and he always broke into a whirlwind sprint, clutching his books and bag desperately to gain the step by a split second. The lover, a dreamy chap, even at examination time, was another laggard but his friend the atheist was most often his saviour and used to exhort him with both voice and claw. Needless to say, the others, ever prompt and reliable (on this issue at least) were quick to gibe and unwilling to excuse, although our tardy friends often came out better in these preliminary skirmishes. The evening's bone-to-be-picked was occasionally the same as had been gnawed in the morning or even the night before, if the pack had not been able to leave clean and dry. We had a reputation for twisting inside-out any controversial topic from the day's school dinner to the white-lynch-negro laws of America. I shall now contrive to lead my readers along the tortuous path of one of the less bitter discussions that we had recently.

The Anglican, a small fair-haired chap, always last in the 'bus to show his travelling contract, had discovered a new word during the day's lessons and demanded of the swot: "What does 'amelioration' mean, W—?"

*Swot*: It means an improvement. You get it from the Latin 'melior' meaning better. Not know that?

*Cons.*: I don't know why you've always to give the root and what-not of all the great whopping words you know, W—. I bet you're a pretty pedant when you're at home. I shouldn't tolerate it. A good gym lesson would do you good!

*Ath.*: I'm sick of gym lessons! Three a week is more than I can stand even if the teacher does let us out on to the field. Anyway I have to walk nearly a mile once I'm off this 'bus and I get plenty of exercise at the weekend with the Clarion.

*Cons.*: What about the poor suckers who walk to school every day—you never hear them grumbling about getting too much exercise, and if you must go cycling each weekend it serves you right for joining an organisation outside the school.

*Swot*: What about the waste of time gym lessons involve, though? We could be

having lessons instead which'd be of more benefit, like geography or chemistry.

*Girl*: Don't mention chemistry to me! Loud-mouthed M— was foul today and made all of us do our experiment twice when someone mixed the distilled water with that stinky yellow stuff. The greaser pulled Dusty's hair, when she protested against being called a daft kid.

*Lov.*: I hope he didn't insult F—— or I'll challenge him to a duel on the tennis court.

*Girl*: Wilson settled his trash. He taught him his contorted version of the "Yeomen of England" and he roared with laughter for the rest of the lesson.

*Ch. Fan*: I too am not without fame as far as the humiliation of long-snout is concerned. I beat him at the chess club t'other night in ten moves. His chemistry got him nowhere against my new opening.

*Lov.*: Oh I don't want to humiliate him so much. Long-barrelled pistols and dum-dum bullets are my weapons.

*Soc.*: They could quite easily cut chemistry out of the curriculum at the third year—for girls anyway. Goofy is the only girl I ever heard of who was good at it and she takes interest merely because she is flattered by the attentions old M—— pays her.

*Lov.*: His technique is putrid. Now if I . . . . .

*Cons.*: You can't cut chemistry out. It's never been done! What would they do with the chemistry teachers and the laboratory?

*Chess Fan*: Send them to Malaya!

*Soc.*: They could always teach in schools where chemistry isn't already taught, and use the laboratory for mixed classes up to the third year and for boys after that.

*Ang.*: All boys don't like or need chemistry. I say give both sexes the choice of chemistry or some other subject like wood-work, at the end of the third year.

*Ath.*: Why drop chemistry, one of the leading sciences and a great agent in the fight against ignorance? Better drop art or music which are for the less practical side of life. The only thing wrong about our science syllabuses is that Darwin's theory is not taught. What a crude attempt to bolster up the ever-decreasing power of the churches!

*Ang.*: If you'd read "The Two Voices" you'd be less dogmatic on the evidence of a mere theory.

*Girl* : And if you'd take your elbow out of my eye I'd be greatly obliged ! It may interest you lot to know that the "origin of the species," by Darwin, is in the school library although nobody ever reads it.

*Ath.* : No ! their priests probably tell them they mustn't.

*Ch. Fan* : I wish you great bullies would leave poor little chemistry alone and take the curriculum by the scruff of the neck for a change. If we were given intensive training in the first three years down there, as we are in the Fifth, we should be able to take school certificate at fourteen, not sixteen. The work we did in the first and second years is either of no use in school certificate or is repeated higher up the school.

*Swot* : I agree. It does seem a terrible waste of time and labour. Speaking for myself I think it quite possible to pass such a general examination after three years if not two.

*Lov.* : Doesn't it occur to you two brainy specimens that languages like Latin and French can't be picked up in two or three years ? The syllabuses for general literature, maths., and geography also cover the five years.

*Girl* : In that case there should be separate exams. for subjects that take more than three years. I think that having all those subjects at one examination isn't likely to get the best results—there's too much to swot up right before the exams. as it is.

*Ang.* : Our Vicar says that despite all they say about night-before-exam. swotting, in eight out of ten cases it does more good than harm. He used to do it, even at the university, but you can't believe everything he says—He plays billiards every Tuesday after choir practice !

*Ath.* : All vicars are either blindly ignorant or hypocritically cunning. Just what I've always said.

*Soc.* : That proposal is too revolutionary. It means that after the third year we would learn only the subjects that took more than three years.

*Ch. Fan* : The syllabus for those five-year subjects should begin in the last two years at the elementary school. After three years there would be school cert., and after five, the higher. The Sixth could then either be eliminated or used for work now done in the first year at the University.

*Ang.* : That's all very well for the top forms but what about the 'A' and 'B' Forms ? They can't be expected to do in three years what only half (at the most) of the top form could do.

*Soc.* : I don't know so much about that. There's not so very much difference between the top form and the other two—in fact the grading is sometimes artificial. In our class for instance the bottom few in the exam-list are worse than the best scholars in the form below. People who come up from the lower forms are often high up in their new classes.

*Swot* : If they were all trained intensively before the examination and all did a reasonable amount of work, they could all of them succeed—'A' and 'B' forms as well. Our former French Mistress used to tell us about the Scottish system where splendid results are achieved in school cert. with four years training. Surely we could do in five years what these caledonian barbarians do in four !

*Soc.* : Wait till I'm Minister of Education !

*Cons.* : You'll have to change your politics, my lad !

*Lov.* : I admire the chap who introduced mixed schools in his Education Act.

*Cons.* : He was a conservative.

*Girl* : He was a mutton-head.

*Soc.* : Same thing !

*Ath.* : Please don't insult our woolly friends.

*Ch. Fan* : Talking about mutton reminds me that the butcher's daughter in our street is engaged to that lean cricketer bloke from South Moor.

*Girl* : You're sadly behind the news—she's run away with the man next door. They say that the dashing willow-wielder is gnashing his teeth and threatening to mash him into cream.

*Swot* : That's the exact expression that our bulbous-nosed Dipton friend used to me the other day when I wandered off with his "rigid dynamics." He's an ugly bloke !

*Ang.* : He's a jolly old gossip, too. Mildred H— had to tell him off the other day for spreading rumours that she was swotting.

*Ath.* : He amuses me by the way he calls anyone whom he doesn't like either a communist or a "smart 'un."

*Lov.* : I think he's the "smart 'un." He never pays his sports' money. He says that

since sports are not compulsory and not even available to all, sports' money ought not to be compulsory. Same principle as no taxation without representation, I suppose.

*Girl* : I once found a pound note at school, handed it in, and then what did they do with it? They put it in the wretched games fund for the benefit of a handful of kids in the house and school teams, we others never get a chance to play games. It's a wonder they let us walk on the fields at dinner time!

*Ch. Fan* : The chess club, perhaps the most needy of all the societies because of the rotten support, never gets a penny from the so-called games fund. They seem to forget that the school chess team has travelling expenses as well as the old footer and cricket teams.

*Cons.* : If they started giving our good money to the chess club the other societies would want it too. The music and geography societies, for instance, have travelling expenses.

*Ch. Fan* : Chess is a game, isn't it? Besides those societies have ample funds of their own. The geography society even contemplated giving some of their money away to the magazine!

*Swot* : So they ought—the magazine advertises them well enough. I think it should publicise the way our school is run—how prefects' badges are awarded for instance, and how the money that non-athletics pay is spent.

*Ang.* : I know how prefects' badges are awarded. Teachers on duty throughout the year take note of those prefects who act quickly and resourcefully. Then a list of their names is circulated among the staff at the end of the year. Each teacher ticks off those who he thinks deserve recognition. It's a stupid system, but there you are.

*Girl* : They should give all prefects the badge, otherwise those who don't get one have the right to decline to act as prefects. It causes bad feeling if some get the badges while others don't.

*Lov.* : I ken a better way of causing a bad feeling—drinking furniture polish.

*Ath.* : That's nothing to what I feel in morning assembly when I see all the little girls and boys with their little heads neatly bowed as if for the block—they call it a secular school, yet not a tenth of them know what they are saying—They've been doing the same every morning for years and the whole palaver has become mechanical.

*Cons.* : You mustn't let prayers get you down—what about a major issue like steel nationalisation or any of these other socialist horrors. They'll be moving Pontop Pike some of these days.

*Swot* : That's all right—this government is merely a set of sham socialists—there's not much fear of their being very revolutionary.

*Soc.* : Better conduct reform at a shambling pace than cause a revolution. The next election is quite near.

*Girl* : It'll take a revolution to shift you lot. I get off here—let's be out.

*Ang.* : That's got rid of her anyway. Normally and by legal necessity she's a pupil but by natural ability she's a nuisance.

*Ch. Fan* : So are those fellows who stand smoking, swearing and spitting in our porches. I had to cuff a third year who spit on my trousers today. If the teachers don't do something drastic the kids'll be swigging methylated alcohol soon, down there.

*Swot* : Ah! Home! Here endeth the discussion.

By now the 'bus had reached its terminus and the nightly tumble-out had begun. Slinging bags over shoulders we emerged breathless as usual, with shins sorer than they had been when we entered (for first-years do not watch where they fling their pasties).

My readers who have not had the exhausting experience of travelling in a scholars' 'bus should read this twice and make up their minds never to live more than two miles from school. One might come to the conclusion that travelling together each day would develop an intensive local patriotism among us but this is not the case. Usually it is similarity of interest that brings us together, and sometimes it is age, with a corresponding dissimilarity of interest. One day in the future a 'Northern' cleaner may find a body in those back seats.

P. BOLLY.

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS HENCE

In front of the tall spiral glass building, which is Stanley Grammar School, stands the parking-ground for the auto-giros. At present the ground is full to capacity for the school is in session.

Some pupils on the garden-topped roof are

experimenting with jet-propelled rockets during their science lesson. We take a closer look at this most interesting lesson as we go up in a lift. When we pass the Sixth floor we see some pupils learning to dance; at this particular time, they are learning the Rumba. On the eighth floor some Fourth Year pupils are learning about George I. from a movie film, as they lounge in their easy chairs eating choc-ice bars. Occasionally one hears the tap of a type-writer—somebody has evidently decided to take notes.

Then as the dinner bell rings we are forced to return to the ground floor. When the pupils reach the dining-room, they file past a machine on which they press a button for whatever kind of pills they prefer. The most common choice is the chicken and turkey pill. Whilst they swallow their pills they watch television sets. After a while some of them decide to go for rides in their auto-giros and gradually the school empties; until the siren blows for the resumption of lessons.

By 'HOPEFUL.'

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE

Aster	Pansy	Tansy	Viola
Violet	Pink	Teasel	Rose
Sorrel	Tare	Primula	May
Broom	Bay	Iris	Stock
Lupin	Tulip	Ling	Lilac
Lily	Gorge	Furze	Oxslip
Cowslip	Crocus	Flag	Aven
Confrey	Dock	Ivy	Daisy

Now try to make a word square using Girls' names, and keeping to the same size of square (9 x 9). A book token will be presented by Mr. Seed for the best entry submitted in time for the Easter Edition.

### VISIT OF THE MUSIC SOCIETY TO WORKSHOP OF MESSRS. HARRISON AND HARRISON, ORGAN-BUILDERS

On Saturday, 9th October, a visit was arranged to Harrison & Harrison, Organ Builders. We agreed to meet at a quarter to ten at the County Hospital, Durham. Finally, after about twenty people had arrived, we set off, with Mr. Gee, Miss Allison and Miss Richardson in charge. We walked up to Crossgate Hospital and then turned right and found we were at our destination.

A young man greeted us and told us to go upstairs. We walked up an iron, spiral staircase and reached Mr. Harrison Jr.'s office, where we were shown maps of the organ that was in process of making, and were given a list of the Cathedral organs they had made. We were then put in charge of another man who took us into the actual works. Here we saw a marvellous four-manual key-board complete with a beautiful set of stops. This was going to be used for Manchester Cathedral organ.

Then an old member of the works showed us the different types of pipes. These can be made from wood, steel or a mixture of steel and tin. He showed us the way in which they tuned the pipes. This is done by adjusting a supple piece of metal which is over the end of the pipe to produce different sounds. A pipe is like a human head; it has two ears, a tongue and a mouth, and these also have to be in a certain place to produce the right sound.

While he was showing us these, we saw a man jumping up and hitting his hands on the side of the box-like frame of the organ. On asking why he was doing this we were told that the frame was covered tightly with thin brown paper. If the frame made his hands bounce back the paper was tight enough, but if not, some place was not stuck.

After this, we saw a man with an exquisite piece of work. It consisted of two wooden bars with thin pieces of wire running across, all exactly the same distance from one another. The man continually kept saying, "It is quite easy to understand the principle of the organ," but we did not think so, although we listened attentively. It was used for connecting the pipe to the key on the key-board.

We then saw a man making sheets of metal into pipes. He was soldering them with an electric solder and it was very interesting.

After this, we went downstairs into the woodwork shop. Here we saw men making all different parts for the organ. We also saw the whole back of the organ made of long strips of wood and saw how, by moving one small lever, all can be opened.

Here we collected all kinds of pieces of wood, in fact, not many people went out without seven or eight pieces.

After this, we went into a very small room, where a man showed us different reeds which were put on the bottom of the pipe. Some

were very small, while others were very large. On one side was a small organ with a piece of wood on the top. This wood had numerous round holes in it. He told us that when they were trying the reeds, they put them in one of the holes and played the note on the organ to test it. He also told us that his wife, living one and a half miles away could often hear him when he was trying a reed on the organ. The most curious thing was that out of all these skilled people, only one young apprentice could actually play the organ.

We then came home after having a most interesting visit.

### DEATH IN ROOM I

Silence reigned supreme in Room 1; the Master was mumbling to himself and the pupils were enjoying forty winks to make up for their loss of sleep owing to excessive homework (teachers please note) when 'it' entered through the broken window. 'It' was a little, buzzing wasp with vivid yellow stripes (much resembling the school football team). One of the more wide-awake feminine creatures of the form noticed 'it', and gave a short shrill shriek, awakening the others from their slumbers, much to their annoyance. On seeing 'it,' the other females joined chorus with the first and shrieked at the top of their voices, while the brave he-men of the form tried to kill 'it,' making great swipes. But like everything else they try to do, they failed hopelessly.

Suddenly a voice thundered out, telling the he-men to leave 'it' alone. The voice was that of the master, disturbed from his reading by the cries for help from the fair damsels in distress. But one brave boy, disobeying the master's orders, gave 'it' one final lusty smack, stunning and knocking 'it' on to the window sill. After a few minutes, 'it' started creeping to the edge of the 'sill, much to the horror of the male seated directly underneath. As it crept nearer and nearer the edge, the male gave a final cry of despair. The master, realising the boy's immediate danger, lunged forward and gave 'it' a knock with Chaucer's prologue and polished 'it' off 'good and proper.' Telling a male to read aloud Chaucer's beloved prologue (why he wrote it we don't know) the master carried the unfortunate intruder of Room 1 to its final resting-place, the waste paper basket.

By 'ONE OF THE ONE-ITES'

### THE BELLE OF THE SIXTH

Who is the Belle of the Sixth?  
Is it she who is head of affairs,  
Wears long plaits and cares not who stares,  
Who with ponderous weight,  
And a palate sedate,  
Talks chemmy and creaks all the stairs?

Who is the Belle of the Sixth?  
Is it she who weighs more than twelve stone,  
For which height can eas'ly atone,  
With perpetual frown,  
School dinners go down,  
But Hardy is read without moan?

Who is the Belle of the Sixth?  
Is it she who is built like a kipp,  
And famous for pompous gossip  
With affected voice  
Like old William Joyce,  
And face like the Ace of Hearts' pip?

Who is the Belle of the Sixth?  
Is it she who with religious zeal  
Grinds agnostics under her heel?  
With great execution  
She plies elocution  
In the style of young Sir Bob Peel.

Who is the Belle of the Sixth?  
Is it she with the face of the sneeze,  
Who jumps every hurdle with ease,  
Wins trophies and shields  
On all the sports' fields,  
But cannot do lessons for cheese?

Who is the Belle of the Sixth?  
Is it she with thick pen all askew  
Causes wardens of hostels to rue  
That the plural of woman  
Ain't woman (you dumb 'un!),  
And four's always as plural as two?

Who is the Belle of the Sixth?  
Is it she who would flirt in the dark  
With Hylton just for a lark,  
Whose head is all woodness  
(My word and my goodness!),  
And whose bite is as sweet as his bark?

Who is the Belle of the Sixth?  
I declare we had better agree  
There's not one in the whole family,  
But maybe some day,  
If it's hard that we pray,  
We'll see beauty at Tanfield Lea.

MUDSLINGER.

## EXAMINATIONS

Christmas is coming. The glad tidings are proclaimed throughout the school by a seething, screaming mob of juniors.

Take one form for instance. Pandemonium is reigning. Scholars claw and tear each other to pieces, drop ink-soaked pellets down each others' necks. The general scene is one of havoc. Suddenly, pandemonium ceases, as the Maths. mistress, armed with exercise books, enters the room. She distributes a number of dog-eared, worn books, covered with drawings, scratchy figures and blots. These are the form's algebra books. The thought of Christmas holidays is so joyful, however, that even the fact that most of the form have only one and a half marks out of twenty, does not damp their boisterous spirits. The teacher vainly tries to explain the mysteries of quadratic equations, but the happy crowd take no heed. Suddenly the teacher utters one word which makes the form sit up and take notice. Ah, yes!—one word, but it strikes fear into many hearts. That word is EXAMINATIONS. The form are horror stricken. It slowly dawns upon them that before the Christmas holidays the exams must come.

For many nights afterwards a minority of the inmates may be seen wending their weary ways home, to sit, with open books on their laps, staring vacantly at one page for maybe two hours. This is known as "swotting."

At last the Exam. day arrives. The pupils are loaded with foolscap, and the taskmasters, armed with red pencils, lead them to the fateful rooms. At nine o'clock promptly, the teachers, cackling with diabolical glee, hand out the question papers. Many of the pupils after one glance at the papers, swoon peacefully. Others attempt one or two questions before sinking to the floor in a coma.

Slowly the days drag by, until at last, the results come out. After many futile attempts to end their miserable lives, the scholars line up to hear the results. No one is at all surprised, or ashamed to hear that he has obtained only 17% as his average.

Then the holidays begin. Joyfully the wretches scamper home, and spend the best part of the holidays, stuffing themselves with mince pies, pudding, spice, and the like, recovering from their terrible ordeal.

W. WILSON, Form 2.

## WITH APOLOGIES TO THOMAS HARDY

This is the weather that small boys like  
And so do I;  
When snow has fallen on hill and pike  
And drops from sky;  
And children sleigh down the hillside fast  
And old men gaze on the scene aghast  
And women in furs go hurrying past  
And the Robin dreams of times that are past  
And so do I.

RITA HEWITSON.

This is the weather the farmers like  
And so do I;  
When sun is shining on field and dyke  
And 'larks fly high;  
And the labourer wakes at dawn's first light  
And works all day in the fields 'till night  
And children play in the sea with delight  
And mothers rest in the bright sunlight  
And so do I.

E. FORSTER.

## CRICKET

This season was the best the school have yet had—we won ten out of fourteen games. The team was very keen, practising on most fine nights at the nets and several of the players went as far as to turn out on Saturday afternoons for local league teams.

We began with a snappy win over Blaydon on our own ground. Our merry newcomer, Bill Wilson, was a great success and rattled six of the Geordies out for fourteen. Jack Jeffrey (Captain) helped himself to a hard-hit 23 in a stand with Dick Lumley (13) after a rot in the middle had threatened doom.

April 17th found us at Rowlands Gill where Hookergate officially beat us by one run. A four signalled by the umpire as a six cost us the match. The game was played under winter conditions and was marked by the failure of our opening batsmen to score quickly after our bowlers had restricted the enemy's score to a mere 64. Norman Collin (6-32) and Bill Wilson (3-16) profited from the wet surface while Brian Patterson thumped out Hookergate's opening batsman's stump with a thunderbolt of a first ball. Bob Harrison scored a scientific if slow 25 before a greasy ball snicked his off-stump. Maurice Richardson in his last game before

leaving smashed a glorious four clean over the bowler's head but the overs expired while we still needed two official runs to win.

In May we lost our next match at home to Consett. We raised 71, mainly through a surprising but welcome last wicket partnership of 21 by Ian Stephenson and Neal Dickinson, each of whom scored 13! Despite a fine innings by Don English (22) things looked black for Consett as the last man went in with nine runs needed for victory. Then jigger me, what did these last two do but put on 19 runs, with no concern over what our perspiring spin-merchants threw up.

Proceeding on a dismal path, we lost the third successive match to Washington, away. Our opponents batted first and Brian (4-22) and Norman (3-17) sent them all back for a measly 58. With high hopes we set about the task of knocking 59 off but it seemed as if all the team except Jack who collected his usual 20, had forgotten how to hold a bat and the last ball was bowled to leave a shivering little wretch called 38 opposite our total.

Relief came when we walloped Bede College at Durham on 13th May. Jack and Bob put on 75 for the first wicket before the former was deceived by a clever ball from Robson, a Bede change bowler. He claimed 32 of the runs and Bob remained undefeated at the close for 37. Brian (7-22) and Norman (3-38) skittled our opponents out for 65 although Storey, a Bede tail-ender, collared 29 not out.

We re-established winning form by a victory at Chester-le-Street. Our recognised batsmen failed but wicket-keeper Ken Nicholson and Norman, our spin bowler each hit 17 while Ian got 13 valuable runs to end a rot. When we fielded things went badly at first but Norman in his seventh over crumpled the batting up with a brilliant spell of four wickets in four balls.

The next match was our biggest win of the season. At home, we sent back Bede College for a paltry 14. Norman got four wickets in five balls to end with an analysis of 6-2 runs. Brian's whiz-bang specials were coming off the turf fast. He once took two wickets with two balls to end with 4-10. Jack (20), Ken (18) and Brian (24) laid the foundations for a score of 86.

On 12th June we gained our revenge on Hookergate. Our batting faded out after Jack and Bob put on 49 for the first wicket

(Jack 31, Bob 16) but we amassed 69. This proved more than enough to beat the gill lads whom Brian shattered with a devastating 8-2 runs. Their top scorer, Murray, hit four, this being particularly gratifying since the same player in the corresponding match in 1947 hammered our bowling for 95.

Durham Johnston beat us on the University ground in the next match in a most exciting game. The Wearsiders passed our 87 by three runs. After Jack had gone for 15 Bob continued to make an undefeated 44, a score unrivalled on our books last season. Brian's absence took the sting out of our attack and the Durham Batsmen looking for runs eagerly took advantage and scored at a fast rate.

We avenged this a week later at home when we put Durham Johnston out for 51 and then with the help of a fine thirty not out by Bob we passed their total for the loss of only one wicket.

On the third of July away we also paid back Consett—our conquerors in the third match of the season. Batting first we made 62 (Jack 13 and Norman 17 not out)—things did not look bright. Neal excelled himself, however, in the Consett innings, when he had no fewer than five opponents run out. The overs expired with Consett lacking 5 runs.

Our final inter-school match against Chester-le-Street was a bit of a walk-over. Perhaps the players were celebrating the end of higher! Jack (24), Ken (30), Bill (15), and Norman (14 n.o.) sent up 90. The three bowlers used—Brian, Norman and little Jack Temperley—each took two wickets but the most spectacular sight was a horrifying full length catch by Ken near the end of Chester's innings.

The usual old students' match was remarkable in that we flayed the old crocks' bowling for 100 of which Jack had 23 and Brian 37 (n.o.). Brian and Bill, despite a magnificent 32 by Ken Harrison and a fighting 18 (n.o.) by Rankin Dobson, put the "auld enemy" out for 75.

We made mincemeat of the strong staff side on the last day of the summer term. Jack and Bob knocked the stuffing out of the bowling for 33 (n.o.) and 41 (n.o.) respectively. Mr. Chapman (28) and Mr. Livesey (13) were only batsmen to meet with success. Brian (4-25), Norman (4-17) and Bill (2-7) did the damage.

*Season's Results.*

School 52-8; Blaydon 50-8.  
 Hookergate 64; School 63-4.  
 School 71; Consett 81.  
 Washington 58-7; School 38-8.  
 Bede College 65; School 76-2.  
 Chester-le-Street 56; School 70.  
 School 86; Bede College 14.  
 School 69-9; Hookergate 24.  
 Durham Johnston 90-3; School 87-3.  
 School 52-1; Durham Johnston 51-7.  
 Consett 57-9; School 62-6.  
 School 90; Chester-le-Street 36-7.  
 School 100; Old Students 75.  
 School 74-0; Staff 53.

*Averages.*

*Batting.*

	Inns.	Runs.	Times Times		Ave.
			in an	not	
Jack Jeffery	12	211	32	2	21.1
Bob Harrison	12	162	44*	3	18.0
Ian Stephenson	8	49	13*	4	12.25
Ken Nicholson	12	104	30	2	10.4
Norman Collin	9	56	17*	2	8.0

*Bowling.*

	Overs	M'den.	Runs	Wts.	Ave.
Brian Patterson	79.3	18	168	36	4.66
Bill Wilson	39	9	91	16	5.68
Norman Collin	89.5	18	219	34	6.44
Jack Temperley	11	1	21	3	7.0

THE SUPPORTER.

**FOOTBALL**

Added interest has been given to school football because of the introduction of cup and league competitions. Three teams, under the control of Mr. Chapman, Mr. Gee and Mr. Robinson, are in operation.

*Juniors.*

So far they have not played any cup-ties, but it is hoped that when they do so they will be successful.

*Intermediates.*

The "Under 15's" are in the Stanley Schools' League besides being in cup competitions. They are already through the First Round of one cup. In league games they have played 7, won 4, and lost 3.

Goal Average: For—24; Against—13.

Results:—v. Catchgate (A), 5-0; v. Annfield Plain County (H), 7-0; v. Bloemfontein (H), 5-0; v. Annfield Plain Modern (H), 0-5; v. Shield Row (H), 1-3; v. Leadgate (A), 4-1; v. Burnopfield (A), 2-4.

Scorers:—Dennison 9, Pendleton 4, Batty 3, Wilson 3, Gleghorn 3, Appleton 1, Hillcoat 1.

Team:—Stacey, Keppie, Ledger, Bell, Gleghorn (Capt.), Hillcoat, Shell, Moiser, Pendleton, Batty, Johnson, Dennison, Appleton, Wilson.

*Seniors.*

The Seniors have done well, having won 5 matches, drawn 2 and lost 1 match. The team began well defeating Houghton 6-2 at home. The following game, played at Blaydon, never reached a high standard ending 1-1. The next game found the school in poor form and we were defeated 1-0 at home by Chester-le-Street. At Hookergate a keenly contested game ended in a draw.

Consett's opposition in the next match was not strong and we won 4-1. The following game against Bede College resulted in an excellent 5-3 victory for the school. The first double of the season was completed at the expense of Houghton—the school winning 2-1. We won a hard game against Washington 3-2.

It is hoped that we shall make progress in the Tyneside Schools' Cup Competition and if the past few weeks form is maintained our chances of doing so are good.

Scorers:—Armstrong 8, Robson 5, Harrison 5, Pattison 3 and Cox 1.

Team:—Dickinson, Chester, Posselt, Newton, McKeyer, Wilson, Patterson, Hall, Simpson, Cook, Cox, Robson, Harrison, Pattison, Armstrong and Fenwick.

R. R. HARRISON (Capt.)

**HOCKEY**

The first XI have played five matches this season, and have lost only one—against Bede. *September 18th. The School v. Consett.*

We won this match 4-1, and were the better team throughout, the defence having little to do in the second half. The forwards played exceptionally well. Scorers were:—N. Suddick, G. Greenwell and D. Gowland (2).

*September 25th. Houghton v. The School.*

This was a hard fought game ending in a draw 1-1, and was extremely rough, both sides giving numerous fouls. Scorer:—C. Greenwell.

*October 30th. The School v. Bede.*

Although we lost 5-2, the game was fast and clean. Bede were the better team but the School fought back valiantly. Scorer:—D. Gowland (2).

*November 6th. Jarrow v. The School.*

This game was easily won 4-2. It was a very poor match played on a muddy ground. Although we won we did not cover ourselves in glory, and we certainly should have had a higher score. Scorers:—J. Leach, C. Greenwell, S. Lyons and N. Culbert.

*November 13th. The School v. Washington.*

This game ended in a draw 2-2, the two teams being easily matched, although the School slackened off in the second half. Scorers:—S. Lyons, J. Glendinning.

In the tournament at Sunderland on Oct. 9th, we gained only two points out of a possible eight. We were greatly hampered by the fact that Joyce Riddell, our centre-half, was unable to play. Joyce fractured her leg a few days before the tournament, and will be unable to play this term. Everyone will join in wishing her a speedy recovery.

The second XI have played one match (against Washington), which they won 4-1, being much better than the opposing team. Scorers:—J. Richardson (2), S. Pearson, M. Pattison. The second XI this year is a great improvement on last year's team, and many of them are approaching first team standard.

With a full fixture list ahead, we hope to keep up this standard.

*1st XI.* J. Tomlinson, W. Thompson, M. Anderson, J. Rooke, J. Riddell, M. Reed, J. Snell, N. Suddick, J. Leach, C. Greenwell, D. Gowland (Capt.), S. Lyons.

The following have also played for the 1st XI: N. Culbert, J. Ellwood, J. Glendinning, R. Hewitson, K. Lawson, Reserve, A. Graham.

*2nd XI.* R. Hewitson, C. Simpson, A. Douglas, A. Harrison, K. Lawson, J. Snell, N. Culbert, J. Richardson, M. Pattison, G. Hogarth, S. Pearson, Reserve, C. Hill.

## NEVILLE

*Cricket.*

Neville, last season, won the Cricket Shield and hope to win it again this year. Most of

the credit for our success must go to the Junior side which won all its games under the Captaincy of Stevens. Herdman performed well with both bat and ball. Although five of the Senior team played for the School XI we only managed to beat Watling and Tanfield, losing to Dunelm. Jeffrey, the School Captain, was the side's most consistent run-getter. The Senior team was chosen from:—Jeffrey, Patterson, Collin, Stephenson, Barrass, Pattison, Watson, Brabban, Latimer, Dowson, Hodge.

*Sports Day.*

It was again the Juniors who upheld Neville's prestige by winning, together with Tanfield, the Junior Athletic Shield. George Robinson played the main part in this success by carrying off the Junior Athletic Cup.

The Seniors did not fare very well but have high hopes of doing much better on the forthcoming Sports' Day.

*Football.*

The Senior team has given a disappointing showing this term, losing to Tanfield 4-3, Dunelm 4-1 and drawing with Watling 1-1. Ernest Barrass has played well and has scored all five goals. The following players have represented the House:—Young, Rutherford, Brown, Simpson, Smith, Lawson, York, Bates, Fairclough, Moir, Patterson, Barrass, Pattison.

The Junior side has played only one game this season under its Captain, Hogg and was beaten by Tanfield, 5-2.

BRIAN PATTERSON (Capt.).

## DUNELM

Dunelm have won two games out of three, having defeated Tanfield and Neville and shared the points with Watling.

The Junior team has not done so well this term, but hope to improve next term. It is quite a while since Dunelm was prominent in football, but we are pleased this year to be in such a good position. It is our aim to find the name Dunelm once more on the games' shields. The Senior football team this season has no individualists, our success being due to the fact that our boys are playing as a team.

This year we are very proud that eight Dunelm boys are on the school team. The members of the House all hope that these

successes will be repeated in the forthcoming terms.

The team was chosen from the following :—Ashburn, Sawden, Newton, Wilson, Posselt, Cook, Fenwick, Pescod, Armstrong, Dickenson, Chester, Dennison, Bolam.

COLIN POSSELT (Capt.).

## WATLING

During the Cricket season Watling seniors enjoyed reasonable success. Although dismissed for 30 we were able to defeat Dunelm by a dozen runs. Against Neville, we were unfortunate to lose after an exciting finish. Tanfield provided little opposition for us and we finished with 4 pts. Watling seniors were represented by :—Posselt (F), Hunter (S), Harrison (R), Lumley, Cox, Patterson, Taylor, Watson, Simpson, Harrison (J), Smith (W).

On Sports' Day we were successful—winning the Senior and the Intermediate Athletic Shields. These wins were thoroughly deserved because of consistent training indulged in on the part of the boys. Frank Posselt was the Victor Ludorum, winning the 100 yds., 880 yds., Hop-Step-Jump, and the Hurdles. R. Patterson won the Intermediate Cup, obtaining points from the 100 yds., 440 yds., high jump and Hop-Step-Jump.

Watling Seniors have played three football matches, winning one and drawing two. We drew 4-4 with Dunelm after a very close game—our goal scorers being Smith (2), Oswald and Harrison (R). Against Neville, Watling played very badly and only a last minute goal by Smith saved the day. Tanfield opposition was very poor and goals by Oswald, Smith and Harrison (3) gave us a 5-1 victory. The Juniors have played two matches, from which they obtained three points. A win against Neville will give us a clear two points lead in the House table.

### TEAMS.

*Seniors* :—Smith, (T.); Bell, Harrison (J.); Herdman, Cox, Simpson, Greenwell; Patterson, Harrison (R.), Oswald, Smith (W.), Reynolds, Ashburn.

*Juniors* :—Crossey; Lee, Crudace; Bailes, Dowson, Thornton; Gordon (Capt.), Wisheart, Cornforth, Blackburn, Atkinson.

R. R. HARRISON (Capt.).

## DUNELM

Dunelm were successful last Sports' Day, winning the Senior House Shield—the Hockey Dribbling for the third time in succession. The Juniors shared the House Shield with Tanfield, and our Netball Captain, Pearl Mitcheson won the Junior Cup.

### Hockey.

We have had three practices this term and have some keen third and fourth year players. The team is strong and we are looking forward to the matches next term.

### Netball.

Under Annie Douglas (Vice-Captain), the first and second years have been practising and are shaping well. We hope they will improve on last year's position.

Hockey Team from :—Rita Hewitson, Winnie Thompson, Jean Martin, Robina Thompkins, Margaret Forster, Annie Douglas, Sylvia Pearson, Jean Glendinning, Sheila Pine, Joyce Leach, Chris Greenwell, Sheila Lyons, Pearl Mitcheson, Betty Trevena.

CHRIS. GREENWELL  
(House Captain).

## NEVILLE

### Sports' Day.

The Intermediate and Juniors did not win any trophies. Nevertheless they put up a good fight and maintained a sporting spirit. The Seniors did much better, although they failed to win the Senior Shield by two points! Denise Gowland won the "Victrix Ludorum" for the second time. The Netball Shield (won the previous term) was presented to A. Turnbull (Captain).

With six from 1st XI and two from 2nd XI on our team, we field a strong side, when the House matches come around.

### Netball.

Neville Juniors, under the enthusiastic leadership of Charlotte Pringle (Captain), may win the Netball Shield again. The Juniors regularly attend two practices a week, and some of the first years are showing promise.

DENISE GOWLAND  
(House Captain).

## TANFIELD

On Sports' Day, Tanfield was quite successful and won the Intermediate Cup and Shield and shared the Junior Shield with Dunelm. They also succeeded in carrying off the Hockey Shield, for the preceding season, for the third year in succession.

We welcome Miss Holmes as our new House Mistress. As Miss Holmes was a University and County Netball player, we have great hopes for our Junior team under Margaret Greener.

The Hockey team, however, has not been so lucky, receiving an early setback in losing their centre-half, Joyce Riddell, due to a broken leg. We send our best wishes to Joyce and our hopes for a quick recovery. Although the Hockey team have no regular members on the School team, due to this accident, we have determination on our side and will do our best not to let the good name down.

MARGARET RAMSEY  
(Captain).

## INTELLIGENCE QUIZ

### Questions.

- (1) Which of the following books did Robert Louis Stephenson write? Black Beauty, Treasure Island, Coral Island, Kidnapped, Moonfleet, The Black Arrow, and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
- (2) What is the number of the King's car.
- (3) What was the colour of Good Queen Bess' wedding Dress?
- (4) What was the name of the boat of the first man to sail round the world?
- (5) Who was the outlaw of Sherwood Forest?
- (6) What was the year of the coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth?
- (7) Which is Anna Sewell's most famous book?
- (8) Which of the Poles did Captain Scott visit?
- (9) What is England's most important export at present?
- (10) What are the following authors' and poets' Christian names? Bacon, Kipling, Stratton-Porter, Burns, Scott, Dickens, and Nichols.

### Answers.

- (1) Treasure Island, Kidnapped, The Black Arrow, and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
- (2) The King's car has not got a number.
- (3) Queen Bess was never married, so did not have a wedding dress.
- (4) The Golden Hind.
- (5) Robin Hood.
- (6) 1937 was the year of the coronation.
- (7) Black Beauty.
- (8) South Pole.
- (9) Machinery.
- (10) Francis, Rudyard, Gene, Robert, Walter, Monica and Beverley.

NANCY SHAW (Form 2).

## WINTER

The night is still, and o'er the hill  
The snow-flakes gently fall,  
Enfolding with white the old ruined mill  
Near the Church, with its tower tall.

The tiny village and hamlet rest,  
Covered with their mantle white;  
The sun sinks gently in the west  
Bathing all with a rosy light.

The moon has risen in the cold sky,  
A thousand stars sparkle and glisten;  
From the wood comes the Owl's shrill  
cry—  
So weird to those who listen.

A fresh scene we see in the dawning,  
When children with skates and with sleighs  
Haste down to the pond in the morning  
To hail the brief Winter Days.

IVY ROBINSON (Form III).

## OLD STUDENTS' REUNION

On Saturday, July 17th, West Stanley Grammar School, held the Summer Reunion.

In the afternoon, the usual cricket match—Past Students versus Present Students—and the Tennis Tournament took place. The Cricket Match ended in a win for the Present Students, who made 100 runs. The Past Students made 76.

Twenty couples entered for the Tennis Tournament. Miss Mary Paxton and her partner, Mr. Jack Jeffery, won the first prize of tennis balls, after defeating Miss Berry Jeffery and Mr. Billy Boggon. Later in the day, Mr. Hetherington thanked Mr. Elliott, on behalf of all present, for his untiring efforts in making the Tournament such a success.

The Treasure Hunt was organised by the Sixth Form. The clues were swathed in mystery and one or two of the French phrases caused some sly searchings in French dictionaries. The winners of the Hunt were Miss Ella Bailey and her partner Mr. Billy Boggon.

Tea was prepared under the watchful eye of Miss Speed. The highest compliment we can pay Miss Speed is to say that everything was performed in the best "Miss Lumsden tradition."

In the evening there was dancing until eleven o'clock. Music was provided by Mrs. Rodham and interval music supplied by Mr. Ken Maddison.

The date of the Christmas Reunion will be announced later.

D.H.

The above is a faithful report of the Summer Reunion but it is possible that some people may prefer a more detailed account. Therefore I place before you the following—"report"—for which I take not the slightest responsibility. Possibly you will have your own surmises as to the identity of the author.

D. HOWARD.

## "SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE OLD SCHOOL,"

or

### "Perchance to Scream."

On Saturday, the 17th July, the present and past spivs and drones of the old school foregathered at that illustrious seat of learning, for their various nefarious purposes.

Prominent amongst those present was Amelia Buttersworth-Jones, who had left the tar barrel for the night to grace the assembly. She was wearing a becoming ensemble of a New Look gown of green sacking tied loosely amidships with a braided sash-cord and tastefully decorated with broken light bulbs and groups of assorted bus tickets.

Before this night of pageantry a number of notable events took place.

The cricket match was undoubtedly an event of the first order, and somewhat unique by the fact that both sides batted. It has been reported from authoritative sources that, one side actually did win. Since receiving the above report it must also be recorded that one of the sides also lost.

Not to be outdone by the cricket match, the Treasure Hunt was conducted with vigour and determination. One of the competitors unearthed the remains of a Chemistry experiment, rumoured to have been the result of a last despairing effort of a 5th year Student, to remove the school before School Certificate.

Other treasures unearthed were too numerous to mention except perhaps, the discovery of a gold tooth, a glass marble and the ship's beel from H.M.S. Toosloos. The latter has been returned to the ship at the moment lying in dry dock on the "Burn."

The Tennis proved too strenuous for our vigilant reporter who retired after watching two heavy sets.

To return to the night in question—Miss Amelia B.J. made a very pleasant picture leading the Conga with a Miss Understanding from Much-Eating-in-the-Hall. Soon after this, she retired with a Headache—who is shortly to become a member of the staff of one of our old institutions—the local circus. Discovering at a later age that he had great powers as a "humorist in paint," he has left the Old School to join the circus—a meteoric rise to fame which has brought forth the obvious comment from the Staff of "A Rise from Crown to Clown."

Having been threatened that this discourse may appear in print, your observer is forced to admit that he paid 1/- for supper, but unfortunately the sandwich had been eaten

during the Treasure Hunt—one of the competitors having taken the Treasure nearest to hand.

Nevertheless, there was always the piano !

## THE WIND IN A HURRY

Away rushed the wind to the towering towns.  
Over the hills and over the downs,  
Over the dales he rushed as though mad  
Thinking what a good day he would have.

He blew off the slates of houses galore  
He cracked shop windows—about a score,  
He whisked through the markets and out  
once more  
And blew off dames' bonnets, oh! twenty  
and four.

EVA HOLMES (Form 2).

## NOVEMBER

November is the time of year  
When all is dull, dark and bare,  
And the days are short and nights are long,  
And the birds no longer sing their song.

The Squirrel in his treetop lair  
Stores his food for Winter fare ;  
And by the stream, and on the hill,  
All is peaceful, quiet, still,  
For the woodland beasts all know,  
That soon will come the Winter snow.

## THE GENTLE ART

I have lately taken up wrestling as a hobby. The subject was first broached by an old friend of mine who had been ferociously attacked and mauled by a savage pack of assailants that had taken offence at his features. He was pounced on from behind, his arms pinioned and his legs swept away in the Joe Harvey style. Landing completely winded on the unsympathetic carpet he was smothered by the bodies of these foes. Naturally he warned me against a similar attack so I thought it best to buy a little book on wrestling. After a few hours' swotting and training I felt prepared to challenge the same murderous band on my own to a tussle at midnight on the top floor of a fine old country mansion known locally as Ormesby

Hall or Pennyman's parlour. The environment was perfect for I felt at home there, whereas the enemy were not sure of themselves, especially when they saw the great curved hooks protruding from the ceiling and the racks and thumb-screws, survivals of a former age.

The challenge was gleefully accepted, for little did my antagonists guess what was in store. At dead of night, led by two dashing young captains, the crowd of them crept furtively up the stairs and along the unlit passages leading to the chamber of horrors mentioned above. As soon as they entered the door I switched on the lone light, dazzling their startled eyes, and with a roar of defiance I charged down on them, ever mindful of my friend's humiliation and injury. Seizing them one after another I alternately threw one over my shoulder and trampled one into the heavy pile. My methods were so skilfully varied that their crude jostling, punching and clawing were ineffective. I obliterated one by twining my left leg around his waist and snapping him in twain ; another by grasping his neck and rattling his cranium so hard that his eyes dropped out, and yet a third with a half-nelson behind his neck. Gradually their numbers thinned—red-faced and white-faced, all retired hurt—I lost spectacles, wig, waistcoat and chewing-gum in the fray—but finally I was left confronting my most elusive opponent, the taller and stronger of their two captains. I had already thrown him once when he struck his neck on a tall piece of furniture, but he came back for more. There he stood, his strength unabated, his clear blue eyes flashing with courage and his great chest heaving quickly as he fought for breath. He was a fine-looking young fellow with a fair complexion but it was not his features I particularly noticed, but these sparkling eyes. They had an effect on me which I am not poet enough to describe. Numbness overtook my limbs as I was held by the intensity of the man's gaze. Seeing my temporary stupor he leapt on me, shook the wind out of me and threw me to the ground with a twist of his wrist. I expected no mercy but he seemed to think more of flight than of ending me for he collected his broken forces and fled with the night as dawn the rosy-fingered appeared.

I considered this a promising start to my career as a wrestler and early this year I obtained the services of an expert, a native

of the charming little village of Hare Law, where apparently they breed 'em tough. He and I have made an alliance against the above organisation of thugs and their captains two. We have clashed twice so far since the Ormesby struggle and were completely satisfied with our performance the first time. The second fight was marred by the illness of the taller of their captains but the struggle was nevertheless fierce, and there was a great slaughter. Another challenge has been issued, however, and we await the contest with impatient zeal. My forté is the Cumberland style—even my ally cannot match me in it, but he excels in the Graeco-Roman and try as I will to imitate him, success seems to avoid me. I fear the time when my ally must leave me on a business-mission, because my old foes will profit from my lack of counsel and will most certainly fare the better.

I feel I must advise those who intend to begin wrestling to marry first. Once wed, there are always two people to practice with—the wife and the wife's mother. No wrestler ever had trouble from his relations since the motto "Beat a wife and have a wife" can be applied with singular force in the recesses of the kitchen parlour with all furniture and cooking utensils safely out of reach. If the wife is an amazon, all the more fun is obtained.

The best text book on the subject is "Loose Heads" by I. Tairemoff, a Turkish gentleman, who points out in this work that metallic teeth, though not strictly allowed, are extremely useful in a plunging double-nelson. His qualifications are numerous. The Professor of Anatomizing at the Chicago slaughter-house, Chief Steward at Slimy Joe's Doss-house, and has degrees in both ear-removing and kidney-crushing. He has killed three men in the ring and been suspended by the Society for the Prevention of Atrocities twice. The book is easy to read and is illustrated by many diagrams and

photographs of the author, but these last are sometimes difficult to appreciate because where there are two wrestlers often only the limbs of one can be discerned.

There are several little tricks every amateur should learn, if only to ensure that he is not tricked himself. To stand on one's opponent's toes while using the half-nelson is a favourite. The man in the hold must drop as his head is jerked forward, and as soon as his knees relax the scissors can be applied, with excruciating results. Sharpened finger-nails may deter one's opponent from using such holds as the hammerlock or the flying mare but Graeco-Roman rules prohibit such tactics so it may be a good thing to have a word with the referee the night before a contest. To gouge with the thumbs may be the turning factor in any match, especially if they are smeared with pepper-in-valderma. The third man in the ring is a constant obstacle to success but if he can be seized and thrown out of the area or even locked in the middle of the two contestants as they close, he can be persuaded to remain remarkably docile. If one's head is shaved then no temptation is placed in the way of one's opponents, some of whom are not gentlemen of the gentle art. Finally there remains the half-strangle and the groin-twist. These are not recommended to the beginner as they involve delicate timing and a sure eye gained by much experience. Punching, of course, is always a resort, but does not look very polished and no wrestler of repute uses it except in cases of extreme danger.

The reader must now have gathered a good idea of the difficulties and pleasures of the noble game. He may now be invited to carry his interest further than watching passively at St. James' Hall.

MIKE THE CRUNCH.