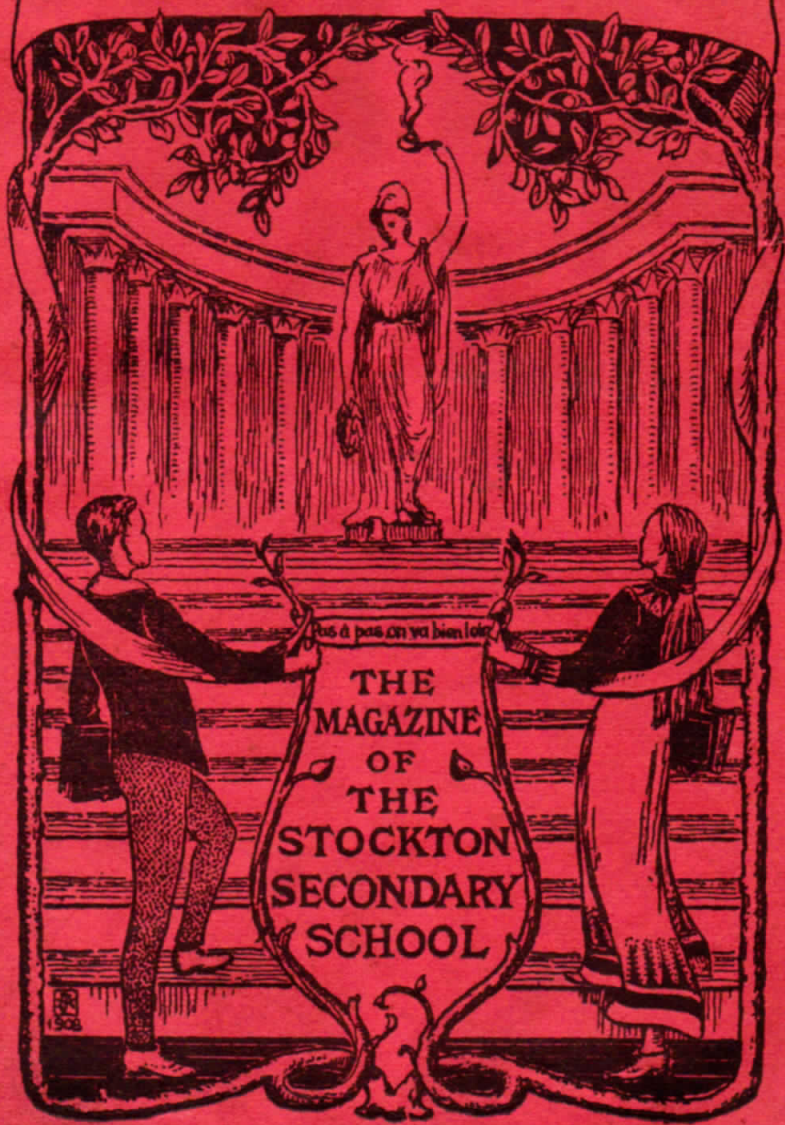


Summer, 1915

THE STOCKTONIAN.



APPLEBY, PRINTER, STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

CRICKET XI—1915.



L. PLUMMER. H. BATTY. N. DONKIN. L. KING. J. ATKINSON. H. CUNLIFFE.
W. R. WATKIN. H. TOMPKINSON. R. WILLIAMS. H. KING. N. HIND. F. JOHNSON.
(Vice-Capt.) (Capt.) (Sec.)

"The Stocktonian" S.S.S. Magazine

VOL. IV.

MIDSUMMER, 1915.

No. 3.

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.

With the penning of this Editorial there comes the pleasing thought that school work for the term will soon be over; that examinations will shortly be past history; and that soon we shall all be enjoying a rest from our labours. We hope that all our readers will have a happy holiday, and that it will leave us all stronger and better fitted to face whatever work may lie before us.

* * * * *

The summer term is one that is always brimful of interest, for have we not recently held our Arts and Crafts Exhibition, and two very successful Sports Days? We thank all those who helped to make these functions the success that they were, and to the Clerk of the Weather we would offer a special Hymn of Praise. Speech Day is drawing near, and then we hope to give and to hear a good account of ourselves.

* * * * *

Congratulations and good wishes to Williams, our Senior Prefect, on taking sixth place in all England in an examination for Junior Civil Service appointments. May he continue to add lustre to his old school!

* * * * *

We should like to say, in thanking our contributors, that we consider the standard of contributions higher than usual, and it is only lack of space that prevents us printing more.

* * * * *

We regret to say that an apology must form part of our Editorial. In our last issue we printed a poem "The Hero" believing it to be original. When too late we discovered that this poem had already appeared in the public press, and we now tender our apologies to the writer of the poem, the paper where first it appeared, and to our readers. We must warn our contributors that nothing is to be submitted to us which is not *strictly original*, as it is impossible for us to know what is original and what is not.

* * * * *

We print with pleasure reports from the Old Boys' and Old Girls' Associations. It is with pride that we read of so many of our Old Boys making the great sacrifice for their country and its ideals. They by their lives, and now, alas! a few by their deaths, speak to us to-day and tell us all to Be Prepared. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

Congratulations to our old friend and former master, Mr. Welch, on gaining the Military Cross! Captain Welch by his gallantry and conduct in the field won the highest praise, and was specially mentioned in the despatches.

Mr. Noble, who was wounded by shrapnel in the head a few months ago, is now in a convalescent home in England. We rejoice to learn that he is progressing favourably. May he soon be his old self again!

* * * * *

And now, Vale! All success and prosperity to those who are leaving us at the end of term, and to all, once more, a happy holiday!

Captain T. Welch, 6th Durham Light Infantry.

The following extract is reprinted from "The London Gazette":—

"The King has conferred the Military Cross on Lieutenant Thomas Welch, 6th Durham Light Infantry, for conspicuous gallantry and tenacity at Zonnebeke from 26th to 30th April, 1915, when he with his company held a trench under heavy shell fire. His company was short of water and rations and he had no flare pistols or periscopes and no previous experience of trench warfare. The losses of his company in killed and wounded were 45 out of a total of 120."

[Lieutenant Thomas Welch now holds the rank of Captain.—Ed.]

A fragment.

When hot winds stifle the dusty town
 And languorous toll demand,
 When pitilessly the sun beats down
 And scorches the thirsting land,
 Then O for the breeze that can thrill you through
 With glorious life and vigour new,
 Where the salt spray edges the joyous blue
 And tumbles the yellow sand.

When work grows irksome in later June
 And living has lost its zest,
 When the drowsy heat of the afternoon
 Brings weariness without rest,
 Then O for the song of the Summer sea,
 The changeless but ever-new minstrelsy,
 And O for a plunge in the frolic glee
 Of each curling breaking crest.

When Nights are sultry and wakeful-long,
And nothing can sleep invite,
The misty sea sings a sleepy song
In the dreams of enchanted night ;
And across the mysteries of the deep,
While sea-maids sing of eternal sleep,
Fantastic revels the dream-elves keep
On the path of the moon-man's light.

A.P., Via Girls.

The Ascent of a Mountain.

Mountains have a strange fascination for some people, and there are those who cannot resist the desire to scale their heights and thus overcome the obstacles which the towering peaks throw across their path.

Two years ago it was my good fortune to spend some time amid the romantic scenery of the Lakes of Killarney, and one of my most pleasant experiences was the ascent of *Mangerton*.

Though not so lofty as Carn Tual, this mountain is the favourite of tourists, on account of the extensive and magnificent views obtained from its summit. Early one pleasant morning we set out. There were five of us including our guide, who was a hale old Irishman. The drive to the foot of the mountain in the freshness of the morning was most exhilarating. We passed through long avenues of trees, now and then catching glimpses of the shining waters of the Lakes.

The great mountain was before us, and after partaking of a little refreshment, we began the ascent. For a little way the road was good, and we made light of the journey, but soon a change came over the party. The path became more rugged, often consisting of old water courses and necessitating an occasional climb of four or five feet. In consequence the party became scattered. Our guide merrily led the way with his horn slung over his shoulder, and in the rear was a stout old farmer, perspiring from every pore.

The bright morning sky was now overcast, and there was every sign that a storm was impending. A cold, clammy sensation crept over us as we passed into a cloud. Soon the rain began to fall in torrents, and we sought in vain for shelter. We feared to go forward in the haze, so we waited patiently for about a quarter of an hour, when the storm passed over, the sun shone out again, and a glorious sight unfolded itself before our delighted eyes. Below us we could see a panorama of beautiful wooded heights and green slopes, the winding river and the placid lakes. We inhaled deep draughts of the bracing air, and already felt amply repaid for our morning's exertions. But we were not yet at the top, so up we sprang to continue our struggle with renewed energy.

At last the summit was reached, and fifty miles of country lay at our feet. To the west lay Carn Tual. In the distance stretched the Kenmare River, and nearer at hand our guide showed us some wild red deer grazing on the southern slopes of the mountain side. We spent some time sweeping the scene with the aid of some powerful glasses; then, after lunch, and a view of the "Devil's Punch Bowl," we began the descent.

I thought the ascent had been very tedious, but the descent was found much more trying. The slips, the jerks, the leaps and the stumbles shook my body as it had never been shaken before, and I was more than thankful when at last we reached our wagonette which was waiting to take us back to our hotel.

J.A.R., Form Vb Boys.

A Geographical Letter.

Stockton-on-Tees,

9th July, 1915.

My dear (a town in France),

As this is your (a town in Africa) day, I send you a fancy (a bay in Africa) on which to place (a river in England) (an island in the Atlantic Ocean) only (a department in France) against a (a river in U.S.A.), as it may (a river in Scotland) over.

I hope, dear, you are (a river in England) able to (a lake in North America) the (a state in South America) weather. I (a lake in Scotland) for a (an island off the coast of France) of sun to (a town in England) me up. But I must (a town in Palestine) I shall (a river in England) our (a department in France) love for the

Grim old (an island off England).

FORM VA, GIRLS.

Old Girls' Association.

At the end of the summer term, it always happens that there is a scarcity of news to insert in the magazine. A few, more or less, interesting jottings must serve to fill the pages allotted to us.

Will the members, who are constantly agitating for a "general meeting of some kind," favour the next meeting with their presence? A general meeting was called for May 5th, and there was a most disappointing attendance. Half the number present were members of the Secondary School staff. Miss Lucy Rogers was appointed secretary of the Rambling Section. Rambles take place on the first Saturday in the month, throughout the year. Notices will be sent to any who are not already members of this section, if they apply for membership to Miss Rogers. The subscription is 6d. per year to cover postage.

The arrangements for the Annual Picnic were left in the hands of Misses L. Rogers and D. Crierie. It is hoped that every member will make an effort to be present, and so make the

picnic a huge success.

Mrs. Roberts, whom we welcome back to Stockton, was appointed secretary of the Swimming Club. She will be pleased to meet Old Girls at the Baths on Monday evenings at 8-30. Members of the O.G.A. can obtain tickets of admission at a cheaper rate from her.

We are in the depths of despair because our Treasurer, Miss Brown, is leaving us. We desire to extend to Miss Brown our appreciation of her work and tender her our best thanks. We wish her every success in her new work.

It would save endless trouble to the magazine distributors, the officials of the O.G.A., and the School Magazine Treasurer, if each member would pay for her magazine on delivery.

The financial year of the O.G.A. ends on September 30th. Will members who have not yet paid their subscriptions, please note?

Hilda Prest has been appointed private secretary to the Editor of "The Organiser." We offer her our congratulations and wish her every success.

OLD GIRLS' ANNUAL PICNIC.

The Old Girls' Association Second Annual Picnic to Mount Grace Priory took place on Saturday, July 3rd. Eight cyclists met at 9-30 a.m. to cycle to Swainby. Nine members travelled to Potto Station by train and were met there by the Secretary. On their arrival at Swainby, they found two cyclists only, the others having been last seen at Kirklevington. However, the cyclists came in two by two until the party of 18 was complete.

We then proceeded to Arncliffe Woods. Before we arrived there, unfortunately, a heavy shower caused us to seek shelter under an oak. Here we decided to have lunch until the rain was over. However, lunch was over before the shower was, so we took refuge in a neighbouring barn. When the rain had abated slightly, we decided to proceed. The soil in Arncliffe Woods is of a clayey nature and the rain made walking rather difficult, one step forward and two backward being the order of things. This state of affairs moved one poetical and musical member to sing—

It's a long, long way to Mount Grace Pri'ry,

But we don't care, though it's wet.

It's a long, long way to Mount Grace Pri'ry,

But we're not downhearted yet.

However, it was not so far after all, and we were soon enjoying tea at the Priory Lodge.

As the climatic conditions were not favourable to a return by the moors, as had been arranged, half of the party decided to return to Swainby by the road, the others preferring a different path through the woods. The sun soon shone brightly, and it was a happy party that left Swainby for home.

D.C.

Examination Results (Boys). Easter, 1915.

	English	History	French	Maths	Physics	Chemistry	Geography	Art	Manual	Needlework
Form VI ...	Johnson Watkin	Gilbraith Johnson	Gilbraith King	Elders Gilbraith	Elders Gilbraith	Elders Gilbraith	Johnson Connors	Elders Johnson King]		
Form Va ...	King Wood	King Wood	King Goodchild	King Wood	King Goodchild	King Ball	Lewis King	Goodchild Mills		
Form Vb ...	Elcoat Goodchild		Robinson Elcoat	Goodchild Lewis	Goodchild Lewis	Lewis Goodchild		Mech. Draw. Lewis Goodchild	Goodchild Medd	
Form IVa ...	T. B. Noddings R. Wilson	T. Noddings W. Noddings	Fenby Ramsdale	W. B. Noddings R. Wilson	Ramsdale Arrowsmith	Arrowsmith Ross	T. Noddings W. Noddings R. Wilson]	R. Wilson W. Atkinson	R. Wilson Ross	
Form IVb ...	Callender Crossland	Parish Batty Callender]	Crossland Callender	Crossland Parish	L. Stephenson Johnson	L. Stephenson Johnson Morland]	Bateman Porrirt Crossland]	C. Stephenson L. Stephenson	Atkinson Davidson	
Form IIIa ...	Siddle Bell	Siddle Prest	Peacock Willingham	Rutherford Sturman	Williams Bell		Maddock Siddle Rutherford]	Pearson Sanderson Rutherford]	Sanderson Prest	
Form IIIb ...	Pinkney Cardno	H. Walker Nertney	Cardno Sweetman] Stacy	Stacy Sweetman	Alderson Bernhardt		Alderson Bernhardt Pinkney]	Richmond Eernhardt	Sadler Richmond	
Form II ...	D. Gaunt K. Davidson	K. Davidson Teasdale	D. Gaunt G. Gargett	1. Lugg 2. Ball			Wood Wedgwood	Lugg E. Proctor	Longstaff Barratt Teasdale]	1. G. Gargett 2. C. Davidson
Form I ...	D. Hale E. Watt	Walton Wardell		D. Hale Plummer			D. Hale Plummer	D. Wright N. Dunn	Wardell Crooks	D. Dodsworth V. Walton

Nature Study—Form I—Wardell, V. Walton. II—L. Heavisides, Ball.

German—Form VIa—Plummer, Arrowsmith], Ramsdale.

Latin—Form Va—King.

Billy's Method.

When Billy talks about the war
He does'nt put on airs;
He calls it Liege, to rhyme with siege,
The French he never spares.
Those foreign towns don't bother him,
He needs no clever book
To help him out when he's in doubt,
He says them as they look.

Though some may call Namur "Nah-moor,"
Its "Nam'er" plain to Bill;
He does'nt pose as one who knows
Each foreign guttural fad.
He does'nt twist his tongue about
To get 'em, hook or crook,
The way they're said, but plods ahead
And reads 'em as they look.

D.C., Form IVb Girls.

Ulixes in specu Polyphemi.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ulixes.

Comites: Hector, Ajax, Euryalus, etc.
Polyphemus, Cyclopes, Penelope, Telemachus.

SCENE I. IN SPECU.

Ulixes: Ah! Ubi stamus?

Hector: Nonne in specu magno sumus? Sum fessus, et cupio manere.

Alii Comites: Sane; multum erravimus, multas terras vidimus, multa maria transivimus.

Hector: Me nunc humi jacebo.

U: Ecce! lac et caseos video!

Comites: Cenam divide, carissime amice!

U: Sane; sed exspectate. Magnum hominem video. Advenit ad specum. Habet unum oculum in media fronte. Ille gigans est. Quid faciamus?

Comites: (becoming frightened) Da nobis auxilium, te imploramus!

U: Sane; silete, omnes.

(Polyphemus enters cave).

P: Frigidus sum. Igne lignis facto, oves mulgebo. Ecce! homines video. Qui estis? Unde venistis? Estis mercatores an praedones?

U: Graeci sumus.

P: (ridens) Ego et robustior et potentior multo sum quam tu. (He dashes two of the Greeks against a stone).

U: Horrendum visu! Dei immortales de hac re scient.

P: (taking no notice) Quam me delectat horum Graeculorum caro! Undecim supersunt. Multos dies praeclarissime cenabo. (Exeunt).

SCENE 2. IN SPECU. POSTERO DIE.

(after Polyphemus had gone out).

U: Quomodo nos ab hoc crudelissimo monstro liberabimus?

Comites: Tu robustior et fortior es quam nos. Servate nos!

U: (Giving wine to Polyphemus). Poculum vini tibi do. Bibe. Hoc vinum optimum est.

P: (after drinking) Verum est quod dicis. Da mihi, oro te, alterum poculum vini. Sed quid tibi nomen est, O parve homo?

U: (after filling another cup with wine) O Polypheme, rarum nomen mihi est. "Nemo" nomen est.

P: Mi carissime Nemo. Ego tibi hoc praemium dabo: te postremum omnium ad cenam mihi parabo.

U: (secretly to his friends) Palo candente Cyclopem excaecabo. (He thrusts the stake into eye of Polyphemus).

P: Feeling the pain, implores help of other Cyclopes.

Cyclopes: Quis te necare cupit, O Polypheme?

P: Nemo me necare cupit, amici.

C: Cur auxilium nostrum imploravisti? (Exeunt).
Ulixes ties comrades under sheep, and he himself gets under a ram. (Exeunt).

SCENE 5. IN LITORE.

Penelope: Ah! carissime Ulixes! Quam me delectat te iterum videre! Diu de te nos dolore afficiebamus. Multum erravisti, multas terras tu vidisti, sed dei laudantur, revertisti.

V. *Penelope*: Ubi est Telemachus? Ecce! eum video (clapping T. on shoulder). Telemache, mi fili! Nunc domi manebo. Sermonem cum comitibros habe. Nunc, domum venianus. (Thanks comrades and waves hand).
Vale!
VA, GIRLS.

A Geographical Letter (Solution).

My dear Niece (Nice),

As this is your natal day, I send you a fancy table on which to place your (Ure) canary, but see that you guard (Gard) against a fall, as it may tilt over.

I hope, dear, you are well, and (Welland) able to bear this chilly (Chile) weather. I long for a ray (Ré) of sun to brighten (Brighton) me. But I must end, or (Endor) I shall wear out your love for the
Grim old man.

Examination Results (Girls). Easter 1915.

	Maths	English	History	French	German	Chemistry	Physics	Botany	Needlework	Art
Form VIa ...	D. Pennock E. Wardell	M. Hopkins E. Wardell	E. Hicks D. Pennock] E. Wardell]	D. Pennock M. Hopkins	D. Pennock E. Wardell	M. Hopkins		D. Pennock E. Hicks	D. Pennock E. Hicks	C. Prest E. Wardell
Form VIb ...	M. Milburn G. Brown] A. Gibson]	I. Harker L. Ainsworth	L. Ainsworth I. Harker	L. Ainsworth I. Harker		M. Milburn A. Gibson		M. Milburn A. Gibson		E. Watson L. Ainsworth] R. Henderson]
Form Va ...	M. Ordish I. Margetts	I. Margetts C. Gough	A. Sandell C. Gough	N. Wilkinson A. Sandell] E. Raine]	A. Sandell M. Hotson	A. Sandell N. Wilkinson		A. Sandell E. Raine		M. Lewis A. Sandell] M. Hotson]
Form Vb ...	R. Shipley G. Cardno	G. Cardno G. Thomas] A. Wardell]	C. Nichols M. Blenkey	G. Thomas C. Nicholls		R. Storey B. Willey		R. Shipley G. Thomas	R. Shipley E. Cook	A. Wardell G. Cardno
Form IVa ...	C. Barker A. Walker	B. Wardell E. Frankland	F. Oliver O. Idle	M. Dewhirst M. Gaunt	M. Gaunt A. Shaw	M. Dewhirst O. Idle] M. Gaunt]	A. Walker F. Oliver		F. Oliver J. Colman H. Hoggett } O. Idle } M. Gaunt }	O. Idle] B. Gannt] M. Gaunt]
Form IVb ...	N. Corner J. Nixon	J. Nixon A. Scott] J. Evans]	G. Blackwood D. Burdon	J. Nixon F. Hotson		G. Blackwood D. Burdon	A. Scott A. Wild		F. Hotson J. Nixon	G. Hammond F. Hotson
Form IIIa ...		L. Rowley C. Peart	M. Willey M. Bolland	D. Pickles M. Fender			D. Bigmore G. Ions		A. Hughes D. Bigmore] M. Willey]	L. Rowley A. Talintyre
Form IIIb ...	M. Buttery D. Garbutt	W. Daniels D. Bainbridge	W. Daniels I. Robson	G. Pigg W. Daniels			D. Eden D. Garbutt		Harker G. Davis	F. Finch E. Wanless

Latin—Form Va—D. Atkinson, I. Margetts.

A Visit to My Old College.

No easy task would it be to analyse the medley of conflicting emotions that ran riot in my heart when I revisited the haunts of my student days. Even were I equal to it I would not publish the results of my experiment. Far too sacred, too personal, at least for the pages of a magazine, were my thoughts and memories when I determined to make a pilgrimage to "that old grey city by the sea"—that city of the Scarlet Gown. Truly, as has been sung—"a haunted town it is to me." I almost stealthily stole along the cobbled highway feeling unpleasantly more like a burglar than a quiet, sober-minded pedagogue. In a University sense, generations had passed away since my own college days; since I, in my generation, was wont to dash in and out of that Gothic archway with the keen salt wind blowing on my cheek. I had a kind of sad impression that I belonged to a bygone age! that now, my only rightful place in the university was the shelf in the fossil department of the Museum: that I was a sort of college ghost that ought to have been laid long ago.

At the massive archway—where, on my first impulse, I found myself all but taking off my hat to the silent speaking stones of the venerable pile—I met *a* janitor, but not *the* janitor. No civil salute or smile of recognition from *him*—only a curious stare, a look that seemed to *ask*—"what business have *you* to come back to earth again and disturb us in our day and generation"? Then at last I stood actually in the broad quadrangle in front of my Alma Mater, and much I wonder if ever pious Druid stood with deeper feelings of reverence before his sacred shrine! Soon I found myself speculating what manner of men were now occupying those wooden benches carved with the names of some, now gone to their long rest! Other thoughts too deep for words rushed through my mind until the sonorous clang of the bell in the college tower roused me from my reverie, and I determined ere I left to visit once more my old rooms—my old "bunk"—where erstwhile I had burned the midnight oil, 'scorning delights and living laborious days'—and nights. The door was superscribed with a name new to me—somehow with pardonable vanity I had almost expected to find the name 'Ichabod'—but that was not the occupant's name. I was just on the point of knocking at the door after a sly peep in at the window when a jolly, young, scarlet-robed figure, book under arm, came bounding along in the real old style.

Oh! How I envied his lusty vigour!! The sense of freedom after being 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' at lectures makes one sadly forgetful for the nonce of one's dignity, and there is a lingering trace of school boy days in the hop, step, and skip upstairs before snatching up one's clubs for a round on the classic

links. Well, up he came this embryo bishop, statesman, or judge—I know not which—and fixing him Ancient-Mariner-wise with my eye I stopped him and told him my story, feeling rather sheepish until I had accounted for my prying around his window. More than one kind of expression flitted over the youth's features as he listened to me; but the predominating one, which his politeness in vain struggled to conceal, was characteristic of the antiquary surveying some newly dug up relic of a past epoch. However, we were both sons of "that Old Grey Mother," and I readily accepted his invitation to step upstairs. Suggestive enough was the very first object that caught my eye upon entering, for over the door was placed by way of ornament a real skull with cross-bones. There it serenely rested, fixed to a shelf, and it seemed to be grinning horribly at me. I could have wished a more pleasant welcome after my long absence. "The years fly past, and are lost to me, lost to me," I had said to myself all the morning as I wandered along, and that skull certainly brought the fact home to me with a vengeance! Clearly my successor was a bit of a mystic! I pictured him to myself reading for a class by the midnight oil, and occasionally stimulating his flagging interest by casting a philosophic glance at the skull to bethink him of the flight of time and man's "little day" for work.

After having taken notice of what to the uninitiated would have appeared mere trifles, and not wishing to trespass any longer, I prepared to leave, but I felt that that short time spent in the Ancient Upper Chamber had not been spent in vain.

Wanted to Know.

- If W-t-k-n likes Flag Days.
If Gil-r-th uses "Revivo."
Was the hair-brush a "Coincidence."?
"Popsy."
Why "Granville" visited "K of K"?
Who told the French examiner—"Vous avez
soixante ans, Monsieur."
"Gollywog."
Who is using Antipon in Va?
Has he tried the V.T.C.?
Why "Sconny" parts his hair in the middle?
Who likes Preston matches?
If Mack - - nie is a Scotsman?
If so—"stands Scotland where it did"?
Does "Sidney" still "dot" his "i"?
[What some of the above mean? Ed.]

"Old Stocktonians."

ROLL OF HONOUR.

"PRO PATRIA."

Rifleman J. Armstrong (France—wounded); Quart. Master
 Sergt. G. R. Atkinson; Sergt. H. Bowery; Sapper E. Brown;
 Driver H. Bulmer (France); Sergt. H. Blench; Pte. F. J. Beards;
 Lance-Corpl. H. Bishop; Driver H. Broadbent (France); Sapper
 R. Bagley; Sapper J. Borrie; 2nd Lieut. J. Barr; Sapper J.
 Cheseldine; Pte. H. Castle; Corpl. W. Corner; Bombardier R.
 Crookston; Corpl. C. Counter; Pte. T. Connelly; R. Clews;
 Pte. N. Dowse; Pte. H. Dickinson (killed in France); Warrant
 Officer P. Dixon (France); Pte. C. J. Dresser; Pte. L. Daniels;
 R. L. Dickinson (H.M.S. Liffey); Corpl. G. Elliott; Trooper R.
 Elliott (France); Pte. C. Elliott; Lance-Corpl. A. Fawell;
 Rifleman S. Flockton (France—wounded); Rifleman J. H. Fenny;
 Corpl. T. Grainger; Pte. G. Green; Pte. N. Green; Gunner V.
 Gibson; 2nd Lieut. W. Hansell (France); 2nd Lieut. R. J. Harris;
 Corpl. R. Harrison; Petty Officer M. Hale; Pte. H. Horn;
 Engineer Telegraphist F. Hale (B.E. Africa); 2nd Lieut. H.
 Heavisides; Pte. E. Harper; Corpl. A. Inglis; 2nd Lieut. W.
 Inglis; Gunner F. Jackson (France); Pte. R. E. Jackson (France);
 Pte. H. Jones; Pte. G. Jones (France—died from wounds); Sergt. H.
 Jennings; Trooper T. Jobling; Lance-Corpl. V. Jobling; Walter
 Jewitt; Pte. R. Kistler; 2nd Lieut. J. Leader; Sergt. W. Lumsden;
 Corpl. H. Ludbrook (France); Driver H. Moss (France); Pte. V.
 McCourt; Pte. A. McLennan (Malta); Pte. B. Neasham (France);
 2nd Lieut. C. Nattrass; Pte. A. C. Noble (France—wounded);
 Lance-Corpl. R. Nicholson; Pte. T. O'Grady (France—missing);
 Corpl. H. Pickles (France—wounded); Corpl. H. Pearson; Lance-
 Corpl. J. Pratt; Lance-Corpl. T. Pigg; Pte. T. Parry (German E.
 Africa); Midshipman R. Prest (H.M.S. Otway); Pte. R. Plowman;
 Gunner L. Pringle (France); Lance-Corpl. I. Pugh; Corpl. A. Rogers
 (France); Sergt. G. Redhead (killed in France); Gunner W.
 Reyer (France); Sergt. D. Raper; Pte. A. Rowlands (France);
 Corpl. H. Ransome; Corpl. F. Simmons; Gunner G. Shaw (France);
 Pte. R. Snowdon; Pte. G. Spark (France); Lance-Corpl. P.
 Seymour; Petty Officer W. Sugden (Malta); Sergt. M. Smith;
 Pte. A. Richardson; 2nd Lieut. J. G. Taylor; 2nd Lieut. E. Taylor;
 Pte. F. Thompson; Pte. E. Thompson (France); Pte. V. Verrill;
 Corpl. F. Verrill (France); Sapper F. Walker (Dardanelles);
 Pte. T. Willey; Rifleman S. Willey (France—wounded); 2nd
 Lieut. C. Ward; Pte. J. Wake (France—wounded); Pte. J. Waller;
 Corpl. N. Wardell; Corpl. E. Wood; Trooper B. A. Watson;
 Lance-Corpl. R. Wood; Corpl. W. Teasdale; Pte. H. Williams;

Of our wounded "Old Stocktonians," we have on the whole a good report. James Armstrong and John Wake have been in

the firing line again, though we understand that the latter has recently met with a severe sprain in falling down a 'Jack Johnson' hole. Mr. Noble is convalescing near Southampton, while Harry Pickles speaks in high terms of his treatment in a hospital at Bristol. Sidney Flockton, after being in bed for six weeks at the Royal Infirmary, Sheffield, is at last able to sit up, and Mrs. Willey informs us that Stanley is making progress in London.

In addition to the Old Stocktonians, the following are some of the 'Old Boys' who are at present serving with H.M. Forces:—

P. Ainsworth; Sergt-Instr. Allen (Staff); W. Atkin (wounded); G. L. Barton; J. Barton; G. Blakey; J. L. Barton; G. Brown (wounded); R. Bielby; S. Buffham; 2nd Lieut. S. Cairns; E. Carter; A. Cruddace; J. Darnbrough; F. Dives (wounded); R. Doughty; C. F. Durkin (wounded); R. Dalkin; A. Fenny; N. Foster; C. Gooding (wounded); J. Griffiths; R. Gibson (Australians); W. Hodgson; J. Ingledew (killed); S. James; P. King; W. King; J. Kelly (wounded); 2nd Lieut. M. Kelley; L. Lewis; W. Murray; E. Mackenzie; Corpl. Morgan (Staff); E. Nicholson; D. Ostle; S. Ostle; H. Ostle; C. Ingman; A. Porter; D. Porter; 2nd Lieut. A. Pescod; B. Robson; J. Smithson; H. Stobbs; E. Stephenson; R. H. Shepherd; W. Turpin; 2nd Lieut. K. Thompson; A. Thompson; J. Thirlwell; T. Tyson; F. Tuck; Major E. J. Stream (Staff); J. Urwin; J. Waller; T. Waters; G. H. Walton; W. Wilson (Canadians); R. Wood; F. Williams; P. W. Wilkinson; W. Wright; Lieut. T. Welch (Staff).

Mr. L. Winn, 6, Poplar Grove, will be pleased to hear of any further 'Old Boys.'

IN MEMORIAM.

PRIVATE G. E. JONES, 5th D.L.I.—died of wounds—May 2.

PRIVATE H. C. DICKINSON, 5th D.L.I.—killed in first line trenches—May 19.

SERGEANT G. W. REDHEAD, 5th D.L.I.—killed in first line trenches—May 21.

* * * * *

The month of May was a painful one in our annals, for in that month three of our members laid down their lives valiantly fighting for their King and country. How can we speak of the intense pain which we felt when the news came that first George Jones, then George Redhead, then Harry Dickinson had answered the last Roll Call and had made the greatest sacrifice which the Motherland can ever ask of her sons? But, with the tear still in our eye, we found ourselves always recalling Macaulay's immortal lines—

"For how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds
 For the ashes of his fathers
 And the temples of his Gods?"

And as the full sense of the poet's words, for the first time perhaps, came to us, we took courage and reflected proudly that the heroes were our own boys, that they had worked in our own class-rooms, that they had frolicked in our own school grounds.

We remembered, too, that all were manly, honourable, and unassuming young Englishmen, on the threshold of useful and possibly brilliant careers, who leaving comfortable homes and loving parents had dedicated their lives on the altar of duty.

Then we humbly thanked God, who had given us boys who knew not only how to live but also how to die.

* * * * *

In some corner of Northern France, our three Old Stocktonians lie, but their example lives after them shedding a shining and glorious lustre on the School which they were ever proud to call their own.

"THE WAR—AS SEEN BY OLD STOCKTONIANS."

GEORGE SPARK (of Newby Terrace), writing from "Newly Dug-Out," somewhere in France, sighs for a cup of real English tea, and says:—

"The nearest go I ever had was with a 'coal-box,' which burst about ten yards away among a lot of chaps. I was standing at the time with two more fellows, and the concussion picked us up in the air and chucked us in a heap two or three yards away. The men in the thick of it were frightfully hurt, but except for a ripped puttee from a splinter I was none the worse.

On another occasion when out with a despatch, three shrapnel shells burst above me, and I quite gave up hopes of getting through (it is quite surprising how quickly one's thoughts travel in cases like this—one thinks of a hundred things in less than a second), but I picked myself up unhurt and got on with the despatch. Sounds as if I deserved the V.C., doesn't it? But, of course, these things are nothing but every day experiences and keep the excitement and interest up.

On May 2nd, I saw the worst cases of asphyxiation since coming out. The men I pitied most were the Indians who were trying to drag themselves back to some shelter, but many were falling on the way and were unable to get up. Of course we did all we could for them. One of our chaps offered an Indian some water, but he would not take it from an unbeliever's hands, although, poor beggar, his tongue was absolutely parched."

H. PICKLES, describing an operation for the removal of a piece of shrapnel from his neck, writes:—

"After an injection I was carried up to the theatre. I told the doctor that I did not care for 'theatres,' but preferred 'picture palaces.' After a good laugh he set to work by placing a little frame of wire and canvas over my nose and mouth. I felt him drop some chloroform on the canvas and he told me to go on breathing. I did so, and imagined my head was growing larger and larger until—bang, it went off like a 'Jack Johnson' into a thousand sparks and pieces. Then—oblivion."

W. REYER, serving with the North Riding Heavy Battery, with refreshing optimism says:—

"I am confident we shall come home as proudly as anyone. We are lucky to be heavy artillery, as we are comparatively safe. We can do plenty of damage without much fear to ourselves. Nobody cares now for anything, and the people at home would be quite comfortable if they could be here for a day with us."

Another "Old Stocktonian" writes:—

"The Maoris from New Zealand are here, and five hundred are attached to our battalion for training. They are a decent set of chaps, mostly well-to-do, and speak English very fluently."

BEN NEASHAM, R.A.M.C., attached to Grenadier Guards, says:—

"Camping out last night and it poured down. Another chap and I managed to make a fine shelter with our ground sheets and I slept better than in billets. I have managed to find some old sacks and these, together with my waterproof ground sheet, make a very decent bivouac, although it is a bit cramped. Unfortunately my feet stick out at the bottom, so I have to curl up when it rains.

The sun is red hot and is scorching my back as I lie on the grass writing this. I could just do with a nice dip in the sea. I manage to have a bath occasionally, but only with a bucket in the middle of a field."

FRED HALE speaks of doing a hundred miles a day on his motor bike to superintend gangs doing telegraph repairs—also of a classical concert—at, of all places, Mombasa.

ALF FAWELL, writing from the island of Sheppey, speaks in glowing terms of the joys of cold beef and pickles for breakfast and rhubarb and custard for dinner.

Marine Engineer B. WEARS, S.S. Homer City, describing a voyage from America to Havre, says:—

"As we neared the Channel, things began to get exciting again. We had lifeboat drill frequently, and as we came abreast of the Scillies, the boats were swung out on the davits permanently. I don't mind owning that I had my gear packed and roped together and my life-belt ready for a moment's notice, and it will be the same on the outward voyage again. I kept the Chinese firemen on my watch up to their work by telling them seriously and often, 'You no keepee steam, ship go heap slow, ship go slow, get sunk. Savee?' and you can bet your boots the pressure went up again. We did twelve knots up the Channel. You can understand there was a sense of relaxed tension on board when we dropped anchor in the Roads at Havre and slipped under the sheltering wing of the French Navy. A little black destroyer circled round us all the time we lay out there—two days and two nights."

—

LIEUT. HANSELL, 6th D.L.I., writing from France, says:—

"Our fellows exploded another mine last night under a farmhouse held by the enemy. The row was tremendous, bricks and bits of Germans flying everywhere—a grand sight!

We are back in the trenches—first-class ones this time! Everything is beautiful and clean. We have a ripping dug-out fitted up with wire spring bedsteads made of old boxes and wire netting, covered with sand-bags stuffed with straw. We have a silver-mounted lamp which reposes on a table actually boasting a snow-white cloth. Our servants collected some empty shell cases and have gathered poppies, blue-bells and marguerites. The place is almost like home. It lacks only a piano. Our trench here runs through a wheat-field, and there is a beautiful little orchard just across the way where we have tea, followed by strawberries, raspberries and condensed milk—it is an Eden without an Eve."

—

L. V. PRINGLE, in a letter from France, says:—

"There was great excitement in some trenches just on our left last night. The Germans shelled with shrapnel and high explosives, mined some of our trenches, and then tried to advance. One of our batteries opened fire and did so well that they, along with the infantry, kept them back. One of our trenches was held by three men."

—

JOHN WILLEY, writing from Chelsea barracks, humorously suggests to his people that they should send him a bar of Lifebuoy soap, as the scented soap supplied is not very efficacious for washing dirty handkerchiefs, etc.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. J. W. WARDELL, who sends us a most interesting and highly descriptive account of his life in the wilds of Siberia. Mr. Wardell, who is at present engaged in the construction and re-modelling of Copper Smelting works, is one of the most distinguished of our Old Boys, and we send him and his good lady the very heartiest of greetings.

TOM PARRY, going out in a balloon on a scouting expedition in German East Africa, had the misfortune to sprain his arm.

Societies.—Boys.

ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition has come and gone. In its new home the show was certainly a success, though we should have welcomed a few more parents to see the work we are capable of. The section of engineering models (including the dynamo which would not go) was a new departure, and since we are specialising so strongly on our engineering, we should see by next year a really powerful collection of exhibits. We think undoubtedly that the section which attracted most attention was that of the historical models. The ballista or machine for hurling stones afforded no little amusement to certain aimless small boys. The siege tower was much admired, and one very unfeeling master sighed for the erection of a larger pillory and stocks in Form II room.

There was, however, one regret—the same old complaint—the work for competition was much too small in amount. The standard was remarkably high, but quality without quantity scarcely satisfies us. The grievance was aggravated this year, for several who had promised exhibits failed us. We can only look ahead again and trust that next year enough time may be stolen from the enervating influences of the picture palace to enable some creditable manual work to be turned out. It only remains to wish all our members a happy and peaceful holiday, and trust that artists and photographers at least will take full advantage of the opportunity to prepare exhibits for next year.

PRIZE WINNERS.

ART—E. Goodchild, S. Goodchild.

CRAFTS—F. Elcoat, T. Greathead.

PHOTOGRAPHY—T. Lewis.

COLLECTIONS—E. D. Lofthouse.

Echoes from Class-Room and Corridor.

"If your French homework is not done better next time, you will go to detention."

"The cause of the Peasant's Revolt was that a shilling poultice was put on everyone over sixteen."

"When the garment has been washed always hang up by the shoulders: For instance, blouses, pinafores, pillow-cases, stockings, handkerchiefs."

The Sports—(Girls).

The First Annual Sports of the Secondary School for Girls were held on Friday, June 11th. The weather was glorious and a very large number of parents and friends were present. As this was the first Sports of the Girls' School, both the staff and the girls were most anxious that they should prove a great success.

This Sports Day was unique in more ways than one. Previous to the day, the girls themselves held a meeting and expressed a desire that, this year, the money which had usually been spent in prizes should be sent to some War Relief Fund. Naturally this was readily agreed to and £4 was sent to the Belgian Relief Fund and £4 to the Serbian Relief Fund.

The staff, feeling that the girls should have some memento of the occasion, provided cards, decorated with the flags of the Allies and bearing the name of the race and the winner. There was keen competition for all the races, the various houses manifesting great excitement as their points began to increase.

When the races were over Mrs. Samuel presented the certificates to the girls. She also spoke a few words telling them how much they should appreciate athletics in their school life and how delighted she was that they had so generously given up their prizes. Miss Dingle proposed, and Emily Watson, the School Champion, seconded that a vote of thanks be given to Mrs. Samuel. This was passed unanimously.

Councillor Natrass then proposed "Three Cheers" for Miss Nelson and the Staff, and the Meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

SPORTS OFFICIALS.

JUDGES—Miss Nelson, Miss Brown, Miss Miller, Miss McLeod, Miss Pirie.

HANDICAPPER—Miss Brothers.

STARTERS—Miss Gwynne, Miss Varey.

STEWARDS—The Staff, The House Captains and Prefects.

SECRETARY—Miss Dingle.

PRIZE WINNERS.

- HIGH JUMP (Junior). Height 3 ft. 6 ins.—1st—B. Dodds, 2nd—M. Cheseldine.
- HIGH JUMP (Senior). Height 4 ft. 2 ins. 1st—E. Watson, 2nd—N. Gibson.
- 100 YDS. (Junior)—1st—Marian Thompson, 2nd—Margaret Elliott.
- EGG AND SPOON—1st—Nellie Eke, 2nd—C. Peart.
- POTATO—1st—Emily Watson, 2nd—Lizzie Tulip.
- BICYCLE TORTOISE—M. Tose.
- THREE LEGGED RACE (Junior)—1st—C. King, S. Waring, 2nd—A. Ingram, M. Bateman.
- THREE LEGGED RACE (Senior)—1st—E. Watson, N. Watson, 2nd—R. Shipley, E. Cook.
- 100 YDS. (Senior)—1st—L. Tulip, 2nd—E. Watson.
- DRIBBLING HOCKEY BALL—1st—E. Watson, 2nd—R. Shipley.
- LITTLE SISTERS' RACE—1st—E. Cook, 2nd—E. Nichols.
- JUNIOR FORM RELAY (IIIa)—F. Urwin, D. Pickles, D. Robson, W. Hughes.
- SENIOR FORM RELAY (VIb)—M. Nightingale, E. Watson, N. Watson, R. Henderson.
- HOUSE RELAY (Brown House)—N. Watson, A. Gibson, R. Henderson, W. Mellanby.
- MEDAL—HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP (Green House)—Captain, E. Watson.
- CUP—Emily Watson. 12 points.

School News.

HOUSE REPORT. GIRLS.

During the hot days, when the class-rooms resounded with the groans of the weary victims who were being dragged by the scruff of the neck up the slopes of Parnassus, we all sighed for the hills and longed for the picnics. Of course, rain fell on the first picnic day, and members of the Green House felt that the river no longer called to them, while the cyclists in the Red House regretfully thought of the energy wasted in cleaning their machines. Weather permitting, the arrangements for House picnics are now as follows:—

Blue House...
Brown House	Kildale
Green House	River Picnic to Leven
Red House	Dinsdale

Since the last number of this magazine appeared the Red House has lost its captain, Connie Prest. As Head Prefect, School Captain, Sports Champion and House Captain she was well known and well liked. She is greatly missed in school, but we all wish her success in her new life. Miriam Milburn succeeds her as Captain of Red House. Emily Watson, the Green House Captain, is now School Champion.

HOUSE REPORT. BOYS.

It seems to me a matter of increasing difficulty to get the House cricket matches played off. There seems to be so much to do in the delightful summer term. The school cricket matches, the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, the Sports Day, the Speech Day—and one might even add examinations—all seem to interfere with life's more important business, such as the playing of House cricket matches. So it comes about that up to the time of writing only two matches have been played. In the first—a match of earnest effort and small scores—the Brown House defeated the Green House by 47 runs to 36. In the second game the Red House defeated the Blue House by 100 runs to 61. This game was memorable for producing some of the worst fielding ever seen by the eye of man and for the broken pavilion window. We hope to get the remaining matches worked off in the near future.

The writer of this report was highly interested in his visit to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, but would add his wail to that of the official chronicler of the exhibition, that so few boys spend their winter nights profitably on the production of competition work. There was abundant evidence of the existence of talent; alas! that it was not more persistently and patiently applied! A highly interesting report on the sports will be found on another page. Witnessing the contests from the House point of view, we were struck by the following facts. There is undoubtedly an upward tendency in the costume in which boys turn out for the races. Very few boys this year elected to run in oilskins and Wellington boots, or in frock coats and top hats (we speak of course metaphorically). A second point was the even showing of the Houses. To find only seven points between the top and bottom Houses is indeed remarkable, and is preferable to a runaway victory for one House with the remaining three nowhere. But best of all was the House mile. To run a mile is a pretty stiff task for anybody, especially after running in other events. Now this year, of a "field" of sixteen only one failed to turn out, and more praiseworthy still, only one of the fifteen failed to finish. Now this is just the kind of thing we have tried to teach and is as it should be. It is no sufficient excuse for not representing one's House that one "didn't want to" (alas! an excuse from real life!). No! House or School, higher than self, should be the rule, and many of these young Trojans stuck to it and finished when it was evident that they could not win anything for themselves, but might give the House a "leg up." Three cheers for the spirit and three more for the fourteen!

And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote:
"Play up! Play up! and play the game!"

The term is now well advanced and painful searchings and regrets for lost time remain. We have only to wish every one a happy holiday. Yes! a *happy* holiday, for "Daily Mail" posters and pessimism will not help us in time of crisis any more than in the piping times of peace.

CRICKET RESULTS.

June 5—Brown House 47	Green House 36 (Donkin, 5 wickets for 14)
June 14—Red House 100	Blue House 61
Wood 29	Cunliffe 22 (Plummer, 6 wickets for 22)

A

'Twas "Mary had a little lamb,"
Not many months ago,
But now she has to vegetate,
So high the prices grow.

Games Report—Girls.

SUMMER TERM, 1915.

The summer term again brings with it a scarcity of news to report, and as this term the magazine goes to print earlier than usual, we are more at a loss than is generally the case.

At the beginning of term there were several House hockey matches to be finished, and excitement as to which would carry off the cup grew high. The final struggle lay between the Blue House and the Green. This resulted in a victory for the Green, but then the question arose, "Were they entitled to the cup, as both they and the Blues had lost only one match?"

Tradition decided the matter. Goals were counted, and the cup awarded to the highest scorer. The Greens triumphed by the narrow margin of two. We heartily congratulate them on the victory, and at the same time offer our felicitations to the runners up. Seldom before has the Blue House gained such a high position.

Tennis was started in May under favourable auspices, as this year we have been fortunate enough to obtain every week, courts in the Park. Up to the present only one match has been played—the School v. the Staff. For the latter, Miss Gwynne and Miss Brothers played 1st couple, Misses Thomson and Dingle 2nd. For the School, Emily Watson and Norah Watson played as 1st, Amy Gibson and Edith Leader as 2nd.

The game between the first couples proved long and severe, E. Watson playing successfully at the net, and her partner being responsible for everything on the back line. The Staff had much difficulty in establishing a lead all the way through, and won the first sett by 7-5 only. The second proved even longer and more severe, the games rising steadily from 5-5 to 13 all; victory only resting with the Staff by the last two games (15-13).

Against the Staff 2nd couple the School 1st won an easy victory (6-1, 6-2); their 2nd, too, beat the same couple, but lost against the Staff 1st, the result thus being in events and setts a draw, but by games a win to the School by 4.

The full score is as follows:—

Events, 2-2 Setts. 4-4 Games, 39-43

The return match has not yet been played, but we hope to arrange it shortly. We expect also to play a match with the Henry Smith School, Hartlepool, but at present find it difficult to fix a date.

As for cricket, it has suffered this year for several reasons; one being that as Sports Day fell earlier than usual, much time at the beginning of the term was spent in practising for that great event. Another reason is that tennis has proved such a strong counter attraction. A match, however, has been arranged with Yarm Grammar School for Thursday, 1st July, and we hope for a good audience.

We have to record an inter-form match (the Vs v. the IVs), which took place on Wednesday evening, 23rd June.

The Vs won the toss and decided to bat first, E. Cook and R. Shipley facing the bowling of O. Idle and M. Flockton. Several catches were missed by the IVs, but on the whole the fielding was fairly good, M. Flockton distinguishing herself by making some good catches at mid-on. The bowling, too, was fair, considering the state of the pitch, D. Carter and C. Hicks each taking 3 wickets for 9 and 19 respectively, and O. Idle showing promising style. The Vs came out for 46 runs.

W. Mellanby and E. Wintersgill then opened IV's innings, the former making a good stand and coming out with the top score—18, and the latter usefully backing her up.

Both the bowling and the fielding of the Vs were very poor (they have still to learn to be on the alert, and that the most likely attitude for catching is *not* to stand with one's hands behind one's back). They had much difficulty in disposing of the IVs; in fact, when the score stood at 56 for 5 wickets, the IVs declared, the result thus being a victory for them by 10 runs and 6 wickets.

For the Vs, R. Carter made a fair stumper, E. Shepherd fielded well, and G. Cardno took 3 wickets for 9 runs.

The next Form match we hope to play is IVs v. VIs. This should prove an exciting game.

We are just in time to publish the result of the cricket match, played on Thursday, 1st July, against Yarm Grammar School.

We batted first and scored 94 runs, N. Watson making the top score (46) and L. Lennard 16. The Yarm XI was dismissed for 14, N. Watson taking 2 wickets. We thus won the match by 80 runs.

"For sale, baker's business; good trade; large oven; present owner been in it for seven years; good reason for leaving."

Athletics.

CRICKET.—BOYS.

The season so far has been fairly successful. We have played 7 matches, won 3, lost 3, and drawn 1. This is quite equal to former records, and we must take into consideration the fact that only on one occasion have we turned out with our team at full strength.

Certain members of the XI have shown consistency in batting, but we have frequently been severely handicapped by the absence of one or more of our bowlers. The fielding is certainly better than at the beginning of the season, but there is still much room for improvement.

Our first match was with Middlesbrough High School 1st XI, when the School amassed the creditable score of 104 (Williams 47) to our opponents' 151.

On a soft wicket we defeated Hugh Bell School by 13 runs (S.S.S. 38, H.B.S. 25). After an exciting game we beat the Grammar School by 2 runs, Cunliffe and Johnson on this occasion wielding the willow with considerable success. S.S.S. 36, S.G.S. 34 (King 6 for 16). We were somewhat unfortunate in our next match with Middlesbrough High School 2nd XI, who easily defeated us.

At Preston in a night match the School was beaten by 6 runs after playing an uphill game in semi-darkness, but our XI re-asserted itself in our next game at Norton, snatching a victory on time. S.S.S. 116 (Donkin 35), Norton 84. The second Preston match was drawn. S.S.S. 103 for 6 (H. King 28, Williams 25 not out), Preston 74 for 9.

A second match arranged with Norton for June 29 resulted in a "farce" game, several members of both teams forgetting to put in an appearance.

We hope before the end of the term to play the Staff. The season has been a thoroughly enjoyable one, and has served to bring forward several promising players. W.R.W.

The official but somewhat useless presiding genius of the team wishes to place on record his appreciation of the highly efficient manner in which the two successive captains and the secretary have arranged and organised the season's campaign. Furthermore, the genial way in which they have fulfilled his every wish, condoned his eccentricities and soothed his irritabilities is beyond all praise. The season's undoubted success from a playing point of view is entirely due to them, and their unflinching tact suggests that a high career awaits them in the diplomatic service.

NOTELETS.

We this term have taken a fond farewell of **WILLIAMS**, who for several years has been a great sports' stalwart. Head of his House prefect, and captain of both cricket and football, his loss will be severely felt. He recently celebrated his entry into public life by giving a banquet to his numerous friends, and shortly intends to issue a volume of "Reminiscences of a Red-cap." The chapters devoted to Eaglescliffe (with an introduction by Watkin) should prove extremely interesting.

WILLIAM RAMSAY WATKIN has a style somewhat suggestive of Ranji, combining an elegance of method with a perfection of execution. A great friend of Williams, the two are often to be seen together, no doubt discussing the high prices of provisions, or the sins and enormities of little brothers.

KING, H. has done exceedingly well this season as a bowler, and his length is perfect, when he is in form. At Preston he did very well with the bat, scoring seven boundaries in a very short time.

JOHNSON shows signs of making a very good batsman. It is confidently expected that if he learns to play with a straight bat, and acquires plenty of driving power, Durham will once again rank with the first-class Counties. We make no comment on his length. Blush, Freddie! Blush!

PLUMMER is a very fickle bowler, but, on his day, his trundling is of a very high quality, and even when bad luck dogs his steps, he still displays his usual cherry optimism.

ATKINSON is a very good all-round player, and when he chooses he can play a very good innings. He is always a willing worker, especially in the field, where he is very useful.

BATTY needs a good deal of training, and must learn to play with a straight bat. He has, however, saved several runs in the field.

HIND is a very steady player, and has a very good style. When he gets older our pavilion critic expects much good cricket from him. Now Norman!

TOMPKINSON has but lately come into the team, but has certainly earned the right to remain in it up to the present. He is a very smart fielder, and has in him the making of a good wicket-keeper. We should say he enjoyed the second Norton match. Oh Nunkey!

CUNLIFFE is becoming a veritable Jessop, and his hitting powers are developing rapidly. He must not hit out at every ball however, and must not "loft 'em." He must not in the language of 'Arry "'it 'em blooming 'igh, blooming 'ard, and blooming hofthen." He is a good change bowler.

DONKIN is a very good batsman with plenty of forcing strokes. A good slow bowler, and an excellent field, he may be regarded as one of the best players in the XI.

KING, L. has unfortunately only been able to play in two matches. On both occasions however he displayed good form with the ball, and in his second innings he made some good scoring strokes.

LEWIS, (T.), LOFTHOUSE, and **WOOD** have all played for the team and are all useful reserves.

SWIMMING CLUB—BOYS.

The routine of the Club is very similar to that of last season.

The Committee consists of one boy from each House:—

Cunliffe (Blue),	Goodchild, S. (Brown),
Lamplugh (Green),	Tompkinson (Red).

We have to report growing numbers and increased interest, Forms Vb and II showing up specially well. The average attendance for practice at the Baths is over 30, and though this is very satisfactory, we should be glad to have 50 boys each week. And why should we not in such a school as ours! We all know the value of being able to swim, and that alone should make every boy keen to be an accomplished swimmer, but when it is an art which is easy to learn and which moreover (unlike some things we need not mention) gives such enjoyment in the learning, we can hardly understand any boy who prefers to neglect such golden opportunities.

For the purpose of encouraging boys and standardising their attainments we have decided to grant Certificates of Proficiency of different grades to boys who have passed the necessary tests, and we expect to be able to publish later a good list of successful boys.

We show below the tests of the various grades, and any boy who wins the fourth grade certificate deserves high commendation.

As last year, our gala will be held early in October, and boys are expected to keep this well in mind during the vacation, for we want some really good racing.

TESTS FOR CERTIFICATES OF PROFICIENCY.

First or Learners' Grade.

Test: To swim one breadth.

Second Grade.

- Tests: 1 To swim one length (25 yards) in 30 seconds.
 2 To swim a good breast stroke.
 3 To dive from the side.

Third Grade.

- Tests: 1 To swim 25 yards (one length) in 25 seconds.
 2 To swim 25 yards back stroke and be able to float.
 3 To swim a good overarm stroke.
 4 To tread water for two minutes.
 5 To dive from first step of diving board.
 6 To swim nine lengths ($\frac{1}{8}$ mile).

Fourth Grade.

- Tests: 1 To swim 50 yards (two lengths) in 50 seconds.
 2 To dive from diving board top.
 3 To swim 25 yards on back pulling a boy.
 4 To pick up an object from 6 ft. clear water.
 5 To show success in instructing a learner in breast stroke.
 6 To swim quarter mile (18 lengths).

The School Sports (Boys).

Those of us, who were honoured by an invitation to assist in preparing the ground for the events of the Great Day, felt considerable trepidation whenever we cast nervous glances towards the heavy lowering sky. When some one positively alleged at 11-5 a.m., June 25th precisely, that he had felt a drop of rain on his hand, a visible shudder passed round the circle. At 11-52 a.m., an incurable optimist asserted that he could see something like the sun through the clouds, and, as is usually the case,

optimism proved to be the better policy. When the Sports commenced at 4 p.m., it was much warmer, and though never bright, the clouds were high enough to free our minds from care. The attendance of friends was most encouraging and did much to contribute to the acknowledged success of the day.

The events produced no school records, the nearest approach being Harold King's high jump of 5 ft. 1 in., which equalled McWilliam's school record set up last year. Our last sentence is scarcely correct for we *had* a record and a splendid one. This was the finish of the school mile. To finish 14 out of a field of 16 is much better than we have ever done before. John Connors won this excellent race for the third year in succession. We would also refer to the excellent showing of Burgess Teasdale who actually carried off more points than any other boy in the school though of course the Wheelbarrow Race is not a Championship event. We hope we see in him a future school champion.

The two Old Stocktonian events were highly interesting although of course the entries were fewer than usual. Harold Bishop, who turned up in khaki and had a great reception at the Prize Distribution, won the mile race for the third year in succession.

The Competitions were fittingly brought to an end by the running of two races for consolation prizes kindly presented to us by Messrs. Woodroffe. Lewis Leckenby won the boys' race, and Joan Salmon the girls'. Joan had to be lifted on to the table so that the visitors in the stand might see her receive her prize.

We were proud that the Mayor had found time to rush from another engagement to distribute the prizes for us. When this was satisfactorily accomplished (including the hair-brush!) we gave three very good cheers for Colonel Cameron and Captain Welch (Military Cross), and the singing of the National Anthem brought to an end another happy day, a red letter day in the calendar of our school life, a glittering star in the past when some day we take—

One look back—as we hurry o'er the plain,

Man's years speeding us along—

One look back! From the hollow past again,

Youth come flooding into song!

Tell how once in the breath of summer air,

Winds blow fresher than they blow;

Times long hid, with their triumph and their care,

Yesterday—many years ago.

TABULATED RESULTS.

SCHOOL MILE—1st—J. Connors (R.), 2nd—J. Atkinson (G.), 3rd—W. Watkin (R.).

$\frac{1}{2}$ MILE—1st—J. Connors (R.), 2nd—J. McWilliams, (Bl.), 3rd—K. Gilbraith (Br.). 2 mins. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.

$\frac{1}{4}$ MILE—1st—G. Fenby (Bl.), 2nd—B. Teasdale (R.), 3rd—S. Callender (Bl.). 57 secs.

SENIOR 100 YDS.—1st—S. Callender (Bl.), 2nd—H. King, (Br.), 3rd—H. Ward (R.). 12 secs.

JUNIOR 100 YDS.—1st—F. Mellanby (Br.), 2nd—B. Teasdale (R.), 3rd—W. Shann (Br.). 13 $\frac{3}{8}$ secs.

CRICKET BALL—1st—L. King (G.), 2nd—N. Donkin (Br.), 3rd—S. Callender (Bl.). 75 yds.

HIGH JUMP—1st—H. King (Br.), 2nd—J. McWilliams (Bl.), 3rd—J. Robinson (Br.). 5 ft. 1 in.

OBSTACLE RACE—1st—T. Barratt (G.), 2nd—H. Wood (R.), 3rd—G. Lawson (G.).

THREE LEGGED RACE—1st—A. Brown, J. Bowey (Br.), 2nd—L. Hewgill, L. Crooks (R.), 3rd—W. Wilson, L. Wood (Br.).

WHEELBARROW RACE—1st—B. Teasdale, R. Lugg (R.), 2nd—A. Brown, J. Bowey (Br.), 3rd—T. Olver, T. Barratt (G.).

SACK RACE—1st—W. Ringquest (Bl.), 2nd—W. Cardno (G.), 3rd—W. Eke (Bl.).

OLD STOCKTONIANS.

100 YDS.—1st—W. Gill, 2nd—A. Griffiths. 12 secs.

OLD BOYS' MILE—1st—H. Bishop, 2nd—W. Gill. 5 mins. 26 secs.

JUNIOR GIRLS.

100 YDS.—1st—Kathleen Peacock, 2nd—Louisa Pinkney.

EGG AND SPOON RACE—1st—Isa Slack, 2nd—Alice Brown.

THREE LEGGED RACE—1st—Dorothy Gaunt, Louisa Pinkney, 2nd—Dorothy Stephenson, Kitty Davidson.

HOUSE POINTS.

Brown House 19 pts. Red House 19 pts.

Blue House 16 pts. Green House 12 pts.

The Championship for Houses is thus held jointly by the Brown House and and the Red House.

School Champion—John Connors, 6 pts.

The Red House won the House Team Race (1 mile). S.

