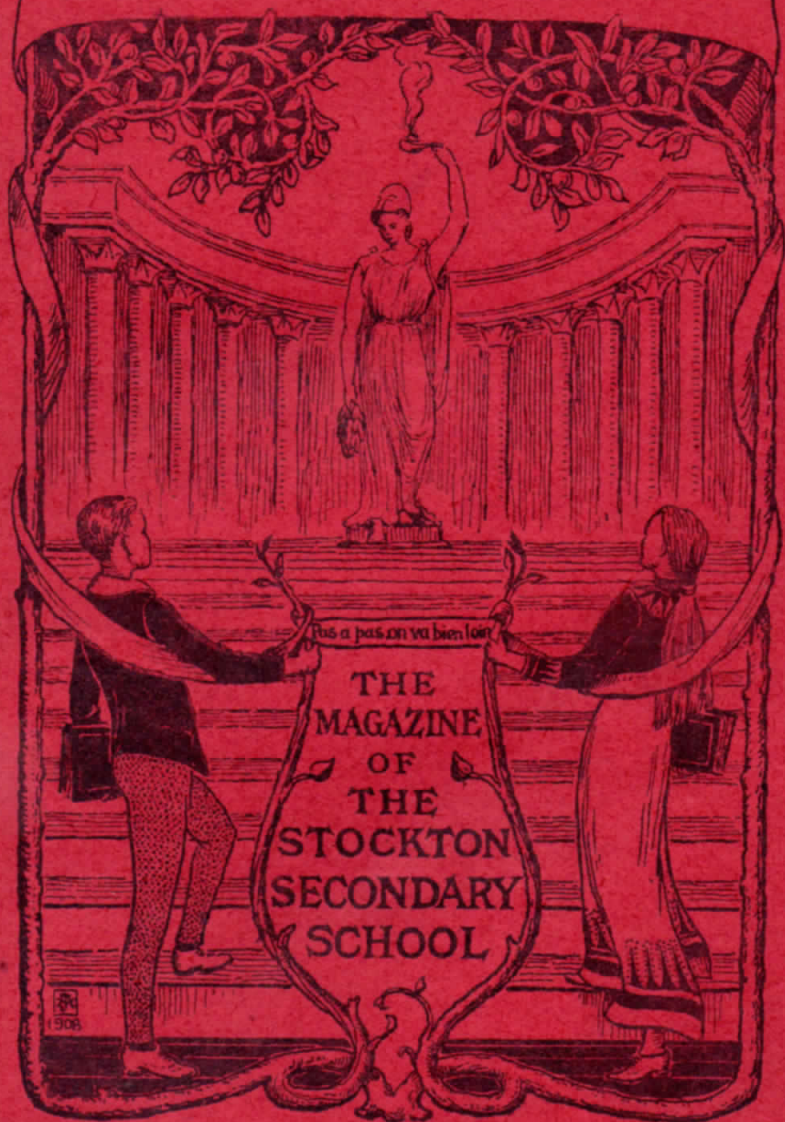


THE  
STOCKTONIAN.



NOT TO BE TAKEN AWAY

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

VOL. V.

EASTER, 1916.

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.

If it is true that "coming events cast their shadows before," then the appearance of our School Magazine, which we hope will be appreciated by our readers, is an indication that the long-wished-for holiday is near at hand. This term we have certainly been subject to all the whims and caprices of the Weather Clerk, and our fixture cards have been sadly disarranged. However, we are hoping that he will be on his best behaviour now that April's here.

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Little more than mere passing comment on our pages is required. We are thankful for the ready response to our call for contributions, and we are pleased to record that our Upper Forms have taken to heart the hint in our last Editorial.

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The war, which is unfortunately still darkening our horizon, is making its presence felt in many ways. Even our Magazine is not to escape its baneful effects! Owing to the rise in the price of paper, the cost of producing our Magazine is greatly increased. It will therefore be a hard struggle to make the proverbial ends meet, and we look for the loyal support and co-operation of all our readers.

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We are quite sure that all will be interested in the doings of our Old Boys and Girls, so many of whom are doing valiant service in this time of stress and strain.

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Since our last issue we have said farewell to two members of the Staff, Mr. Brown and Mr. Dumble. Mr. Brown left us to do munition work, and Mr. Dumble is now serving in the ranks of the London Scottish. We wish them both every success.

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To all our readers a peaceful Eastertide!

## Spring.

Come Spring with all thy beauty, come again,  
 Oh drive away the dreary winter days!  
 May we behold thee in the glorious sun,  
 Emerging with its beauteous golden rays.

Calm peaceful lanes, the birds, the buds, the trees,  
 Out live the winter, welcome thy return.  
 Morning dawns for them in thy gladdening smile;  
 Each for thy glorious sunshine now does yearn.

The frisking lambs do gambol to and fro,  
 Hark in the woods, birds' songs do fill the air;  
 O'er joyed are these; not drooping as before  
 Unmindful now of winter's great despair.

Sadness itself seems gone for evermore;  
 Perchance the small creation think it so,  
 Resuming once again their wonted joy  
 In life, which like a crystal stream doth flow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nought is there smiles like thee on earthly home  
 Great, glorious, life-restoring Spring now come!

S.C. VI.

## My journey from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean Sea.

I am the youngest member of a large family of water-drops and my name is Ocean Pearl. I, with my mother and father and my numerous brothers and sisters lived in the Atlantic Ocean, a little north of the Equator and just off the coast of Guinea. Though my home was very comfortable and my relatives were very kind to me, I was discontented and wanted to see more of the world. My enthusiasm increased on hearing an old friend relate to me his adventures in that beautiful world above our heads. One day, when I was weary of playing with my brothers and sisters, I stole into a quiet little corner under a rock and sat, looking towards the surface of the water, wondering if I should ever have the chance to see any more of the world than I did at present. Suddenly I heard my mother's voice saying "Ocean Pearl, come home at once, for a storm is coming on, and you will be separated from me if you do not hurry." I hastened to obey my mother, but I was too late, for no sooner had I risen from my place than I was carried with great force to the top of the Ocean, out of reach of my mother's voice, calling in vain for me to come home.

By the time I reached the surface of the water I was very surprised and breathless; but I was not at all afraid. On the contrary, I was very pleased with myself for performing a feat which few of my relatives could have done. I soon regained my breath, and, as I rested on the surface, I saw some huge, heavily made creatures gliding steadily over the water. I was greatly astonished, for I had never seen anything so large before, except the rocks near my own home. Afterwards I learnt that the name of these creatures was "ships." I had not rested very long, when I found myself being gradually absorbed into the air. It was a very queer sensation and I cannot explain it properly. Then I was carried at a great speed through the air, by the wind whose name I learnt was the South-West Monsoon. There were also other drops of water like myself who were converted into an invisible state. As we drew nearer the coast of Guinea, I saw, stretching in front of me, the great land of Africa. I had never imagined that it was half so large as this. On reaching the coast, many of my companions were dropped on the mountains of Guinea; but I, wishing to see more of the country, continued my journey with the South-West Monsoon. After leaving Guinea, we passed over a large amount of level land, which was called, the Sudan. This land was very hot, and my companions and I felt hot also. After we had passed over a great deal of country we came in sight of the high mountains of the Abyssinian Plateau and I wondered however we would cross; but the South-West Monsoon was not to be daunted, and rose high above mountains, in order to cross to the other side. As soon as we reached higher regions, my body became colder and heavier, so heavy, in fact, that I could keep up in the air no longer, but fell lower and lower until I reached the Abyssinian Plateau where I fell into a hollow in the ground.

The same thing happened to everyone of my friends, and our hollow soon became so full, that it overflowed and we ran merrily down the mountains side forming a stream. When our stream was a little larger it was called the Atbara. We were joined by other drops of water, and soon became quite a large river. When we reached the base of the mountain, we flowed into the river Nile, where we immediately began to flow more slowly. We did not flow slowly *all* the way for there were many falls and cataracts in the river, down which we rushed, having great fun. At last we reached Cairo, the Capital of Egypt, and the largest town in Africa, which is at the head of the delta. Here I saw immense triangular buildings called pyramids, which are supposed to be the tombs of the Pharaohs. We then flowed over the delta, past Alexandria, the chief port of Egypt into the Mediterranean Sea. Here I was separated from my friends, and I wondered where to go next. Suddenly I heard a voice, which I recognised to be that of my sister, calling me. She greeted me

with a number of questions which I answered as well as I could. She then escorted me home where my relatives welcomed me heartily. My mother scolded me a little for causing her so much anxiety; but my brothers and sisters looked upon me as a hero.

ELSIE PROCTOR, Form IIIA.

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## Old Girls' Association.

The O.G.A. has succeeded in making the most of its winter session. The Social held in January was a distinct success, over sixty members being present.

The Physical Culture Section has been well attended, and the enthusiasm of its members will reach its climax in the Social which is now being arranged for April 7th. This sub-section has managed to maintain its popularity and we heartily congratulate Miss Brothers on its success, and hope that more members will join next year. The Secretary, C. H. Toomer, will be pleased to receive names of intending members.

The O.G.A. Concert, held on March 3rd, was much appreciated by a large audience. As an Association, we are greatly indebted to the artistes who so willingly and ably assisted us. In replying to the vote of thanks to the artistes, Mr A. Wilson not only expressed his pleasure at being with us, but graciously offered his services on any future occasion. With such encouragement, the O.G.A. will not hesitate to make further ventures of this nature. The silver collection amounted to £3 12s. 6d., part of which has been sent to the Mayor's Fund for the "Star and Garter."

The following extracts from Old Boys' letters will be sure to interest our readers:—

"I received the cigarettes which the Old Girls so kindly sent. Although we receive a ration of cigarettes weekly, they are none too many and none too good, so that those from England are doubly welcome. Even the Indians, who are out here said, "Ration cigarette no d—— good!" (P. COHEN).

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"I am stationed at a very warm part of the front, and the Bosches often pay us particularly unwelcome attentions. Their shells make rather too much noise and kick up too much dirt to be pleasant. Weather conditions are rather trying, and it is no use trying to keep one's boots clean. But never mind, it's all in a good cause, and when we have well beaten these bounders I suppose we may turn to fancy socks again." (H. S. Moss).

"Please convey to the members of the O.G.A. my thanks for the parcel I received just before Xmas. The contents formed a valuable addition to our dinner, which was a really marvellous affair, consisting of stew, Xmas pudding, rice, champagne and cigars, etc. It sounds very grand, but our cooks are really wonderful chaps."  
(H. RANSOME).

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"When I opened my parcel, my sergeant said "Hello, who has sent you those lovely hankies?" "The Old Girls' sent them," I replied. He was greatly surprised at the disrespectful way I spoke of my mother. He was not only surprised, but pained. Of course explanations followed and we had a good laugh over the incident. I am no hand at writing a letter to a young lady, and when it comes to two at a time, I am fairly beaten. Here I am, sitting on the floor of an old stable, with pencil half-an-inch long, which keeps dropping out of my numbed fingers. The electric light is one flickering candle which keeps alight in spite of the many draughts as a result of the stable being 'bumped' by a stray shell. My secretaire is an old up-turned barrel. Outside is inky darkness only relieved by the star shells which are occasionally sent up by the Huns to see if we are up to any tricks. As these lights die away, it only adds to the darkness.

May your Association long prosper, and I trust we may soon have a glorious re-union."  
(GILBERT LAX).

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"I received the cigarettes in splendid condition, and in due course they disappeared into the atmosphere. This thoughtful act is one of the many that show the bond between the two Associations; a sympathy I hope to see cemented more and more as time passes."  
(W. REYER).

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"I ate the chocolate while doing my sentry. I was going to give a bit to Fritz, but he would not come near enough. The boys and I enjoyed the cigs—the first we'd had for some time. It was a jolly good idea of the Old Girls to send these parcels out to us Tommies. It shows we have good friends on the other side if not on this."  
(V. J. McCOURT).

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"After nearly nine months without seeing a white woman, the thought that someone at home is sufficiently interested to send out gifts to lost, stolen, or strayed units helps one to carry on."  
(F. T. WALKER).

# Examination Results, Christmas, 1915. (Boys).

	English	History	French	Maths	Physics	Chemistry	Geography	Art	Manual	Needlework
Form VI ...	Ward ] King ]	Callender Ward	King Lamplugh	Callender Connors	King Connors	King Connors	Connors Callender	Goodchild Callender		
Form Va ...	W. B. Noddings T. B. Noddings	Lewis W. B. Noddings	W. B. Noddings T. B. Noddings	W. B. Noddings T. B. Noddings	W. B. Noddings Plummer	W. B. Noddings Plummer	W. B. Noddings Lewis			
Form Vb 1st yr.	Arrowsmith Bush		Reed Lewis	Dudley Arrowsmith	Arrowsmith Dudley	Reed Stephenson		<b>Mech. Draw.</b> Arrowsmith Bush	Hewgill Williams	
Form Vb 2nd yr.	Allibone Elcoat		Elcoat Harland	Harland Lawson	Lawson ] Harland ] Allibone ]	Elcoat Harland		<b>Mech. Draw.</b> Elcoat	King Elcoat	
Form IVa ...	Siddle Rutherford	Siddle Prest	<sup>a</sup> Peacock Rutherford	Sturman Rutherford	Sturman Rutherford	Walker Sturman Rutherford ]	Sturman Siddle	Sturman Davison	Prest Sanderson ] Robson ]	
Form IVb ...	Dedman Cardno	Geary ] Dive ] Ball ]	<sup>c</sup> Walker Dedman	Cardno Eke	Eke C. Lofthouse	Jackson Wedgewood ] Bowey ]	R. L. Williams C. Lofthouse	Dive Blakey	Batratt Walker	
Form IIIa ...	Livingstone Walton	Atkinson Livingstone ] Plummer ] Wood ]	Walker Lumley	Bishop Wardell	Walker Kerr		Walker Atkinson	Atkinson Greathead	Wilson Atkinson	
Form IIIb ...	Taylor Allan ] Oliver ]	Taylor Powell	Holdsworth Hebron ] Taylor ]	Bell Marston	Woodhead Spink ] Harding ]		Liddle Hebron	Franklin Bell	Franklin Hardley	
Form II... ..	Screech E. Hewgill	E. Watt ] Livingston ] Mackie ]	W. Lamplugh L. Harding ] Screech ]	Medlock B. Graham			Williams Mackie	Crooks E. Hewgill ] Everett ]	Everett Curry	J. Salmon W. Lamplugh
Form I ... ..	W. Lund Clarke	Barker W. Lund ] Lang ]		Clarke Lang			Nattrass W. Lund	W. Lund Coates	Lang Thomas	B. Todd N. Stephenson

**German**—W. B. Noddings, T. B. Noddings. **Latin**—H. King. **Nature Study**—Form II—Joan Salmon, E. Watt. Form I—Clarke, H. Rowell.  
**Scripture**—Form IIIa—Wardell, Wood. Form II—Curry, L. Harding. Form I—Clarke, Barker.

## An Easy Lesson in Chemistry.

Some water and oil,  
One day had a broil,  
As down in a glass they were dropping;  
And would not unite,  
But continued to fight,  
Without any prospect of stopping.  
Some pearlash o'erheard,  
And quick as a word,  
He jumped in the midst of the clashing;  
When all three agreed,  
And united with speed,  
And soap was created for washing.

V.B.

## A Tale of a 'Troublesome Monkey.'

My grandfather told me a story of a monkey which was brought to Stockton on board a ship from across the seas. It was given to the proprietor of an inn in the High Street, and was placed in the stables of the inn. Now this monkey—like most monkeys—was up to all sorts of tricks, and its chief delight was to knock slates off the roofs of houses, and sometimes it would shake a chimney pot loose.

A farmer who had had a drop too much, one day set off for his home out Acklam way. Near St. John's Crossing there was a well which was called St. John's Well, and at this well the farmer watered his horse. The monkey, who had perhaps been in mischief that day, was sitting on the top of the well, and as it was dark the farmer did not see it.

While the horse was drinking, the monkey leaped on the back of the horse, and as it felt itself falling, it caught the man round the neck, and stuck its claws into the back of the horse. This caused such pain that the horse galloped off and did not stop until it got to its master's farm, where the farmer rolled off the horse's back dead. Doubtless he had thought that the Evil One had his hairy arms about his neck.

If you go down the Black Lion Yard you will see, set in the wall, a tombstone on which are the words, "Here lies Jack the Monkey." The writing, I may say, is now very indistinct.

E.S., IVB Boys.

They had been studying the ballad of the "Saucy Arethusa," and in the exam. he was asked to give the context of a quotation from it. He was not very sure of his spelling, and he wrote—"The 'Arethusa' had been cursing about the North Sea." After all he was probably right.



## Work of the Sixth.

We understand that the Elite Six have been studying Prosody. We had hopes however that they would have gone further than mastering the art of doggerel. But alas when quite recently they were left to a P.S. the poetry which issued from Room 6 was—ah well!

They were all deep in the research for knowledge, when along came our old friend the barrel organ. This was too much for one member a Rag Picker enthusiast. Lustily she cried to her comrade and brother:—

“Down your pen and no pretensions,  
Say Good-Bye to all declensions  
Say Good-Bye and I'll abuse you  
Everytime I must peruse you.”

Then out spoke her friend the Germanite:—

“Ach! ich do mit vous agree  
That studies are a bore  
Up! and let uns hab a spree  
And mak die udders roar.”

This was a grand opportunity for the Diligent Student who was dying to have a hit at the Prefects. She might well speak feelingly, not being a worthy Prefect.

“Tell me not ye mighty scholars,  
Prefects are a perfect dream;  
Or that they are really needed,  
They're not always what they seem.  
Life's a torment, life's a ————!”

But here she was interrupted. Many and great were the books hurled at the offender's head. Yes, life was a torment for her indeed! One of our worthy Prefects was particularly hurt by this. With great eloquence she recited:—

“Silence now your words of scorn,  
Against the Prefects please.  
I can say with verity  
My duty I perform.  
Be it great, be it small,  
I do it with great zest,  
So kindly leave such talk alone,  
That's what I *do* request.”

Loud was the applause which greeted this.

Thereupon it was thought to be high time the sweet little maiden at the back said something, so the following chorus ensued:—

Chorus—'Come on—your turn—don't swot.'

Maiden—'Oh, I really would rather not.'

C.—'Oh come on, fuzzy, just do.'

R.—Very well if it pleases you. (very demurely)

(Really the sixth have "Some Voice"). Is this the result of their visiting the Hippodrome, lately?

So very quietly and sweetly so as not to be thought undignified the maiden piped:—

"The way is long, the wind is cold,  
The Kaiser grows infirm and old."

'Censor! Censor'! was the cry. None of that in war time!!

So La Petite made another valiant attempt:—

"Breathes there a girl with soul so dead  
Who at exams. hath never said—  
Oh that my lessons I had read."

Surely a step worse—as was proved by a hasty rummaging in desks.

Still one more member to try her powers. She, poor child, was looking rather seedy. She recited with such feeling as to move one to tears:—

"Alas! and alack my words are few,  
All I can say is—I do rue.  
The study of Physiology,  
For I feel as if about to die."

Of course such rhyme was permissible for had they not learnt that 'drumstick' goes with 'ecclesiastic?'

The blowing of the whistle stopped any further entertainment.

Good thing too, say you, so say we. But still they hadn't finished. With great triumph they chanted:—

"Lessons, lessons, lessons, lessons,  
Lessons all the day,  
Oh what fun it is to us  
To put our books away.

Lessons, lessons, lessons, lessons,  
Lessons all the day,  
Oh what joy it is to think,  
We now go home for "thé."

And so it was a joy for more persons than themselves.

Form VI Girls.

## A Visit to Sherwood forest.

When I set out on my holidays two years ago, I little knew how well I was to enjoy them. I stayed at a place outside Nottingham and it proved to be within easy distance of the Peak District and Sherwood Forest, and of course that very historical town of Nottingham. Each I visited and scarcely know which I most enjoyed. However as "Sherwood Forest" sounds like "Robin Hood" and we all love Robin I think I had better write of what I saw there.

To reach the Forest, I journeyed by train to Edwinstowe, a village of historical importance, since, according to general belief, Edwin the first Christian King of Northumbria was buried there. It is a sleepy place with red tiled houses, rich with gardens full of gay old fashioned flowers. The church has a tall spire to be seen all round, and within the precincts of this church bold Robin and Maid Marion are supposed to have been married.

A path across the green brings one to the "Forest." This part of the forest is really all that remains in perfection. The rest is laid out in parks where deer abound, or it forms the surroundings of such famous houses as Welbeck Abbey, the residence of the Duke of Portland, and Clumber House, the residence of the Duke of Newcastle. One more frequently hears "Sherwood" spoken of as "The Dukeries" owing to Dukes living there.

The first tree of importance to be seen after entering the forest is the "Major Oak." This tree is propped up by iron stays, yet it is vigorous and hearty although its age is estimated at considerably more than a thousand years. A pleasant old keeper watches it carefully that none shall harm his treasure. The circumference he tells you, at the height of five feet from the ground is over thirty feet, and the circumference of its branches is about two hundred and seventy yards. The tree is hollow, and entering by a narrow opening, seventeen or eighteen may crowd together in the interior.

The next tree of importance is "Robin Hood's Larder" or "The Butcher's Shambles" so called because in its hollow interior once were hooks for the storing of stolen venison. Unfortunately this tree was fired by holiday makers a few years ago, and there is something pathetic in its scantiness. Not far from it stands the "Russian Cottage" a chalet put together without nails.

Another tree, and perhaps the most famous, is the "Parliament Oak." An iron palisading protects this venerable ruin from wanton hands. Tradition claims that Parliaments of King John and King Edward the First met under its shade, the last in October, 1290.

Queen Eleanor was ill and died the following month near Lincoln. From thence was made the most notable funeral in English History.

The Birches from which Birkland takes its names are accounted the finest in the kingdom.

In folklore are still preserved a few relics. "To go round by Robin Hood's Barn" is to travel in a round-about fashion, and "to sell Robin Hood's pennyworth's" is to sell much below value. His "men" or "sheep" are the bracken. The Red Campion, Ragged Robin, and Herb Robert are known in several counties by his name. His greatest claim to popularity was that he took away the goods of none save rich men, never killed any person except in self-defence, charitably fed the poor, and was in short "the most humane and the prince of robbers."

ALICE RAINE (O.G.A.).

## The New Guessing Game.

I had gone to stay for a day or two with some friends "somewhere in England." My friends assured me afterwards that they had had no hand in arranging the Entertainment with which I was received on the night of my arrival. The first indication of anything being wrong was when one of us noticed that the trams had ceased running, and that no trains were passing on the line near the house. However, trams had been stopped several times before and though the electric light was off, gas was at full blaze. It was about a quarter past eleven and we had just got into bed, when I heard two small thumps, very distant which made my heart give a jump. About five minutes passed and I was beginning to think I must be mistaken when I heard two more thumps, nearer, but still not certain. "I think that was something," I said to my host. He jumped out of his bed and lit a lamp thinking the gas might go off. He walked to the window, and drew back the blind and there was immediately a pretty loud bang. We hurriedly got together, for company is cheering, and the maids, who slept at the top of the house came down. The cook, who had been very terrified a year or so ago, at a thunderstorm, was rather loath to come downstairs. She had seen the blue flash as the bomb fell, and the white flash as it exploded and wanted to watch, but the housemaid was rather hysterical. All this had taken about three minutes from the first loud bang, and then suddenly grrump grrump; grrump grrump; grrump grrump; down they came in a perfect rain. Flashes as of lightning were seen at the windows, the house shook and the windows rattled. Twelve or fourteen bombs must have been dropped within a minute. It was very terrible to learn after-

wards that in that four minutes nearly 20 people were killed and 100 injured. And then as suddenly as it had begun it was all over. We looked out and saw the heavy clouds of dust and smoke slowly rising where the bombs had fallen. We did not feel much like sleep so the maids went to the kitchen to make tea, and we gathered in one of the bedrooms. We told our host that the strafers evidently didn't approve of his appearance for the first bomb had fallen immediately his face had appeared at the window. We then quoted to each other Mr. Tennant's remark in the House a few days before, how he had been making enquiries and was "amazed" at the completeness and efficiency of the arrangements made to deal with future raiders. None of us could get much comfort from that. Then we made hot coffee and took it out to two tram drivers, who had been "stranded" when passing each other close to the house. While we were doing this—it was now about a quarter past twelve—my hostess and I both thought we heard a distant grrump grrump, and we have now no doubt that this was the sound of the two bombs dropped by the same Zepp. not far from this district. The carmen told us that the Zepp. had passed over the church close to our house and then turned aside, hovered over the docks and disappeared. We had all heard the engines distinctly but none of us had caught sight of it. Some time later my hostess sent down to the kitchen to see how the maids were getting on. One was sitting on a chair with her feet up for fear of beetles reading a Charles Garvice novel, and the other was making a blouse. She was too pleased to see they were recovering their spirits to remark that blouse making was a somewhat unusual occupation for 2 o'clock on a Sunday morning.

But the next night was even more trying for us all. There was the same black darkness and depressing stillness, and the anxious waiting was painful. Then for 20 minutes or so about midnight we heard them grrump, grrumping away in the distance, and there was the same yapping and yelping of the smaller dogs, and the baying of the larger hounds as on the previous night. Then they seemed to have turned away further north, although there were no trains on the line near by—our sign of danger never past till three o'clock in the morning.

And that is how we came to play the new guessing game. The rules are very simple. It can be played by any number of players—indeed about 150,000 played it on the first of these evenings—and you must keep your guess to yourself. But what have you to guess? Why, where the next bomb will fall of course. Only, though it is so simple it is not a very amusing game and I hope you will never have to play it. T.M.G.

## Examination Results. Christmas, 1915. (Girls).

	English	History	French	Maths	Botany	Chemistry or Physics	Geography	Art	Needlework Cookery &c.
Form VIa	L. Ainsworth E. Hicks	L. Ainsworth A. Gibson	L. Ainsworth M. Young	C. Grice M. Young	A. Gibson E. Hickers		L. Ainsworth L. Leonard	M. Young E. Hicks	
Form VIb	G. Geary R. Shipley	B. Willey R. Carter	I. Margetts A. Sandell	G. Brown M. Ordish	A. Sandell G. Geary B. Willey ]		B. Willey R. Shipley	R. Henderson A. Wardell	
Form Va	O. Idle B. Wardell	M. Flockton C. Barker	M. Gaunt L. Tulip	A. Walker C. Barker	G. Thomas O. Idle		G. Thomas O. Idle	O. Idle M. Dewhurst G. Thomas ]	O. Idle. G. Thomas
Form Vb	A. Scruton J. Nixon	J. Evans A. Scruton	A. Scott F. Hotson	F. Hotson J. Nixon	A. Scruton M. Ringquest		N. Favell J. Nixon	J. Scruton N. Favell	A. Wild G. Blackwood
Form IVa	W. Hughes A. Clarke	A. Clarke W. Daniels	M. Bollands M. Nicholson P. Wedgewood ]	J. Henderson M. Bollands		M. Nicholson J. Henderson W. Hughes ]	A. Clarke W. Hughes M. Harker ]	W. Hughes L. Rowley A. Clarke ]	L. Rowley A. Talintyre
Form IVb	D. Eden D. Bainbridge	G. Dudley F. Booton	D. Bainbridge G. Dudley	M. Buttery D. Garbutt		D. Herd E. Wanless	D. Herd G. Lewis F. Booton ]	F. Finch D. Bainbridge	D. Eden M. Pattison G. Dairs G. Pigg ]
Form IIIa	D. Gaunt F. Lewis	C. Davison N. Ward	D. Gaunt G. Gargett	G. Gargett C. Davison		N. Ward C. Davison D. Gaunt ]	N. Ward D. Gaunt	C. Davison G. Gargett L. Pinkney ]	
Form IIIb	F. Eden M. Roxby	E. Hewison E. Agerskow	M. Roxby M. Bainbridge	F. Eden W. Lee		M. Roberts W. Lee	E. Agerskow H. Eden A. Sanderson ]	A. Wood E. Hewison	

**Latin**—Form VIa—L. Ainsworth. Form VIb—F. Jones, I. Margetts. Form Vb—N. Corner and N. Favell, A. Scruton. Form IVa—G. Swalewell, M. Fender.  
**German**—Form VIa—M. Young. Form VIb—A. Sandell, N. Garbutt. Form Va—M. Gaunt, M. Dewhurst. Form IVa—M. Bollands, M. Cheseldine.  
 Form IVb—D. Bainbridge, D. Garbutt.

## Old Stocktonians.

With the coming of Easter, the work of the Old Stocktonians' Association ceases for the 1915-16 session. At the time of writing, the programme has been carried through with the exception of a grand concert which it is proposed to hold, probably before the Easter holidays.

During this term the Association has proved to be possessed of wonderful vitality, for though the programme has been somewhat lengthy the attendances at the various meetings have been record breakers, this being accounted for by the high class of entertainment provided. The question arises, how are we going to accommodate our friends when the boys come home? I think the difficulty will be solved, and let us hope that we may be demonstrating the solution when the next session commences.

Subjoined is a record of the term's work.

FEBRUARY 4th.—Mrs. Stainthorpe, a very good friend of our Association, paid her annual visit, and her charming lecture, "From the Auvergne to the Channel," was greatly enjoyed by an enthusiastic audience.

The Mayor honoured the Association by his presence, and the hope was expressed that he would again come amongst us. A collection on behalf of the Scottish Women's Hospital Funds realised £1 17s. od.

FEBRUARY 25th.—Dr. Stead's lecture was put back a week owing to his services being required in connection with the Ministry of Munitions. The delay enabled us to perfect our arrangements. The committee decided to transfer the lecture from the School to the Temperance Hall, and this action was fully justified by the size of the audience which gathered to hear the eminent lecturer

The lecture was an admirable one—topical, instructive and realistic. The audience were delighted, and I might state that the lecturer was exceedingly pleased in having such an intelligent and interested audience. Once again our thanks are due to Dr. Stead for his great kindness. His time is exceptionally valuable, and we feel greatly honoured by his kindly consideration in coming to our Association.

FEBRUARY 28th.—Although the date so soon followed that of Dr. Stead's lecture, yet a tremendous audience heard Mr. King, of the Staff, give his paper on "Sullivan—and Gilbert." The subject appealed to all lovers of good music, and the lecturer was fortunate in having the support of such capable artistes as Miss Nellie Sedgwick, Madam Moreton, Mr. Geo. Dawson and Mr. W. J. Jones.

The paper and the musical selections were both excellent, and the appreciation of the audience was sufficient guarantee that lecturer and artistes had "made good."

We hope to hear Mr. King again in the near future, and the hall will have to be enlarged on that occasion.

MARCH 24th.—On this date we had a successful social evening. The satisfactory results of these socials have been due in large measure to Messrs. W. Lax and J. Eddy, who always contrive to have some new and interesting competitions for use on these occasions. Mr. E. Thomas provided a splendid orchestra, and the musical items were greatly appreciated.

MARCH 31st.—"Small Boys and others" was the subject of a paper given by Mr. Baldwin on this evening. Another great audience assembled, and was intensely amused at the skilful delineation of the various characteristics of the small boy. The incidents were new and from the personal experience of the lecturer, who evidently, like the parrot, thinks a good deal.

The following gentlemen contributed musical items of an appropriate character:—Messrs. Witham, E. Scholes, F. W. Hewitt, W. Bulcraig and W. Hewitt.

During the past term the Committee lost the valuable services of Mr. T. Barber, who has entered upon his military duties. His place has been filled by Mr. Watkin, who already has proved to be a valuable asset to the Association.

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## ROLL OF HONOUR.

"PRO PATRIA."

The following members of the Old Stocktonians are at present serving with the different branches of His Majesty's forces:—J. Armstrong, G. R. Atkinson, H. Bowery, P. Barker, E. Brown, H. Bulmer, H. Blench, F. Beards, H. Bishop, T. Barber, H. Broadbent, R. Bagley, J. Borrie, J. Barr, H. Bush, H. Brownlee, J. Cheseldine, H. Castle, R. Crookston, T. Connelly, C. Counter, R. Clews, W. Corner, A. Crawford, J. Corner, A. Cussons, P. Cohen, H. Cussons, N. Dowse, H. Dickinson (killed in France), P. Dixon, R. L. Dickinson, G. Dee, G. Elliott, R. Elliott, C. Elliott, A. Fawell, F. Foster, S. Flockton, J. H. Fenny, A. J. Fairey, C. G. Funnell, T. Grainger, G. Green, N. Green, V. Gibson, W. Gill, F. Garbutt, W. Hansell, R. J. Harris, R. Harrison, L. Hind, M. Hale, H. Horn, F. Hale, H. Heavisides, E. Harper, E. Howie, W. Inglis, A. Inglis, F. Jackson, R. E. Jackson, G. Jones (died of wounds), H. Jones, H. Jennings, T. Jobling, V. Jobling, W. Jewitt, R. Kistler, J. Leader, W. Lumsden, H. Lamplugh, H. Ludbrook, G. Lax, H. Moss, V. McCourt,



A. McLennan, J. Macgregor, B. Neasham, C. Natrass, A. C. Noble, R. Nicholson, T. O'Grady (killed in France), H. Pickles, H. Pearson, J. Pratt, T. Pigg, T. Parry, H. Petch, R. Prest, R. Plowman, L. V. Pringle, I. Pugh, A. Richardson, A. Rogers, G. F. Rogers, G. Redhead (killed in France), W. Reyer, D. Raper, A. Rowlands, H. Ransome, J. T. Ryan, T. N. Robson, F. Simmons, G. Shaw, R. Snowdon, G. Spark, P. Seymour, W. Sugden, A. Short, M. Smith, H. Salmon, J. Taylor, E. Taylor, W. Teasdale, F. Thompson, E. Thompson, V. Verrill, F. Verrill, F. Walker, J. Willey, S. Willey, C. Ward, J. Wake, J. Waller, N. Wardell, B. Watson, E. Wood, R. Wood, H. Williams, N. Winn, L. Winn, T. Weatherell, S. Storey, A. Ward, L. Daniels, P. Trenholm, C. Dresser, S. Dumble (Staff), R. Lamplugh, H. Foster, H. Kindleysides, T. Shepherd, C. J. Osborne, A. Kidd.

An Old Stocktonian, Sergeant H. Blench, who is serving with the London Sanitary Company, attached to the 15th Scottish, has been recommended by Sir John French for distinguished and gallant conduct in the field.

In addition to the above list, the following boys who have attended the Stockton Secondary or Higher Grade School are on the Roll of Honour:—P. Ainsworth, R. S. Arran, G. S. Arran, C. F. Allan (Staff), J. Allan (Staff), W. Atkin, — Armstrong, R. Atkinson, S. Bowes, J. Brownrigg, G. L. Barton, J. Barton, G. Blakey, G. Anderson, W. T. Britton, J. L. Barton, G. Brown, R. Bielby, S. Buffham, S. Cairns, E. Carter, A. Cruddace, W. Craggs, N. Dunn, J. Darnbrough, F. Dives, R. Doughty, C. F. Dalkin, R. Durkin, D. Donkin, H. Drinkle, L. Eke, A. Fenny, N. Foster, H. Ford, C. Gooding, J. Griffiths, R. Gibson, W. Hodgson, G. Harper, J. Ingledeew (killed), J. Hart, C. Ingman, S. James, P. King, W. King, J. Kelly, M. Kelley, L. Lewis, J. Lacey, J. Leak, C. Minto, W. Murray (killed), E. McKenzie, W. Morgan, (Staff), W. Merryweather, J. McGregor, T. Maxwell, J. McWilliams, J. McCulloch, E. Nicholson, D. Ostle, S. Ostle, H. Ostle, J. Parker, A. Porter, D. Porter, A. Pescod, R. Peplow, R. S. Phillips, B. Robson, A. Raimes, L. Raimes, J. Stocks, J. Smithson, H. Stobbs, E. Stephenson, R. H. Shepherd, Major Stream (Staff), C. Searle, A. Sergeant, A. Reed, F. Robson, — Robinson, — Russell, W. Turpin, K. Thompson, A. Thompson, J. Thirlwell, T. Tyson, F. Tuck, E. Thornton, O. Temperton, J. Urwin, J. Waller, T. Waters, G. H. Walton, N. Wilkinson, W. Wilson, R. Wood, F. Williams, P. Wilkinson, W. Wright, Captain Welch (Staff), P. Jenkins, J. Gunson, R. Dickson, W. Crierie, T. D. Lowes.

Mr. A. E. Lax, 39, Vicarage Avenue, will be pleased to hear of any further Old Boys.

Harry Heavisides has become a fully-fledged Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. He also has become a fully fledged Benedict, Miss Ions (a prominent member of the Old Girls' Association) being the contracting lady. We congratulate Harry on his double promotion. He is one of Nature's gentlemen.

Likewise do we congratulate Tom Pigg—now 2nd Lieut. T. Pigg. Another of our best.

At our last social, we were more than pleased to welcome back home Corporal H. J. Pickles. The genial corporal was badly wounded some months ago, and still, we believe, carries undoubted evidences of German hate.

Reginald Williams, an engineer on board the S.S. Saxon Prince, was one of the victims of the notorious Moewe and is now a prisoner of war in Germany.

With deepest regret, we note that Lance-Corporal John Brownrigg and Bugler Leslie Lewis, two Old Boys of the School, have been killed in action. Brownrigg's fate is all the sadder because his father was killed in the Boer War. To the bereaved parents, we offer our respectful sympathy, to the memory of their brave sons, we pay a sorrowing tribute.

#### THE WAR AS SEEN BY OLD STOCKTONIANS.

Our old committee man, JACK CHESELDINE, whose letters would serve as a capital tonic even to the most pessimistic, writes from "Somewhere in France"—

"I now have about five tabs of soap, which is much more than I shall ever find opportunity to use while in France. Getting decent water is our worst trouble. Wherever we go we generally find a decrepit pump, which provides water on an average for about a day. After that, it is a case of roaming about to find the precious liquid."

\* \* \* \* \*

"We have a battery of heavy guns (9.2 ins.) in a village about 300 yards on our left, which slings over shells night and day. This part of the line has suffered more than any other part of France, and here some of the fiercest fighting in the war has

taken place. The village is about the size of Billingham, although built more on the lines of a town, and not one house is left standing whole."

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ENGINEER BERT WEARS (Coaling Transport 198) writes from the Mediterranean :—

"I was ashore in Valetta only one night—the money didn't last out longer, and we couldn't draw any more. However, I had the pleasure of diddling a Maltee out of the sum of twopence, and the feat pleased me particularly because there runs a proverb to the effect that it is easier to skin two Jews than one Maltee. It hardly detracted from my complacency when I found later in the evening that one of his countrymen had succeeded in rooking me to the extent of fivepence."

\* \* \* \* \*

"These donkeys were a marvel. It made me almost ashamed to watch the little beggar who was struggling under my weight crawling up a foot road that approached a house end for steepness and far surpassed a slag tip for ruggedness—crawling up like a caterpillar on a wall. Such little beggars they were too. In one place, the road was banked up like a railway track above a field. The pasture (save the mark!) proved an irresistible temptation to my steed, and despite all my attempts to dissuade him, he made for it head first, down a three foot drop. With marvellous presence of mind, I put both feet on the ground and let him walk from under me. Eventually we got back to the coast with whole necks, and gave the expostulating donkey man exactly half of what he asked. I find that is a good rule in estimating fares in these countries. Of course, he grumbled, but bad language in Greek fell on deaf ears—and beside, we hadn't any more money."

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CHARLES OSBORNE (address Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth) writes :—

"I expect I shall be quite happy in the service, for the first ten days have passed very well. Although I am not yet an admiral, I am quite a sailor and speak like an experienced salt of 'going ashore,' 'slinging a hammock,' 'port and starboard.' I shall *not* wear baggy trousers."

\* \* \* \* \*

We have some great yarn spinners in our mess. We have yarns nightly about most marvellous happenings at sea—from officers who were pushed overboard to monkeys which could lower and man a whaler."

LIEUT. GUS HANSELL (Somewhere in France) writes:—

'My captain and self have been up to see the trenches to which we are going to-morrow. At present we are holding a regular puzzle—just captured from the enemy, who is thinking it over twenty yards away. One has to be very careful not to wander by mistake down the old communication trench into their lines. Some of their 'dear departed' are still loitering round about. People jaw a lot about the marvellous German trenches, etc. Certainly their officers' dug-outs are all right, but otherwise there is nothing to write home about. There are plenty of souvenirs kicking around—but then you've got to carry them about with you, and after all people at home are very blasé concerning such things. Oh! for the days of open warfare, the sort we prepared for, trained for, and looked forward to. There is no glory at all in this trench business. The artillery of all sorts and sizes has got that thin black line too carefully registered for that.'

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### Our Juniors' Page.

#### FORTUNE FAVOURS THE BRAVE.

"The London Scouting Corps" consisted of thirteen unkempt dirty ragamuffins from the east end of London. First of all marched the general, barefooted, and with a tin to beat. Behind him came a line of four, of the same class, each carrying a broomstick, (one of these was much envied because he had a half-penny pistol, and a tin trumpet). Then there were the other eight, armed with anything they could get hold of, and looking as sober as judges. Coming towards this noble company was a similar army. At about a score of yards apart, each leader gave the order "Charge!", and amid cries and shouts of "Git at 'im 'arry" "it 'im 'ard George" etc., the English won by making the Germans cry.

A few yards away, sitting on the curb and crying, was a small boy of about nine years of age, declaring he would not play any more because he had got a mouthful of dirt in the fray. A few more minutes and the two armies were allied, and began the attack on a baker's horse. This, naturally, startled the creature, and it charged straight at the brave warriors, and set off at a breakneck speed down Mile End Road. Not waiting to hear the result, the brave men scattered to their various homes. Thus broke up the "London Scouting Corps," not to venture out again for a week, for fear of a policemen catching them. E.S., Form II.

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#### A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

One day in the middle of last summer when all the flowers were out and the birds were singing on the trees I went for a long

walk in the country. Two boys went with me and we were going to gather leaves to press. When we had been walking for some time we saw a wood not far away. Then we three went into the wood but as we heard a noise we ran out again. Two men were in the wood gathering sticks, and when they went away, we went in again. We gathered some chestnuts and some crab-apples.

As I was coming out I saw a nest with five young ones in it. It was a blackbird's nest. After some time the mother blackbird came to the nest with a worm in its beak. There was a bush not far away and we went behind it and watched. The mother gave each of its young ones a bit of the worm.

When we left the wood we walked along the road for about a mile when we came to an "acorn" tree. We climbed the tree and I filled my pockets with acorns. As we were coming down the tree I saw a farmer coming towards us, so we got up the tree again. He did not see us and when he passed we came down from the tree. It was now about three o'clock and we began to gather some flowers. We saw some rabbits running across the field but we did not catch any. Soon we went home and as I was very tired, after tea I went to bed.

U.C., Form I.

### MY PET LAMB.

About a week ago my father gave me a pet lamb. His mother had died and my father said that if I would feed him he would give me him. I promised to feed him regularly and I have had him ever since. Now he has got quite used to my ways and I am teaching him to do tricks. He also knows his name now, and his name is "Billy." I fed him on new milk and he gets nearly two quarts per day. The milk is put in a bottle which has a tit in the neck. During the day-time when I am at school he goes into the fields with the other sheep and lambs but about six o'clock at night he comes home from the field to be fed again.

One night I put some water into his bottle instead of milk but he knew the difference and would not drink it; he only looked up at me and bleated pitifully. I also took him to the field with me one night but while I was bringing the other sheep home he would not go with them but kept by my side all the time. He had watched me turn the sheep and once he tried to turn a ewe himself but she knocked him over and he never has tried turning sheep any more. He is very clean and will not come into the house unless I tell him. Sometimes if I put some sugar on my hand he will lick it off.

P.H.B., Form IIIb.

## Tomkins Junior. form 2.

Captain Tomkins was returning to France after a five days' leave, and now with his wife and small son was standing at the railway station. With a "Ta-ta, old chap, be good to your mother," and "Good-bye, dearie, soon be back again," the soldier stepped into the carriage, and in a moment a wistful face and a waving khaki arm were being whirled rapidly out of sight. A lump came into the boy's throat, and tears till now restrained coursed down his cheeks. With a gulp, he threw both his arms round the lady's neck and whispered softly, "Don't cry mummie, I'll be good to you, I'll be good to you."

\* \* \* \* \*

The trench had been originally a dry ditch, but since August, 1914, its importance as a strategic factor could not well be over estimated. Early in the war, a coup-de-main had left it in the possession of Bramble, a noted warrior, who in more peaceful times (let it be chronicled) had fought thirteen pitched battles with the redoubtable Tomkins Junior. It had since been the scene of deadly weekly struggles, but so far its re-capture had defied all the vigorous attempts of the British forces operating under the aforesaid Tomkins. The situation was more than complicated by the fact that both the rival leaders claimed to be Lord Kitchener. On this Saturday morning, Tomkins and his chief of staff, Bungay, (acting as General Joffre), had resolved to make one last effort. Reinforcements had been received in the persons of three small boys who with great lack of foresight had strayed into the battle area and had at once been pressed into the services of the Crown. The attacking forces were now drawn up out of range of the enemy's guns, and Tomkins had retreated to the rear to engage in the congenial occupation of making his will, by which he bequeathed all his worldly possessions—including two white rabbits, a cricket shirt, and a ball with a hole in it—to a certain Form I maiden of winsome countenance but haughty demeanour. Returning to the front, he reviewed his men, and then addressed them as follows: "Soldiers, (laughter from the listening foemen), to-day I shall lead you against your hated foe (cries of "come on"). They have burnt our schools ("Hear, hear," from both forces and "Silence in the ranks" from Bungay), they have murdered our wives and sweet—"Who kissed.....?" and blushing from Tomkins). Bramble is a beastly Hun (much commotion in the enemy camp), and his mother ought to wash his dirty, ugly, sausage face (incredible excitement of the Hun leader). Up, guards, and at em." So saying, Tomkins drew his repeating pistol, threw himself on the ground, and rapidly began worming his way towards the disputed trench. The advance was not without incident. One of the raw recruits, losing his nerve, was violently propelled forward by the

scruff of the neck. The valiant Bungay, being temporarily incapacitated by receiving a clod of earth in the mouth, was seized upon by a too zealous Red Cross man who straightway proceeded to disrobe that injured warrior in order to estimate the extent of his wounds. 2nd Lieut. Smith, who as chief of the machine gun section was hurling pieces of clay with fearful velocity, was hit by one of his own men and immediately deserted to the enemy. Tomkins, finding himself short of ammunition, was compelled to send a scout post haste to a neighbouring store. Three times the invaders advanced, three times the assault was scattered. It was at this moment that a great disaster befell the British arms. Having gone too far forward, the British General found himself surrounded, and despite his tremendous exertions was dragged, by the feet, a helpless prisoner to the enemy's trench. The loss of their leader totally disheartened the attacking forces, and confusion reigned in their ranks. Then did the greatness of Bungay assert himself. That worthy had just recovered from his early wound, and now, taking his life in his hands, he rushed forward through a storm of shot and shell to the rescue of his chief. Right at the Hunnish leader did he hurl himself. Help, too, came from an unexpected quarter.

Far away behind the trench, the sister of Tomkins had followed the progress of the fight with panting breast and staring eyes. Feminine curiosity and thrills of excitement had brought her nearer to the fearful struggle, while the fate of her noble brother had roused in her feelings of hostile resentment.

Throwing maidenly dignity to the winds, she therefore crept upon the unsuspecting Bramble and seized him by the hair. At the same moment, a dishevelled Bungay smote him on the nose with all his might, while Tomkins who had with difficulty been held down by three of his captors now threw them violently aside and also made for his deadly enemy. In the face of such odds, human skill and human courage were alike unavailing. Step by step, one by one, the Germans were forced out until at last the trench was won.

### The fate of the fearful five.

One fearfully cold day just after the middle of March, 1916, a large number of boys were standing in a corner of the playground shivering and remarking to the world in general that it was cold. The "Engineers" were in *their* select corner talking about the war and high explosives, when five ferocious? looking youths from Va appeared, each wearing a piece of red cloth cut in the shape of an Iron Cross. These enterprising youths had banded themselves together under solemn oath as "The Fearful Five."

Soon after this five more of the "swots" of Va appeared, wearing white crosses and showed unmistakable signs of antagonism towards the "Fearful Five." A terrible scene followed. Dorrett, a Brother of the White Cross dashed into the fray with a cry of "A Mort"! Such was the carnage that followed that the Engineers who had been silently watching the fray, resolved to enter the combat to save the contending forces from total annihilation. MacLachlan, that worthy scion of a worthy house, captured one red cross, while some one else captured a quarter of one—all that was left. Fortunately for Va the whistle blew and hostilities ceased.

Next day the "Fearful Five" had new badges—red circles with crosses in the middle. They announced their fixed intention of wiping out the Engineers, and MacLachlan, Puddock, and "Teddy" were doomed to die the death. This merely whetted the appetites of the doughty Engineers and a sardonic smile played round Pudley's lips; while "Teddy" was heard politely asking Boddings, Minor, to come on and murder him. Boddings, thinking discretion the better part of valour, was soon fleeing for dear life. "Teddy," who is qualifying for the Secret Service and is at present studying the Exploits of Elaine, discovered that each of the "Fearful Five" had separate duties assigned to him. Boddings, Minor, was Director of High Explosives, Atkin was Chief Executioner, Schmidt was the Unpaid Spy, Bilson was President, Hird was the "handyman."

Next morning when "Teddy" opened his desk he found a piece of paper fastened to the lid inside by means of a pen-nib which had been dipped in red ink. On the paper was written, "Beware!!! The Vengense of the Feirful Fyv is at 'and." Puddock and MacLachlan found similar missives telling of revenge.

Puddock was strolling that afternoon along the corridor, when he was felled from behind by a board-cleaner, bound, gagged, and dragged to Va room. "Teddy" and "Mac" soon shared the same fate. The three were thrown into a corner and the "Fearful Five" sat on desks and tried the prisoners for asserting that Va were "swots" and excelled at playing the fool. Needless to say, the Three were real heroes and no sign of fear was seen on their impassive countenances. They were condemned to be bumped and frogmarched.

Meanwhile the rest of the Engineers were getting alarmed at the non-appearance of their three comrades, and suspecting treachery, marched in a body to Va room. Soon the prisoners were released; the Fearful Five were on their knees begging for mercy,—truly a pitiable spectacle! Half-an-hour later five tattered, dishevelled, groaning objects crawled out of the room and slowly limped down stairs. This was the end of the 'Fearful Five.' So perish all traitors !!!

E.H., Vb.



## Societies.

### LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY—GIRLS.

This term we have had a variety of meetings. First, there was a "Hat Night," which was a great success, the girls speaking freely and well.

Next, we had a Shakespeare reading, "Twelfth Night" being chosen. On February 25th, tea was provided after school, and at 4-45 about forty girls and several mistresses assembled in the Hall for the reading. At first, the noise of the cleaners just above was most disconcerting, but after they had finished work and the audience had moved their seats right up to the platform, all went well.

The reading proved very amusing in parts—girls taking the characters forgot to come forth, and we learnt that Viola's father had a nose on his mole. But we got through, and finally Miss Nelson, our honorary president, proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Thomson and Miss Jarvis, who had trained us, and to the girls who had taken part in the play.

Then on March 22nd, under the auspices of our Society, Mr. Allan kindly delivered his lecture on "Heraldry." We cordially invited all, and about 100 accepted. The lecture was both interesting and instructive and, as Miss Thomson said, was a help to us in history. The illustrations by the artist were beautiful, and he explained the colours, their respective terms in heraldry, and lines indicating colour, taking for example the shield on the school crockery. Lastly, Mr. Allan dwelt on Stockton—its old castle and coat of arms. I am sure everyone enjoyed the lecture, and the meeting was concluded with a vote of thanks to the lecturer, proposed by Miss Thomson and seconded by A. Gibson.

We hope to have another meeting this term, when we shall revert to an ordinary debate—the papers this time being given by Fifth formers.

The subject will be, "That punishment does not prevent wrongdoing," and the leaders are—O. Idle, M. Flockton, A. Scruton and G. Thomas.

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### WANTED TO KNOW—

Who does physical culture every morning?

If there is to be a Staff match?

Will the V.A.D. be needed?

Who put out the fire at the Pottery?

Did 'Nunk' sit on it?

In these trousers?

Who counted 10 at Coatham?

## School News.

### HOUSE REPORT. (Boys).

There is usually less activity among the Houses during this term than during the two other terms of the school year. The swimming sports are held in the Christmas term; the school sports during the summer term. The chief interest of the Easter term lies in the House football matches. These, as it happens, are more nearly complete at the time of writing than is usually the case. The top place is already decided, and only one match remains to be played. This is down for April 8th, and should provide a thrilling contest, as it will decide the House which is to occupy the bottom place. The top place was virtually decided on that dismal December 18th, when the Green House completely defeated the Red House by no less than 6 to 0. This so completely demoralised the Red House that at their next meeting with the Green they again surrendered both points this time by 2 to 4. The Greens are thus cock house and recover some of their glory of the first season of the Houses. Although the two bottom Houses are dismally below the two top Houses, they have so far picked up that each has drawn with the top House in its second match against the Green. No records are broken this season. Though the earliest records of the Houses have not been preserved, the season of 1911-12 will take some beating both for top and bottom place. In that season the Brown House were top (Eheu fugaces!), gaining every point possible and scoring 28 goals to 3; the Red House were bottom, successfully losing every point and scoring 7 goals to 30. The table is given below. There have been, in addition to the House matches, one or two form matches. These have given an opportunity of shining to a few boys who have not been considered, by an unappreciative and doubtless prejudiced ruling clique, to be good enough for a House team. Just now Form IIIa. are pluming themselves, in no measured terms, on a brilliant victory over Form IVa. Form IIIb, perhaps more prudent if less greatly daring, appear to find Form II about their mark.

The changes in the Houses have not been numerous this term. The Brown House, however, greatly regret the departure to more strenuous spheres of existence of Norris Donkin. In addition to his duties as House captain he has been a very efficient school football secretary, and a perfect model of deportment, for small, untidy, and unwashed boys. His place has been taken by J. Connors, who, in spite of his lack of inches, will see that plenty of "push and go" is not lacking in the affairs of the Brown House.

#### HOUSE MATCHES 1915-1916.

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts.	GOALS.	
						F.	A.
GREEN HOUSE	6	4	0	2	10	25	7
RED HOUSE	6	4	2	0	8	20	13
BROWN HOUSE	5	1	3	1	3	3	19
BLUE HOUSE	5	0	4	1	1	6	15

### HOUSE REPORT (GIRLS).—RED HOUSE REPORT.

The term which commenced 18th January has been a successful one. At the first meeting of the House it was unanimously decided that instead of the "knitters" which we held last term we should hold sewing meetings, our ultimate aim being to sell the work, the proceeds of which were to go to various war funds. The meetings have been well attended. The wet weather has prevented us having any hockey practices or playing off any matches, but these are something to look forward to in the summer term.

P.E.

## BROWN HOUSE.

There is very little to report about the above House this term. We have had one or two knitting meetings, the last one being a combined "knitter" with the Green House. The girls seemed to enjoy this very much, and the meeting passed off so well that we have decided to hold a similar one soon. We have had two or three post-cards from our prisoner of war, and are glad to say he receives our parcels regularly. We hope that the Old Girls of the House will continue to come to the "knitters."

*Hockey.*—The weather being unfavourable, we have not had the usual inter-house matches, but hope to play some off before the end of term. R.H.

## BLUE HOUSE.

We have had only two knitting parties this term, as the members are not so keen as they were when we first began them. We are still sending parcels to our prisoner every fortnight and have had several acknowledgments of these. Some hockey practices were arranged, but owing to the weather they had to be scratched. We have not had any of the House matches yet, so there is still hope for us. M.O.

## GREEN HOUSE.

There is very little to report in connection with the House this term.

A few "knitting" meetings have been held. The last meeting was held conjointly with the Brown House, and this everyone seemed to enjoy. The girls still contribute towards the parcels for our prisoner in Germany, one parcel being sent every fortnight. We wish to thank all the girls for their generous support.

One letter and two post-cards have been received, in which the prisoner heartily thanks the girls of the House.

*Hockey.*—Owing to the bad weather we have not been able to have any practices. The House matches are to be played very shortly, when it is hoped that all members will turn up to support the team. L.E.

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## Athletics.

## HOCKEY REPORT.

The hockey season is now drawing to a close, and as our Magazine is about to be published, we are again asked to make our report. The task this term becomes a very difficult one owing to the fact that we have only one match to report. We started the term well with beautiful spring weather, and we made the most of it and managed to get quite a number of practices after school. But with February came the rain, and though at the beginning of the month we had some fine days, nevertheless it always contrived to pour hard all Friday, so that by Saturday the grounds were rendered impossible. The only match played was against West Hartlepool High School, January 29th, away. They are a splendid team, and had not suffered defeat when we met them. Their attack proved too strong for our defence, and we were unable to break their record, the match

ending in a defeat for us by 5 goals to 2. Out of 11 matches arranged for this season only three have been played owing to the weather. Of the three played we have won one and lost two, the goals being 7 for and 11 against. Our 1st XI this season has not been up to its usual standard, but that is chiefly owing to the lack of practice. It is quite impossible to obtain combination in a team if they never practise together. We need time for team practice. We are very sorry this term to bid farewell to our Vice-captain, N. Watson. Norah has always proved a quick, strong and most enthusiastic player, and she will be a great loss to the team. We always relied a good deal on her flying shots from the left wing. We understand also that, at the end of the summer term, we are also to lose our Captain, E. Watson. Emily has been the School Captain for some time, and has always shown and created great enthusiasm in the team. We can safely say she has been the finest centre forward the school has known, speed, control of the ball, and excellent "rushes up" being her chief characteristics. It is hardly necessary to say that the team will suffer tremendously by her absence next season and her place will be difficult to fill.

The 2nd XI has also suffered great disappointment; six matches were arranged and only one has been played. At the beginning of term they were getting into quite good form and were hoping for great things, but they have never since had an opportunity of justifying anticipations.

We still have hopes that the weather may prove a little kind before the end of term, and we may yet manage to make up for one or two of the matches scratched. However, not one of the House matches has yet been played, and it will take us all our time to get through those before the end of term. C.B.

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## FOOTBALL.

We started the term minus two of our best forwards, King and Lawson. However in our first match we managed to defeat Stockton Grammar School by 11 goals to 1. Our next match was with Darlington Grammar School and although we started very well, Ward claiming the first goal, we were defeated by 5 goals to 1. On March 4th, we played Guisbro' Grammar School but unfortunately the field was covered with snow. Yet we managed to play a draw each side obtaining 1 goal. Three weeks later we played Hartlepool Henry Smith's School away but owing to want of practice we were defeated by 6 goals to 1. H. W.

## BOYS' SWIMMING CLUB.

The first meeting of the season was held on March 30th. There was great delight at the thought of "Baths once again!", and a determination to have a jolly and a successful season.

Two boys were elected from each house to serve on the committee, captain and vice captain being chosen from these boys.

## Committee:—

Lamplugh (captain), Lewis (Green);  
Cunliffe (vice capt.), Plummer (Blue);  
Simpson, Wedgewood (Brown);  
Tompkinson, T. Noddings (Red).

It was suggested by one of the committee, and readily agreed to, that house squadron races be swum during the season; this is a new feature and will provide opportunities for keen swimmers. There may be arranged other competitive events for the Houses.

We were also reminded of the award of Proficiency Certificates as instituted last season. Every boy in the club may take his part in this and the committee are going to do their best to encourage the swimming section of their respective Houses.

In conclusion we may add that any boy in the school is welcome to join in the practice at the Baths on Mondays at 5-30.

