

the stocktonian

DECEMBER 1963



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GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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the stocktonian

DECEMBER 1963

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JOHN P. INMAN

THORPE THEWLES

VICARAGE

1956 - 1960







Editorial

TO complain of indifference on the part of the School's members, and to curse the vast majority of them for not writing for this magazine has been proved, by last year's Editorial, an attitude not productive of results. Only a very small proportion of the School's members have written for this magazine.

Last year's magazine did not bring about the response it was seeking, for several reasons. Firstly, boys have long since become quite immune to this sort of prodding. Secondly, last year's magazine had much more of interest in it for the School than ever before; thus, those in the School who **might** have written for this magazine if last year's edition had been its traditionally atrocious self, became as complacent as the rest of the School in their belief that the Sixth Form would manage this year, as last, to produce bright, entertaining, witty articles. Also, the time between one magazine and the next is so long that the call to pick-up-thy-pen-and-write, is easily forgotten.

The 1962 magazine was completely monopolised by the Sixth Form, as may be seen in a quick glance through those fifty-odd pages. This year, the magazine is again Sixth-Form dominated; however, a new element has entered into this field of monopolies. An increasing number of articles are being written by the Staff. The number of Sixth Formers directly involved in the editing of the magazine has declined, so that the control of your magazine lies entirely, this year, with one Sixth-former, and one member of the Staff. Only one of the Lower Sixth has contributed an individual article this year (this excludes Society reports, etc.), so the School will have to rely, next year, on either an inexperienced Sixth-form team, or entirely on the Staff.

If I may quote from last year's Editorial, "This magazine should not be regarded as something which is written for you, but as something which you, yourselves, can write." May I, as this year's monopolising, Sixth-form Editor, suggest that in future years, the magazine should be organised by a panel of members of each form of the School, together with **some** Sixth-formers, and Staff?

There is no apparent reason why a magazine should not appear more than once a year, if it is supported well, thus the panel could meet at intervals in each term, to arrange the collection of articles, and to collaborate in writing material for the magazine.

It seems that organisation of the magazine by a panel is the only way that the magazine will ever be really representative of the feelings and ideas of the whole school; a panel would ensure that the "STOCKTONIAN" was really a **school** magazine.

W. M. CAMPBELL.

It is hoped that the new tradition of school magazines, started last year, will be continued and that bright covers will contain suitably bright material in each future edition.

W.M.C., T. J.F.H.

SCHOOL TERMS

Christmas : Close Friday, 20th December, 1963.
Open Tuesday, 7th January, 1964.

Easter : Close Friday, 20th March, 1964.
Ash Wednesday—12th February.

Half Term Holiday : Thursday & Friday, 13th & 14th February, 1964.

Whitsun Holiday : Monday, 18th May to Friday, 22nd May, 1964.

Summer : Open Monday, 8th April, 1964.
Close Noon Friday, 17th July, 1964.

SCHOOL NOTES

OUR new building offers us many fresh opportunities, and our Festival of Lessons and Carols, on the last afternoon of term, is to be held here. Last year however, we had our three terminal services—at Christmas, on Ash Wednesday and on Ascension Day, in the Parish Church.

The bulk of the moving was done by staff and senior boys on the first and last days of the Easter Holiday, so that we opened in the new building with little interruption of work (and no sign of regret) on the first day of the Summer Term, 23rd April.

Soon after, on 30th April, we had our Chairman and members of the Governing Body with us for morning assembly, and then, the pleasant task of showing them the building. We have had a number of visitors since, notably the Mayor, the Chairman and members of the Education Committee, on 24th July, the last day of term.

Our playing-field is not yet ready for full use, but we were able to hold Sports Day here (on 13th July), and so, having it on a Saturday, make it an open day. (Next year it will be on Saturday 11th July). We did play a little cricket here, and challenged our neighbours at the Fairfield Secondary Modern School to a match. We were defeated, but don't intend things to stay at that.

After the official opening, this term, the dedication of our Chapel was completed, on 24th October, with a celebration of the Holy Communion, attended by all the boys and staff, teaching and domestic. It is now used each morning for our assembly service.

Because of the official opening, Speech Day has been postponed this year, until the Spring Term and we shall hold it in our own building, on the afternoon of Shrove Tuesday, 11th February, 1964. We shall not be giving a public dramatic performance, this year; although we are getting experience of our new stage and its equipment with a production, by Mr. Berriman, for home consumption—Henri Ghéon's "The Farce of the Devil's Bridge."

F.W.C.

STAFF

WE have been fortunate in having additions to our Staff during this year. Firstly, on the teaching side, the Rev. T. J. F. Heighway came to us in January from Hertford Grammar School, to fill the vacancy for a master to take charge of Divinity, and to act as School Chaplain. Mr. Heighway is a graduate in Theology, of St. David's College, Lampeter. Besides teaching, he has worked in mines and, of course, brings us considerable experience of work in the Church. He has been an amateur boxer too—a fact which we might do well to bear in mind! Mr. Heighway has a wife, two daughters, and two sons, the eldest, John, being in our fifth form.

Mr. R. D. Berriman joined us when we moved to the new building in April, to introduce and take charge of the teaching of Biology. He is a science graduate in Biology of King's College, Newcastle, and after some teaching in County Durham, went to Ghana, on the staff of the Achimota School, and later of Adisadel College. From there, he has come to us, with a wife and three young of the species (male).

Our third new master is Mr. P. W. Hodgson, an Old Boy of the School, and he takes charge of Physical Education. Following on National Service in the medical branch of the R.A.F., he gained his Diploma in Physical Education at Carnegie College. He has since been teaching at the Springfield Secondary Modern School, in Middlesbrough, where he had particular success as Chairman of the Schools Basket-Ball Association. Mr. Hodgson had no wife when he joined us, but soon acquired one, during the summer holiday.

Our French "Assistant" for the year is M. Sicard. He comes from Agde, on the Mediterranean, and is a student of the University at Montpellier.

We were glad that Mrs. Baker was able to come with us as caretaker for our new building, but we had to say good-bye to her helper, Mrs. Thorburn, who was unable to make the move. Three ladies, however, joined us—Mrs. Alderson, Mrs. Neal, and Mrs. Swift—as domestic staff for cleaning, and our building is well cared for.

We were sorry to say good-bye to Mrs. Bowbanks and Mrs. Richardson, who were meals attendants for us in Norton Road. They were unable to take on the full-time work of our new kitchens. Mrs. Phillips, however, has come with us, and with three new ladies, Miss Hardcastle, cook, Mrs. Beeston assistant cook, and Mrs. Walkington, makes up our catering staff.

We welcome these newcomers to our School, in the hope that they will be happy with us, and in the belief that all in their several ways have much to contribute to our future good.

F.W.C.

THE SCHOOL DEVELOPMENT FUND

THIS has been a year of considerable activity, with "pop" sessions, jumble sales, coffee mornings, coffee evenings, sports day teas, "The Yeomen of the Guard" and the Spring Fair. Then there was the gift of £250 from the Sir Frank Brown Exhibition Fund, and we rang the bell at £1,000, the figure we had aimed at to cover the cost of furnishing our Chapel. We have since added for good measure a Christmas Bazaar, on November 23rd. There's been plenty of hard work, particularly for Mr. McMann and the rest of the committee, but plenty of good will, and plenty of backing, too. I think we have done something to strengthen the corporate spirit of the School, and so it would seem good to keep a committee of this kind (Parents and Staff) in existence, not only to raise money—though there's still plenty of need of this for our new building—but perhaps to arrange other functions which might interest us all. To this end we have in fact, a meeting on Wednesday, 4th December.

F.W.C.

THE ALTAR LINEN

THE beautiful embroidery of the altar cloth and purificators of our Chapel is the work of Mrs. Dale, and we are indeed grateful to her for this kindness.

F.W.C.

THE OFFICIAL OPENING AND DEDICATION OF OUR GRAMMAR SCHOOL NEW BUILDING

IT was Friday, 11th October, 1963, and the fairest of October days, when the Archbishop of York, Dr. Donald Coggan, paid his first visit to Stockton town to open our new building.

At 12-15 p.m. he was received, with the Bishop of Durham, at the Town Hall by the Mayor, Councillor Mrs. M. Scott, and other civic dignitaries—the words record the facts, but not the happy atmosphere which prevailed here, and throughout the occasion.

After lunch the official party, led by the Rural Dean of Stockton, Canon Wardle-Harpur, Chairman of the Governors, arrived at the school, where more than 900 of us were in our places—256 boys, the staff, governors, parents, old boys, officials of Church, town and county, and friends. Clergy of the deanery, with school prefects, filled the stalls of the chapel at one end of the assembly hall, whilst in the hall itself, and on the stage at the other end, some 650 of us were assembled. For the rest, a closed-circuit television system relayed the proceedings to three of our larger rooms—Art Room, Geography Room and General Laboratory.

At 2-30 p.m. the Headmaster and Head Boy received the Archbishop and Bishops at the main entrance, to conduct them to the stage for the Service of Dedication.

It was a service of beauty and simplicity—"Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven" was followed by dedicatory prayers, and as

we sang "O for a heart to praise my God" to the tune "Stockton," the Archbishop and Bishop proceeded through the hall to the chapel and there, with the school chaplain, commenced the hallowing of the altar. With the school choir singing Psalm 84, "Oh how amiable are thy dwellings: thou Lord of hosts," the altar was vested with its frontal and fair linen cloth by four senior boys, and was graced with its ornaments. Then followed the hallowing of the chapel, and as we all sang the "Te Deum," the Archbishop and Bishop returned to the platform.

There was a slight hiatus here, whilst young Craig, of form 1A, fetched from the headmaster's study "the picture"—a well-wrapped package which turned out to be a photograph of the school—which he was to present to the Archbishop.

And so we came to the speeches. The chairman introduced the architect, Mr. Middleton, and then the builders—they were truly plural, in fact they were a family; Mr. Wilfred Marsh brought forward his two sons Alan and Peter, to share the honours.

In introducing the Archbishop, the chairman paid tribute to his predecessor, Canon Heselton—no words of his, he said, could express the School's debt to the Canon. Then the Archbishop, with his easy and informal manner, had us all with him, from the first form up. Education, he said, was the foundation on which life had to be built. If there was a good school (and it was the teachers who had the heavy end of the work) and a good home, in which God's laws were obeyed, then two important foundation stones were established. Then there was the Church—to which children needed to be taken, not sent. Lastly, the pupil himself—and he should think of himself not as the object of the operation, but as one co-operating in it.

The Bishop of Durham, Dr. Maurice Harland, proposing the vote of thanks, spoke of the new building as a dream come true, and a triumph over adversity. Alderman Foster Glass, Chairman of the Stockton Education Committee, seconded in words which underlined the Chairman's tribute to Canon Heselton.

The service ended with a blessing given by the Archbishop, followed by the National Anthem.

Outside, the afternoon sun was shining as we took up our stand on the grass at the front of the school, to see the ceremonial planting of four trees—by the Archbishop, the Bishop of Durham, Canon Heselton and the Chairman of the Governors. The jobs were done in workmanlike fashion, and earned the tea which we then offered our guests, in a large marquee on the playing field. Many of them were then shown over the building, and I am told that Mrs. Coggan (incognito at the time) was given some hints and tips in the kitchen by Miss Hardcastle.

It was altogether a happy day and one which will, I think, be long remembered by many.

F.W.C.

THE NEW SCHOOL BUILDINGS

MOVING from Norton Road to Fairfield involves a considerable change, the substitution of clean and open countryside for the grimy lands of a cramped, Victorian town—yet the move itself is little more than two miles.

The New Building is situated on the outskirts of Stockton, in quite salubrious surroundings, and the enormous amount of noise that worried us at Norton Road now exists only in those empty, abandoned buildings. The extensive lawns fronting the new school and the large playing fields at the rear of the building underline the sense of spaciousness here, which contrasts greatly with the confined area of the Norton Road premises.

The visitor to the school probably notices first the Chapel, with its unusual and beautiful mosaic, and thus he gets the desired impression of the close link between Church and School here. Inside the Chapel, there is enough room to accommodate each form in turn, so that every form has the opportunity of leading the school in morning services; all our terminal services will be held here now, so no doubt the shoppers in Stockton High Street will miss the traditional "crocodile" hazard.

As is the nature of most new things, defects become apparent when the object comes into use, and the new building is no exception to this rule: wider staircases would have made for easier access between floors; the lawns at the front of the school flood after rain; the heaters are temperamental and appear to operate when the sun shines, and cooking smells permeate the building each morning. It must be said that however annoying these and other petty defects may be, no-one has offered to return to the old school! Indeed, the attributes of the new school heavily outweigh defects and an inevitable initial lack of equipment.

The laboratories, art and woodwork rooms are enormous improvements on the laboratory of the old school, and its old, inadequate woodwork room and complete absence of art facilities. The greater window space of our Fairfield buildings brightens our lives, and contrasts sharply with the dark corridors, rooms and corners of the old school. A previously unknown physical fitness (or torture?) is now available to us all in the well-equipped gymnasium. The larger proportions of our form-rooms and the more comfortable seats make the New School, in its entirety, a much more stimulating place of learning. The architect's skill has combined with that of the craftsman's to give the school that extra distinction which makes us even more proud of our heritage.

To those of us who have spent many terms in private study in dark, draughty corridors, and who have fought with inadequate science facilities, etc., our new surroundings seem a "heaven on earth."

One could continue thus eulogising the attractive features of the New School, but it is important to remember that, no matter how great the facilities for work may be, the school's reputation is founded on the character, ability and industriousness of the pupils. The new building will, I hope, stimulate us all to greater efforts in study and play.

J.C.H.M.

YORK HOUSE REPORT

IN the past year, the Football and Athletic championships have been secured by us, but again we failed to win back the Swimming championship.

This coming year, with facilities for training and achieving a reasonable standard of general fitness within the school, a rise in the standards in at least athletics must be hoped for. These facilities must, however, be accompanied by the right attitude to sports: enter a qualifying event if you have even the slightest chance of gaining points—House championships are often won before the Gala or Sports Day begins, by a solid foundation built by the competitor of average ability, and the actual performances in the final events are only as important as this vital groundwork.

Most boys can gain points in both swimming and athletics with a little effort—indeed these qualifying points are intended to encourage the average boys to enter events and thus promote healthy bodies and a healthy mental attitude to sports.

With this in mind, we hope for a general rise in the standards of sports, even if we cannot win every trophy: the House Merit Cup—so far the exclusive property of Cleveland—is also a worthy target for our attentions—let us lead the school both in sports and in scholastic work.

C. G. K. SANDERSON.

CLEVELAND HOUSE REPORT

CLEVELAND House has not had a great deal of success this year—our only achievement in sports competitions was to win the Junior Cricket Cup.

We failed by only a narrow margin to win the swimming and athletic cups: this I would attribute to a lack of support in qualifying events which is due to the complacency and laziness of much of the house. I am sure that if we had had a good initial score, we could have won these cups: each member can do a great deal in the one or two points he earns; it is the average person who wins competitions, by building up a solid score with his fellows. The really athletic members then do their part, and thus we win cups.

This year, we again won the House Merit Cup, and so Cleveland is the only house to have won it; this cup brings the only bright reflection to a year that could have been so much better if the house had had the full support of its members.

I look forward to this year's competitions in the hope that support will be forthcoming, and that by this, Cleveland will again be its old self—the most successful school house.

R. J. ATKINSON.

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DURHAM HOUSE REPORT

THIS year demonstrated that the lack of sustained effort and willingness which was noticeable in all fields, lost Durham any chance of victory. As a result the Swimming, Football, Cricket and Athletics Cups eluded us.

On Sports Day, through the notable efforts of Hilton, Drewitt (Victor Ludorum), Haughton (Junior Champion) and a few others, the winner's lead was cut by forty-six points as we scored a hundred and six to gain second place.

It is very obvious, therefore, that we are capable of repeating the success of two years ago, but it will be possible, only by every house member pulling his weight and earning the necessary qualifying points !

As usual, Whiles gave a very good account of himself in the Swimming Gala, but he cannot win the Cup all by himself ; he does need support.

One consolation for a very disappointing year was our hard-fought Tug-of-War victory, which event incidentally, we have now won ten times in the last eleven years, tying the other time.

In conclusion, more effort by ALL members of the house is needed if we are to succeed this year.

J. C. H. MILLER.

PRIZE LIST

FORM PRIZES :

- Form 1— G. Granger, I. Parker, J. Milburn.
Form 2A— K. Ross, M. Shields, R. Teasdale.
Form 2B— G. Peacock, J. Whitehead, D. Gordge.
Form 3— D. Harbron, C. Roden, N. Lee.
Form 4— J. Gibbons, P. Spence, M. Harwood.
Form 5L— M. Chapman, D. Roden.
Form 5W— G. Reynolds, F. Bowron.

JUNIOR SUBJECT PRIZES :

- The Scripture Prize J. Evans
The English Prize K. Ross
The History Prize J. Gibbons
The Geography Prize J. Gibbons
The Art Prize G. Granger
The Mathematics Prize C. Roden
The Physics Prize C. Roden
The Chemistry Prize M. Harwood
The Latin Prize D. Harbron
The French Prize D. Harbron
The Reading Prize P. Booth
The Elsie Gregory Memorial Prize for Progress R. Kell

SCHOOL PRIZES :

The Vicar of Stockton's Prize for Scripture	A. Freeman
Mr. W. N. Leng's Prize for English	N. Scott
The John B. Sayer Memorial Prize for History	R. Johnston
Mr. B. S. Raine's Prize for Geography	E. Maughan
The Art Prize	R. Chaplin
The Mathematics Prize	P. Gregory
The Physics Prize	J. Davies
The Chemistry Prize	D. Davies
Sir A. T. S. Zeally's Prize for Latin	D. Proctor
Miss E. E. Brown's Prize for French	D. Proctor
The Maurice Robson Memorial Prize for Music	D. Proctor
The Headmaster's Reading Prize	P. Hunt
The Old Boys' Essay Prize	R. Chaplin
The J. Norman Davies Prize for Drama	T. Farrell

HOUSE MERIT CUP :

Cleveland House

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, 1963

Northern Universities Joint Matriculation Board

ORDINARY LEVEL :

Form 5L :—

G. Appleton (7), D. Bates (1), J. Brownlee (6), M. Chapman (11), J. Cinnamon (4), D. Drewitt (3), J. Herbert (4), P. Hunt (9), M. Jasiewicz (8), J. Langford (7), G. Levitt (2), A. McLean (1), D. Roden (11), A. Smith (1), R. Stockton (5).

Form 5W :—

D. Angus (5), F. Bowron (6), E. Daggett (3), O. Dodds (5), G. Elcoate (1), T. Farrell (2), J. Goulding (3), S. Grange (1), B. Grantham (2), P. Huggins (2), D. Joseph (1), G. Reynolds (5), M. Tobin (2), P. Weetman (4).

Form 6 (Isolated Subjects) :—

J. Fletcher (1), R. Chaplin (1).

The number of subjects in which each candidate passed is shown in brackets, after his name.

ADVANCED LEVEL :

Form 6 Upper :—

- *D. Bennett (Mathematics : Physics : Chemistry).
 - R. Chaplin (English : History : Art : G.P.).
 - S. Cook (Mathematics : Chemistry).
 - *D. Davies (Mathematics : Physics : Chemistry).
 - *J. Davies (Mathematics : Physics : Chemistry).
 - *J. Edgoose (Mathematics : Physics : Chemistry).
 - A. Freeman (English : Scripture Knowledge).
 - *P. Gregory (Mathematics : Further Mathematics : G.P.).
 - R. Johnston (History : Geography : G.P.).
 - T. Little (G.P.).
 - E. Maughan (Geography).
 - N. Scott (General Studies : English : History).
 - R. Wells (General Studies : English : History : Geography).
- G.P.—Passed in the Ordinary Level General Paper.
*—Durham County Major Award.

THE RIGHT ATTITUDE TO SPORT ?

AS I write this article the newspapers report that one of the world's greatest footballers has been sent from the field for kicking an opponent unconscious. Such news no longer leaves us with the sense of shock and disgust which we should feel. We are getting used to this mixture of mastery and "muck." The unfortunate thing is that we are now seeing mild forms of such senseless behaviour in schoolboy sport. Ask yourself, "what should my attitude to sport be ?"

Firstly a point on loyalty. Your school team should have first claim on your spare time, even when it means putting off something you would prefer doing. This applies equally to boys not chosen to play. Support the team ; make them realise they have the school behind them. Make plenty of noise but never "boo," "slow handclap," or discourage players in any other way.

It is the duty of each player to look smart on the field. Make sure you look like a team of world beaters even when you know you're not. It is surprising how looking the part adds that extra bit of "zip" to your play. Nothing looks worse than a player with stockings around his ankles and his shirt hanging out. To help matters at Stockton Grammar School, all school teams should soon have a new strip.

Respect the referee. Never question his decisions even when you know he is wrong. Audible remarks intended for the referee are not only bad mannered but have no place in school games. When a free kick is awarded, do not put on that look of disbelief and amazement which is fast becoming part of the footballer's make up.

Your captain is not there because of his ability to bring Britannia face upwards every time. He is there because of his play-

ing ability coupled with the gift of leadership. Do not try to prove that someone chose the wrong man for the job. Obey him even when you think his tactics are wrong. If you are slacking expect him to put a "flea in your ear." If someone else is slacking let the captain do the "ticking off."

Your opponents are either your hosts or guests. Treat them with respect and courtesy. You meet in order to match skill, not to make enemies of each other. If you do happen to be kicked or pushed, do not retaliate by either word or deed. Leave such matters to the ref. Whilst on the subject, a kick on the shins should not be followed by an act which would do credit to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. If you require attention call for it without fuss, otherwise get on with the game.

Lastly a few words on winning and losing. Once the starting whistle has sounded it is your job to win the game. To have any other objective in mind is to defeat the purpose of any contest. Take no notice of those who say the result does not matter. Hard practice and tuition should be rewarded with victory. There is no virtue in losing, but if you have to lose then do so without blaming anyone but yourself. Analyse the game, figure out what went wrong, and put it right next time. Remember, you have not lost the game until the final whistle sounds. Chase the "impossible" ball; tackle that bit harder than your opponent; give a wholehearted display every time.

What I have written applies equally to Basketball, Athletics Cricket and all the other activities we wrap up in the name Physical Education.

P. W. Hodgson.

IT'S YOUR MONEY WE'RE AFTER

. . . is the first and only principle of modern advertising. It is basically anti-Christian, because it is the handmaid of six of the Seven Deadly Sins. . . envy, coveteousness, pride, gluttony, lust, sloth. Every day we see the continuation of the war-fare of words on hoardings, in newspapers and periodicals, on television and films, governed by a jungle morality and a jargon which makes a mockery of truth. If Christians should be militant to-day. . . then modern advertising should be one of their targets.

To be ruthlessly fair it must be admitted that certain aspects of advertising are very much worse than others. Detergents are the most striking example of the slick patter used to build up in people's minds an imaginary superiority over all other brands. Let the firm which claims that what its product does is so far superior to the X standard brand come clean and tell us what that other brand is! They dare not. . . because they cannot prove what they are at pains to insinuate in their advertising. The demonstration should hold good in a court of law if clothes washed in a particular product are, indeed, whiter than those washed in any other similar

type product. Either the product is demonstrably better everywhere, or it is not demonstrably better anywhere.

Is it an exaggeration to say that the common decencies and warmest human relationships have been prostituted in the service of advertising? The appeal to mother-love, to family, to patriotism, to courtship, to child-bearing, child-rearing, to popularise products have devalued these relationships. . . making them cheap. Well-known personalities lend themselves to advertising products that they probably never use. . . making themselves out to be no less truthful than those who employ them.

People are made to feel that they ought to desire various products since every one who is anyone could not and would not be without them. In 1933 and again in 1943 Dorothy Sayers showed up gluttony in modern guise hidden behind changing fashions which make perfectly serviceable goods out-of-date and demanding replacement. We are persuaded not to go on sleeping on the same bed. . . however attached to it we may be and whatever its condition. We should part-exchange our furniture for the complete new designs of the present fashion.

Perhaps the most insidious aspect of the Hard Selling approach is that the attempt to extract money from people is a calculated and deliberate war waged against many of the fundamental principles of the Christian faith.

T.J.F.H.

“THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD”

OUR production of this Gilbert and Sullivan opera was not quite as successful as was “Iolanthe”—not because of a lack of enthusiasm or ability, but because less time was spent rehearsing. However, Mr. Hislop, assisted by Miss V. Jones of Queen Victoria School, performed his usual efficient task of directing rehearsals and ensuring that the cast was as presentable as possible.

This opera was, of course, our last production in the school hall at Garbutt Street. Thus it was fitting that the size of the cast suggested a mammoth production: sixty-one performers crowded together at times onto the tiny, makeshift stage, which threateningly creaked and groaned under their incalculable weight. However, it did not carry out its threats.

Reports of the performance in the local “press” were, as usual, favourable, and the performances of Mary Child and Hilary Fordham from Queen Victoria School, as well as those of Joseph and Cook of this school, were praised. The richness of the costumes (hired, as is necessary with so large and ambitious a performance) was also mentioned, and the scenery provided a suitable background to Yeomen of the Guard, with the inclusion of the Tower of London.

It was felt in the Old School that when we moved up to Fairfield, many of the problems associated with lighting, seating capacity, scenery and the very size of the stage would be solved, but the only snag which has been eradicated is that of seating capacity, and many new problems have presented themselves. Firstly, if not inadequate, the lighting is in part positioned so that it is not possible to gain benefit from it other than illumination of the wall at the back of the stage. Secondly, as the stage at the new school is used so much from day to day—as a dining area and as the only means of access to parts of the school—the scenery must now be fully mobile: this problem may make school productions impossible, as mobile scenery can be very expensive. Also, the audience must pass over the stage to get to the seats, thus there would be a hold-up between the seating of the audience and the start of a play, as the scenery was moved into position.

However serious these problems may seem, we must remember that many problems had to be solved in the Old School, and were solved. Nevertheless, we did not expect to meet problems like those we have now, in a new school building.

“ The Yeomen of the Guard ”

C A S T

Sir Richard Cholmondeley	D. E. Joseph
Colonel Fairfax	Mr. C. Robinson
Sergeant Meryll	D. G. Proctor
Leonard Meryll	B. N. Grantham
Jack Point	N. B. Hutchinson
Wilfred Shadbolt	S. Cook
The Headsman	E. P. Maughan
First Yeoman	G. Appleton
Second Yeoman	I. C. Richards
Elsie Maynard	Mary Child
Phoebe Meryll	Mavis Donaldson
Dame Carruthers	Hilary Fordham
Kate	Romaine Pattinson
First Citizen	Gladys Kennedy

Chorus of Yeomen of the Guard

P. Gascoigne (Chorus Leader)

J. M. Fletcher	M. F. Neal
H. Galloway	C. G. K. Sanderson
T. C. Haughton	J. Shaw
N. A. Jones	M. K. Sidgwick
G. Marshall	

Male Members of the Crowd

N. J. Bentley	J. N. Herbert
M. M. Chapman	M. W. Hinnigan
P. G. Chapman	G. N. Kershaw
M. V. Edwards	R. H. Newby

Female Members of Chorus

Denise Bell	Glenys Mooris
Fiona Blake	Margaret Patterson
Sheila Brunskill	Moira Preston
Brenda Cunningham	Joan Rees
Marcia Crinson	Carol Richardson
Anne Defty	Pamela Simpson
Christine Defty	Christine Smallwood
Pamela Dodds	Pamela Smith
Bridget Eggleston	Diana Snelling
Vivien Hay	Alison Still
Margaret Hill	Margaret Thompson
Hester Landon	Jennifer Trembath
Valerie Minns	Susan Tymms
Marjorie Moore	Isabel Williams
Barbara Moore	Joan Wright

Produced by Mr. A. Hislop

Assistant Producer-Accompanist	Miss V. Jones
Stage Director	Mr. M. Underhill
Lighting	Mr. C. M. Brittain J. M. Little
Make-up	D. R. Nelson
Prompter	N. M. Scott
Stage Staff : D. E. Joseph, T. Farrell, G. B. Elcoate, G. Smith, D. G. Hutchinson, D. Snape, P. J. Huggins, D. Bates.	
Scenery	R. I. Chaplin, M. K. Sidgwick, C. G. K. Sanderson

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“OEDIPUS TYRANNUS”

WHEN he left us to go to Aberdeen University, Norman Davies did not give up the interest in drama which he had shown at school, and in his first year at Aberdeen he was elected President of the Dramatic Society. During his vacations he formed a group of young actors which he called “The 29th Society,” and this year they decided to perform Sophocles’ “Oedipus,” inviting me to produce the play.

There are already several translations of “Oedipus” and I read three before I decided in a rash moment to write an entirely new version, on the assumption that it would be difficult to write anything worse than the ones I had read. Having already written several plays and hundreds of poems, I was not breaking entirely new ground in trying to write someone else’s play in poetry, but there were still many problems involved, not the least of which was that of adapting my style of writing to the demands of this kind of play. However, fools will rush in.

You might think that producing a play at Middlesbrough’s Little Theatre would be much easier than it was in the hall at Norton Road, but in some ways it was more difficult. Firstly, all but two of our rehearsals had to be held in a room in Toft House, which stands next to the Little Theatre. Since the room was smaller than the actual stage, this meant difficulty in working out movements, and, in addition, we had to rehearse without sets, stage lighting, or costumes. Secondly, although the Little Theatre stage was in area less cramped than the stage at the old school, it is so badly designed that the effective acting space is considerably reduced. The reason is that the Proscenium arch is too narrow by comparison with the width of the auditorium, with the result that the sight lines meet well in front of the cyclorama. Thirdly, although the lighting behind the proscenium was much better than anything I had worked with before, the front of house lighting was quite inadequate, a disadvantage which it shares with our new school stage. Absit omen. The effect of this oversight, in both cases, is to render the first five or six feet from the front of the stage, which is the most important acting area, severely limited in its usefulness. For “Oedipus” we were allowed one lighting rehearsal, so it would have been surprising if everything had gone well at the actual performance.

The foregoing difficulties are, however, circumstances beyond the control of an impecunious amateur company, and consequently have to be endured. What in this performance proved to be the crowning disaster was the irresponsibility of a member of the cast who committed the unforgivable sin of not learning his lines. The only thing in his favour was that he had, paradoxically, done a very good job of work building the set. Let this be a warning to producers who are told by a member of the cast “I’ll be all right on the night.”

Although Norman Davies did extremely well as Oedipus against daunting odds, the performance as a whole was disappointing—the audience didn't see the performance that it deserved to see, and might have seen, with a little more teamwork from the cast and stage-crew. However, if "Oedipus" was, in my opinion, a failure, this does not prevent my thinking that it was still worth doing. If it did nothing else, it provided a lesson that you can't succeed in such enterprises without a serious and genuine interest in what you are doing, an interest which manifests itself in hard work and a willingness to work as a team. "Play acting" means "acting a play," not "playing at acting."

G.B.C.

ENGLISH STUDIES GROUP

WHEN the Philosophical Society came to an end because of lack of support, one of its functions, the showing of films, was taken over by the above-named society. The title of this new society seems to have puzzled some people, though they might reasonably have been more curious about the meaning of the word "philosophical." However, to satisfy those who may still be mystified, it may be said that this society was formed as an extension of the English syllabus. It does not require much imagination to see that the art of cinema is closely related to the sort of literary studies which are pursued in the class-room, particularly of the drama and the novel. Furthermore, the title indicates the hope that eventually the society may widen the scope of its interests, although it has concentrated initially upon the study of film. This explanation of the society's title may also explain its approach to films that it shows. While we certainly hope that they are entertaining, their first qualification is that they should have some educational value. We do not attempt to compete with television or the commercial cinema, but to show films that cannot be seen elsewhere and to train our members in film appreciation, relating this appreciation to the study of literature in the class-room. The fulfilment of this aim is, however, subject to the limitations imposed by the cost of hiring films. It is not always easy to obtain the films that we would like to show at a reasonable price. Hence, it is important that our membership should be as large as possible. The more members we have, the wider the range of films available to us. Last year we limited membership to our upper school and that of Queen Victoria High School and were thus able to show films with a more adult appeal. This year we are extending membership to the whole school and the choice of films will consequently be limited to those suitable for this wider age range.

Last year our main feature films were "Le Trou," "The Cain Mutiny" and "The Unknown Soldier." The first two of these were used to illustrate the theme of loyalty, while the third provided an antidote of realism to the romantic glorification of war in so many war films by showing us something of its true horror, suffering, and unglamorous heroism.

In addition we showed the following: "A Walk in the Forest," "Home Made Car," "Weekend in Paris," "We are the Lambeth Boys," "David and Golightly," "Guiseppina," "Rig 20," "The Explorers," "Mikhali," "Le Capitaine H," "Station 307," and "The Back of Beyond." These films varied in subject, approach, and quality, but on the whole they were both instructive and entertaining.

This year we have already shown "The Ladykillers," an Ealing Comedy; and in our future programme we hope to include "The Seven Samurai" (Japan), "An Eye for an Eye" (France), "Caesar and Cleopatra" (Great Britain), and "Terminus" (Great Britain).

Recently the society has purchased its own cine-camera and it is hoped that what we have learned from our study of the film so far will be of some assistance in the making of our own films.

G.B.C.

LIBRARY REPORT

AT last, our school library has emerged from its glorified "cup-board" into a spacious library room, and we thank Canon Wardle-Harpur and the Geographical Society for their gift of books to fill some of its bare shelves. It is unfortunate that we could not leave our problems behind at Garbutt Street.

Just under half of our stock of Junior Fiction, 330 books in all, had to be discarded when we moved to our new building, the majority of these being little less than a quarter of a century old! We are endeavouring to replace these and the other out-dated and decrepit books still on the shelves, but at least one hundred pounds needs to be spent on fiction alone to bring about any marked improvement. Our present meagre allowance of eighty pounds must cover non-fiction, as well as fiction, books, and also other expenses incurred in rebinding and jacketing books. Thus it is that the shelves of our Fiction section are characterized by their emptiness.

In this respect they have strong competition from the Geography, Natural Science, and Religious Knowledge sections, all of which are noticeably lacking in up-to-date and reliable information. Until this situation is rectified our school library will be failing to fulfil its purpose.

The attitude of the authorities in this matter appears to be somewhat perfunctory. All boys are, or ought to be, members of a public library, but this does not lessen the need for, or the place of, a selection of suitable books in a school library. Works of fiction may be taken as an example of this: there is a tremendous gulf between children's books, like Bob Moran, Biggles, or the "Flame" books by Eric Leyland, and adult novels, such as those of Lawrence, Graham Greene, and John Braine. All too often the transition stops short and incomplete at "detectives," "westerns" and "thrillers," books that seldom have any literary merit whatever and that tend rather to stagnate the reader's mind. The school library can help

a great deal towards bridging this gap, as we have done, for instance, by the introduction of library periods. Unfortunately, boys may find their choice of books for reading during periods limited by the poverty of our fiction section.

A further financial problem is raised in rebinding books, on which £20 has been spent this year; this at least has achieved something in so far as some of our stock is now in fairly good condition. We are endeavouring to reduce our expenditure on rebinding by buying paperback editions where available, since these are expendable if well-read, and more books can be bought. Greater numbers of books could be bought, however, if borrowers would only take more care in handling the books we already have.

This report has stressed the financial difficulties in which our school library finds itself. The reason why these difficulties exist at all, seems to lie in an assumption by the Authorities that the amount of money required to run a library increases in direct proportion to the size of the school. In a school such as ours, our allowance amounts to three half-pence per boy each week, an amount which has but barely increased since before the introduction of the 1944 Education Act, before which all members of the library were required to pay one penny per week to buy new books.

Because of the present system, some schools are able to spend as much money on magazines as we can spend on books. We are unable to spend anything on magazines or newspapers; we can't afford to. Why is it that this injustice is so obvious to everyone, but nothing is ever done to rectify matters? Are we just another helpless victim of modern bureaucracy?

H. Galloway.

“AND DEATH SHALL HAVE NO DOMINION”

ONE day, in the late 1920's at the gates of Swansea Grammar School, a rather short, curly-headed boy was seen leaving the buildings by his headmaster, who placed a heavy hand on his pupil's shoulder.

“Skipping school again, eh, Thomas?”

“Yes, sir,” was the pupil's immediate, typically forthright reply.

“Then make sure you don't get caught.”

This unusual teacher-pupil relationship was typical of this happy, uncivilised, yet highly successful school which was occasionally attended (mainly at the time of year when the school magazine had to be edited), by a boy who had no interest in subjects other than English Language and Literature, and who treated his masters with a pleasant contempt, for their comparative ignorance. This boy was Dylan Thomas, the son of the school's senior English master. Born on October 27th, 1914, he was to be one of the truly great poets of the English Language, yet he was to live a tragically short number of years.

From the age of fourteen, the boy wrote poetry, and those around him seeing this brilliance, were sure he would enter University ; however, the young Dylan Thomas quoted Bernard Shaw as an example of a great literary figure who had not found a University education necessary. Thus, a very sensitive young man became a reporter on the local South Wales Evening Post. In the short time he held this position, the boy quickly matured to a man, as he saw death, violence and accidents at an earlier time in life than most. Meanwhile, he had had some poems published in London, and so to London he went, hoping to be, vaguely, some sort of free-lance journalist. Here he was the popular notion of a young artist—the Bohemian, who went to bed fully clothed and brought friends home at all hours, who got drunk, spat blood, and ridiculed poets older than himself.

In 1935, he paid his first visit, in the company of Augustus John, to Laugharne, a Welsh seaside village of the genre he loved so much, and this was to become his home in later life ; here he met his wife Caitlin. Shortly after this time, he made his first radio broadcasts, which revealed in him a fine, cultured yet unaffected voice, sometimes rhetorical, sometimes quite gently moving, a voice always full of emotion.

His poetry shows the influence of technical effects used to a great extent in the Welsh language, such as alliteration and assonance, but Thomas knew no Welsh. In fact, he gained these "Welshisms" second-hand from Gerard Manley Hopkins, an English poet who had learned Welsh ; Thomas also invented his own devices. He read and discussed his poems with only Vernon Watkins, an old friend, and from the first publishing of the poems to the last reprint there was no revising.

The writing of his verse was an intense and torturous task to him ; he had a great "terror of the virgin page," and he reworked his lines many, many times, leaving tens of sheets of discarded verses, words and lines, the printing of which he fiercely opposed. A feverish, yet vague, religious feeling, and an intense joy in the experience of life motivated his poetry :

" And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
In the sun that is young once only,
Time let me play and be
Golden in the mercy of his means,
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,
And the Sabbath rang slowly
In the pebbles of the holy streams."

He visited America for the first time, after the war, in the hope of righting the money troubles that were to stalk him throughout his short life, and he gave recitals in Universities the length and breadth of the vast continent, getting little rest over thousands of

railway-miles. At this time in his life, he was becoming famous, and thus he was pursued by flocks of sensation-seeking, ever-badgering journalists, and scores of patronising, jealous, hoarding, rich American "culture-vultures."

The sensitive poet shrank within himself from this fanatical adulation, and above all, from the incessant intrusions upon what would otherwise have been his private hours. A heavy drinker before the trip to America, he became semi-alcoholic under the pressure of this life so distant from Laugharne, from Swansea, from home and the source of his poetic inspiration.

Journalists exploited Thomas as the "well-known Welsh bard, comic turn and drunkard." Drunkenness did, indeed, become very regular; his true self sank below a sea of bitterness and cynicism, alcohol disallowed continuous work on his poetry. When he returned to Britain he found that because of the publicity in Britain of his American tour, he was now a "national figure." The problems associated with fame had followed him home.

The Dylan Thomas of the second trip to America was again the "lovable oaf," the "warm Welshman," "performer and genius," but less emphasis was put on his drunkenness—perhaps a new sensation had been found. However, his alcoholism was now more compelling, and he would drink while at work, and so the poetry would deteriorate in the course of one day as his powers of self-criticism degenerated hour by hour; each sober morning he, horrified, would destroy yesterday's alcohol-soaked work. The pace of Thomas's drive to self-destruction increased as he lost interest in eating; it was a very unusual day that saw him eating more than one meal.

As he grew more famous, and as his poetry was more widely read, the criticisms of those who were unable to emulate him, who were jealous of the success such as Dylan enjoyed, of a true, uncomprising artist, crowded into the newspapers. He was alleged to be "over-eloquent," and his was "pompous, pathetic prose"; another criticism was that "metaphor and rhetoric clot his verse." After his death, and as he became more widely appreciated as a really great poet, his critics became more vociferous, screaming their newspaper-column-criticisms in the knowledge that their charges would be unanswered, yet these jealous men feared Thomas during his life for his quick, cutting, well-considered replies to such cliché-ridden, meaningless, sweeping criticisms.

Before his third trip to America, which was in May, 1953, Thomas had finished the first half of a manuscript of a "play for voices," which he had started years before, as "Early one Morning." This was to become his most famous work, and is generally accepted as his greatest. It was later re-titled "Under Milk Wood." The work was supposedly commissioned by the B.B.C., but the poet had been contemplating a similar "collage" of scenes for many years. In October, 1953, he sold it to the B.B.C.,

who, despite the sneers of self-styled "satirists," have given the public the opportunity to hear it at intervals since then.

Dylan Thomas faced the prospect of writing an opera at this time with Stravinsky, whom he greatly admired, and this work was to have as its subject the re-creation of the earth. At the end of October, 1953, the poet left London for his final visit to America, in a great state of terror about his own deteriorating, alcohol-governed health, and his ability to write. He began another tour of the American Universities, and one night was told by a doctor that if he did not call a halt to his alcoholism and hectic, exhausting life, he would soon be dead. Thomas stayed sober for forty-eight hours, but, as if meaning to leave this act as the last, flamboyant gesture of the Bohemian to his fellow men, he went down to the bar of his hotel, drank eighteen double whiskies in quick succession, went into a coma, and died soon afterwards.

It has been said of Thomas that, towards the end of his life, "the lyrical being, the adolescent spirit" died out in him, and as poetry was the centre of his living, he had nothing left to live for. This is probably true, in a way: his increasingly heavy drinking may have been the result of a gradual fall-off in ability, which the alcoholism would have irritated. "Dylan Thomas, the well-known Welshman," the public figure Thomas hated so much, was all that was left.

Dylan Thomas the poet was a tragic figure, in that the life-span of the man was so short. The decline in ability meant so much to him in terms of the will or desire to live. An extreme sensitivity prevented Thomas from becoming sufficiently detached from life for him to bear living. The way of life he led certainly must have shortened his life-span, in that he could not refuse any experience, no matter how much it wounded him.

When the poet died, the large amount of excellent poetry and verse written by Thomas was deliberately overlooked by his critics, who wrote him off as a minor poet, and smugly intimated in their safe newspaper columns that it was fortunate for the reputation of the poet that he died at a time when his ability to write was declining.

One vital factor prevented Thomas from continuing as a great poet, and hindered him from overcoming his alcoholism: his old friends had deserted him at the time in his life when he was in the greatest need of intimate, guiding friends. What **might** have happened by their efforts remains a matter of conjecture: a lover of Dylan Thomas's work is resentful that the poet died unnecessarily; it might also be said that Thomas lived the true life of the Bohemian, who follows his own course without regard to the wishes of others. However, the fact remains that Thomas's friends did desert him.

The prospect of a future containing such works as his opera

with Stravinsky might have meant that if he had had the aid of friends, Dylan Thomas would have lived to be the equal of the greatest poets of the English Language. Certainly, Dylan Thomas was a poet of very great stature indeed, and his early death does not diminish this fact.

“ And death shall have no dominion ;
Dead men naked they shall be one
With the man in the wind and the west moon ;
When their bones are picked clean and the clean bones gone,
They shall have stars at elbow and foot ;
Though they go mad they shall be sane,
Though they sink through the sea they shall rise again ;
Though lovers be lost love shall not ;
And death shall have no dominion.”

W. M. Campbell.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

THE Geographical Society can again say that it has attracted larger attendances than has any other school society, but let us not be complacent : the highest attendance of 53 is but a low proportion of the school's total of over 250 boys.

More meetings were held last year than in any other recent year, and attendances were consistent, with junior meetings attracting more interest than senior meetings.

Four lectures have been held : a slide show and exhibition of photographs which were taken during the school trip to Norway was given by Mr. Holmes : Mr. Collin gave a slide show about the school's visit to Souillac (it was this meeting that amassed the record attendance of 53) ; a slide show, given by Mr. Morgan, a Durham University geography student on loan to our school in 1962, of a university field course in Northern Italy ; and last, but by no means least, an illuminating slide show of a tour of Ireland by last year's deputy head boy, P. Maughan.

Film shows have also been numerous and varied in subject matter, from an interesting film about the British Antarctic expedition, to a humorous yet educational film entitled “The Cattle Carter,” an account of the transportation of cattle, in huge trains of tractors and trailers, across central Australia.

In addition to these, we had a series of films, and a lecture by Mr. Morgan, during the dinner hour.

Most of the meetings were held at the Norton Road premises, and only one meeting has, in fact, been possible since our migration, partly because of a delay in the fitting of the curtains in the geography room. This having been remedied, we can look forward to our future meetings in more comfortable surroundings than was previously possible. If you have any slides etc. of any trip or holiday of general interest, we would be glad to hear of them, as any talks of this nature help to vary the programme and stimulate interest, which has fallen very considerably for all school functions since our removal from the old school. This is an anomaly : now we have more pleasant and comfortable premises, voluntary attendances should rise.

C. G. K. Sanderson.

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THE ASCENSION DAY OUTING

AFTER the Ascension Day service had psalmed to a standstill in the Parish Church, we began our Geographical Excursion of 1963.

The weather was fine for the start of our coach trip. This excursion had historical, as well as geographical, interest, so Mr. Pickles accompanied Mr. Holmes to explain to us the historical, roadside features.

Firstly, we took the road through Long Newton and Sadberge to the busy streets of Darlington. From this town, pleasant only in pleasant weather, we came to Egglestone Abbey, where we left the bus to have a packed lunch and a look around the buildings. The Abbey was founded in the 13th century by the Augustine Canons, who took the same vows as monks, and it was situated near water, in a sheltered spot. It was also the first Monastery to be destroyed under Henry VIII's monastic purges, partly because it was so small.

After lunch, we boarded the bus again and journeyed to Middleton-in-Teesdale. The village is a small retail centre which grew here because of its nodal position.

The buses then took us along the main road above Middleton and we eventually came to Cauldron Snout—the buses parked about a mile away from these falls. We then walked along a track to this huge waterfall, where Mr. Holmes told us that Cauldron Snout and High Force were formed where hard rock resisted erosion, and the softer rock downstream was worn away. After visiting the Fall, we walked back to where the buses were parked, to enjoy our tea on the grass.

After the litter had been cleared (surely all of it wasn't ours!) we climbed back into the buses and made for High Force. We left the buses and took the path to the waterfall, where we admired the fall from the rocks beneath it. Then we climbed the steps to the top, where we got a really magnificent view.

Half an hour later the buses left, and we came to Staindrop, near Raby Castle, where we left our transport to stretch our legs. A pleasant journey home in the buses rounded-off a very enjoyable outing.

We are sure that everyone who went on the outing would like to join us in thanking Mr. Holmes especially, for arranging a very enjoyable day's outing.

D. Randolph and P. Booth.

SIXTH-FORM SAFARI TO SHROPSHIRE: EASTER 1963

IN September of 1962, plans for a 6th form Safari to Shropshire were set into motion. After due deliberation and consideration of the topography of the area, a Land-Rover was chosen in preference to the previously considered Rolls (after all, the best expeditions all use Land-Rovers). After an exhaustive search through the bureaucratic jungle of the Local Education Authority, sponsors

were not forthcoming, and we found it necessary to shoulder the cost of equipping the expedition ourselves.

Having searched for boots and anoraks for all 9 members (including our leader and driver Mr. Holmes) compromises had to be made in certain cases (no shops stock size 14 boots!). Thus arrayed in garments of varied hues, our motley crew assembled in the shadow of Stockton Town Hall on Friday, 16th April, 1962, to begin our momentous tour of the remote and hitherto uncivilised parts of that wide land of England, where remains of earlier civilisations (pre-1960) were known to exist.

We clambered aboard our noble vehicle and sped to the South-South-West with great jubilation, until the rough tracks of Yorkshire made it necessary for one of our number to express his disgust at their condition. The remainder of the journey was uneventful, apart from some breathtaking views from the Lofty, mist-shrouded summits of that Himalaya-sized mountain chain, the Pennines, and an encounter with an educated (?) caveman in Buxton.

We literally burst like a bomb on the quiet hamlet of Munslow, where we were to bivouac in an olde farme house (a reminder of that civilisation). Each of us tentatively uncoiled from the dark, cavernous interior of the Land Rover, and settled into our quarters in the truly quaint farmhouse, where we were regaled with cups of the native brew (tea, not cider) by the native women, whose tongue was almost beyond our comprehension.

The following day dawned grey, with rain clouds rolling forebodingly from that nearby peak, Brown Clee Hill, reminding us sharply of that local maxim "it never rains—but it pours!" The torrential nature of the precipitation prevented our implementing the original plans, and an exploration of Shrewsbury was deemed the next best thing. In this metropolis of the North Shropshire Plain we tracked down the vendors of local legend, and bartered for these necessary documents for any true geographical expedition.

On the second day, despite the continued onslaught of the premature monsoon rains, we drove over narrow, winding hill tracks, where there was insufficient room for two ox-carts to pass, and where succulent grass was deliberately cultivated in the centre of the tracks for the afore-mentioned oxen to feed on, to study such formations with the original and wild sounding names of Wart Hill, Caer Caradoc (where our mountaineer-in-chief, Ron, broke all records for the difficult ascent), Carding Mill Valley, the Longmynd, the Stiperstones, and Corndon Hill.

Our choice of transport proved entirely necessary for the precipitous mountain paths in this region, as we passed many abandoned and rotting carcasses of motor-cars, the scourge of England, left by the wayside where they expired, their occupants tramping their footsore way into the nearest trading centre, Church Stretton. Here we were greeted by the uninhibited shining of that rarity of Shropshire skies, the sun. Despite the undoubted superior-

ity of the Land Rover to any other form of horseless carriage, we found it necessary frequently to revert to Shank's Pony for the exploration of the most inaccessible parts. On the return journey to our base at Munslow, we came across fords swollen to great depths by the rains of the past two days, and, to the sounds of great hilarity, numerous photographs of the party's members arrayed on the bonnet and roof of the Land Rover while in mid-stream, were taken.

We arrived back in Munslow rather weary, but were, for the most part refreshed in body and spirit, with truly large meals of the type provided to sustain the local agriculturalist (the other part ran screaming from the room at the sight of such gigantic mounds of food piled high on gargantuan platters). The evenings, after recovery from the evening meal, were spent on making notes of the day's activities, studying the next day's projects and routes, or upholding the honour of Stockton Grammar School in the favourite native games of dominoes and darts, which were held in the local hostelry. Many of the natives broke into laughter at our strange attire, and talked among themselves in a dialect consisting mainly of "Arr's," "Ooh's," and "Ee's," but despite this we managed to make contacts, and a good time was had by all.

On the morning of the third day, excitement ran high, as this was the day of our Land Use studies. We were divided into two groups, with Bwana Holmes taking care of the supplies and picking up those who fell by the wayside. The areas under study were both reached by journeys over tortuous tracks (known in this area as "country lanes") which showed very markedly the ravages of the previous winter and the reluctance of the Salop county council to encourage such pioneering geographical expeditions as ours.

The explorers of the highland regions carried with them their pick-axes for obtaining samples of the local rocks, and advanced steadily into the moorland wastes, where they met with sheep and wild ponies. The lowland specialists attempted an approximate census of the number of sheep and cattle in each field, and the use each arable field was put to. All were helped in their tasks by a remorseless shining of the sun, which became so intense that the boots of the more active of us needed cooling by frequent immersion in the plentiful streams, whereupon large clouds of steam rose into the air, making some of the natives think that we were trying to communicate with them by means of smoke signals. This so angered one native that he threatened certain of us with a firearm, shouting abusive remarks about members of an organisation which had established a permanent base nearby, and whom he must have mistaken us for.

This considerable task completed, we were transported back to base, hungry, weary, and footsore, but with the satisfaction of having done a good day's work, and of learning much of the region's agriculture. We had much to talk and write about that evening, a fact which must have gladdened the inhabitants of the hamlet, as the peaceful countryside recovered after our usual bustling activity.

On the last of our four days in Shropshire, we awoke to the peaceful sound of falling rain (the third time in four mornings), and added our voices to those of the locals, although I imagine our remarks were just the opposite of those of the locals, as they had had the annual fertility dances of the previous night.

Our attentions were this day turned to the observation of the effects of glaciation on the drainage patterns, with any other notable feature of the countryside receiving our due attentions, but we were forced to remain within the Land-Rover because of the terrific volumes of rain which continually besieged the fair countryside. After a brief excursion into the neighbouring and even-wilder country of Wales, we scurried back into Shropshire, excavating what rock samples we could with our picks as we went, back to Ludlow, where we mistakenly suspected the castle to be an unusual igneous intrusion, and were about to set to with our pick-axes until a tourist pointed to his guide-book map, where its true nature was shown : a castle, indeed !

In Ludlow we found a contingent of the British Army trying to enlist unsuspecting natives, and we sent the well-polished boots and trim uniforms fleeing for the comparative safety of their armoured cars as we advanced "en masse" to inspect their recruitment posters, anxious to see if they promised dry weather with their other benefits. Alas, they did not.

The beautiful and picturesque architecture of the old part of Ludlow attracted the attentions of both us and our cameras as we searched for sellers of food and drink among the scurrying of the natives as they went about their business, now sure that the Martians had landed.

However, all good things must come to an end, and the next day we set about packing our sacks full of rocks and fossils into the Land-Rover, whose sturdy springs groaned in protest. Having made our farewells we sped on to the Peak District, where we saw the Roaches, pot-holes, the Winnats Pass, and rain. Here again we played our favourite trick, shocking the onlookers as all 9 of us unwound from the Land-Rover, making them doubt their eyesight, as had the natives of towns all along our route.

From the Peak District we sped further North, through that jungle of tangled pipes, roads, and human lives, Sheffield, and on to home, arriving on the Sunday evening in Stockton High Street, whence we made our way to our various homes, toiling under the weight of our trophies, weary but better for our experiences.

C. G. K. Sanderson.

A Career in the Bank

Never before have opportunities for young people been as promising as they are today in Barclays Bank. Here is a brief outline of the career that awaits you there.

The Bank wants young men of character and integrity, with a good standard of general education. Given these qualifications and an aptitude for the job, there is no reason why you should not find yourself a Branch Manager in your thirties, with a salary upwards of £1,750, and the chance of doubling your pay by the time you are 50. Looking ahead you could be one of those Managers whose salary exceeds £5,000 a year—a man with a big job, full of interest and responsibility. A goal worth striving for; and those who reach it will have a pension at 65 (without any contributions on their part) of £3,000 a year or more. Moreover, the biggest jobs in the Bank are open to all. For the early years there's a minimum salary scale for satisfactory work: £315 at 16 to £960 at 31 with a year's seniority for a good Advanced Level certificate and three years' for a degree, plus certain allowances if you work in large towns (£100 a year for employment in Central London). From 22 onwards merit can take the salary well above these figures; if the early promise is maintained, the salary at 28 can be £1,035, instead of the scale figure of £845.



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BARCLAYS BANK

DEBATING SOCIETY

THERE have only been two debates in the school year 1962-63, and the first of these had, as its motion, "This House believes the Commonwealth to be of greater importance than the Common Market." This debate was very informative, with carefully thought-out speeches. However, attendance was low, and the British farmers' enemies combined to defeat the motion.

The second debate had a very controversial motion, "This House believes that the Parish Church should be converted into a Supermarket." This debate was well supported—possibly because of the presence of several Queen Victoria School members! The quality of the speeches was high, and the debate brought to light some unusual grounds for having a Supermarket at the corner of Church Road. However, the motion was defeated, with the aid of several members of the Staff.

There has only been one debate this term, in which the Beatles were praised, ridiculed, worshipped and insulted; their music was a cave-man's creation, or the highest Art-form of the Electronic Age. Beatle fans, as ever, outnumbered the musical purists: thus all three motions this year have been defeated.

Attendances have varied considerably, reaching a peak with the participation of Queen Vic.-members; an all-time low was reached, it seemed, when the Anti-Common Market farmers and Empire Loyalists aired their opinions.

We hope for increased attendances this year, and look forward to hearing new speakers, and more speeches from the floor of the House.

J. N. Herbert.

SCHOOL EXCURSION TO HULL SCIENCE FAIR

ON Wednesday, 24th July, a party of boys and several members of the Staff travelled to Hull where we were met by Mr. Stott, a former geography master. He took us on a conducted tour of Hull's docks and industries. . . and regretted that Hull was no longer the venue of a County cricket fixture!

We lunched at the College of Technology next, but our proposed visit to the planetarium did not materialize for certain unforeseen reasons. This did not deter us, however, and we were soon making our way to the various subject departments. The exhibits were extremely interesting and included an analogue computer and a radar scanner. Exhibits on psychology and radioactivity attracted much attention. The most serious problem we had to face was the limited time at our disposal to see such a vast and varied collection of displays.

During the return journey we spent a happy hour in Scarborough. . . for refreshments, and finally arrived in Stockton at 10-15 p.m.

M.L.J.

Overheard in Room 7.

a Latin scholar's refrain.

"Amat te

Yeah Yeah Yeah."

CHESS CLUB

THIS year has seen some improvement in the fortunes of the Chess Club: we started the year with a high membership, drawn mainly from the junior school, and plenty of enthusiasm was evident. However, attendances dropped as usual as the year progressed.

One of our former masters, the Rev. J. P. Evans, presented us with a trophy to be awarded to the winner of the annual school championship. This year, the secretary of the club won, having fought a difficult game in the final with M. Chapman, of 6B.

The school teams played twice against Henry Smith's School, West Hartlepool: the senior team managed to draw even in its two games, but the junior team lost both times.

This year we have entered the Tees-side Schools' Chess League, for the first time. We hope to do well in this and our hopes are high now that we have the aid of Smith, of 6B, a player of County standard.

We seem to be one of the few school societies whose position has improved in the last year, and we hope to raise the standard of playing of our large number of members to a high standard in the near future.

M. L. Jasiewicz.

JAZZ CLUB

THE Jazz Club's first year of existence has not been the hoped-for year of the advent of the spirit (I mean the spirit of New Orleans). As may be seen elsewhere in this year's magazine, attendances at school societies have taken a sudden, violent plunge, since we moved to Chapelsville. This club seems to be the worst hit, and to a ridiculous extent—no meetings whatever have been held in the last two terms; anyway, attendances to record sessions in the old place were quite pitiful, ranging from half a dozen on a bad-weather night, to a fine, detentionless night's twelve or so.

However, weather and detentions are pretty poor excuses, considering the proportion of the school who attended on "favourable" nights—we must have had about 2—3% of the school, on average. (There's employment available here for a mathematician!)

What prevents a larger audience from eagerly rushing in one great horde through our doors (I mean at the **beginning** of the session!) seems to be that most people are allergic to Jazz, because

of some psychological disorder, which commands their feet to run out through the gates at 4-0 p.m. when the word "jazz" is whispered that day in assembly, or is displayed, shamelessly, in public.

I think this allergy is one which will only be cured by an extended course of treatment, so I am again extending an invitation to the whole school to come to our meetings (which will be recommenced after Christmas), and see what this (dare I say it?) **JAZZ** is all about.

I hope to see more of you then, unless the "Beatles" and other such poor specimens of human being, let alone musician, have taken over the country—in which case, I shall have emigrated.

W. M. Campbell.

BIOLOGY SOCIETY

THE Biological Society was formed at the beginning of this term for the boys of the upper school who show interest, keenness and ability in the subject. From the beginning, the attendance of the meetings has been very good. Several lectures and excursions are being arranged for later in the term and with funds collected at the meetings it is intended to buy livestock for the use of the society. Already members of the society have established aquaria and several of the junior members have carried out bacteria-culture demonstration experiments.

On the whole the future of the society seems very promising, providing that the attendances remain at their present level.

P. S. Hunt.

WORKING HOLIDAY AT LA CHARITE-SUR-LOIRE

ALITTLE less than a year ago, we began to think of our summer holidays, but at first could not decide where to go: we had spent the previous four years' holidays youth hostelling in this country and had covered quite a large area of our native land. Thus, we felt eager to explore foreign parts, and so we decided on a visit to France. However, continental holidays raise one problem—especially to people still at school, depending entirely on their parents—money! We had somehow to find a solution to this problem, and after some research, we decided that a working holiday was the answer. We wrote to "Les Moulins d'Apprentices," one of the organisations sponsoring this idea in France, and were accepted for a three-week period at a work camp near Bonnat "Cause," in Central France.

Transport costs would have to be reduced to a minimum, and we discovered that the most economical way to make the journey would be to take our bikes by train as far as Dieppe, then staying at French youth hostels "en route."

Everything was fixed—passports, boat reservations, tickets and insurance—but with only a week to go we received a letter informing us that, owing to the illness of the camp organiser and a lack of

funds, it had been necessary to cancel the camp concerned. In desperation, we wrote to various similar schemes operating in France, but we did not receive any favourable replies. This was indeed a terrible disappointment, but rather than cancel the whole holiday and thus lose the money we had already invested, we decided to make the trip to France anyway, and if we were unable to find employment in a camp, we could still tour the country by bike for as long as our money would allow.

Our journey started on the 29th July, and we arrived at Dieppe the following morning : here we commenced a two-day ride to Paris. We entered the capital city by the Champs Elysées, an extremely long and straight road which stretches majestically for some five or six miles into the heart of Paris. As we began to cycle into Paris, we could see the Arc de Triomphe miles away at the end of the road. The evening of that day was spent in exploring Paris's night life.

One of the reasons for our visit to Paris was that we wanted to locate the Head Office of "Jeunesse et Reconstruction," another organisation for voluntary workers, and we did this, but not without difficulty, the following day. Having listened to an explanation of our predicament, this organisation offered us work for three weeks at a camp near La Charité, a town some 300 miles south of Paris. Of course, we accepted this offer immediately !

The journey to the camp took us three days, and we arrived on the evening of Sunday, the 4th August. La Charité is a town of about 6,000 inhabitants built, with its maze of narrow streets, on the steep slope down to the River Loire.

The focal point of the working camp was the "Hôtel Civil," where on the first evening we met our twelve "work-mates," three other Englishmen, four Italians, one Spaniard, one Frenchman, one German, one American and one Yugoslav. They were a lively crowd, and were all students like ourselves. After the evening meal, we were conducted to part of an old monastery, which was the local gymnasium : it had been temporarily converted into a dormitory for our stay.

Work began on the Monday morning, and consisted of helping the local council workers (who were also part-time firemen !) to do various jobs around the town. Our tasks were never arduous and were often extremely amusing, as we were all working together ; the continentals seem to possess a vivacity sadly lacking in the British.

After work, we went down to the Plage for a swim in the river. Every French town situated anywhere near a river has a "Plage" (or beach), and La Charité was no exception. The Loire is very wide at this point and one of the wooded islands in its course here is surrounded by quite a broad belt of fine white sand. On the island itself is a café and bar, with a juke box.

The whole of the second week of our stay was a national religious festival ; there was dancing each evening at the Plage, which lasted well into the morning. Our weekends were spent partly in organised excursions into the vast wine-producing area around La Charité—we sampled rather a large amount of wine and visited some of the well-known local beauty spots. However, the three weeks in the town were over all too soon ; our stay ended with a farewell party. The next day, we set out to cover the 500 miles back to Dieppe.

Five days later we had returned to England's chalk-white coast, from an extremely enjoyable, unforgettable and worthwhile holiday.

P. J. Close, R. J. Atkinson.

“WHAT THE POETS SAY”

The Prefects.

“We cannot all be masters.” (Shakespeare : ‘Othello’).

Boys in Detention.

“Sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.”
(Shakespeare : ‘Hamlet’)

Morning Assembly.

“Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.” (Tennyson)

Those visiting Speakers in Assembly.

“Men may come and men may go
But I go on forever.” (Tennyson)

Prefects’ Room.

“The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.”
(Shakespeare : ‘The Winter’s Tale’)

School Reports.

“Here are a few of the unpleasant’st words
That ever blotted paper.”
(Shakespeare : ‘Macbeth’)

The Prayer Room.

“A little house, whose humble roof
Is water-proof.” (Herrick)

Mr. H-SL-P.

“Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly.” (Milton)

To those who hold power.

“Throw away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath.” (Geo. Herbert)

School Dinners.

“They eat all sorts of things.” (Harvey)

Exam. Day.

“At last, with sweat of horror in his hair.” (Sassoon)

Prefects.

“I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days.” (Vaughan)

The Cross-Country run.

“One more unfortunate
Weary of breath.” (Hood)

Mr. H-SL-P.

“His black hair dangled on his tattered gown.”
(De La Mare)

TALK

OH, this constant, deadly conversation,
Interminably talking of our common world,
Too empty of anything but to be talked of,
Like verbal planets revolving around
The same fixed centre,
Weaving gracefully with tact
And never touching, always separate.
Collision is fatal, explosive, destructive,
So better this solitary course,
Self-possessed, complete in one's daily round
And round and round and round
Interminably talking of our common world.

G.B.C.

TERMINUS

HOW ill we were equipped
For the journey,
As though no others
Had passed that way before,
And our excursion
Was a sort of exploration
Of the unknown,
As in a sense all journeys are.
But, for all that,
There might have been
More adequate information
Instead of this conspiracy
Of silence about essentials.
Worse,
We were furnished
With impediments,
Useless equipment
Which we lugged sweating
For many a mile,
Maps calculated to mislead,
And, not least,
Our own induced myopia.
Well, we are here now
And we've seen for ourselves
The terrain, the dry deserts
Of paradise, *dei gratia*.
We have no alternative
But to putrify.

G.B.C.

THE DOOMED

THE cold, unrisen sun has set
On the graveyard Garbutt death.
Weary worm in dust,
Scraping, silent mouse,
Nibble the end of time
In the silent school.

Old bricks are new.
Pure sulphured air
Is disinfected down the crossword, nightmare town,
By coughing, cancer-bearing country breezes,
Zephyrs manured, uncivilised.
Bricks and mortar, wood and tile,
Man's changes are great,
His flea's heart is full.

A pinned-wing phoenix is let free, in one day,
By boxed convulsion, from chameleon Time's
Unclean, unwanted, life-endowing,
Not yet burned-out ash.

Old Time is not all spent : a school of rules
Still strains under the same sad spirit
Of our adolescence, defeated, rebellious ;
Boys all small
Bottleneck the groaning gates,
As the shrill salvation bells
Drill the yet damp, waiting walls ;
Boys box for buses, buses
Back to the evening gloomy, uncaring
Fraternal town ; masters, not a few,
Sprint like aged Piries, run the tarmac course,
Sprint for the gate-post tapes,
Victor Ludorum runs, winner, home by car.

Soon, the boy-exhausted, mourning tumbledown
Is again but bricks, new bricks or old,
Fresh air is foul, green fields are grey.
No, time's phoenix is but tar and feathers,
The disguise of Old Time in Youth,
Used, how many times,
In the Grammar School, Chalkdust world
Where Time is forever still.

W. M. Campbell.

RUMOURS

That Mr. C-RR-N produced a play.

That a fund has been started to buy Mr. HE-GHW-Y a
"dog-collar."

That enough speakers have been found to have 2 debates in one
term.

That Mr. C-LL-N's shoes have been sound-proofed.

That a junior school boy has smelt something cooking.

That one of the heaters has been given some lines by a prefect for
making "a humming noise."

That the Parents' Committee is to give trading stamps at School
Fairs.

That the school bell has been seen running across the field.

That we will be moving into our new school buildings sometime.

That someone has heard a 'plane going over the school.

That tickets are now on sale for the School Fair, 1999.

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THE CHRONICLES OF S.G.S. by NOTALIAH

AND it came to pass that, in the fulness of time, the men of S.G.S. did e'en hie themselves into their new lands, in the distant place men call "Fairfield." The tidings went forth in these lands of the invasion, whereupon the men of "Fairfield" did hide away their daughters and wine from the men of S.G.S. Verily did they encompass their "pub" within a wall so as to keep the invaders without. Now let it be in the lands of S.G.S. that it is wrong to kindle "bakkah" and drink of wine in their new lands as it was in the old.

Whereas most of the men of S.G.S. are law-abiding there are even a few wild men in their land, who do greatly gnash their teeth, and great is their insolence. Lo, because of the wild men the Chief Priest and his henchmen of old did appoint of the people to become as "Prefects." The Chief of these, men call throughout the land, "Pete the Great," for indeed he is great in height.

And it came to pass that in the tenth month of the year the High Chief Priest of all Priests of those lands, did e'en hie himself with his great multitude of "clergy" men, to the new lands of S.G.S. to condemn the men of those lands to study everlasting. Now it came to pass that this High Chief Priest did feast with the henchmen and scribes of Stockton. When he had taken of his apportioned lot, he did return into the lands of the men of S.G.S., where he did girt himself about with a multi-coloured raiment of white and crimson, and did enter into the house whereunto he was led by Pete the Great.

Now the henchmen of Pete the Great and the Priests of the surrounding lands were gathered in the House of God and did see the High Priest hallow the Holy Table.

Now one of the younger men of S.G.S. did e'en forget the gift for the High Chief Priest of all Priests of those lands, and his henchmen did say, "Verily, here is a great mistake." But it came to pass that the henchmen did find and donate the gift, and lo, the High Chief Priest did prove of much mirth, in tales of great boats, unto the men of S.G.S. insomuch that they did e'en burst with the mirth thereof.

It came to pass that the High Chief Priest and his henchmen, who were many, Pete the Great and his henchmen, and all the great host did e'en hie themselves unto the grounds of the house of S.G.S. where there came to pass the ceremony of tradition of the planting of tree.

Yea, soon there was heard the rushing of feet and a great gnashing of teeth as the assembled company did besport themselves in the House of Food. Whereas most of the men of S.G.S. were not allowed to eat (nor did they do so, O ye wicked accusers!), Pete the Great and his henchmen even. And it came to pass that soon there was no food in the house of eating.

The High Chief Priest of all Priests of those lands did depart from S.G.S. in a chariot of much chrome and silver, with a host of horsepower, but the Chief Priest whom one called "Chief Master" did depart in his chariot of one man power, for he is a fit man in these days, and does love to take of fresh air.

All this did the scribe perceive and write down. Here endeth the Chronicles of Notaliah the scribe, whom men say stirs their hearts.

1963—ANOTHER YEAR OF SORE, SQUARE EYES

ALTHOUGH it would be only a flattering belief that the giant B.B.C. and I.T.V. Corporations receive and study this magazine each year, it seems that many of the hopes expressed on this subject last year have been, or are to be, fulfilled. In particular, a new television channel ('B.B.C.—2') will come into being—at least in the savage wilds of the South—during 1964. This channel will bring into being the suggested educational services—as it were, in its pouch.

The North-East of England will not receive this additional television channel until 1965, but we have already many new, regular educational programmes, and these are not **all** super-technical, mumbled, scientist' ramblings—the viewer has been granted a series of programmes on some of the great painters; also, there is the "Parliamo Italiano" series, which scientists-of-today, and artists (allegedly of yesterday) will equally find of use.

One programme dealing with a scientific subject has not been completely overburdened with unexplained technical terms, and does not thus assume a detailed grounding in the Sciences—"The Science of Man," which provides a basic knowledge not of nuclear physics or calculus but of the human body. In contrast with this, is that "Monitor" of the Mathematicians, " $E=mc^2$," a programme solely for "Those in the know," the "Chosen People," or whatever these Scientists believe of themselves. However, as the programme is screened at half-past eleven at night, no lover of the Arts could complain of peak-viewing-hour-monopolising-scientists. "The Rise of the Christian Empire" is of interest to historians, both 'amateur' and specialist.

Thus, we have — together with the "old favourites"—"Monitor," "Adventure" and "Panorama"—a greatly improved television service, both at present and in prospect, if one considers the B.B.C. programmes alone. Even more surprising than the new B.B.C. additions, was the experiment on Independent Television some weeks ago—"Dawn University." While it is hard to imagine that a typical University student would rise at such unearthly hours for a lecture, these programmes are potentially of great value to those who cannot gain University places—if the programmes become regular.

The past year has also seen a decline in the number and duration of "Westerns," but these wonderful programmes have been replaced by more of the "James Bond" genre of cheap, immoral, sordid, superficial and otherwise worthless, "crime-and-killing" programmes—such as "The Saint" and "Espionage." Thus, a new irritation joins the old, hitting the eye at the touch of a switch. "That was the week that was" was, when first screened, a bold and daring innovation, which was fairly consistent in the quality of its scripts. However, this programme has declined steadily, this year, to the point where a so-called satirist takes his own joke seriously, and becomes a parliamentary candidate. This show is, however, occasionally illuminated by a flash of brilliance—such as Lance Percival's "Governor-General of the North-East."

Yet such parts as this are exceptional, and the only reason one can see in support of the continued screening of this late-night, anarchic rambling, is that the programme criticises so many institutions, groups or individuals that the viewer can identify himself with at least one of the many attacks made each night. In attacking so many diverse subjects, these self-styled "satirists" would lead the viewer to consider that they have no personal beliefs, and thus that the programme is screened for anarchists, atheists and the immoral, as well as the trend-following morons, who regard watching the programme as "being with it," "the thing to do," etc.

"Emergency Ward Ten" continues its wearysome decline; it has even lost all its plausible actors. "Compact" continues to drift along quite happily through mists of complete unreality, as innumerable, vague characters come from and go back into the murk at intervals. "Coronation Street," however, now stands out above the gloom of these morons' delights, the other serials. As in "Z-Cars," however, the quality of the writing varies enormously from week to week.

I, for one, am glad to see a mediocre assortment of "kitchen-sink" dramas fade into oblivion, never having liked sordidness for its own sake. The B.B.C.'s "Festival" series has brought to the screen some excellent plays—excluding Noël Coward's superficial, trivial little offering.

To conclude, it might be said that the past year has seen quite a substantial improvement in British Television programmes, and that there is great hope for the future in the advent of "B.B.C.—2."

However, to use the well-worn school report cliché, "there is still considerable room for improvement."

W. M. Campbell.

A SCHOOL REPORT

FORM : 5/4 on.

POSITION : 67th (surprising).

Religious Instruction : He has taught me little this term.

English Language : His spelling is atrocious. Since he learnt to spell the word "dictionary" he has been under the misapprehension that he can spell all words now.

English Literature : He has peculiar ideas. I recommend that he stops moaning about the tragedy of Lolita.

Geography : This term he has been on the rocks.

History : He has some very rare abilities—so rare that time has not yet uncovered them.

Languages : French : He needs to take stock of himself from time to time. Far from being amazingly inarticulate, he is given to a certain prolixity, which becomes particularly apparent in his geographical digressions ; these do, however, show him to be a "man of the world."

Latin : Dull, but steady. (Will make a good parent.)

Mathematics : Exceedingly uninteresting—er—uninterested. He should go far—the further the better, and by the shortest route, which, as we all know, is a straight line from "A" to "B".

Science : Chemistry : An exceedingly odorous youth. He has been smoking again.

Physics : A more aggressive attitude needed if a good result is to be achieved.

Biology : An immature, yet promising specimen. I follow his growth with interest.

Art : Good, but I can't read his writing.

Woodwork : He is thick, unfinished, and unpolished. Would make a good table.

Physical Education : Greatly improved. Can now down a pint without pausing.

Music : He is a little fortissimo.

Conduct : He behaves well enough when he has not got an answer.

Other Activities : (Censored).

Headmaster's Report : He is progressing well, all round : but, could improve his mathematics. Despite this ; his work has produced, "fair" results.

(School Development Fund—£1,000).

H. Galloway, W. M. Campbell.



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THE OLDE WILDE WEST

ONE of the famous characters of the O.W.W. was Billy the Kid. Billy's mother says: "Shucks, I can remember when he was born."

Billy dosen't do well at school, but his teacher knows he's the kind of boy who wants to go places. . . he keeps holding up his hand to tell her so.

Come sixteen years of age and Billy rides into Tombstone City where a notice in the Sheriff's office says "GONE TO LYNCH."

Later he meets Calamity Jane and pops the question. . . .
"Let's you and me elope."

"O.K. Billy, let's share the nuptial bliss."

"Better still" suggests Billy, "Let's git married, honey."

As for the rest of the tale folks. . . you had better have a seat around the old camp-fire and listen to my pardner. . . .

M.W.G.

THE POPULAR MUSIC SCENE

THIS article is intended to answer the question, "What are the values, influences, and dangers of "Pop" music?"

The advent of the "Mersey sound" about a year ago, has given popular music added vitality, and has gained for it a fanatical following, through skilful publicity. The Mersey sound relies on an exaggerated rhythm, ceaselessly pounded out by bass guitar and drums for its main attraction: it appeals to the primitive instinct in man to dance or at least to tap his feet in time with the music. Man's primitive side is further excited by the rough but enthusiastic singing of the groups, who scream the rather corny lyrics in their falsetto voices. Thus, the two main characteristics of the Mersey sound are its exaggerated rhythm and accompanying melodic screams and moans.

This then is the actual sound: what are the music's influences? The heavy beat, as has been already mentioned, induces in man a desire to move his body to the rhythm of the music, thus the music enjoys an undisputed sway in the dance-halls. The crowding of these places had already led to the introduction of the Twist, as this takes up less space on the dance floor per person than did "Rock 'n' Roll." The more recent "Shake" and its variations also take up little space; they also allow for the attainment of a greater degree of self-expression by having little set form.

The widespread popularity of the music has led to further over-crowding in the dance-halls, so that there is often not even enough standing-room; thus, if groups with a national following are to be seen by their fans, they must play in theatres. Here, of course, there is no dancing, but fans liberate their feelings in screaming—surely this often criticised action is less harmful to the community than bored teenagers becoming vandals? Fans queuing

for tickets outside theatres are often criticised, but I cannot believe that more nuisance is caused by them than by rowdy queues at the more popular football matches, every week, the length of the country.

The influence of the Liverpool "beat-bashers" is mostly on a superficial level, on dress and hair-styles. The emergence of the new groups has made teenagers accept unusual ideas in clothes—the collarless, high-necked jacket, the uselessness of the necktie, etc. ; and in hairstyles, the primitive basin-cut of the Beatles. There has been too much conservatism, on the whole, in men's fashions in past years : change and experiment are to some extent desirable and healthy.

Popular music has two main values : it allows a not anti-social means of individual self-expression ; also, the "pop" fan may, in time, become dissatisfied, bored with the music's limited melodies and rhythms, and thus he may become in time more sensitive, more understanding of higher forms of music.

The main danger of the music is that it induces a lack of tact, springing from an attitude of revolution against the older generations and their comparatively lifeless, sentimental type of music ; however, since the introduction of a commercial jazz-form to Britain in the early 1920's, this revolutionary attitude has been prevalent among the young generation. The Beatles have been accused of leading the nation's youth in a worship of a life of lazy lechery, "easy money," and general irresponsibility. Teenagers today are honest and frank about their likes, dislikes, ideals, and way of life, instead of concealing their desires beneath a thin cloak of "respectability," which is, to mix metaphors, the idol of the middle classes, particularly of the first half of this century.

In this brief survey of "pop" music, the Mersey sound has been used as an example drawn from the innumerable forms of the music which have all followed the same pattern of development : they explode upon an unwary world, are adopted as the latest with it craze, to be worshipped by the affluent society for some time ; finally, they are all dropped in favour of the next new craze, as the record companies look for a panacea for their falling-off sales.

No doubt the "Mersey sound" will in time become again the sound of ships' sirens, and the howling of the wind around the Liver building.

C. G. K. Sanderson.

1963 "Z" LEVEL GENERAL STUDIES EXAMINATION

Answer the following questions in your native tongue :—

(If you have no native tongue, use Swahili.)

1. "There is a Tide in the affairs of men."

Say which tide and whether it washes whiter.

2. What was Polonius doing behind the arras, and did he have to ?
3. 1st witch—" Hail ! "
- 2nd witch—" Hail ! "
- 3rd witch—" Hail ! "

Make a detailed comparison and analysis of the above passages from " Macbeth." Send your completed work to the Meteorological Office.

4. " Shall I compare thee to a - - - - - ? " Choose the appropriate words from those in brackets and say whether you agree : (load of hay), (summer's day), (Freudian slip), (rainy May), (cheese soufflé), (rear of a public road transport vehicle).
5. Was " King Henry the Fourth " divided into two parts for the benefit of the commercials ?
6. Describe in Latin the following species of fossils : *Straelinia*, *Leptostrophia*, *Magniveata*, *Anoplia*, *Milceata*, et, *Chonostrophia Complanata*. Also decline them (you may omit the vocative).
(Paper set by the H. Galloway Ejaculation Board)

PROBLEMS — ROMANCE — CRIMES

Talk them over with. . . Evelyn Hume

- Worried Basher :** No, I would not tell your mother immediately. Firstly, find an alibi, then, take daddy's body to the river. If mummy is worried, ease **her** mind too.
- Ton-up Pete :** I am sorry to hear that you cannot push your 950 c.c. machine up the drive. Perhaps if you limited your speed to 60 m.p.h., there would be no cause for complaint.
- Worried second-former :** I have again read the letter you sent me last year, together with your latest, and my answer is : firstly, I must again say that no University has adopted tattered gowns ; nor has the University you have in mind had tattered gowns replaced by new, long, ironed ones.
- Toady :** Yes, that smell you mention **is** cabbage stewing. I also do not find it particularly appetising. I would suggest to you that you could always organise a petition to have it prohibited.
- Penny-farthing :** I would advise you not to park your contraption in the Chapel, for two reasons : firstly, the Chapel is overcrowded by bicycles already ; and, the Chapel was meant not for this purpose, but, of course, as something people could spend their money on.

Dr. Ree : I must emphasise that University entrance at the age of seventy-five is rather unusual, and that if you feel compelled to enter, you should trim your beard a little—otherwise, your fellow-students will become jealous of your wonderful growth of hair.

Signor Alphonso : No. eso no es el mejor tiempo del año para cultivar ñones.

RON DISK—Prophet of the Pops

“ Watch out all you swinging Bill Haley fans !”
says Ron Disk, prophet of the Pops.

“ For I predict that in a few months time the fame of mighty Bill will be eclipsed—and, yes, the boys who are going to do it are four swinging lads from Liverpool with zany Roman style haircuts.

Their name—THE BEATLES.

If these boys aren't zooming up the charts within a matter of months, I personally will eat my wig.

So far little has been heard of these fab whackers from Mersey-land. But then a few months ago no one had heard of Bill Haley and his Swinging Comets.

It takes time to make the grade—even in the dizzy world of pops.

But when I hear the sound of success, I feel “funny all over,” and my spine starts a-tingling—that tingle says to me “ Watch it, Ron. This is the greatest diggish noise yet.”

So my message for you mods is WATCH OUT FOR THE BEATLES. You will be hearing more of them, just mark my words, you teds and cats, or my name isn't Ron Disk !

P.S.—(It isn't, it is Alec Hoge, who normally writes the school football reports).—ED.

David Garrick wrote :

For Physics and farces,
His equal there scarce is,
His farces are Physics,
His physics a farce is.

MR. X. . . I often ask me “ What's he there for ?”

The only reason I can find

Is reproduction of his kind. . . .

G. Appleton.

“THROUGH A HOLE IN HIS SHOE”

The following are genuine extracts from letters received by the M.O.H. Office in Edinburgh, which deals with Public Welfare.

1. I cannot get eternity benefit in spite of the fact that I saw the insistence office, I have eight children.
What can I do about it ?
2. I have nothing coming into the house but two sons on the dole. I am visited regularly by the clergy. Will you write to the penshins minister for me, as I do not know which church he is in charge of. I need a penshun as I have had no clothes for a year.
3. I am enclosing a certificate with six children. One of them is a twin and died. You ask if he was christened. Yes, he was baptised on half a sheet of paper by a captain in the Salvation Army.
4. I am enclosing my marriage certificate with three children. One of them is a mistake as you will see when you look into it. I am writing to say that my youngest son is born two years old. Why am I not getting allowance for it ?
5. I should like more penshon, since my son is in charge of a Spitoon. I got separate lowance when he listened. You want to know where he was wounded. If it's all the same to you, he was wounded in the Dardy Nel.
6. Please send me form for cheap milk for having babies at reduced rates. I have a baby two months old and did not know anything about it until a neighbour told me.
7. My son has been unable to attend school. He has had diarrhoea through a hole in his shoe.

STOCKTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

President : C. G. Sparrow.

Secretary : D. R. Argyle, 24 Yarm Road, Stockton-on-Tees.

Treasurer : P. J. Bethel, 2 Bovesfield Lane, Stockton-on-Tees.

Sports Secretary : C. A. Thompson, 6 Stafford Street,
Stockton-on-Tees.

Committee : W. N. Leng, R. T. Miller, C. D. Green, G. Hall,
G. C. Cowan, A. C. Lockwood.

President's Letter.

Dear Old Boys,

The year now ending should have been lit by bonfires on the hills and noisy with merrymaking in the streets ; for the thing has come to pass which many of us have never expected to live to see.

Typically, the entry of the School into its new estate was achieved quietly and the Official Opening with dignity. The first bright shine on the building and its furnishings is beginning to dull, and the playing fields are taking their first signs of winter wear.

For Old Boys the Sports Day was a re-union on a scale which

I do not remember for many years. The conjunction of a fine Saturday, a natural curiosity about the new school and excellent publicity brought together Old Boys of different generations, some of whom had not met since leaving school. The Official Opening Ceremony, which I was unfortunate enough to miss, was also an occasion for renewing acquaintance for Old Boys and the present and former members of the Staff.

I hope this is a sign of re-awakening interest and that the ties between the School and the Association, which at times have been very tenuous, will be renewed. There is a great deal which a strong and active Association can do to help the School, now and in the future.

May I suggest as a beginning that those Old Boys who have not already done so respond as generously as their means permit to the Appeal which has been made to them ?

Yours sincerely,

Clifford Sparrow.

OLD BOYS NOTES (1)

AS an old boy from the War time days in Norton Road, I liked to imagine that the standard of the buildings and the teaching facilities do not really matter as much as the quality of the teaching. This, I am sure, is still true but how much easier it must be both to teach and to learn in the spacious cleverly designed buildings in Fairfield.

There was a very definite atmosphere of keenness and enjoyment on the day of the official opening. The smooth control and easy running of the actual ceremony was evidence of very good staff work in the background but the participation and obvious enjoyment of the boys added to the occasion to make it quite a moving experience.

The sense of achievement was evident and was noticed by all the guests and there must have been many old boys there who recalled the rather dismal functions of their School days.

There is something to be said in being a little different from ordinary schools and this school is different, not only in its foundation and in having its Chapel but, in the extraordinarily clever design and construction of its building. This is not one of the hundreds of glass-houses that are sprouting up all over the country, all like one another. This one has a certain distinction, it looks solid and yet is wonderfully light inside.

I, along with all the other old boys who were present, look back on the opening day with happy memories and we wish the new School every success.

D. L. Bowron.

OLD BOYS' NOTES (2)

THIS year has been eventful for Old Boys as well as those now at school and with the completion of the new school it appears that the Association may well take on a new lease of life. A promising indication of things to come was the large attendance of Old Boys at the school sports and at the dedication of the school chapel by the Archbishop of York. Over nine hundred Old Boys were circularised about the Appeal to meet the cost of the chapel and to date £2,620 has been raised—either by direct subscription or by way of Deed of Covenant.

Unfortunately the football match against the school had to be abandoned owing to heavy rain but the annual cricket match was held and proved most entertaining. The Old Boys batted first and made 175 all out, the School replying with 137 for 7 wickets.

In addition the Old Boys' Dinner was held—this time in May as many Old Boys felt that at Christmas or New Year it conflicted with other activities.

News of Old Boys includes the following items :—

- J. B. Guy** is now a Senior Poultry Advisor with J. Bibby & Sons Limited of Liverpool.
- E. P. Maughan** and **N. Whitehead** are both articled to a local firm of chartered accountants.
- E. H. Dick** is an Accountant with Proctor & Gamble Limited of Newcastle upon Tyne.
- D. Landon**, **P. Waddington** and **J. Weaver** are all with local Banks.
- A. Fishburn** is at a teachers' training college in Sunderland.



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