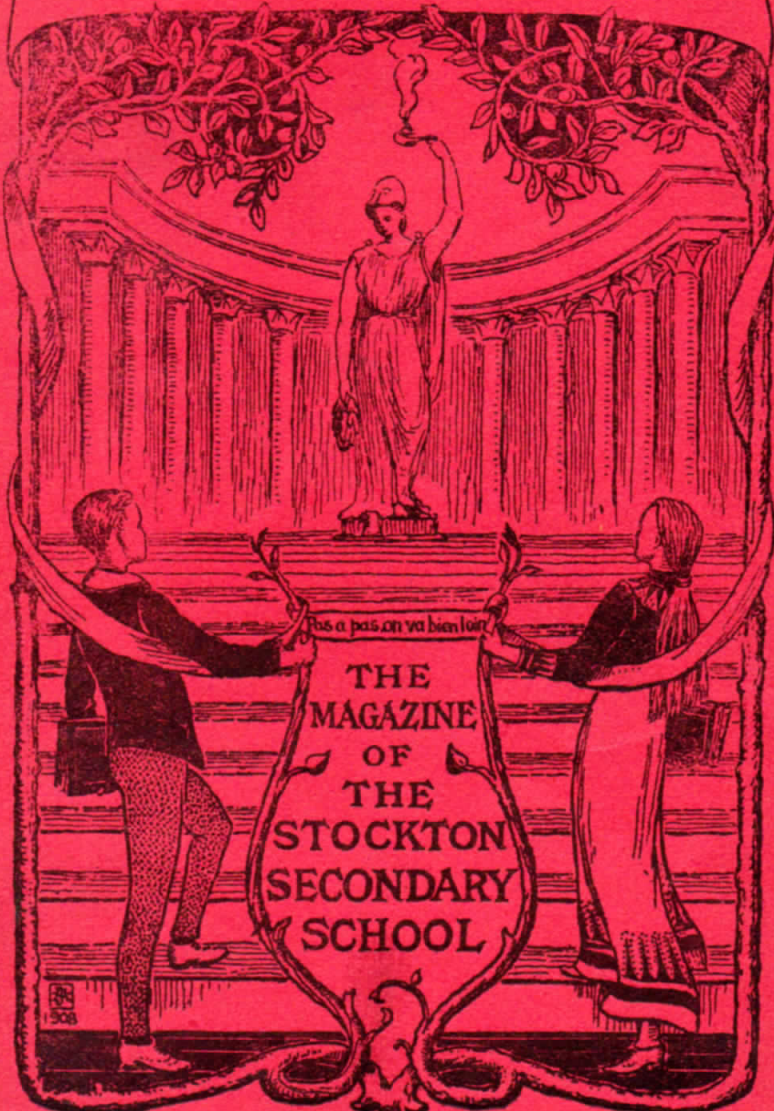


Easter 1916 (2)

# THE STOCKTONIAN.



Pas a pas on va bien loin

THE  
MAGAZINE  
OF  
THE  
STOCKTON  
SECONDARY  
SCHOOL

1908

# "The Stocktonian" S.S.S. Magazine

VOL. IV.

EASTER, 1915.

No. 2.

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.

Since the last Editorial was penned the changes in the constitution of the school, so long anticipated, have at length materialised, for the Girls' School began its life's history at the beginning of term.

\* \* \* \* \*

We who now reign 'twixt high and nether Jove' were all sorry to part with our budding 'sweet girl graduates,' but our interest in them has not gone with their departure, and we wish Miss Nelson, her staff, and pupils all success.

\* \* \* \* \*

Although these changes have taken place in the school regime, 'The Stocktonian' is to be the official magazine of the two schools. We trust that its pages will contain much of interest to all, and judging from the number of contributors, all of whom we thank, the now familiar red cover will be eagerly welcomed.

\* \* \* \* \*

We are pleased to record the doings of our Old Boys and Old Girls, and to know that their respective Associations are full of life and vigour. The Old Boys' Roll of Honour has grown considerably larger since our last issue, and we understand that over eighty Old Boys are at present serving their country. The Old Girls, too, are doing much to help, for many of them are at present emulating the good example of "Sister Susie."

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The bright warm days of summer will soon be with us, and we fervently hope that with these days there will also come the sunshine of peace for those lands now under the cloud of war.

\* \* \* \* \*

We offer a hearty welcome to Miss Pirie who hails from the "Land o' Cakes" and to Miss Gwynne and Miss Hill from the "Sunny South."

\* \* \* \* \*

May all our readers have a pleasant and restful Easter-tide.

## The Poet feels the approach of Spring.

Here! Let's have some soccer!	To fag at a wicket
Stow that ha'pn'y shocker	I never could stick it.
Away in your locker	Old Football can lick it
And Fly! Say I.	Sky high! Say I.
Who wants to play soccer?	Who <i>wants</i> to play cricket?
<i>Don't I.</i>	Not I!

Then loosen the tether,  
 Dash off with the leather  
 "Play up! All together!  
 Do try!" They cry.  
 Who cares for the weather?  
 Not I! B.

## A voyage to the Black Sea.

In the early morning we left Middlesbrough docks and sailed down the Tees, and while at anchor in the bay for four or five hours, I could see Redcar and Seaton Carew; and as we went down the coast many other little seaside towns were in sight. I saw many fishing smacks and a yacht. At night I stayed on the bridge till 12 p.m. and the large towns looked very nice when they were all lit up. To while the time away the apprentice on watch signalled to the ships that passed in the night.

Next day we passed the Goodwins and saw the different lightships which indicated the boundaries of these dreaded sands. Inside the Goodwins there was a line of battleships. Soon we passed Dover and I saw many large 'Ostend and Dover' boats, some driven by large paddles. At Folkestone there were many more boats. At night the lights of Eastbourne and many lighthouses were twinkling in the dark.

In the morning we passed St. Catherine's Point and the Needles, and I saw the Royal Sovereign lightship, and late in the afternoon I espied six torpedo boats. At night we passed Ushant and the Bay of Biscay and the first place sighted in Spain was C. Ortegá, and shortly after that we reached Finisterre. We passed close down the coast of Spain and at C. St. Vincent the land was high and rugged and there were many coves. Here I saw a cable ship at anchor and it seemed to be all painted white.

Next day we passed the key of the Mediterranean, Gibraltar. This is a large high rock and is not part of the mainland. At one side there is a harbour and in it are many coal hulks and farther along there are some barracks and on the top many large guns. There are two signalling stations and a lighthouse. On another side it was all cemented and smooth. This is to catch the rain when it falls. I saw a Portuguese Gunboat, the name given to a kind of jelly fish with something like a sail up.

Next day we passed Algiers which is a very picturesque place. At first I saw some houses which looked like bathing tents and farther on we came to the town. Here I could see the roads, houses, and mansions easily and I saw an Arab dhow. After passing C. Bon we shortly came to Pantellaria which used to be an Italian Convict Settlement. It looked a very desolate place and the houses, which looked like blocks of white stone, were scattered here and there. From here we saw no more land till we reached C. Matapan but I had plenty of fun shooting porpoises which often followed the ship.

About 5 a.m. we sighted C. Matapan and later entered the Grecian Archipelago. There were many small islands which were very dangerous to shipping. Some islands were very high and about the bottom was a mist and one could only see the top. Soon we rounded C. Malea or Old Man's Corner. It was called this because an old sea captain went there and lived and built himself a house and a white temple.

Next day we passed Tenedos Island and I saw the town of Tenedos which is built close to the water's edge and the houses are of a reddish color. On the slopes I saw many wine presses. Later we entered the Dardanelles and on either side the land was high. On the banks were some people with large droves of cattle and horses. All along the bottom of the hill was a road and along this road was a modern fort. We reached Chanak and a doctor came on board to see if any one was ill. Here there was another fort with a large searchlight. The people here were having a holiday. There were many small boats going about and many men were sitting on the wharves. As we passed on we saw many more old forts and large camps of soldiers. Later we entered the Sea of Marmora. Here the shores were very beautiful.

Early next morning we sighted Scutari and about an hour later anchored off Constantinople. There were many large ferry boats going about. Turks came on board selling fruit, eggs, silks, and cloth, and later in the day we hove up the anchor and proceeded up the Bosphorus. Later that night we entered the Black Sea.

Batoum was our next place of call and we arrived there before 12 a.m. Before dinner an apprentice and I put on lifebelts and had a bathe. At night two apprentices and myself went ashore and we went to a little place and got some Russian money for English and then went to a picture show. When we came out of here we went to the Boulevard. This is like an immense park where people go and dine and spend the evening. After leaving here we got on to the wrong road but we worked our way to the sea, and on the way bought a lot of fruit and got back to the ship. Next day we sailed for home.

When we were nearly at Gibraltar we were stopped by five French torpedo boats. One of the men on the torpedo boat (330) told us war had been declared and then let us proceed. At Gibraltar we were told to go to Falmouth. As we passed up the coast of Spain I saw H.M.S. Highflyer. In the Channel we were stopped by a French gunboat for nearly four hours and two officers came on board to examine the ship's papers. At the Lizard we were told to go to Brixham and from there to London where we discharged a cargo of oil. One of the apprentices and I went to London and spent an interesting day. From here we went to Swansea and then I came home by train. H.R., Vb.

### from our Contemporaries.

*Bombardier King* has received many congratulations on his victory last term in the great glove fight. He is now open to meet anyone in the school under five stone—age, height, and sex of no consideration. Rumour has it that a first form boy, after seeing the recent contest, offered to fight both of the warriors put together. SPORTING RAG.

We all miss the familiar form of *Skinner*, who was unfortunately a little inclined to embon-point, and who combined the torso of a gladiator with the muscle of a village blacksmith. Like most brainworkers we understand that he favoured the use of the weed in moderation, and while studying hard often used to find the theatre a sedative for his jaded nerves. HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

*Lieutenant Elcoat*, giving his views on the strategic situation, said he—in conjunction with *Lord Kitchener* and *Commander Dobson*, of the Engineers—had taken every precaution to safeguard the interests of the Northern Counties. In the event of a German raid, he proposed to blow up the bridge over Lustrum Beck, and then retire quickly under the bed. NORTON WIRE.

*Gearey* described the rumour that he squalled while his nurse was putting on his little white "nightie" as a base and slanderous lie. 3A CHRONICLE.

We make no imputation—but we ask and we demand an answer—is it a fact that more toffee is consumed in the Sixth Form on Belgian Relief Fund Day than on any other occasion? 1ST FORM TIMES.

*Williams*, the Captain and Secretary, is a goal-keeper of distinct ability. Tall and debonair, the versatile Brown House boy combines an æsthetic taste in socks with a more or less inveterate dislike to feminine society. ATHLETE.

# Examination Results. Christmas, 1914.

	English	History	French	Maths	Physics	Chemistry	Geography	Art	Manual	Needlework
Form VIa ...	Johnson D. Pennock	Elders Gilbraith	Williams Gilbraith	Elders Gilbraith	Elders Funnell	Gilbraith Elders King Tompkinson	Funnell Gilbraith	Elders C. Prest		N. Bateman D. Pennock
Form VIb ...	L. Ainsworth I. Harker	L. Ainsworth I. Harker	L. Ainsworth I. Harker	M. Milburn Callender	Darnbrough Tomkinson	M. Milburn	Connors L. Ainsworth	L. Ainsworth Ward G. Geary Darnbrough E. Goodchild M. Lewis		M. Milburn I. Harker
Form Va ...	King I. Margetts	M. Hotson Wood A. Sandell	King E. Goodchild	Wood E. Goodchild	Goodchild King	M. Hotson Wood	M. Hotson N. Wilkinson			
Form Vb ...	G. Thomas G. Cardno	E. Cook A. Wardle	G. Thomas C. Nicholls	R. Shipley E. Kewley		G. Thomas E. Kewley R. Shipley	R. Shipley G. Thomas	R. Carter C. Nichols E. Cook		
Form IVa Girls	B. Gaunt C. Barker	B. Wardell O. Idle	M. Dewhirst M. Gaunt	A. Walker B. Gaunt	C. Barker M Gaunt Plummer	A. Walker M. Dewhirst Ramsdale R. Wilson	F. Oliver A. Walker R. Wilson	S. Golightly A. Walker Plummer	R. Wilson	
Form IVa Boys	W.B.Noddings Ramsdale N. Wilson	T. Noddings W. Noddings Ross	W. Noddings Ramsdale	W. Noddings R. Wilson	Noddings	Ross R. Wilson	T.B.Noddings Ross	Arrowsmith	Mills	
Form IVb Girls	A. Scruton F. Hotson A. Nixon	J. Evans N. Corner	J. Nixon A. Wild	G. Blackwood N. Fabell	N. Fabell A. Scott	J. Evans A. Scott L. Findlay	J. Nixon A. Scruton N. Corner	A. Scruton C. Rodgers		<b>Cookery</b> A. Wild E. Wintersgill A. Scott A. Scruton F. Hotson M. Harper
Form IVb Boys	Callender Porrirt	Parish Clark Crossland	Crossland Parry	Crossland Parish	Parish Johnson	Parry Raper	Bateman Williams	C. Stephenson L. Stephenson	Atkinson Raper Porrirt Sanderson Rowley	
Form IIIa ...	Rutherford C. Peart	Rutherford Prest	C. Peart Peacock	Rutherford E. Gladders	Rutherford G. Roberts		Prest Peacock Routledge Alderson Williams	Sanderson Prest	G. Roberts D. Pickles	
Form IIIb ...	Siddle Clark Stacy	Clark Bell	Siddle Bell	Williams Bell	Maddock Sturman		Sturman Maddock	Sadler Maddock		
Form IIIc ...	W. Hughes M. Bateman	A. Clark M. Bateman	M. Bolland M. Fender	W. Hughes	F. Hill A. Clark	F. Hill D. Bigmore	M. Bateman H. Spraggon	W. Hughes E. Rowley F. Finch D. Rose		A. Clark W. Hughes
Form IIId ...	M. Willey E. Gibson	D. Herd E. Gibson D. Rose		G. Ions C. Newton	D. Robson J. Ions		E. Alderson G. Ions R. Robson Wedgewood Atkinson	C. Newton Davidson Barratt		C. Newton D. Rose
Form II ...	D. Gaunt Ball	Atkinson Barratt K. Davidson	D. Gaunt A. Tulip	G. Gargett Ball			D. Wright Wardell	J. Salmon E. Watt D. Dodsworth	Longstaffe Barratt	G. Gargett C. Davidson
Form I ...	D. Wright Wardell	D. Hale D. Wright	E. Watt D. Hale	Wardell J. Salmon				Crooks Oliver		V. Walton L. Harding E. Todd D. Wright
Form Vc ...	Goodchild Allibone		Goodchild Elcoat	Lewis Thornton	Lewis Elcoat	Thornton Lewis	<b>Mech. Draw.</b> Birch Thornton	Birch Lewis		

**Nature Study**—Form I—Wardell, Crooks. II—D. Gaunt and E. Proctor, Barratt. **German**—Form IVa Boys—Arrowsmith, Noddings. Va—M. Hotson, C. Gough and Collect. **Botany**—Form VIb—M. Milburn, M. Lofthouse. Vb—A. Wardle, R. Shipley. Va—M. Hotson, F. Jones. **Latin**—King

## Old Girls' Association.

The Annual Social held on January 29th was a huge success. This was in a great measure due to the efforts of Miss Heavisides, and all those who so kindly helped her. We were pleased to welcome many new members.

We regret that it has been impossible this term to arrange a night for the Dancing Section. Last term, it was found that the music interfered with the night classes, with the result that the Dancing Class had to be abandoned for this winter.

Our President, Miss Miller, has been good enough to write us an account of her experiences as a Red Cross Nurse. We congratulate her on receiving the proficiency badge of the British Red Cross Society.

Owing to the bad weather this winter, especially on the first Saturday in the month, there have been no rambles since October. The next ramble will be in May, and by that time we shall have lost the services of our excellent secretary, Miss Armstrong, who is shortly to be married and to have her home in Brazil. The very best wishes of the Association go with her.

### O.G.A. SOCIAL.

My memories of the O.G.A. Annual Social held in the School on January 29th are so pleasant that I regret having to spoil them by struggling to write a report. Does anyone enjoy writing reports? I understand the secretaries groan aloud when a certain official begins to make requests for O.G.A. Magazine Notes—no wonder!

Well, for the benefit of those unable to attend the social, I can only add that a very enjoyable evening was spent. The social was one of the good old fashioned kind consisting of games, dances, recitations, and songs, plenty of talk and—supper. The lack of all stiffness and formality was a most delightful feature and the success of the evening was chiefly due to the extreme affability of our president.

An interval after supper was occupied with remarks from the president, who gave a hearty welcome to all new members, and expressed the pleasure which everyone felt on having Mrs. Birks, our former treasurer, with us for the evening.

Everyone was delighted to welcome Mrs. Aytoun, a member of the governing body of the School, on this her first appearance in connection with the O.G.A. and it is hoped that she and other members of the governing body will be able to be present with us on future occasions. Mrs. Aytoun was then called upon to address the members and present the prizes for Book Charades held at the beginning of the evening.

At the close of the evening votes of thanks were passed to all who had in any way helped towards the evening's entertainment.

E. G. HEAVISIDES.

PHYSICAL CULTURE SECTION.

Considerable enthusiasm continues to be shown by the members of this section.

Unfortunately the average attendance has not been so good this term owing to illness of several of the members.

We were sorry to lose the services of Miss S. Burdon at the beginning of the term, but we hope she will still continue her interest in the class.

In place of the heavy weight lifting which was reported last term, Miss Brothers has been instructing us in the art of jumping gates etc. It is noticed that the Ramblers are very keen on this. Our hearty congratulations to Miss Alice Ions on her recent promotion as Headmistress.

C. H. TOOMER.

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### Simon in Stick-Land.

Simon went slowly home from school, rubbing his knuckles as he went. If you had been at Simon's school you would know quite well why he rubbed his knuckles. He lived with his mother in a cottage near a wood. His mother worked hard all day, and Simon—well, he played hard, or else did nothing. "Here you are!" said his mother when he opened the cottage door, "late, as usual. Well, get your tea and then go and gather some sticks."

Simon took his tea in sulky silence and then went into the wood. If you want to know how fast he went, just watch a snail taking its morning walk along the garden path. "Why should I gather sticks when I've been in school all day?" he grumbled. "Sticks, too: just as if I had not had enough already. I hate sticks."

It was a lovely evening in autumn; the dusk was falling softly and the trees were so quiet they might have been listening to it.

Simon sat down and picked up a stick and threw it at a tree. "O-o-oh!", said a voice, "Mind whom you hit, please." Simon stared in amazement, and said, "I didn't hit anybody." "O yes, you did: you've broken my leg." "But—but I cannot see anybody!" cried Simon. "Then you must be stone blind for you are looking straight at me." "I am only looking at a tree———" "Only a tree, indeed! What are you, I wonder? Only a boy, a midge of a boy! Why, when you grow your tallest, your won't reach my lowest branch."



Simon began to feel uncomfortable. "You can't run, anyway," he said, "and I can." "Oh yes," sneered the tree, "you can run. How fast you run to school, and how you gallop on your mother's errands."

"I won't be laughed at!" he said, and turned to run out of wood, but to his surprise he found himself surrounded by an army of sticks, which were rapping him, pricking him, and tripping him. Simon was so frightened that he scrambled out and stood trembling.

"What are you doing to that boy?" said a voice, and then all the trees bowed low, for they knew that the Spirit of the Wood was speaking to them out of an oak tree.

"He is a very lazy boy," they said, "he was sent to gather sticks for his mother and he won't do it, so we are trying to make him."

"You are doing it very funnily," said a voice. "Leave him to me for a moment."

The sticks all stood back and Simon was terribly afraid, for he could not see who was speaking.

"Boy"—and the voice was stern and deep,"—your arms and legs are strong and young, but they do no good in the world, therefore they shall be made stiff and useless. Sticks shall you have for your arms and legs, until you have learnt the use of your powers." Simon tried to speak but could not. He saw that his legs had turned into two frail sticks, his fingers and toes were twigs. For a long time he stood in fear and misery. Then he thought of his mother. "She will be able to burn my arms and legs," he thought, and it did not seem at all funny to him. Indeed it seemed very serious.

Hark! Some one is coming through the wood. Who could it be? It was a weary looking women, walking slowly, and stooping here and there to pick up a stick.

"Mother," cried Simon, but she did not hear. He tried to move, and then crack went his legs and down he fell. Crack, crack, went his arms, and there he lay.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well I've found you at last! Dear, what a fright you've given me. Asleep, too, and on those hard sticks."

"They are my arms and legs, mother, and I wasn't asleep—why—why, my own arms and legs have come back. Come along, mother, I'll get you lots of sticks."

It was dark in the woods now, for Simon's adventure had taken a long time; but the moon was shining through the trees as the boy passed out of stick-land with his mother's kindling in his arms.

M.F., IVA.

## **My Work and Experiences in connection with First Aid and Red Cross Nursing.**

For some years prior to the outbreak of the present War, I attended the St. John's Ambulance Classes, held at Darlington, and so gained a considerable amount of knowledge and practical experience in First Aid work. At the same time, with a view to rendering myself more proficient, I studied the subjects of Hygiene and Nursing, and gained Diplomas.

In 1913, I became a member of the "Yorks 54" Red Cross Detachment, and thus commenced my career as a Red Cross Nurse. I set to work in earnest to practise and make myself perfect in the intricacies of bandaging and dressing wounds, the care, nursing and feeding of the sick and wounded, and to acquire all the information I possibly could with reference to the equipment and management of a hospital. In July of this year the Yorkshire Detachments assembled at Northallerton to be inspected by the Military. Here each Detachment was called upon to equip a small tent as a field hospital. All necessary bandages, dressings, drugs, disinfectants, surgical instruments, etc., required for the immediate treatment of wounded soldiers on the battlefield being supplied by the Detachments. In addition each member was called upon to treat the wounded and answer any questions referring to their work, when the Doctor and General arrived to criticise and inspect our hospital. Space does not permit me to give you a full account of "Field Day," otherwise I might give you many interesting details. I must pass on now to my actual experiences in Nursing.

Since the Declaration of War, I have spent some time at the Stockton Hospital where, thanks to the kindness of the Matron and Nursing Sisters I have both learnt and seen a great many things concerning which I was totally ignorant, and at the same time passed through the hardening stage, or in other words became so used to the sight of wounds and injuries that now I can face anything. Fortunately I never really suffered from want of nerve, and generally managed to keep my head in an emergency, but strange to state, on one occasion whilst watching the Sister dress a rather serious injury, I felt myself changing colour and was obliged to leave the ward in order to recover. I soon returned and nerved myself to watch till the wound was covered. This was my "Baptism of Fire." During the afternoon of the same day my nerves proved so much stronger that I was able to hold a child, who was brought into the Accident Ward, and watch the Sister treat her injuries. One Saturday morning I spent in the Out-Patients' Ward. Here I saw many different wounds, all at various stages of healing, and some of minor injuries I was allowed to dress and bandage. Two of my

patients were soldiers who had returned wounded from the Front. One was suffering from a shrapnel wound in the leg, the other from a bullet wound in the hand. True, their wounds were at the last stages of healing and nearly closed up, but nevertheless I felt quite proud of myself, and by the end of the morning, felt I had made considerable progress.

During the Christmas holidays I was asked to assist in a Red Cross Hospital. Now it was that all my previous hard work and experience stood me in good stead, and I found very little difficulty in carrying out the various duties allotted to me, some pleasant, others—well—hardly so, still it is astonishing how soon one becomes accustomed to things. My duties were to see to everything concerned with the cleanliness and tidiness of the ward and its contents, to assist in the making of beds, dressing and washing of helpless patients, the serving of the meals and (this to me was not one of the pleasant duties), wash up the crockery at those times when our patients were those whose upper limbs were disabled. In addition I sometimes assisted the Trained Nurses with the dressing and bandaging of wounds, prepared formentations, washed and sterilised the bowls and instruments, and in fact made myself generally useful.

So far my work as a Red Cross Nurse has proved most interesting, and my experiences have certainly been more pleasant than otherwise. I hope that all those members of the O.G.A, who are taking up nursing will meet with success, and that the work will be to them as enjoyable as it is to me.

L.R.M.

### Der Hero.

Hans Dudelheim vuss braver more  
 Dan any mans dot voss ;  
 All by himselbst he burn a church  
 Undt gets der Iron Cross.

Some women undt some children too,  
 Anoder day he shot,  
 Undt so, for making frightfulness,  
 Vonce more the cross he got.

He flew to England one dark night  
 Anoder cross to vin,  
 Undt killed some women mit a bomb  
 Dropped from a Zeppelin.

For hiding mit a maxim gun  
 Inside an ambulance,  
 An extra large-size cross he von  
 Der noble minded Hans.

He vent into a cellar vonce  
Mit comrades eight or nine,  
Undt got der iron cross again  
For drinking all der vine.  
So vinning crosses all der time  
He vent his kultured vay  
His chest vos covered up mit dem  
He von them twice a day.  
Undt ven he had no room for more  
He hung dem on his back,  
Undt also down his trouser legs,  
Undt in his haversack.  
Until beneath der load he fell,  
(Der veight vos tons undt tons),  
Undt so to Krupp's dey took him shnell  
Undt made him into guns. R.H., Vib.

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## Old Stocktonians.

### THE "RED CROSS" CONCERT.

From the lengthy "Roll of Honour" published in this magazine, readers will readily perceive how depleted are the numbers of our Association; and as the members comprising this list were amongst the most active and enthusiastic supporters of the Association, the task of carrying out the usual programmes has been rendered impossible.

The officials of the Association, however, have been equal to the occasion, and have succeeded in keeping the flag flying, by holding collective, rather than sectional, gatherings.

The "Red Cross" Concert, held on Tuesday, January 26th, was the Association's first attempt at Concert promoting, but the success achieved will most probably be an incentive to further efforts on similar lines. The Artistes were Madame J. Thompson, Misses M. Eddy, B. Thompson, and Jessie Elliott, and Messrs. W. Simpson, Witham, B. Watson, Thomas, H. Hale, and E. Scholes. Mr. C. W. King as accompanist helped in no small measure to make the Concert the great success it undoubtedly was from the artistic standpoint.

To these ladies and gentlemen we offer our sincere thanks for their great kindness in coming amongst us, and we hope that "return visits" may be booked.

The large audience was most enthusiastic, and it was a great pleasure to have so many of the parents and friends of our members with us on that occasion.

We were extremely pleased to welcome Mr. James Dodds, one of the School Governors; in his speech he assured the Association of his sympathy and support, and on its behalf he thanked the artistes for the excellent services they had rendered.

Councillor Barclay wrote expressing regret that he was unable to be present, and forwarded a subscription towards the good cause which the Concert was to benefit.

The collection resulted in the very satisfactory sum of £3 being forwarded to the local branch of the "Red Cross" Society, which sum has since been gratefully acknowledged. W.H.

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#### DR. STEAD'S LECTURE.

On Friday, March 12th, we were honoured by a visit from the eminent metallurgist Dr. J. E. Stead, who came in fulfilment of a long standing promise to give us one of his world-famed Lectures. The subject was "Some Scientific Features of Cast Iron," and as this is of exceptional interest to many gentlemen engaged in the iron industry of Stockton, invitations were issued to representatives of the various works in the town.

The reputation of the Lecturer resulted in a hearty response being made to the invitations, the crowded audience containing a large number of practical men, who were eager to take advantage of hearing one of the greatest authorities on this subject.

The Lecture delighted all who were present. Dr. Stead expressed great pleasure in having an audience of the type to which he lectured, and kindly promised to give us another visit. We hope on that occasion to arouse even greater interest than ever.

Mr. Sladden, a Governor of the School, proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. Stead, and this was carried with acclamation.

Our thanks are due to Dr Stead for his very great kindness in coming to us. He is an exceptionally busy man, whose business carries him to all parts of the world, and whose name is a household word in all countries where the iron industry is carried on.

To Mr. Hetherington we are indebted for helping to make the Lecture successful, by his skilful manipulation of the lantern. M.H.

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#### NOTES.

Congratulations to Mr. Hugh Swinburne, on having been successful in his examination, by which he qualifies as A.M.I.C.E.

Committeeman B. Wears, is making his first trip as Marine Engineer. We hope that he will be successful in what must at present be regarded as hazardous work.

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### ROLL OF HONOUR.

"PRO PATRIA."

J. Armstrong; G. Atkinson; J. Borrie; R. Bagley; F. Beards; J. Barr; H. Bowery; H. Blench; H. Broadbent; H. Bulmer; H. Bishop; H. Castle; W. Corner; J. Cheseldine; R. Crookston; C. Counter; N. Dowse; H. Dickinson; R. Dickinson; L. Daniels; P. Dixon; G. Elliott; C. Elliott; R. Elliott; S. Flockton; J. Fenny; V. Gibson; T. Grainger; R. Harris; F. Hale (B. E. Africa); R. Harrison; H. Horn; W. Hansell; M. Hale; W. Inglis; A. Inglis; H. Jones; G. Jones; H. Jennings; F. Jackson; E. Jackson; T. Jobling; J. Leader; W. Lumsden; H. Ludbrook; H. Moss; V. McCourt; A. McLennan (Malta); B. Neasham (France); C. Natrass; A. C. Noble (France); R. Nicholson; T. Pigg; T. Parry (B. E. Africa); H. Pearson; H. Pickles; R. Plowman; R. Prest; I. Pugh; L. Pringle; J. Pratt; A. Rogers; W. Reyer; D. Raper; H. Ransome; A. Rowlands; G. Redhead; G. Spark; F. Simmonds; W. Sugden; M. Smith; G. Snowden; F. Thompson; J. Taylor; E. Taylor; H. Teasdale; V. Verrill; F. Verrill; C. Ward; J. Willey; E. Hood; F. Walker; G. Willey; J. Wake; H. Williams; R. Wood.

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### IN MEMORIAM.

The Old Stocktonians regret to have to record the first loss by death of one of their members. Austin Dee was well known to many of the past and present scholars of the School. His illness was a short one, and to many who were unaware of any trouble, as to others who had hardly suspected the gravity of his complaint, the news of his decease came as a painful and unexpected shock. The Old Stocktonians will keenly miss a member whose heart and soul were in the Association. No one valued more the unwritten ideals for which the Association stands.

He spent some six years in the School (many will remember their futile endeavours to evade his vigilant eye as "late boy.") Served two years in St. Mary's School, and two at Nottingham University Training College, where he graduated B.Sc. of London University. Possessed of more than average ability, he showed a capacity for unremitting toil. Only teachers can know the mental fatigue of continuous evening study following upon the worry of the day in School. He worked hard. *Too hard*

*perhaps.* His fault was in being if anything too conscientious. Certainly the tireless way in which he devoted himself to his duties as teacher in the Catholic College at Ware, precipitated if it did not prepare, his illness. An early death is always pathetic. It is doubly so in the case of one who had just begun to enjoy the fruits of his labour; who had earned his life, as he lost it, by his untiring zeal.

In a beautiful letter of thanks (we wish we had space to include the whole of it) which Mr. Dee wrote to us in response to our letter of sympathy he says, "all through his short life he never gave us a moment's displeasure——."

He was Irish, which is to say that on certain well known political issues he was as unrelentingly dogmatic as he was exceedingly well informed. But he bore no malice. For academic distinctions he expressed a reverence almost religious, a never failing source of merriment among his friends which he did not resent. Those of us who realize our irreparable loss of a true companion and a generous friend extend our fullest sympathy to his bereaved parents and their family in their sorrow.

#### "INNOCENTS ABROAD."

It is my sad duty to unfold a tale of duplicity on the part of an Old Stocktonian and other conspirators, which brings the blush of shame to my cheeks especially as I happen to be the most guilty one. The trouble all arose out of the desire to bring off a practical joke surpassing anything my friend or I had ever attempted. The subject under discussion happened to turn to "busking." In case you are not aware, gentle reader, what "busking" is, let me hasten to explain it. It is the noble art of kicking up a row in the haunts of civilization,—or to be more explicit—street singing.

It was soon decided that the scene should be laid in some large town, Newcastle for instance, where the risk of detection might be smaller, and the thrills more frequent. A portable harmonium, in a dilapidated condition was secured, and was despatched by rail with a third person who was to work the go-round-with-the-hat touch for all it was worth, and be generally useful. First of all of course, he had to swear on the bones of his great-grandfather that he would not divulge the conspiracy under any circumstances. On a lovely hot day last July the two 'buskers' set off from Stockton by road, with all necessary "apparatus" for a different social status, and arranged to meet No. 3 outside the Central Station.

After explaining that we wished to play a practical joke on some people, the garage attendant kindly allowed us the use of the chauffeur's room. Let me here describe the desperate trio

which emerged therefrom. Imagine you see a slim built person wearing an old pair of trousers and still more ancient boots, adorned with a coat mellowed with age and hopelessly too big. Indeed no sign of his hands could be seen and the swallow tails which ornamented the back tickled his calves most persistently, whilst the tops of the sleeves instead of being on the shoulders, were resting midway between this position and the elbows. When you add a greasy cap pulled down over the forehead, no collar, excepting an old muffler tied in a knot, a shade over one eye, and a card "Totally blind" hanging on a button, you have in complete disguise a great friend of the Old Stocktonians. The collection taker was likewise adorned, excepting that he had no waistcoat or coat, but instead, wore an old astrachan overcoat with the velvet collar hanging by a few threads, and a great rent down the middle of the back; a muffler, and an old battered green soft hat completed the picture.

The writer had a coat "miles" too small, spectacles with smoked glasses, a moustache brushed down over the mouth, and boots guaranteed 13's tied with pieces of string. Obtaining an old soap box for a seat, we stepped out for all the world to see.

Making for a suitable "pitch" just off a main thoroughfare, we got the benefit of a heavy thunderstorm, which added considerably to our picturesqueness. The first item was a duet, "Annie Laurie" to wit. The crowd seemed to spring from nowhere and very soon numbered 200. We had not proceeded far with the second verse, when the collection taker "sotto voce" said, "There's a sergeant and policeman coming." We were firmly and politely told that "they did not allow any of this carry on, except in the Bigg Market." Whilst making preparations to depart a young lady of genteel birth, stepped out from the crowd and ignoring the one with the hat, made a bee-line for the "organist" and squeezed some money in his hand. I rather think I saw him squeeze her hand in return, at any rate he didn't deny it when challenged. Ultimately finding the Bigg Market after a long search, we soon gathered a crowd by alternate solos and duets. With the harmonium working at full pressure, the coins began to flow in with a rapidity which was truly astonishing. The unwelcome attention of two drunken men who kept calling out "give us 'Swanee river,' mister," "give us 'Nearer my God to Thee'," were at times very embarrassing, especially when they insisted on using us as props, and expressing their sorrow at us having to do such like for a living.

One of the audience who also had had an overdose of stimulant persisted in shouting out that I must be an imposter judging by the bulk (I daren't repeat his unparliamentary language) and that he was sure the collection taker and myself were sponging on the "broken down bloke at the pianner."



We only forgot to act our part once. It was when we decided to have our photos taken. Finding a suitable place, we were permitted to enter after a good deal of hesitation. Whilst waiting our turn we amused ourselves by passing the brush and comb along the table from one to the other, to the horror of the lady attendant who thought we might use them. She had been eyeing us for some time and at length approached the collection taker, and said, "Would you like to take your overcoat off?" We instantly burst into roars of laughter at his discomfiture, for he had neither coat nor waistcoat on underneath. When the ordeal in the photographer's room was over, the man with the camera walked to the door,—stood with his back against it, and said "All you've got to do now, mates, is to pay!"

Arriving at the station to return the "musical" instrument, I asked the clerk for a label, and also how to spell "Brown." His reply was in one gulp and being interpreted read, B-r-o-w-n,-come-on,-buck-up!

Returning to the garage, we quickly assumed the attire of respectable citizens, and prepared to dine on the fat of the land. Owing to the lateness of the hour this was impossible. Instead let me describe a scene which for an Old Stocktonian was truly deplorable. The only house of refreshment we could find was a fish and chip establishment, and procuring a good supply of the latter, together with three lemonades, we repaired to a lamp post near by and regaled ourselves in solemn conclave. It is fitting that the curtain should be rung down on such a charming scene, only I might mention that the resultant spin home, was punctuated with infectious peals of laughter which didn't somehow fit in with the picture of the previously distressful and pathetic trio, whose only hope of sustenance was the generous response of a sympathetic and consequently long suffering public.

E.S.

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### THE DINNER.

After much consideration and drinking of coffees, it was decided to have the second Annual Dinner. A rumour was current that the Secretary, by the aid of much "midnight oil," was composing an ultimatum to Lord Kitchener on the subject of the Leave of our Old Boys in the Services. After about ten attempts I think it really reached the waste paper basket.

The Dinner was held, and I am to endeavour to make the fellows who were not there envy the fellows who were.

It was really inspiring to see five of our fellows in uniform sitting down to dinner, and I am sure the thoughts of fifty more were with us. So far as the "practical" part is concerned, it is only necessary to say that we were at "The Grill," and they

were at their best. I will pass over this—though there wasn't much passing at the table—and go on to the music and "speechifying." The toast list looked pretty formidable, but really it was enjoyed quite as much as the dinner.

After the loyal toast, Mr. Scholes characteristically proposed "H.M. Forces," which was replied to in "racy" style by Sergt. Nattrass, Signaller Pringle and Sapper Rogers.

The toast of "The Association" could not have been in better hands than those of Councillor Nattrass, J.P., the Chairman of the School Governors. I should like to record here our sincere appreciation of the keen interest Mr. Nattrass takes in us. It is a real help. As to the reply of the Secretary—well! modesty forbids!

Mr. Hewitt in submitting the toast of "The Headmaster and the School," voiced the feelings of the Old Boys towards the dear old "Head." Our thoughts were taken back to the happy days we spent in the old school, and looking round the room while Mr. Prest was replying, I appreciated more than ever the manly characters of the fellows there. A School and Headmaster which produced such fellows are worth "swanking" about.

Mr. Brookes very wittingly proposed "The Artistes," which was replied to by our old friend the Professor.

The "Rag" of the evening was the impromptu toast of "The Special Constables," of whom there were a number present. One of our old, old Boys, Mr. Wilf. Brewis, had the dangerous responsibility of proposing this, and a reply was insisted upon from Mr. H. Heavisides. Perhaps Councillor Nattrass will tell us "on the Q.T.," some day in the near future, how the knitting of the truncheon is progressing. Can we put it in a glass case?

The Artistes, our friends, the Professor, Messrs. Charlie Pearson, T. Whitham, W. Hewitt, S. L. Thomson and Sergt. Nattrass were in good form, and you can bet we enjoyed them immensely.

The "drinks" and smokes were very kindly stood by Mr. Nattrass. Oh! the happiness in the faces behind those cigars!

R.C.

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### FOOTBALL SECTION.

This section started the season very well, winning six out of the first ten games. After a five weeks rest over Christmas and New Year, we were defeated 4-1 by the Old Grammarians. Next we played West Hartlepool Technical School at home, and won 7-5 after a good game. At Hartlepool a fortnight later the same team defeated us 8-6, after ninety minutes of mudlarking. The following Saturday we lost 3-1, to Great Ayton Friends

School. Up to date we have played 14 matches, winning 8 and scoring 59 goals against 39. W. Gill, W. Reid, H. Brownlee, S. Bowes and W. Dodds are all deserving of praise for the good football they have played. Matches with the Old Grammarians, Coatham Grammar School and Durham County Asylum have to be played before the close of the season. E.H.

## The Escape.

After the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745, a great many Scottish Nobles were imprisoned and condemned to execution for the part they had taken against the rightful king. Amongst these was a fine old Scottish Earl, the Earl of Graylemere. Captured at his Castle in the North, he was led away and imprisoned in a dismal cell in the Tower.

His sorrowing wife and daughter, with an old servant, followed him to London, and there Lady Graylemere, tormented by the thought of her husband's death, took seriously ill. Meanwhile her daughter and Jude Simmons, the old retainer, were racking their brains to find any possible means of escape for their doomed sire, until at last Marian outlined a vague scheme, their only hope of success.

Now you must know that Lord Graylemere had a great many affairs to settle before his death, and, as his lawyers were not allowed to visit him, through the influence of an old whig friend permission was obtained for him to have a great pile of his family books and papers brought to his cell. By the same means, Marian also obtained a pass to visit her father, and it fell to the lot of old Jude to carry the volumes backwards and forwards between the lawyers and the prison.

One day, about a week before the execution, they presented themselves at the entrance to the Tower. Marian spoke to the officers on guard, and Simmons, setting his burden on the ground, stood and waited with a look of intense stupidity on his face, while the soldiers crowded round him, laughingly asking if he had a man inside, or what the huge hamper contained. "Books," he said shortly, "for the young lady," and he raised the lid and let them see the ponderous volumes and papers within. Meanwhile Marian had explained all, and before long they were admitted to the cell of the doomed Earl.

The Earl sat writing, and the man, after he had laid out the books, stood in boorish silence until Marian loudly gave him orders about coming on the morrow to take the books to the lawyers. The next afternoon the same thing was repeated, and on the two succeeding nights Jude was allowed to come and go with his basket, without much notice being taken of him. The eve of the execution arrived, and Marian and her follower entered

the cell. In ten minutes the porter re-appeared, his huge hamper as usual on his back, and he nodded a curt "good-night" to the guards. "My job is finished here," he said, "methinks the gentleman had a long will to make, for the books are wondrous heavy," and as he passed under the archway there was a curious smile on his stupid face. About an hour later, Marian appeared, and in a tremulous voice as if choked with sobs, "My father is very tired," she said; "for pity's sake do not wake him; he is worn out with the grief and sorrow of parting; I cannot bear to come back to-morrow; it only prolongs the agony." The jailor, moved to pity by her emotion, promised; and after a glance into the cell just to see that all was right he locked it for the night. As he did so he glanced pityingly at the still figure asleep on the couch, covered by a cloak of black velvet. "He sleeps soundly" he thought, "for a dying man."

In the morning, when he carried in the prisoner's breakfast, he was startled to see the figure still in the same position. He went up to the couch, and laid his hand on the grey head. The hair came away in his hand, and he started back in horror. A cry brought his fellow guards, and when the cloak was thrown hastily back it only revealed a pillow-slip cleverly stuffed with straw, and one of Lady Graylemere's elegant wigs. Under the couch was a pile of books, which proved to be sermons printed in some unknown tongue; all the family papers had disappeared.

Thanks to Jude Simmons and his hamper, Earl Graylemere was well on his way to France.

F.J., VIA.

## Old Magazines.

I am beginning to feel that I am growing very old. This is borne in on me very forcibly when I reflect that my life as a Stocktonian has covered the period of almost all the School Magazines "Excelsior" as well as "Stocktonian." I have always had a passion for history and records, so when I found that we had a magazine and only two or three numbers had been published I contrived to get hold of them, so that now as I write, I have before me a copy of every number of the School Magazine that has been published. Very interesting it is to turn over the pages and revive old memories. For instance, as I turn back, I come across mention of the time when the boys' Brown House, won a football match! If the Brown House people kept their magazines they might suck a little comfort from the fact that their's is not the worst record. They would find that the Red House finished the season 1912-13, with a goal record of 7-30. I am afraid though that this table might sadden them, for in that year the Brown House were top without dropping a point, with 28 goals against 3. This fact we recommended to the Blue House as a cooler, for they have already drawn one match.

Next turning right back to "Excelsior" days I find mention of the celebrated Girls' Hockey Match, at Great Ayton. This match was played in December, 1908, and well do we, who were "alive" then, remember the excitement and mystery in connection with the match.

The lips of the team were sealed on the subject, and the official report was very guarded. It simply says, "This time we were not so successful; and the Ayton team proved too strong for us." No mention of the score mark you! Yes! I ferretted out the score (I was always of an enquiring turn of mind) [Yes! you always were! Ed.] but wild horses wouldn't drag it from me now.

I will however quote you a verse of a song which was sung at the Senior Social a month or so later. I read the verse in the magazine; my place was at the very Junior Social in those days.

If I should tell a secret that I know,  
 About our Hockey team's display,  
 Will you promise me that you will never split,  
 No not until the Judgement Day?  
 When they went to Ayton in December last,  
 You may believe me if you will,  
 The score against them I regret to say,  
 Was—ever so many goals to nil.

Then I look through the Stocktonian verse. The writing of verse is a habit—I will not say a disease—which requires constant practice. Often we play with a line till we think the rhythm is perfect, but afterwards when we come to read the whole poem that line *will* not scan. Our verse is not quite free from this complaint. Some of it is—forgive me—very poor, much is very fair, some good, and just a little very good. The poem which seems to me the best of all that have appeared, is that called "The Editor's Dream," which will be found in the first number of the Stocktonian.

Again there are the pictures. It is interesting to turn up the "Excelsior" and look again at the pictures of the staff which it contains. One thing puzzles me now about these pictures. It is that almost all those who are still with us look actually *younger* now than when these portraits were taken, although, perhaps, on second thoughts, it is true that hair is inclined to be a *little* more sparse in some cases.

And the other illustrations! Alas! that continual financial difficulties prevent us from having some such now! Look at the excellent drawing (by a fellow pupil, of course) which heads the editorial of the number for Christmas, 1908. Other interesting reminders there are, too numerous to recall; the illustration of the screen scene from the "School for Scandal" (before my time

this); the "Thés à la française"; the Stocktonian Minstrel Troupe, who repeated their performance to us at the Junior Social; and many another shade of a fleeing youth—Eheu! fugaces! There is one of the Harrow school songs in which the older boys tell the timid newcomer that the little events of school life, the getting up bell, the roll call, etc., which are merely irritating now will one day thrill his heart as a precious memory. I am getting old enough to realise this feeling and, who knows? perhaps some day even detention—but no! Anyhow I strongly recommend all my younger fellow pupils to do as I have done and save their magazines. What is now lightly read and thrown aside will become a memory of pure gold when present news has passed into history. Then what a pleasure to finger lingeringly the old pages which give the events of our years long ago, our football matches, speech days, debates, perhaps to read our own names and conjure up the past!

When we look back and regretfully wonder

What we were like in our work and our play.

B.

### Scientific Progress.

(DURING THE LAST CENTURY).

I propose to deal with a few notable inventions of the last few years, including motor cars, barrel organs, nose machines, perambulators, school mags., condensed milk, twopenny tubes, hair curlers, &c. I mean this seriously. I am fully aware that in a serious essay like the present it is not meet that I should introduce my shallow sense of humour, and I shall not do it.

Everyone knows what an autocar is, though its name is a sheer contradiction—it "ought-to-care," but it doesn't. To put it mildly, it is about the most reckless go-ahead piece of mechanism by which it has ever been my misfortune to be knocked about. It is a quadrilateral with a wheel at each corner—originally; occasionally its wheels climb over it and have something to say to their tamer. Like sulphuretted hydrogen, it is easily recognised by its smell. It does not obey the law of diffusion, for the denser it is the more quickly does it diffuse—through brick walls, stray dogs, &c. It is a wicked conglomeration of sparking plugs, cogs, and vile liquid known to the sorrowing world as petrol. The poor misguided youth who tackles a strange motor-car generally retires from the untidy contest with a two-foot slit up the back of his coat, a spavined backbone, and the greater number of his teeth in his left waistcoat pocket (suggestion—what dinky blouse buttons they would make for his lady passenger). The lady passenger, by-the-way, is sitting upon the roadside with little more than a headache with the shock. With her nose in the air, she walks off, leaving him to wander into a back street to kick himself for tackling such a heathenish contrivance.

The motor bicycle is a younger member of the same iniquitous family. It also is propelled by certain combustions; should these become "uncertain," the cyclist himself "combusts" as it were (occasionally the prefix may be omitted). My brother tells me that he will never forget the first one he tackled. 'Tis true it was a strange bike, but he really did not expect the front wheel to turn round and try to bite the first time he got on. He supposes it was cross because he hadn't been properly introduced. However, he wasn't going to let the thing get the bulge on him; so, by strict attention to business, going without meals, and neglecting his work, he at last managed to go a few yards. All went well till he met a strange "yaller" dog. Then a transformation of energy took place, which caused his head to expand into a beautiful, though obtrusive, bump. To add insult to injury, he was furiously attacked by two spinsters for squashing their family. I remember a pathetic couplet:—

"Our gamps upon his honoured head

Right and joyfully shall thud."

They were evidently hoping to do a little thudding in a quiet way, so he left early and ambled home.

Great strides have been made in two branches of science very much akin—Dentistry and Photography—which are about equally painful. In olden times, the only way to get a tooth out was to knock it out with a battle axe; or, if one wished for a little pleasant excitement, the village blacksmith (of choir-singing fame) would pull you six times round the forge and remove the tooth and half your head, all for a paltry sixpence.

Another primitive method was to seat the sufferer in a chair, tie a rope round the tooth, and fasten it to a hook in the ceiling, when the chair was pulled away. If the tooth was an obstinate one they probably gave the gent a six-foot drop. If the tooth was in the top row, the rope was fastened to the floor, and the necessary quantity of gunpowder ignited beneath the chair. 'Tis true, several patients left hurriedly, hence the notice "Pay before Extraction."

Now all is changed, and one can get a tooth filed, scraped, and curled while fast asleep, and wake up feeling quite chirpy. I went to have a tooth stopped once. The professor looked so pleased when I told him what I wanted, that I nearly backed out of it. However, he grabbed me before I could fly, opened my face, so to speak, and gazed long and earnestly into the vasty deep beyond. Then he produced a weird circular apparatus, which elicited the remark from me 'that I didn't want anything grinding to-day, thank you.' But it turned out that they were only files, with which he proceeded to clip chunks off my teeth for an hour and twenty-five-and-a-half minutes. I broke the teeth off and swallowed the stopping a week later, and have come to the conclusion that dentists are a delusion and a snare.

Again, gentle reader, turn your attention to the gentle art of photography. How it has progressed! Think of the prehistoric method of obtaining a profile of your pet enemy and contrast it with the present. "Twelve cabinets given away with every tin of our patent blacking." The old method was distinctly more exciting than the present one; it consisted of hammering the gent's head in the mud, and then sitting on it while the mud hardened. I should like to remark that photographs were not worn next to the heart in those days.

Flying machines are also becoming popular, except Zeppelins, which are decidedly unpopular, with us. The first aerial machine was made in the seventeenth century by an individual who said he would show the world how to overcome gravity. He took his machine to the top of the house, set it going, descended with an acceleration of about 222 miles per hour, and broke his neck in several places, after which he gave up active exercise. Now, however, there are machines which will not only fly downwards but upwards as well. Even Zeps. will do that much.

Another persevering genius, Marconi by name, has introduced a system of wireless telegraphy. The idea has great possibilities, and some anticipate having a giddy time in the near future, flitting airily about with one of Marconi's receivers gathering up any stray waves of information which may be wandering through space. School teachers would be very grateful if Marconi could only invent a system to enable them to administer a slight, but extremely sudden, shock to the absent-minded youth or young lady who "forgets" his (or her) homework.

It is with great regret that I have to omit a few words on the other items in my list, but I am greatly pressed for time and, what is more, I want my supper. M.L., Va.

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## Societies.

### DEBATING SOCIETY—GIRLS.

The Society is still alive. We have met twice since Xmas and when these notes are read, two other meetings will have been held. The attendance at all meetings has been good but the number of speakers leaves much to be desired.

"That boys should be instructed in the domestic arts and that girls should learn manual work" was carried by a large majority although several speakers pointed out that if boys could do things we do as well as we can do them, they would cease to admire us!! Other members deplored the unhappy fate of brothers who ruined their digestions with camp cooking, (which of the Scouts will give us a cookery demonstration now?) A few pessimists doubted whether, with the exception of the company present, many of the sisters could cook!

On the whole, this was the most amusing of the debates. The subject of the second debate was "That the possession of colonies is more advantageous



than otherwise." The papers read showed great care and thought. The majority of the members present were ardent Imperialists although only six had the courage of their convictions and spoke in the open discussion. The members reading papers at these debates were M. Nightingale, I. Margetts, G. Cardno, M. Ordish, R. Harker, G. Thomas, M. Hotson, A. Sandell.

The subjects of the next debates are "That social activities should cease in times of war," and "That national character is improved by warfare."

#### ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY.

Those interested in things manual and artistic continue to "keep the noiseless tenour of their way." It is only natural that the influence of current events on the Stocktonian mind should show itself in the enormous shipping output. These with a fine historic sense continue to be made of wood and not of steel, but even so, they are prepared to turn on, and if possible to ram, any rash submarine which may be daring or imprudent enough to show its periscope above the waters of the park lake. Other models, and be it said, various working models are also being constructed, and so inventive mechanical genius seeks an outlet for patriotic aspirations.

Our artistic correspondent still bewails a lack of enthusiasm, which is most unaccountable. It was with particular pride that we learnt recently that an Old Stocktonian—and not a very old one either—had had a drawing accepted and published by "Punch."

We have been asked about an Exhibition next term. The censor will perhaps permit us to say—though it must be regarded as strictly unofficial—that the Exhibition will probably be held as usual. If that is so, the following may be taken as a very likely forecast of the classification of exhibits.

1—*Woodwork*.—This class includes objects made of wood and may be decorated with fretwork or wood carving.

2—*Metal Work*.—Including models of any metal, bent ironwork, repoussé work, etc.

In both of these classes working models will receive favourable consideration.

3—*Pencil or Pen Drawing*.

4—*Colour Work*.—(in any medium or of any subject).

In these two classes members are advised to choose a subject well within their powers. A subject of a simple type well executed will gain more marks than an ambitious subject poorly carried out.

5—*Collection*.—This class is intended chiefly from the point of view of nature study—leaves, pressed flowers, woods, etc., but any collection showing skill and arrangement and knowledge of the subject collected, except those in class 6 come under this heading.

6—*Collection of Coins or Stamps of one Country*. Here special attention will be shown to arrangement. A haphazard collection without knowledge is of little value.

Any other legitimate handicraft or artistic work may be exhibited, but will not be eligible for prizes. And now to work!

B.

## School News.

### HOUSE REPORT. (Boys).

It is with great pleasure that we notice that the Houses are more and more making their own arrangements and running

themselves. This is as it should be. An organisation which needs continual mothering is not giving promise of that healthy vitality which alone makes for success.

The House activities being of necessity mainly athletic, the chief interest of the term has centred in the House football matches.

Owing to the heavy demands on the school field the House matches depend largely on the amount of light available after school hours. They accordingly come for the most part at the beginning of the Christmas term and the end of the Easter term, so it is impossible to give the complete table as some matches have yet to be played.

The Red House are getting more used to seeing themselves in the new jerseys. They accordingly need less time to look admiringly at various parts of their persons. The improvement caused by the jerseys is shown by the fact, that since they appeared the Reds have not lost a match.

The Green House regret the loss of their Games Captain, A. Iley. He was always very steady and reliable, and they realise that his loss is likely to be felt.

Our neutral admirer of the Brown House is in rather fierce mood. He points to the poor showing in points and the heavy adverse balance in goals, and asks if this is indeed the House which once showed such keenness and prowess in athletics. He sometimes relieves his feelings in Latin and murmurs 'quantum mutati ab illis.' He complains that these results are not due to the lean years which any House may suffer, but bewails the existing slackness. He even says that only *seven* represented the House in one match, but this must surely be an exaggeration. He looks with confidence to the many "men of light and leading" that the House contains to remove this reproach to the shades of their predecessors before another term is gone.

The Blue House are feeling rather pleased with themselves. They have not so far been defeated, and they think their chance of being top House again distinctly good. Judging from the appearance of the table this seems by no means unlikely, but Quien Sabe? However probably the issue will be settled by the time the magazine appears.

There is still a serious scarcity of supporters to be recorded. At present they are chiefly represented by a small gang of irresponsibles who sometimes emit—dare we say it?—more sound than sense.

The table to date is as follows:—

	P.	W.	D.	L.	GOALS.		Pts.	
					For	Agst.		
Blue ...	5	4	0	1	17	6	9	
Red ...	4	2	1	1	12	9	5	
Green ...	5	1	1	3	11	9	5	
Brown ...	6	0	5	1	11	27	1	B.

### HOUSE REPORT. (GIRLS).

This is the "off season" for the Houses. All the House Socials have been held, but so long ago that they are forgotten, and who can dream of pic-nics while the cold winds blow, and girls in Room 17 anxiously consult the thermometer. A few Hockey practices have been held, but they do not provide news for this report.

On March 5th, the Blue House had a Musical Evening, which was much appreciated by the girls. Miss Varey arranged the programme, which was chiefly Old English poems set to music. Miss Varey and Miss Brown both sang, and a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to mistresses and girls. The Blue House scores in musical talent, and it is rumoured that it will not be "pointless" in the future.

## Athletics.

### HOCKEY.

Owing to the weather, this term's hockey fixtures have been rather disorganised. A match was arranged for every Saturday, but so far only three 1st XI matches and one 2nd eleven match have been played, as it was necessary to scratch the others. All the term the field has been in a very bad condition, and practices have been played under very trying conditions. We never leave the field nowadays without bringing a considerable portion away with us. The House Matches have been arranged for the evenings during this month, but unless the weather prophet changes his mind, they will have to be continued into next term.

We started the term well by beating Middlesbro' High School—6-0 and this victory somewhat encouraged us, particularly as we had an idea that our opponents had not expected defeat this time. Then started a series of scratching during February. For three Saturdays running we were unable to play a match. Our next match was with Great Ayton, always a hard fight, where we were unfortunately beaten, the goals being 7-4. We were obliged to play one short, the left back not turning up, owing to some misunderstanding, on her part, about the match. This made a serious difference to the team.

Miss Gwynne, whom we gladly welcome as a hockey enthusiast, kindly played centre forward for us in this match. She herself is a keen player, and is very interested in the team. We shall hope next season, with her help to have a first class 1st XI and good 2nd.

Our next match was with Henry Smith's School, Hartlepool, played on their ground, which is in a distinctly better condition than our own. The match ended in our favour, the goals being 5-1. It was a very even game, and thoroughly enjoyed by both sides. In this match the forwards deserve special mention, their combination being exceedingly good, the centre forward controlling the passing with great judgment.

I think we can safely say, never has the School had such a good forward line as at present exists in the first XI. Not only do they combine well but they are exceptionally fast, their only weak point being in shooting. Next season the team will be considerably weakened by the loss of the V.I.a girls, and I am afraid it will be some time before we can work up forwards equal to the present standard. Especially shall we miss our Captain Connie Prest, who has now been in the 1st XI team for three years. We always rely a great deal on her. Once she gets the ball we feel safe for the circle. We shall hope to hear of her playing for her College next season. Hockey colours have been gained by Emily Watson and Norah Watson, both of whom deserve them thoroughly. We have still one more match to play before the end of term, against the "Old Girls." Last term we played them on the last Saturday of term, and gave them a good beating the goals being 14-0. We were pleased to see some of our old 1st XI amongst them, Minnie Ross, Queenie Plummer, and Winnie Stewart, and we were interested to hear that Winnie now plays for her College at Darlington.

#### 2nd XI.

The 2nd XI has had very little practice so far, and as yet the team is not definitely fixed. Only one match so far has been played this term, that being against Yarm Grammar School, whom we beat by 1 goal. We have a fixture with Henry Smith's, Hartlepool, for the last Saturday of term, which we sincerely hope will not be scratched.

The results for the season are as follows:—

1st XI.	Matches played.	Won.	Lost.	Goals for.	Goals agst
	8	4	4	40	18
2nd XI.	2	2	0	7	0

#### NOTES ON THE TEAM

**LOUIE LENNARD.** Goal. Has promise of filling this difficult position well but has not yet had much chance of distinguishing herself.

**MIRIAM MILBURN.** R. Back. Could play an excellent game, if she were quicker, (we recommend gymn.)—Plays a good game on sand but is uncertain on the field.

**DORIS CARTER.** L. Back. Has not had sufficient practice to make her reliable. Can hit well, but is apt to be somewhat lazy.

**ALICE PUGH.** R. Half back. Plays a steady game.

**MARGERY ORDISH.** Centre half. The best centre half the school has known. Most reliable and untiring player. A source of great trouble to her opposing centre forward, Margery gained her colours some time ago, and we can only now confer upon her the D.S.O.

**CONNIE MUNRO.** L. Half back. Is still rather slow, but has played up much better in the last few matches.

**CONNIE PREST.** (Capt.) R. Wing. A constant worry to her opposing left half, who never knows how to attack her, and who usually gives up the chase once Connie has passed her.

**DOROTHY GILL.** R. Inside. A useful inside player, but is rather wanting in judgment.

**EMILY WATSON.** C. Forward. Plays an excellent game; is a quick and unselfish player.

**MARY NIGHTINGALE.** L. Inside. Combines well with her centre and is a good shot.

**NORAH WATSON.** L. Wing. A fast player, makes splendid use of her stick, but is too fond of coming into the circle.

## FOOTBALL.—1ST ELEVEN.

We have been very unfortunate this term, for we have had to scratch matches with Middlesbrough High School, the Old Stocktonians, and with Barnard Castle, owing to an epidemic of Measles at the County School. Also we have been without the services of our old centre-half, Dee. Our first game was against Darlington Grammar School, and as we had only ten men, we were easily defeated by six goals to one. In our second match, against Guisbrough, we were easily victorious by seven goals to one, but we were again defeated a week later by a very strong Spennymoor team.

On March 13th, we played Coatham Grammar School away. The weather was very fine, and the ground was in excellent condition. Up to half-time, our defence managed to hold out, but in the second half, it was beaten once, and all the efforts of our forwards were futile. The following table shows our results up-to-date.

P.	W.	L.	GOALS	
			For	Agst.
14	7	7	45	48

## 2ND ELEVEN.

The 2nd Eleven have only played one match. This was against Yarm Grammar School, and in a drenching downpour our 2nd's easily ran out winners.

**ELDERS** has played well at centre-forward in place of Birch, and with a little experience will make a first class forward. "Yank" is the goliwog of the team (for proof, see hair), and his blue belt has caused much amusement.

**KING** will also make a good player, with more experience. The left wing has unfortunately been subjected to many changes, but it is well supported by its half-back. There is no truth in the report of a match between Harold and Carpenter.

**DONKIN** played very well at Spennymoor at outside left, although he was obviously handicapped.

**ILEY, LEWIS** and **ATKINSON** have all played well at right-back.

**WATKIN** and **LEWIS** still form our right wing. The former has been warned about going to parties on the eve of matches, and the latter continues to be fast and furious.

**McWILLIAMS** now plays centre-half, with **CALLENDER** on his left and **WOOD** on his right. A splendid trio! They all distinguished themselves **AFTER** the match at Spennymoor.

**JOHNSON** plays left-back, but we are about to lose his services. He informs us that "his lungs are in bad health." Readers will know that Nelson was often ill when he was a boy.

The leading stars in the 2nd Eleven forwards are **NODDINGS** and **ARROWSMITH**. **LAWSON, LEWIS, LAMPLUGH** and **WARD** form the defence together with **TOMPKINSON**. Hot Stuff!

## SWIMMING.

Arrangements will soon be made for the coming season, and it is to be hoped that every boy and girl who can, will take advantage of the facilities offered for practice in this very necessary art. Almost every day we hear of how essential it is to be able to swim, so we are looking for record attendances at the Baths. Every assistance will be given to beginners, and to those more experienced ample opportunity to become more proficient.

Tickets for the Baths will be issued before the Easter Vacation, and those who wish them should make early application in the usual way.

