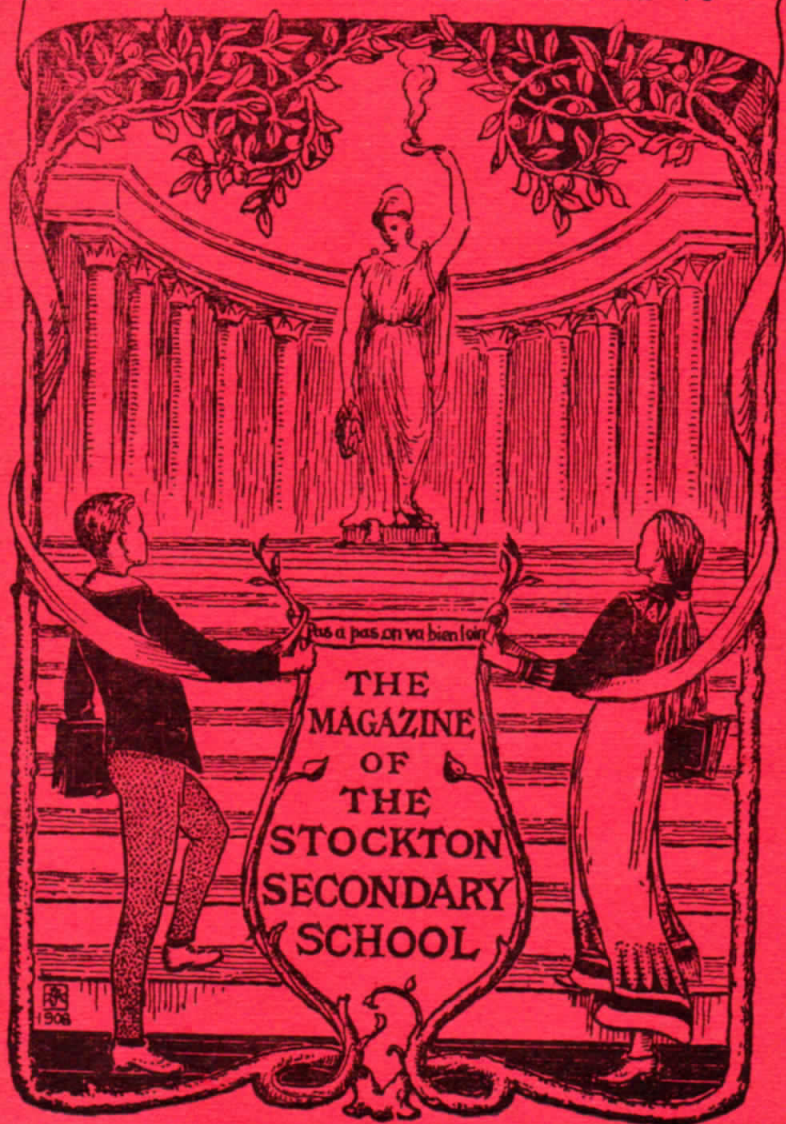


June 1914 (No exam results)

THE STOCKTONIAN.



Edward Appieby, Printer, Stockton-on-Tees.

S. S. S. FOOTBALL ELEVEN, 1914-15.



A. JOHNSON. R. WILLIAMS, (Capt.) A. ILEY.
H. WOOD. E. BIRCH. G. DEE. S. CALLENDER.
T. LEWIS. W. WATKIN. J. CONNORS. E. MIDDLEDITCH.

"The Stocktonian" S.S.S. Magazine

VOL. IV.

CHRISTMAS, 1914.

No. 1.

NOTICES.—This Magazine will appear once every term, at Xmas, Easter, and Midsummer.

Extra copies can be obtained through any member of the staff.

Editorial.

When the last Editorial of the "Stocktonian" was penned, the chief thought in the minds of all was one of joy at the near approach of well-earned holidays. But ere many of these sunny days of holiday had passed, their brightness was obscured by the dark cloud of War which overspread our own land and the greater part of the Continent. Fully four months have rolled past since then, and still the dread cloud has not lifted. May it be that when next we write to greet you in the pages of "The Stocktonian" we may all be basking in the glorious sunshine of Peace!

* * * * *

War has undoubtedly taken a firm hold upon the thoughts and imaginations of all. The pages of this issue bear testimony to that: but it would have been utterly impossible to print *all* the stories, poems, and articles about the War and the Kaiser with which the Editorial sanctum was inundated. However, we thank all our contributors, whether their effusions have or have not been printed.

* * * * *

In S.S.S. we are all doing our little bit to help along the various war funds. Surely we all feel a little happier that, by means of a bit of self sacrifice here and there, we can give a contribution—large or small—to help those whom this terrible war has rendered homeless or destitute.

* * * * *

The Old Boys' and Old Girls' Associations also are nobly bearing their share of the burden—the Old Boys in supplying willing and useful men for the ranks, and the Old Girls in fitting many of their members for Red Cross and ambulance work. May success attend the efforts of all!

* * * * *

We are all proud of the fact that Mr. Noble, our Engineering master last year, is serving at the front in the ranks of the London Scottish. Although he has been in the firing line and in the trenches, we are delighted to hear that he is safe and well. Our best wishes for his safety go to him!

* * * * *

We welcome Miss Thomson, Miss Varey, and Mr. Brown into our midst, and trust that they may have pleasure and success in their work in S.S.S.

Versicles.

The Kaiser, in triumphal march, set out one summer day,
 And first arranged to travel via Paris,
 But the gallant little Belgians kept getting in his way,
 And the poor dear Kaiser sadly seemed to harrass.

He tried the German goose-step, and he tried the Turkey-trot,
 To the music of a Blue Hungarian band,
 And then he said "It seems to me this route is rather hot,
 'Tis cooler round by Calais and the Strand."

So off went bumptious Billy, with his crown upon his head,
 In quite an optimistic frame of mind;

"The English legs are very long and very thin," he said,
 "And when upon the scene I come, they'll fly as fast as wind."

And, sure enough, when he arrived within the English sight
 The Kaiser felt his eyes were growing dim,
 For the funny thing about it, though they ran with all their might,
 The beggars all were running *after* him.

They chased him into Potsdam, but the Russians shelled him out,
 They blew him in a coble out to sea,
 They sent him to the bottom, just as poor old Billy thought
 That, at any rate, an Ocean King he'd be.

At first 'twas rather cold, but soon it grew too hot,
 And his spirits just at first were pretty low;
 But now his mind is occupied with yet another plot—
 He's fighting for supremacy below.

A.P., VIA.

Barrack Life.

"Show a leg there. Do you know it only wants a quarter to cookhouse?" This is one of the indignities I have to suffer every morning at 7 o'clock, and after one or two regimental pattern grumbles I have to "get out and get under" to shave, wash, and make myself pretty generally, fold a pair of blankets with mathematical precision, sweep the accumulation of fag ends, etc.. from underneath my bed, and all in the short space of 15 minutes. One blessing, however, lies in the fact that there is no linen collar to tussle with these cold mornings, and consequently the harmless, necessary stud does not come in for its share of abuse. And then comes breakfast. With quarter of a 'margariney' loaf in one hand, a pint mug of tea in the other, and a pair of kippers between your teeth, you "get abart it" in truly regimental style. Crude as it may sound it is a most enjoyable meal; at least it is scorned by very, very few judging from the small proportion of the fragments which remains at the conclusion of hostilities. Then comes general parade on which a kindly Sergeant-Major caustically comments on your tonsorial niggard-

liness, your unblackbootedness, and other trifling imperfections in your personal appearance. The penalty for a second offence in this direction is the doubtful honour of answering your name at the guard room every half-hour from "reveillé" to "lights out" for two or three days, otherwise known as "doing jankers." And then comes drill, which is not quite so enjoyable as the old times in the S.S.S. "gym," but nevertheless "it's not too bad." Dinner and afternoon drill are soon disposed of and soldiering for the day finishes at 4 o'clock. Tea is despatched and the evening is your own, 25% of the fellows being allowed to leave barracks on pass till 9-30. And then to bed, where you either sleep or listen to someone else sleeping. At last you fall into a fitful slumber and dream you are ordering your best girl to form fours, present arms, and then—"Show a leg! Show a leg!" for another day has dawned.

ARTHUR ROGERS, Brompton Barracks, Chatham.

My Trip to Niagara falls.

One Friday night in May my father and I left New York *en route* for Niagara. We travelled on a sleeping train, in which there were berths, placed one above the other, just as they are on board ship.

On the Saturday morning we were early astir, as we wished to have everything in readiness when the train should reach its destination. My father had engaged rooms at a hotel, so we went straight there on our arrival, and after we had been shown our rooms, we left our baggage and came downstairs again to have breakfast.

Before leaving the hotel to begin our sight-seeing we engaged a guide; so about 9-30 a.m. we set out. First of all the guide took us to Prospect Point. From here we could see the river rushing past us and then leaping into a chasm one hundred and fifty nine feet deep. We were told that two and a half million tons of water pass over the falls every second.

After leaving this wonderful sight we visited Luna and Goat Island before returning to the hotel for dinner.

As we did not wish to do too much sight-seeing in one day, we spent the afternoon quietly, walking about the town and buying souvenirs to take home with us. We finished up our first day by going down to view the Falls by moonlight, and that, indeed was a wonderful sight.

Our destination next morning was "the Cave of the Winds," so called because it is always so windy there that it never ceases to blow a hurricane. Before setting out we were advised to put on warm underclothing and to don oilskin hats, coats and

mocassins, which they had in readiness at the hotel. The guide then led us down a long spiral staircase, which took us to the bottom of the Falls. Next we passed along a narrow bridge till we came to a spot from which we could see, barely six feet in front of us, the waters of the Falls pouring down into the river with a rush and a roar louder than a battery of field artillery in action. The spray blew so thickly all round us that we were quite blinded by it and had to *feel* our way along.

After passing over what is called "the Rock of Ages," we got round to the far side of the Falls. We were now really *behind* the Falls, between the wall of rock and where the waters shot out past us. This is the place that is called "the Cave of the Winds."

We were very glad of our protecting oilskins, for the spray came down on us so hard that it resembled an extra heavy down-pour of rain. We were forced to walk backwards, in order to keep the water off our faces, and the guide told us to hold hands, so that if one slipped the others would hold him up. Every now and again the guide would stop and count us to see that we were all there, but we all reached the hotel again ready for dinner and more adventures.

Our next excursion was a tram-car ride around the Gorge Route. The car passes along the edge of the cliff by the side of the Niagara River. Going towards Queenstown we were on the Canadian side of the river. We passed the Whirlpool Rapids, where the river flows at such a rapid pace that the water is caused to leap thirty feet higher than the actual level of the river. It is said that the rate at which the water rushes past at this point is over twenty-seven miles an hour.

We reached Queenstown and crossed the Suspension Bridge, which is sixty feet above the river.

The last excursion we had before leaving Niagara was in a small steam launch. Once again we had to be provided with oilskins, so that we might see without being soaked. The launch took us to the foot of the Falls so that we might see them from below. We had an excellent view of Horseshoe Falls and also of the American Falls. It was a most beautiful sight, for whenever the sun shone out it caused lovely rainbows of the most brilliant hues to be formed amongst the falling waters.

This was our last view of Niagara, but for many days after, though we had left them far behind, I could hear the rush and the roar of the waters singing in my ears.

S.A., Form III.B.

When does a Form I boy's hand resemble the Iron Duke?
When it's a well-ink't-un.

(It is also high time that the boy should start Wash-ink't-un.)

A Climb up Scaw fell.

The weather was certainly not very promising in the early morning, but we had made up our minds to climb Scaw Fell that day and we meant to do so if possible.

After breakfast we filled our pockets with sandwiches and started to cycle to the foot of the mountain. As we went along the weather gradually got worse—a nasty drizzle began and the clouds seemed to be coming lower and lower. It soon became so thick that we could not distinguish the surrounding mountains. My friend, who knows the district well and who was acting as guide, pointed out the famous "Borrowdale Yews"—the Three Sisters. He assured me that we were getting near the foot of the mountain. All I could see in front was a thick fog and every now and then, where it was least expected, a gate across the road. How I did bless those gates!

Soon, however, we arrived at a farm house at the foot of the hill. This farm seems specially noted for dogs—old and young, large and small—whichever way one turned, always a dog. We left our cycles in one of the farm buildings—guarded by dogs—and commenced to climb.

The path—if path it could be called—was at first extremely rough. It seems to have been the bed of an old watercourse. As we went on we could not see what was ahead, but the fog appeared to be clearing a little and encouraged us to proceed. Every now and again a gentle wind would clear the fog, and suddenly a great mass of rock could be seen, sometimes on one hand and sometimes on the other. The top of the rock would be lost in cloud. A few moments and the fog once more covered the rock. It was magnificent but somewhat eerie. Not a sound or sign of animal or bird except an occasional mountain sheep. We were now at the top of Sty Head Pass, and after passing a dismal-looking tarn we sat down by a sign post to consider. Should we proceed or turn back? Would it be worth the climb? Could we manage to reach the top? These, amongst other questions, we discussed. We were now well over 1000 feet above sea level, and after due deliberation decided to go higher. The path was no longer distinguishable. Cairns marked the way, so my companion told me, but I could see little but fog. When we got to a height of about 2000 feet my friend, whom I was blindly following, began to show signs of uncertainty and it soon became clear that we were off the track. Lost on the mountain side! We could not see more than ten yards ahead. I began to have visions of spending the night in this desolate region. What could we do? We stood trying to decide what would be best and straining our eyes to pierce the fog. Surely the fog is clearing a little. Yes, we can certainly see further. What good fortune—in the distance that must be a cairn. We made off toward it and

once more found ourselves on the track, and luckily the air remained a little clearer so that we could see from one cairn to the next.

I may say that by now I was feeling rather tired, and I should have thought it impossible but nevertheless it is true, the track got worse. My friend cheered and encouraged me by saying we were nearly at the top—the invisible top. Only about ten minutes now, he said, but his minutes must be much longer than mine, for according to my reckoning it took us three-quarters of an hour to reach the large cairn on the summit. The very summit of Scaw Fell Pike had at last been reached and there was a certain satisfaction in that. Oh this terrible fog, which we knew obscured one of the finest views in England. How we wished it would clear! The wind was blowing gently as we sat on the sheltered side of the cairn and ate our sandwiches.

Fortune again smiled upon us. An opening appears in the fog, and through it we catch a glimpse of the hills and valleys. The cloud effects are lovely. The view gets more expansive and more lasting. The estuary of the Duddon is easily recognised, and with this landmark noted, other points of interest can be located. What a view we got! It was worth all the weariness of that long climb. The clouds still rolled beneath us in the valleys but we could look right over these clouds. Never shall I forget that view and those cloud effects—neither shall I forget that climb.

The downward journey was commenced. The fog did not return so thickly, so that we were able to see the track. At about 6-30 we reached the farm house tired out. After a good tea and a rest we felt so refreshed that we were able to cycle back.

Next time I go in for climbing I think I will choose a clear day, and I am sure I will not climb again in thin shoes and without the aid of a trusty stick.

VIATOR.

For the "Young Euclids."

Take three-fourths of a cross and a circle complete,
Two semi-circles a perpendicular meet,
An angular form to stand on two feet
With a line thro' it's middle to make it look neat,
And two semi-circles and a circle complete.

Ans. TOBACCO.

John: "If Mississippi stole Missouri's new jersey, what would Delaware?"

Jack: "Well, what's the answer?"

John: "I don't know, but Alaska."

Old Stocktonians.



Mr. W. HEWITT, President, 1914-5.

and will endear himself to every old boy by his kindly and sympathetic manner.

Mr. Hewitt is an "Old Bede" and is at present engaged in the Holy Trinity School. He is a vocalist of more than local reputation (his songs are ever a feature of our musical evenings), and professes to a love for all outdoor sports and for gardening.

We content ourselves now with giving a list of names of those who have 'volunteered' reserving further details for the Association Year Book:—

Messrs. Atkinson, Bowery, Borrie, Barr, Bagley, Cheseldine, Castle, W. Corner, Dowse, H. Dickinson, R. L. Dickinson, G. Elliott, R. Elliott, C. Elliott, Flockton, Fenny, Granger, Hansell, Harris, W. Inglis, A. Inglis, F. Jackson, G. Jones, H. Jones, E. Jackson, Leader, Lumsden, H. Ludbrook, McCourt, Moss, Neasham, Natrass, Noble, R. Nicholson, Pickles, Pringle, Pearson, Pratt, T. Pigg, Parry, Prest, Rogers, Redhead, W. Reyer, Rowlands, Simmonds, Spark, Sugden, M. Smith, J. Taylor, E. Taylor, Walker, Ward, J. Willey, S. Willey, E. Wood, Wake, F. Thompson.

On Nov. 13th, a most instructive paper on "Oliver Goldsmith" was given to the Debating Section by Mr. G. F. Rogers. Mr. Rogers who is an able and cultured speaker showed himself also to be a deep reader and an excellent critic and fully merited the generous congratulations which the audience showered on him.

For the second year in succession, we were honoured on Nov. 27th by the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Stainthorpe of Saltburn, who gave us their lecture "Through Belgium and Luxemburg by car." We were again happy to extend an invitation to the Old Girls and the sixth form, and were pleased to welcome a more than usually large number of the School Staff. In the unavoidable absence of the Headmaster, Councillor F. T. Natrass, J.P., (the Chairman of the Governors) took the chair, and along with President Hewitt and Vice-President Taylor and Mrs. Taylor joined in welcoming our visitors. Mrs. Stainthorpe combines a charming personality with a rare power of observation. Under her splendid guidance we journeyed through unhappy Belgium and mourned for our brave allies—in simple and stately words she brought before us the woes of the young Grand Duchess of Luxemburg. The photographs of the good doctor were magnificent, to say the least, and contributed in no small way to the enjoyment of what was one of the most successful evenings in the history of the Association. Mrs. Stainthorpe was good enough to say that she enjoyed coming to Stockton to lecture to the Old Stocktonians. We can assure her that the pleasure is a mutual one—we appreciate no one more thoroughly or heartily.

A collection at the door realised £3 8s. 2d., and goes to swell the large sum (now nearly £100) which Mrs. Stainthorpe's lecture has accumulated for the Belgian Relief Fund.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Hetherington of Wellington Street, who again splendidly manipulated the lantern, and to Messrs. Upton, Scholes, Swinburne, Winn, Cohen, Howie, Macgregor, Cussons, Wears, T. H. Lax, and the Liberal Club (per Mr. H. Waller) who in various capacities helped to perfect the arrangements.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

I have been requested by the Committee of the 'Old Stocktonians' Association to write a brief article dealing with the work of their Association, and in acceding to their request, I trust that readers of the Magazine, both present students of the Secondary School and 'Old Stocktonians,' will have their interest aroused; the former anxious for the time when they may participate in the many good things provided for Old Stocktonians, and the latter awakened to a sense of the responsibility which rests upon each individual member to carry on the work of the Association, that it may achieve in the future the same amount of success which has fallen to its share during the two years which have elapsed since its inception.

Two Years Old! A comparatively short life; and yet what wonderful activities have been revealed during that time. It is as though the Association was gifted with the "Golden Touch,"

for one can say with positive truthfulness, that every undertaking, great, or small, which has been organised by the 'Old Stocktonians,' has resulted in a successful venture; and while it is invidious to single out any members where all have been so enthusiastic, I feel sure that all will agree in saying that to Messrs. Baldwin and Scholes, who have worked with such untiring energy, a great part of the success is due. Only those who have been in close touch with the inner workings of the Association are aware of the tremendous amount of time and labour which these two gentlemen have bestowed upon it.

Let us look back, first of all, upon the social side of the work performed. Think of those two huge gatherings of light-hearted souls who filled the Borough Hall to overflowing—the fast and furious fun caused by the games, some of which were known to many, others to the very few. Who can think of these without recalling pleasant memories, and looking forward hoping to have such evenings again? Then there were the smoking concerts, jolly rollicking evenings, where the only discord arose when some of the MUSICAL members would persist in harmonizing choruses. And here we pause to think of many of those who were ever present on those occasions, and who are now scattered over the country preparing to do their share on behalf of their King and Country. What an evening we will have when they return; I warrant the roof will be jeopardised on that occasion by the lusty cheers for the gallant lads, and let us hope the pleasure will not be long deferred.

Next let us look back upon what we may describe as the educational aspect. First amongst this class comes the Lectures which we have been able to enjoy, thanks to the very great kindness of various friends. At each of these audiences of considerable size have been entertained to what can only be described as intellectual treats. To Mrs. Stainthorpe and to the gentlemen who have given us those lectures, we must acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude. Then we have our sections which are devoted to the discussion of things general, civic, and technical. Each is doing a good work and all 'Old Stocktonians' should endeavour to associate themselves with one, at least, of these useful agencies. In addition to these there are the gymnastic, swimming, sporting and rambling sections, each of which has its devotees, and is performing useful work in developing the body-physical.

From this short retrospective account of the Association's work, it will be seen how very evident is the need of a strong and capable committee to carry on the work, and that much time and thought must be given in order to ensure successful organization. But no committee can work successfully without the hearty and willing co-operation of the individual members of the Association. It is a privilege to belong to such an Association, and privileges

have their corresponding duties attached to them. Therefore, as Joint President of your Association, I appeal most earnestly to all members to assist the officials to their utmost capabilities. If each member would consider it an obligation of membership that he should actively connect himself with one or more of the sections, the future would outshine the past in the brilliancy of success. Our membership is approaching the third century, and as we grow in that direction, so, too, proportionately should our sphere of influence extend.

In conclusion let me express, on behalf of all "Old Stocktonians," our great delight at the glorious response made by our members to the Country's Call. It is indeed a privilege to belong to an organisation which contains so many loyal sons.

We shall ever think of those old boys who are willing to follow in the footsteps of one who, years ago, left his work in the old school, to go and lay down his life for his country. God bless and keep them.

W. HEWITT, (President).

OLD STOCKTONIANS—GENERAL MEETING AND SMOKER.

I have been asked to contribute an article ("fill up half a page" is what I was told to do) to this "Mag.," so I propose, subject to what the Editor thinks about the matter, to give you my impressions of the Annual Meeting and the last Smoker.

Perhaps there could have been more members present at the Annual Meeting held on the 16th October, but under the circumstances, I think it was a splendid representative meeting. Our genial President, Mr. Prest, was in the chair.

We may well pride ourselves upon the business-like dispatch with which we deal with Association business, and the annual meeting was no exception. We had arranged for coffee to arrive on the scene at 9-15, and to the very minute we finished the last item on the agenda. The whole of the proceedings breathed success, and we started the new year in great form. It lies now with the members to continue our progress. In this connection I would urge upon them the absolute necessity of joining the Sections. These form the heart of the Association, and it is through the Sections that the Association should receive its solidity.

Mr. Scholes, who has held the office of Joint President since the beginning of the chapter, found it impossible, through business pressure, to continue in that office. We tried to convey to him our feelings, but I don't think we could do that adequately in words. Fortunately in Mr. Hewitt, whose credentials you will find on another page, we have an excellent successor.

A new departure was made—in my opinion an excellent one—in electing an "out-of-the-town" member as a vice-

president. Mr. Alfred Pickworth thoroughly deserves such an honour. Let us hope that this will prove another link between the "Foreign" and "Home" members.

The gentleman "at the receipt of customs" gladdened our hearts by telling us we had a bank balance of some £20, and this after sending the Mayor, for the National Relief Fund, a subscription of £10.

The meeting then discussed ways and means of perpetuating the memory of those gallant members who had given their services to King and country. We at home who cannot follow their good example are immensely proud of our 57 fighters. Many good suggestions were made. One that a Brass Tablet with their names engraved should be placed in the School. It was, however, thought that this was too great a subject to be disposed of casually, and members were asked to think it over and submit their ideas. The Secretary will be glad to receive these suggestions.

Mr. Prest and Mr. Scholes very kindly "stood" coffee, and Messrs. Scholes, Hewitt, Watson, Thomas, and Barber contributed "some" music.

SMOKER.—From the point of views of numbers, as only about 30 members were present, this was disappointing, but from the musical point of view it ranks with our best.

Mr. Haydn Leary, F.R.C.O., very kindly presided at the piano, and Mr. Chas. Pearson delighted us with several items. The other gentlemen who kindly entertained us will forgive me if I single out three items for special mention:—First, "Excelsior," by Messrs. Hewitt and Pearson. (You know I had a pretty poor opinion of that song until then).—Secondly, Mr. Haydn Leary's war song, which as a special favour Mr. Hewitt sang to us. The words are by the Rev. R. F. Drury and the music by Mr. Leary. (If the Old Stocktonians will take a "tip" from me, they will get a copy as soon as it is published. It's the best I have heard.)—Thirdly, the "very-much-encored" duet by Messrs. Baldwin and Cohen. I feel heartily sorry for the members who didn't hear this. I don't think, however, there is any truth in the rumours I have heard about the damage to the school.

Don't forget the next smoker.

R. CLEWS, Gen. Sec.

ENGINEERING SECTION.

This section, which has been very badly hit by the war, has taken as its motto "Business as usual," and asks for greater activity from each individual member to make up for the absence of the others.

An open meeting has been held at which several short discussions on various subjects took place. Mr. H. Swinburne also

gave an interesting paper entitled "The Corrosion of Materials."

Entries for Prize Competition should be ready by August 2nd, 1915. Particulars can be obtained from Secretary. W. LAX.

FOOTBALL SECTION.

In anticipation of the present season, the Old Stocktonians had joined a local league and intended organising two elevens. The war, however, upset all our arrangements. The league was abandoned, several of our members enlisted, while others debated the propriety of playing under present circumstances. Finally it was decided to run only one team and that all matches should be played away from home. Up to date nine games have been played, five have been won, and 43 goals have been scored against 19. Brownlee has been our chief goal scorer, while Iley, Powes, Reed, Dodds, Kidd, and Gill have all displayed splendid football. Several matches remain to be played, and everything points to a successful season.

E. HOWIE.

Trapping a fox.

My father had gone out to Spain, as an engineer to a man who owned an estate in the county of Aragon. He had also taken my mother and myself out with him. Our new abode was on a farm near the town of Huesca. On this large estate there were some hills, where foxes built their holes.

One morning, when we got into the farmyard, we found some turkeys and other fowl gone. The only way we could account for it was that a fox or two had come to the farmyard in the night and stolen them. Accordingly we set out in the morning to find some trace. We had walked about four miles up the hills that were on the estate, when we came to cracks in the side of a dry ditch. Here we set the trap, covered it with sand, and chained it to a stone. After this, we put a lump of flesh on the end as bait.

At night, we returned to the place. We were about two hundred yards from the place when we heard a howl. This we knew was the fox, that had been caught. We found that its hind legs were securely fastened, while blood was running from them, and we ascertained that this was the cause of its howling. One man shot the fox, and we set off for home, I carrying the gun and fox. It had started raining, and it did not take long to reach home.

One Spaniard carefully skinned the fox, so as to preserve the skin. Then he put the flesh on some bars of iron, over a fire, to cook it. In a short time it was ready and shared equally. The Spaniard enjoyed it immensely, for they do not often have the chance of eating meat, their chief eatables being maize, rice and potatoes.

T.N., IVa.

Domestic Science Training.

When one sets out for two and a half years' training at any college for Domestic Subjects (which, in the vulgar tongue is called the Cookery School) and one has survived the sniffs and groans of male relations and their various remarks about the "origin of all cooks," there is little time for reflection.

The course is divided into four sections: Cookery, Laundry, Housewifery and Needlework. To most students the cookery section seems the hardest. It is the time of beginnings!

The first few days of training are spent in scullery work. This does not sound attractive, but it has its points, and it is certainly a source of fun to those who have the "seeing eye." Armed with pliable sticks and lighted candles, the procession of new students setting forth to probe the deepest secrets of the various kitchen ranges found in the school, is a sight to be remembered. The variety in the matter of overalls is only surpassed by that of head-dresses, which latter range from a navy coloured duster to an assortment of "the very latest thing in dusting bonnets."

From this stage one passes on to plain cookery, where Becky Sharp's principle of keeping a family "on nothing a year" is the prevailing feature. As the cooking done during the morning forms the dinner for the staff and other students, the digestions of these worthies and those of the perpetrators of the dishes themselves have been known to suffer considerably during the early stages of cookery.

After the artisan cookery, the prospect of veal and ham pies and plum pudding makes one feel that life is worth living. Even these "clover" days are not without incident, for they are the days of sauces and garnishes. Often at 12 o'clock with dinner to be served at 12-5 a pudding is found to be sauceless; and many's the time one meets an agonised student bearing away the charred remains of bacon rolls or forcemeat balls to find their last resting place in the dustbin, and hoping against hope that their non-attendance upon a dish of boiled fowl or roast rabbit will pass unnoticed by the "powers that be."

The last part of the cookery training consists in more advanced work, whereof many tales could be told. One's first "cookery lesson" takes its place among the "unforgettables," especially to the martyred audience!

Besides practical housework and ordinary needlework, a certain amount of household sewing has to be done. In order to gain some knowledge of the rudiments of upholstery, a chair has to be upholstered and a small bed fitted up with a hair mattress and bedding. These beds, when completed, are immensely

admired by one's friends. These good people are invariably attracted by the bed hangings, and even go so far as to ask if one has made the wooden bedstead, but pay but scant attention to the parts which cost the most labour in the making—but 'twas ever thus!

Great scope for originality on the student's part is her "thrift specimen"; she has to make something practically new out of nothing, but occasionally she is blessed with some really good ideas. For instance, banana boxes have been made into babies' beds, cupboards and bookshelves out of soap boxes, fur-lined coats out of rabbit skins, etc., etc.

The courses in Science, Psychology. Drawing, in addition to the theoretical side of domestic training, end these happy years in an inundation of examinations in all branches of the work. Then to the successful and fortunate comes "a post" (if one is needed) as a not unmerited reward for her labours. H. ASH.

Old Girls' Association.

The Third Annual Reunion and Business Meeting was held on Friday, October 9th, there being 65 members present. The following officials were elected:—

<i>President</i>	...	Miss Miller.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	...	Miss Nelson and Miss Reeves.
<i>Secretary</i>	...	Miss Young.
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	...	Miss Rogers.
<i>Treasurer</i>	...	Miss Brown.
<i>Committee</i>	...	Misses Brothers, Crierie, Dewhirst, Dingle, Gill, Harper, Heavisides, Mrs. Hetherington, Misses Toomer and Whitehead.

Magazine Secretary Miss Dewhirst.

The programme for the social, which was arranged by Misses Gill and Whitehead, was thoroughly enjoyed.

The membership of the O.G.A. has increased considerably during the past year, and the enthusiasm of the members is as great as ever.

Although debarred from taking an active part in the defence of our country, it is gratifying to know that members of the O.G.A. are doing their duty in other ways. About 40 of our members are attached to the Red Cross Society, and some 12 of them who obtained certificates last winter may be called upon at any time to nurse our wounded soldiers in local hospitals.

A meeting was held in September to discuss the advisability of forming a Red Cross Sewing Meeting, but it was found that

members individually were sewing or knitting "comforts" for our soldiers and sailors, so that as an Association we could do nothing further.

We are grateful to the Old Boys' Association for their invitation to Mrs. Stainthorpe's interesting and eloquent lecture, entitled "Through Belgium and Luxemburg by motor car."

It has been decided by the Committee not to hold the Annual Dance in January, but to have an informal social in the School on January 29th. The Committee have already the arrangements well in hand, and it is hoped that every member will make it her duty to be present.

The Year Books are now in the hands of the printer, and a copy will be sent to every member as soon as possible.

Can anyone supply the Secretary with the addresses of Miss Howe and Miss Shaw?

Subscriptions for 1915 are now due and should be paid to the Treasurer.

TENNIS SECTION.

As there were comparatively few entries for the Tournament this season; the final was actually played before the end of July. Misses E. Neale and L. Sharp beat Misses N. Inglis and M. Ross, and were the recipients of small prizes.

All O.G.A. members who are interested in this section are requested to send in their names and addresses to the Secretary on or before January 29th, 1915; a meeting will then be arranged and plans for next season will be discussed. We would be pleased to welcome "tennisites" from Norton and Thornaby at this meeting, as we are anxious to see them taking an active part in the arrangements of the tournaments and matches of 1915.

E. G. HEAVISIDES.

RAMBLING SECTION.

In May there was a ramble to Weary Bank. The ramblers started from Thornaby and walked across the fields to Yarm. A good many members turned up and an enjoyable time was spent.

The outing was to Hutton Rudby in June, and took the form of a cycle run. Only three members went from Stockton, but were joined by another on their arrival at Hutton Rudby. A most enjoyable hour was spent by the river, and tea was partaken of at the Bungalow. The names of the four brave members, who were not afraid to cycle after last year's experience, are entered in the visitors' book there.

A pic-nic was held at Barnard Castle in July. Although invitations were sent out to all members of the O.G.A., only 14 went. However, though the numbers were comparatively few,

it in no wise lessened the enjoyment of the party. After looking round the town, the ramblers made their way across the fields to Abbey Bridge. Anyone who has not seen this ancient bridge has a treat in store. After scrambling down to the river, the party enjoyed lunch. A fresh start was made for the "Meeting of the Waters," so named because the Greta and the Tees unite at this place. The landscape here is most charming, and after our walk in the heat, the river with its attractive coolness seemed most refreshing. From here the road was followed to Rokeby, where a most acceptable tea was soon made ready at the Morritt Arms.

After tea, Mrs. Hetherington, on behalf of the members, presented Miss Fernie with a pair of silver vases, and expressed to her the good wishes of the Association.

Behind the inn was a very pretty garden, and here tired ramblers sought and found fresh vigour for the homeward journey.

There was one very amusing episode, and that was the search for "Brignall Banks." They were eventually found and all realized the full meaning of Scott's words:—

"Oh, Brignall Banks are fresh and fair
And Greta woods are green."

Altogether the day at Barnard Castle will long be remembered.

Since August the rambles have not been so flourishing. The first one should have been directly after the August holidays. There was so little time to arrange it that it was postponed until October.

Kildale, the place of such pleasant memories, was the haunt chosen for October. The route differed a little from that of the previous ramble there. Instead of returning by the woods and Captain Cook's monument, the way was taken across the moors, which finally descended into Hutton Gate. There is little use in describing the autumn glories of the moors, they are so well known to most. Needless to say, many ramblers could not resist the temptation of taking back an armful of something more than memories.

The November ramble was unhappily a failure. No one ventured, although it was a glorious day. Perhaps all had other "engagements." I know of one who "gardened" that day, and as it was the only suitable day for the following fortnight I think she may well be forgiven. Let us hope that a good number will manage to come on December 5th to Redcar, Upleatham and Saltburn, which is a most interesting "tramp."

F. ARMSTRONG, Secretary.

PHYSICAL CULTURE SECTION.

The annual meeting of the above was held on Monday, October 5th, when the following committee was appointed:—Misses D. Crierie, A. Ions, C. Toomer and F. Fox, with Miss S. Burdon as Secretary and Treasurer. Miss Brothers was again asked to take command of the class.

The meetings are held weekly on Monday evenings from 8 to 9 p.m., in the Gymnasium.

There are at present 20 names on the roll. We should like the membership doubled by the beginning of the next term in January.

It is rumoured that after four classes a girl can carry a piano in one hand and an elephant in the other. (This is not official).

The official report tells of stiff joints and strained muscles, and even of members who required assistance home after the first class; but also of the joy of being able to say after the third meeting, "I was not a bit stiff and would not miss spending Monday evening in the Gymnasium for anything."

O.G.A. LITERARY SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the above, held on Thursday, November 5th, it was decided, owing to lack of interest and the increase of other work connected with the war, to suspend the Society until Christmas. The Society will be restarted after Christmas if there are sufficient applications.

DORA DEWHIRST, Sec.

The Twins.

While staying with my aunt during the midsummer holidays I made friends with two little boys. They were twins aged three and a half years. Charlie adored James and would do anything for him. Both of them were very fond of walking along the wall which divided my aunt's garden from their's.

One day, while I was watching them, James began dancing along the wall. The result was, he fell off cutting his finger against a sharp stone. The blood came out in little drops, and Charlie, terrified at the sight began to cry, but James did not. "Does it hurt?" asked Charlie. "Yes, it does a little bit," confessed James. "What is it Charlie?"

"I don't know," said Charlie, still weeping. "It's like the gravy that came out of the meat we had for dinner," said James. "The meat didn't cry, so I won't." With this resolution he succeeded in keeping back the tears.

When his father heard the story he looked at James proudly, and said, "You will make a soldier yet, Jamie." James was equally proud when he heard this, and I have heard that, ever since, he has hardly been seen to shed a tear. M.B., Form IIIc.

An Afternoon's fishing.

The day dawned wet and miserable, vast thunder clouds filled the sky, and rain poured from the murky heights in torrents. I drew my chair up to the window and looked dismally at the rain as it lashed the trees and plants for I had meant to try my luck at trout fishing in a quiet stream that passed our house, but for the time being my hopes were dashed to the ground. Cr-r-ack, a peal of thunder awoke the echoes, and next moment a blinding flash of lightning rent the heavens, brightly illuminating the dismal scene for a few seconds. For the next two hours the scene was unchanged, then to my relief the rain slackened off, and the sun stole out from behind the passing clouds.

Ten minutes after the breaking of the storm, my friend, who had in reality planned the expedition, turned up much to my surprise. Undaunted by the dirty and almost flooded roads, he had tramped four miles to our house to go fishing. So after some refreshment we started off. The fields through which we had to pass, were in a deplorable state but after five or ten minutes' slipping and stumbling we reached our destination. Having prepared and baited our lines we pegged our rods to the ground, and went some distance downstream to set some eel line.

On returning we sat down on our baskets and waited. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, my friend gave vent to a loud "hurrah," and looking up I discerned him trying to land a monster eel. I quickly snatched up a landing net, and soon we had landed our catch. This was indeed quick work and I eyed my floater anxiously, expecting it to disappear at any moment; but luck did not come my way so quickly. Suddenly, without a moment's warning large drops of rain began to fall, and fearing another thunderstorm my companion hastily began to pack his fishing apparatus, but, noticing a slight movement of my floater, I decided to wait a little to see if the bite would develop into anything. After waiting for several minutes I began to lose patience, and was in the act of lifting my rod when the line was suddenly jerked taut, and by the way in which my rod was bent, I was certain it was something big. I shouted for the landing net to be kept ready, and after carefully "playing" the fish for a few seconds I managed to draw it to the bank. A second later with the aid of the net, we had the fish upon the bank. For some moments we gazed at it in speechless admiration for it was indeed a monster. I feverishly extracted the hook from its mouth and dispatched it by bending its head back, and then procured a tape measure with which to measure our, or rather my, catch. We found it to measure ten and a half inches from the tip of its tail to its nose, and highly elated with our success, we packed our fly rods carefully in the cases, and having packed our catch in some grass, we wended our way towards our eel lines. These however

had not been touched, so having wound them up and having placed them in our baskets, we stepped out briskly for the high road having decided to avoid going home by the fields if possible. On arriving at our house we triumphantly displayed our haul and my brother told us, much to our delight, that we had procured one of the best trout the stream had yielded for some years.

H.L., IIIb.

The School Alphabet.

- A is for Allan and also for Art,
By his pupils beloved, he's genial and smart.
B is for Birch, at football no fool,
A ripping good forward, he plays for the school.
C is for Craig, I'm sure he will rue,
If he marks this effusion with pencil of blue.
D is for Dumble who reigns in the "Gym,"
And also for "Paddy," tall, clever, and slim.
E is for Eden and "Emperor" too,
Who is down on the prefects, and all that they do.
F is for Funnell, the wireless "Gent,"
His efforts were futile, but very well meant.
G is—well G—and his surname is Croft(s),
Exalted his life, for he dwells up aloft.
H for the Houses to which we belong,
I wish I could mention them all in my song.
I is for *Idleness* we're bidden to scorn,
Which is all very well till we're wakened at morn.
J is for Johnson in whom you may see,
That valuable asset—a good referee.
K is for King, sarcastic and keen,
Of course 'tis "C.W."—not Harold—I mean.
L is for "Labs," most useful, methinks,
To those who are seeking for honours in "stinks."
M is for "Mag," and I'm racking my brain
To supply it with verse and I'm feeling the strain.
N is for Nicholson, master of "Red,"
Of the Houses they're not very often the head.
O is the "Oxford" for which we're to work,
If we mean to get through we must swot and not shirk.
P are the Prefects, the pick of the School
Who govern with stern, yet beneficent rule.
Q is the Qualm for the perils that loom,
When "the Head wants to see you at once in his room."
R is the Row which is made on the stairs,
By the Kids who are slowly ascending from prayers.
S is for "Scorcher," the Captain of Sport,
His dislike for all girls I regret to report

T is for Taylor, to whose "labs" we resort,
 With pipette, and bunsen, test-tube and retort.
 U is for Upton whose lot is to train
 Those who are working with hand and with brain.
 V is this Verse—I'm sick of it quite,
 I've sat to complete it, far into the night.
 W's for Wilson, whose musical fame,
 Is great and abiding—here's to his name!
 X the excursion of six boys from school,
 Which resulted in each of them playing the fool.
 Y is for Elders, or rather for "Yank,"
 A very good fellow, without any swank.
 Z is a letter for which I've no use,
 Thank Heaven, it's the last—and now your abuse!

Glossary of Scholastic Terms.

- Impot*: Prepared pure and in large quantities by sinning and sinned against juniors.
- Swank*: Irregular verb: many variations, and in many forms. used by outsiders in the phrase "Secondary School Swank."
- Swot*: Corruption "of sweat." To sweat is to perspire: to perspire is to sweat. Noun used in two senses: (a) As a term of flattery e.g. when assistance is required with homework, the required assistant is addressed as quite a "swot" at this. (b) As a term of contempt e.g. the individual with most homework marks acquires the term "swot."
- Prefects*: See "Swank," "Swot," etc. Presumably models of rectitude. Usually seen after the whistle blows.
- Splosh*: Stockton Secondary School Athletics' Field.
- Chem. Lab*: Region noted for variety and intensity of obnoxious odours. Proximity announced to the visitor by the sound of injured glass apparatus.
- School Social*: An ancient institution. The sole relic of the Inquisition.
- Mag*: A pack of paper, which every term contains such stuff as this, and sometimes has a "picture" as frontispiece.
- Ow'ay and Ey'op*: Two terms of pure Stockton breed. A correct version of these words would be welcomed.
- Detention*: An old-time custom, which makes unruly juniors—and sometimes seniors—"At Home" for three-quarters of an hour.
- Homework*: The reason why some people have to rise early in the morning. An evening pastime that is often forgotten.
- Pas a pas on va bien loin*: Step by step we go a long, long way!
 who said Tipperary? M.L., V.A.

Nature Notes.

THE TOAD AND THE ORANGE.

Toads are very queer creatures and make capital pets; so long, that is, as one does not expect very much intelligence from them.

One day there was a little girl who kept a pet toad and she did her best to kill it with kindness. Because she liked oranges it did not follow that her pet would like them also. Every time she got an orange, off she would go to share it with her toad. First the orange was peeled, then the toad was caught and firmly held prisoner. When that was done she took a bite out of the orange, and poked the toad's nose into the part where she had taken a bite, where it was firmly held until she thought it had had plenty of juice. She had another bite and acted in the same way as before, and so went on till the orange was finished. How the toad bore this I do not know, for the acid juice must have been very disagreeable to it. After a time she got to know that a toad's taste is different from ours. So she dropped the orange diet and took to catching flies.

A.B., Form I.

A HEDGEHOG.

A hedgehog once lived in a small furze bush. In a short time it had some young ones.

One night a stoat, which was prowling round, came to the hedgehog's nest while the old ones were seeking food and devoured one. When the parents returned and found what had happened they lay in wait for the stoat the next night.

The stoat came to the nest; at once the mother sprang forward. A fight waged for some time, but at last the stoat was so badly injured that it died in a few minutes, and thus the hedgehog was the victor.

C C., Form J.

MICE IN THE GARDEN.

In the back garden, by the railings, we had some creepers growing. However, it happened that we had thrown some bread out for the birds just by these creepers, and as I was walking to the swing I saw a little grey mouse eating the bread. Then I ran and told my brother, who came and stood with me very quietly till the mice came out from under some steps. Here we stood for some time and we saw that there were five little ones and a mother, and also that they were pulling the bread from under the creepers. So then we went and pulled it out again and by dinner time there was only the crust left. In the afternoon we pulled all the creepers up and found that there were four or or five holes to their nest. On the following Monday we set a trap with cheese in it, but the mice got in and ate all the cheese and got out again. So in the end mother killed them.

N.R., Form II.

Societies.

GIRLS' DEBATING SOCIETY.

At the first meeting of this Society the officers and committee were elected.

<i>President</i>	...	Miss Brown.
<i>Vice-President</i>	...	Miss Thompson.
<i>Secretary</i>	...	Nora Watson.
<i>Committee</i>	...	A. Gibson, M. Young, E. Watson, D. Gill, M. Lewis, and G. Cardro.

The first debate was held on November 6th, when D. Gill and G. Gearey took the affirmative and M. Young and E. Watson the negative, upon the question, "That novel reading is more harmful than helpful." Many were the solemn warnings against the baneful effect of novel reading, although it was admitted that since the novels read in school were not *really* enjoyable, such novels might not be *very* harmful!

It was decided by a majority that *our* time was too valuable to be spent on novel reading.

On November 13th, the subject of debate was "That the Good Old Days were the Bad Old Days."

M. Lewis and R. Carter took the affirmative and A. Gibson and J. Aunger the negative. A spirited discussion followed, and on a vote being taken the negative was defeated by 13 votes.

On one point all agreed. In the days of old, there was no school or no home work. Was this an argument for or against the desirability of the olden times? Contrary to current report, all the members did not talk at once. Indeed, despite appealing murmurs from the chair, many evinced a desire to blush unseen and be mute, inglorious Miltons. Strange to say, when the meeting was over several courageous ones lost their fear of hearing their own voices and wanted to express their views.

At both meetings the attendance was good.

BOYS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The annual general meeting of the Boys' Literary and Debating Society was held on October 9th, when arrangements were made for the ensuing session.

The subject of the first debate was—"Was England justified in taking part in the present European war?" Judging from the very large attendance—a record attendance, in fact—and from

the enthusiasm evidenced, the debate must have been a popular one. Funnell and King opened the debate, while Gilbraith and Ward led off for the opposition. A spirited discussion followed, and "the shades of night were falling fast" before the Chairman summed up and put the question to the House. An overwhelming majority voted for the motion.

Our second debate was on the question very much before the public at the present time—"Should England adopt Compulsory Military Training?" The affirmative was taken by Tompkinson and Cunliffe, while Skinner and J. Parry spoke for the negative. The voting on this question was much more evenly divided, and the motion was defeated by the small majority of 4 votes.

We are hoping to have another debate before the end of Term on the question, "Should professional football matches be played during the present crisis?" Who will "come over and help us?"

C. G. FUNNELL, Sec.

ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY.

With the advent of the winter term the out-door life gradually ceases, and the fireside life becomes more and more attractive. This does not mean that hobbies are to cease, but rather to change their character. Cameras are now less useful, out-door sketching is too strenuous, collections of leaves, etc., experience a close season. But the sound of the fret-saw is heard in the land. Fretwork seems still the favourite winter hobby; objects are not too difficult to make, and are pleasing in appearance. Many boys are taking in at present a useful little magazine, which devotes itself to fretwork and woodwork, and gives instructions as to how to make everything from a mathematical model to a rabbit hutch. Some sixth formers, who doubtless feel they are getting beyond the fretwork stage—thank you! are devoting themselves to bent iron work, which gives full opportunity for muscular effort and to the display of elusive artistic temperament.

The young people, who delight in nature study, are hard at work on the various methods of seed propagation, and several highly creditable collections, illustrating the subject, are being made. The collection of leaves and woods is among the A, B, C of nature study—as they will tell you—and these are not being neglected.

It is remarkable that our artistic enthusiasm by no means keeps pace with our keenness at crafts. Are none of our boys interested in art work out of school? But of course we know some are! for we have seen a particularly interesting and meritorious piece of pencil work done by E. Goodchild (Va), and several other boys are following on this line. But no! Consider-

ing the keenness for crafts the scope of the work in art is not very wide, and cannot be considered satisfactory, or representative of our abilities and opportunities.

B.

School News.

HOUSE REPORT. GIRLS.

HOUSE MISTRESSES.

Blue	Miss McLeod
Brown	Miss Brown
Green	Miss Thompson
Red	Miss Dingle

HOUSE CAPTAINS.

Blue	Mary Nightingale
Brown	Nora Watson
Green	Emily Watson
Red	Connie Prest

There is little to report about the doings of the Houses. The Committees have been elected and the dates of the socials fixed. Many girls have been knitting industriously and a little bird whispered that some might prefer a knitting party rather than a Social, but this was not put to the vote. If it had been, would the Green House have held the annual Social on Nov. 20th.?

There was a good attendance of members and Miss Brothers, Miss Brown, and Miss Thompson were also present.

For the Guessing Competition, nearly everyone wore a label bearing a collection of letters which suggested that Russian names were very fashionable. Of course, when you were told what the word really was, it was quite easy; but one guest was understood to say that chemical formulæ were even easier. The prizes were won by R. Carter and G. Cardno.

Energetic people played Musical Chairs and B. Gaunt won the prize. The other Houses will hold their Socials before the end of the term. The Blue House has decided to meet at least once a term to hear papers read on literary and musical topics. On Dec. 2nd Miss Varey will give a paper on "Robert Louis Stevenson." It has been rumoured that next term Miss McLeod will instruct us on "How to live on sixpence a day." This should attract a crowded house.

Why should not the members of the Blue House undertake to provide teas and suppers for the other Houses at a strictly nominal cost?

A few hockey practices have been held but when the field has been free, the clerk of the weather has not usually been good-tempered so that little has been done.

HOUSE REPORT. BOYS.

As usual this term most of us have had to look round for new officers, as summer term makes sad havoc among the people of *real* importance.

The guiding spirits at present are—

Blue House	...	F. Elders, VIa, House Captain.
		E. Birch, Vc, Sports Captain.
Brown House	...	R. E. B. Williams, VIa, House and Sports Captain.
Green House	...	H. Darnbrough, VIb, House Captain.
		A. Iley, Vc, Sports Captain.
Red House	...	H. Wood, Va, House and Sports Captain.

Wood was elected during the term, on the departure of Harris, to take his place in the greater world of life. Wood's election as House Captain carried with it the proud position of prefect so he is now one of those who really matter.

A good start was made with the football programme at the beginning of term, but the rapid arrival of the dark nights, and the enormous demand on the field for school fixtures has caused a period of inactivity. It is a good sign of the reasonable equality of the Houses; that three of the four matches played have ended in a score of 1-1. It was hoped to play off two matches on half-term day, but the weather proved unfavourable (oh that week-end!). One match (red v. green) was played to within ten minutes of the end, and as the score was a draw the captains agreed to accept it as final. The other match was wisely left unplayed. The Red House are hoping to make some stir when they first prance on the field in their new jerseys. This prompts the thought that it would be infinitely preferable if boys in all houses would possess themselves of a strip. We are informed that white pants can be bought for a shilling, and jerseys of house colour for the same price. Thus pants and jersey together cost less than a pair of football boots, yet, while no boy would for the world be without a pair of football boots several are even yet content to play in nondescript rig out. This makes play difficult for one's own side; unfair to opponents; and extremely difficult for the referee, who cannot tell on which side a player is. We hope all will think about this and provide the remedy.

The House football table to date is as follows:—

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.	GOALS.	
						F.	A.
Blue House ...	2	1	0	1	3	4	3
Green House ...	3	0	0	3	3	3	3
Brown House ...	1	0	0	1	1	1	1
Red House ...	2	0	1	1	1	3	4

B.

Athletics.

FOOTBALL.

The form of this season's eleven has been quite satisfactory, but it is a strange fact that the attack and the defence never both play well in the same match. Our first game was against the Old Stocktonians, who easily defeated us, but we were without the assistance of McWilliams and for a long time played with ten men. A fortnight later, we played Darlington Grammar School, and at half-time, we were being beaten by one goal to nil. In the second half, however, the School had the better of the exchanges, and finally ran out winners by three goals to two. At Hartlepool, against the Technical College, we had three goals registered against us in a very short time, owing to a weak defence, but in the end, we were beaten only by the odd goal in seven. The following Saturday, we played Coatham Grammar School at home on rather a wet ground, and were easily defeated by four goals to one. When *will* we beat this team? Spennymoor Higher Elementary School, who next visited us have greatly improved since last season. Their combination was very fine, but lacked a good finish, and the School was victorious by three goals to one. Against Barnard Castle N.E.C. School 2nd XI, we were again the victors, the score being the same as in our previous match. On November 21st at Guisbrough we wiped off most of our goals arrears winning easily by seven goals to two, and the following Saturday, after a hard game, we defeated Stockton Grammar School by three goals to one.

We now entertain our visitors to tea at Laing's Cafe, where the important topics of the day are discussed; one end of the table in particular being noted for its intellectual conversation.

R.W.

At right back is *McWilliams*. He is the MacCracken of the team, but some referees are not so sharp eyed as he would desire. It may now be stated that Mac uses a razor, and it is rumoured that he is an expert with the cane at his school.

His partner is *Johnson*, who is improving considerably. He is apt to wander up the field however, but perhaps this is part of the off-side theory. As he is going into the Navy, we advise him to consult our Naval expert and discuss the maximum concentration of the Fleet.

Callender, our left-half has both speed and weight and when he gets his head down, there is trouble for the outside right. Sydney never fails to take cramp, and this is very unfortunate as he cannot rest on Sunday mornings. Duty calls him to his post of choir-master.

Dee has very capably filled the position of centre half this term, and has considerably strengthened the team. He scored our only goal against Coatham, but one must remember who was among the spectators. 'Nuff said.

Wood, the Norton surprise, is a great success at right half. He feeds his man well, and is a splendid tackler, especially against big men. It is rumoured that the Sunderland directors wish to have *Wood*, *Lewis*, and *Watkin* instead of their present trio.

Lewis is quite a terror, when he breaks away on the right wing. He scored our only two goals against the Old Stocktonians. Doubtless we shall soon hear more of him.

Watkin, the goalkeeper's terror is developing into a good inside right. He feeds his outside man well, and has a terrific kick. He is a good shot and is always ready to drop back to help the defence. There are some sad tales in the air about Ramsey.

Birch, our centre forward combines and shoots well. Time after time, he deceives bigger men than himself, much to their surprise. Our critic however considers that Patsy is a better half back than forward.

Connors at inside left was some time in opening his goals account, but commenced with his usual couple against Barnard Castle. His running powers are very useful. Like Beattie's Minstrel:—"Dainties he heeds not, nor gaud, nor toy, save one short pipe"

Middleditch has certainly displayed what must have been latent talent. He dribbles well, passes well with Connors and puts in some lovely centres. Go it Eric!

HOCKEY REPORT.

At the beginning of term as the weather was very good, we were able to have a few hockey practices after school, but the dark nights soon set in, and consequently since then we have had no team practices, every Saturday being occupied with matches. At the annual Hockey Meeting Connie Prest was elected captain, and Emily Watson, Vice-Captain. It was decided this year that the school team should play no Club matches, only School teams, and as there are not a great many School teams within convenient distance, we have not the usual number of fixtures this year. Up to the present three 1st XI and one 2nd XI matches have been played. We opened the season by defeating Middlesbro' High School by 5 goals to 1. In the next match played on our ground against the Municipal High School, W. Hartlepool, we were not so fortunate, losing the match by 1 goal, the result being 3-2. Unfortunately our centre forward having contracted some complaint during the previous week, was unable to play on this occasion, her absence making a considerable difference to the team. Our next match was with "The Towers, Saltburn," a team of considerable repute, and though we again lost the match by 1 goal, the goals being 2-1, we were by no means downhearted, as

they are almost an unbeatable team. The match, which was played on the sands, was a most enjoyable game, the flatness of the sands, after our uneven field, making a delightful change. Not having played on sands before, we expected our opponents to be too fast for us, but we were agreeably surprised to find that we too could rise to the occasion, our forwards being nearly as fast as our opponents. The sands certainly seemed to agree with us, the team never having played a better game. In this match, our goal-keeper D. Yellow, specially deserves mention, as she saved many hard shots at goal, with great presence of mind. The right back and right half also played a splendid game.

Marjory Ordish has already gained her colours, having played splendidly in the three matches, and so deserving special mention. As centre-half Marjory plays a splendid game, never seeming to tire and being always ready to back up her centre forward, and yet ready to tackle her opposing centre forward, to whom she usually gives very little peace. She has already made her name amongst the visiting teams; they all remember our *little* centre half.

Our next match with Henry Smith's, Hartlepool, we were obliged to scratch, owing to the bad state of the field. The day itself was beautiful, but during the night the rain had been so heavy, that the field was practically under water. It was a great disappointment to have to scratch the match, but we hope to be able to arrange it for next term. Although each girl possesses a fixture card, there is still a great lack of interest in the matches. How much more encouraging it would be if the rest of the school would come and cheer the School on. For this season the school team stands as follows:—

	M. Milburn.	D. Yellow.	D. Carter.
A. Pugh.	M. Ordish.	C. Munro	
C Prest (Capt.)	D. Gill.	E. Watson.	M. Nightingale. N. Watson.

2nd XI.

We have endeavoured this year to form a 2nd XI though it is rather a struggle, owing to the fact that so little practice is obtainable, field days nearly always being wet. We have however three fixtures for the 2nd XI and hope next term, if possible to manage a few more. We have only played one match so far, that being against Yarm Grammar School, at Yarm. On this occasion the School turned out well, and we had quite a large 'side line' to cheer us on. We started well by winning our first match, the goals being 6-0.

SWIMMING CLUB—BOYS.

We concluded our season with a Gala on Oct. 8th, held conjointly with the Old Stocktonians as last year. We feel that this arrangement has worked very well indeed, thanks to the courtesy of the officials concerned. We may say that the Gala was a marked success earning for us the warm approbation of Alderman Cameron and our Headmaster, and we venture to hope also of the large number of spectators.

We have already tendered our heartiest thanks to Alderman Cameron for so kindly presenting the medals and for his magnanimous offer of a gold medal for next year's sports. It may not be known to all that Mr. Prest at the conclusion of the Gala (too late to allow of announcement) also very kindly offered a medal. Such encouragement should result in still greater keenness in next season's swimming.

We beg to thank Mr. Storey and his staff for their kindly assistance on practice nights and at the Gala; the Old Stocktonians for the pleasure of sharing a successful evening with them; and the School staff and prefects for their most willing and most helpful assistance.

We give below a table showing the results, and whilst congratulating all who gained points for their respective Houses, we draw special attention to the continued supremacy of the Red House; the very fine record set up by Connors in the Swimming-under-water; the excellent performance of Johnson, who though only a Third form boy, shared the Proficiency medal with Connors; and also Waller's achievement in the plunge.

RESULTS.

One Length Junior Handicap	—1, Ruddock (R); 2, Cunliffe (B); 3, Lewis (G).
One Length Senior Handicap	—1, Johnson (R); 2, Ruddock (R); 3, Skinner (R).
Plunge	—1, Waller (R); 2, Connors (R); 3, Johnson (R).
Three Lengths Championship	—1, Connors (R); 2, Johnson (R); 3, S. Goodchild (Br)
Neat Dive	—1, Ruddock (R); 2, Waller (R); 3, Johnson (R).
Learners' Breadth	—1, Pearson (R); 2, Snowdon (B); 3, Clacherty (B).
One Length Back Stroke	—1, Connors (R); 2, Johnson (R); 3, S. Goodchild (Br).
Swimming under water	—1, Connors (R); 2, Johnson (R); 3, S. Goodchild (Br).
House Squadron Race	—1, Red; 2, Blue; 3, Brown.

POINTS.

R — Connors	} 11 points	Squadron Race.		
R — Johnson		Reds ...	3 points	
R — Ruddock	8 "	Blues ...	2 "	
R — Waller	5 "	Browns ...	1 "	
Br — Goodchild	} 3 "	TOTALS.		
R — Pearson		3 "	Reds ...	42
B — Cunliffe	} 2 "	[Last year, Reds ...	25]	
B — Snowdon		2 "	Blue ...	7
R — Skinner	} 1 "	Brown ...	4	
G — Lewis		1 "	Green ...	1
B — Clacherty	1 "			

RECORDS.

- 1913 Proficiency. *Richardson* 11 points.
 1914 " *J. Connors and Johnson* each 11 points.
 1914 Swimming under water. *Connors* 1 length 67½ ft. (2½ yds. short of 2 lgths.)
 1914 Plunge. *Waller* 32 feet.
 1912 Championship, 3 lengths. 69 secs. by *Short*.
 1914 House Points. *Reds* 42 points.

A teacher, who had been trying to get her class to tell her the meaning of "cuisinier," said—

"Well, children, what does "cuisine" mean?"

Class:—"Kitchen."

Teacher, "Surely you can tell me the meaning of "cuisinier" then?"

One small boy held up his hand and said "Please, Miss, it must mean Lord Kitchener."

