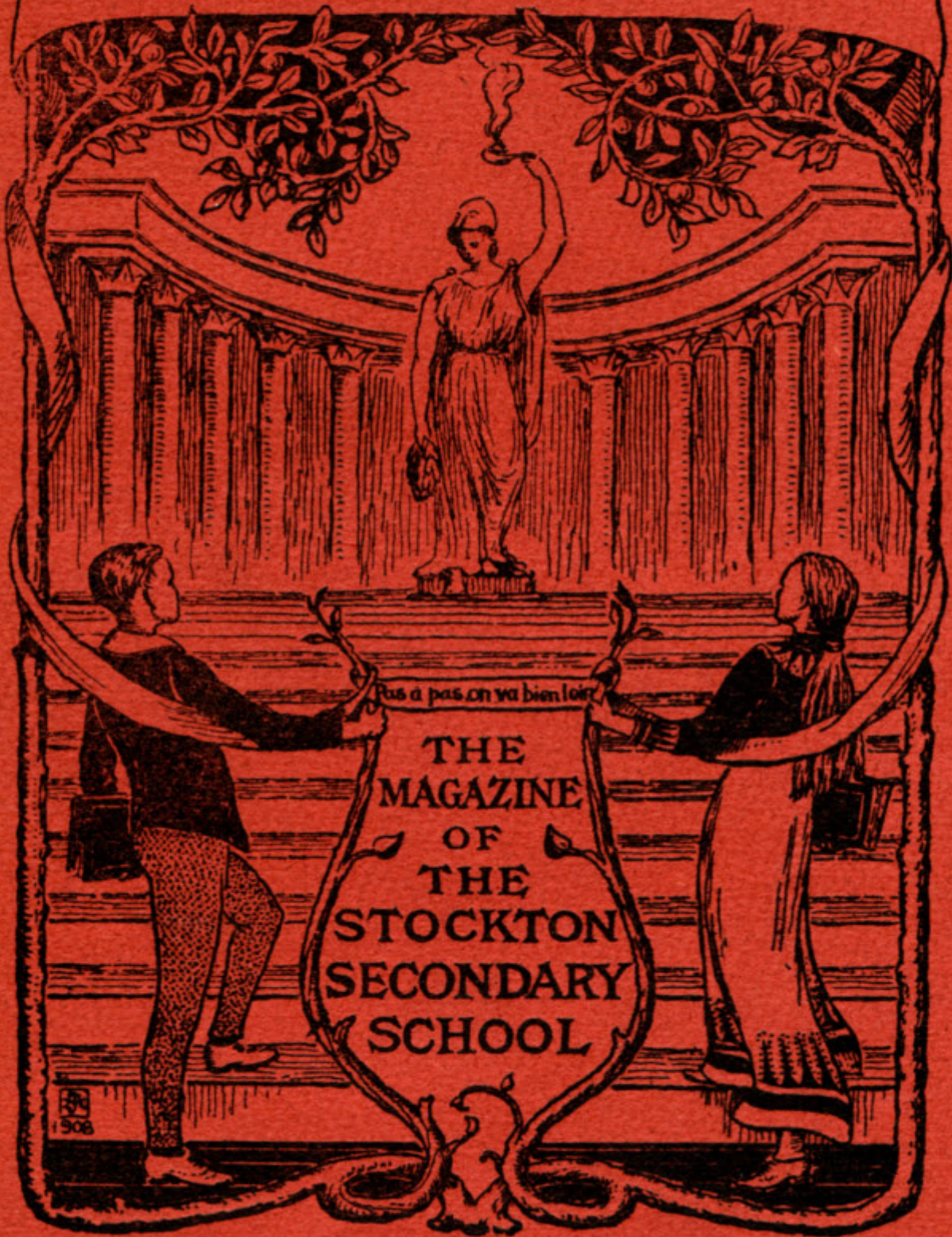


1912
(Easter)

THE STOCKTONIAN.



pas a pas on va bien loir

THE
MAGAZINE
OF
THE
STOCKTON
SECONDARY
SCHOOL

1508

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"The Stocktonian" S.S.S. Magazine

VOL. I.

EASTER, 1912.

No 1.

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

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

Editorial.

IT is with no fanfare of trumpets that we send forth to-day the first number of "The Stocktonian." No such proclamation is necessary; we trust to excellence alone to merit reward and bring success to our Magazine. We may not be reviewed in glowing eulogistic terms; we may not be regarded with jealous eyes by our leading London contemporaries. But do we wish or expect these things? No. What we *do* expect—and we know our expectations will be realized—is that "The Stocktonian," resurrected from the ashes of "Excelsior," will be welcomed and cherished by every boy and girl in school. Let it be in very truth *The Magazine* of Stockton Secondary School.

Some carping critic may say, "Is a magazine worth all the trouble?" "Is it a necessity?" All such questions may be answered very simply—*yes*. Anything which tends to strengthen the corporate life of the school: anything which kindles interest in and love for the school: anything in short, which will help us proudly to say "Our School," is worth all the trouble in the world. We hope the magazine will, in a measure, help to realize this ideal, so we make no apology for our publication. Our motto, if not our name, is ever "Excelsior." We have put our hands to the plough: we will not look back.

At first we were in a state of trepidation, for contributions were slow to arrive. Talent seemed for a time to lie dormant. The editor's eye was bedimmed with tears as each day he opened the "Magazine Box." It was the oft repeated story of "the empty box." His dejected, lorn look must have touched a note of sympathy, for at last the floodgates were opened, and a tide of literary lore flowed in. To all who have loyally helped us by contributing, we return heartiest thanks, and we would say here that as our space is limited and our contributions many, we have been reluctantly compelled to defer publication of certain articles until our next issue.

One or two of the leading features of our magazine require special mention, and the first is our "Old Pupils' Page." A school, truly, does not prove "an abiding city," and the "many change and pass" with each succeeding year. We should like, however, to think that the interest in the school and its doings *does remain*, and it is with the object of fostering this spirit that we have an "Old Pupils' Page." It is the duty of every boy and girl to bring the magazine to the notice of those who have left school.

Our Competition Page should prove an attractive feature. In this number we announce competitions varied in character to suit the tastes of every boy and girl in school. Let us have a record entry. You can enter without gaining a prize, but you cannot gain a prize without entering.

But now time creeps on apace, and the editorial fount of inspiration is running dry. It is as well there is little more to say. We make one last appeal. Remember the "The Stocktonian" is a magazine for the pupils by the pupils. Its success is in your hands. Let it have an unprecedented circulation!!!

The Editor's Dream.

The night was fair, the Editor slept, and sweet was the dream
he dreamed.

He sat at ease in his big arm chair—or this is the way it seemed—
He read through manuscripts long and short, and lo, 'twas an
age of gold!

For every bit of the verse would scan, and none of the jokes
were old!

And the Editor smiled a happy smile, and heaved a contented sigh,
And slept the sleep of the Truly Just, while the hours went
slipping by.

The Editor entered his room at ten, with a confident, cheerful air,
And eyed with a smile the orderly pile that lay on the table there;
Manuscripts long and manuscripts short,—blossoms and tender
green

Culled from a Garden of Young Ideas, where never a blight had
been.

And he felt the pride that a gardener feels, and thought of his
Flower Show—

And he little knew what the future held; poor fellow how
could he know?

The Editor sat in his room at one, and grey was his matted hair,
And his eyes were fixed on the table-top in a wild, unseeing stare.
He had read through manuscripts long and short, and his heart
was sad and cold,

For not one bit of the verse would scan, and all of the jokes
were old!

Then he thought of all he had hoped and dreamed, and he
groaned a fearful groan.

* * * *

Ah! the Editor's life is a bitter life, and he ploughs his furrow
alone.

A Spanish Carnival.

Last year I was in Ferrol, near Coruña, in Spain, at the time of the Carnival and had the pleasure of seeing and taking part in it.

It is held every year in the month of February, and on this occasion the people dress in brilliantly coloured dresses and fancy costumes and on their faces they wear masks. They parade the streets in groups laughing, singing, and very often playing upon guitars or concertinas. Perhaps one group will accost another in cheerful but assumed voices, and at other times they will throw a handful of confetti over each other.

The people from their balconies throw coloured paper streamers from one side of the street to the other, which, hanging suspended, give the street quite a gay appearance. The little children are dressed as flowers, pages and clowns, etc., and they all look very picturesque. They dance when they hear any music, and, as they dance very well, it is a pleasure to see them.

In the evenings there are fancy dress balls. All the dancers have their faces masked until the clock strikes twelve. The dancers dance in the body of the hall, whilst the spectators occupy the boxes overhead. They toss paper streamers from boxes on one side of the theatre to boxes on the other side until they are so thickly interwoven that it is difficult to see what is going on below. The dancers give over dancing because they are knee-deep in confetti and paper streamers, and before they go home they have confetti fights in which kings fight fairies, monks fight clowns, and gipsies fight with comets and so on.

E.D., Form IIIF.

Spring.

"Spring has come! Let all sing praises,"

Chirped the bird upon the tree;

"Spring has come! Awake sweet daisy,

For I want to sing to *thee*."

From their winter's sleep, the flowers

Rose to greet the sun's bright rays,

Rose unmindful of the showers,

As the birds trilled forth their lays.

Then the tall, bare trees and hedges,

Soon were clothed in garments green.

In the ponds the moss and sedges,

Coming forth enhanced the scene.

Everything was bright, and gladness

Seemed to echo through the vales;

Snow had vanished; vanished sadness,

Vanished cold and winter gales.

K.S.L.

Examination Results. Christmas 1911.

	English	History	French	Maths	Physics	Chemistry	Geography	Drawing	Manual	Needlework
Form VIa	M. Ross K. S. Love	A. Samuel W. Stewart	Green Osborne	Green Osborne	R. Williams G. Atkinson	Green Osborne	Green Osborne	Osborne M. Ross		
Form VIb	C. Sanderson J. Leader	Monaghan Mabel Gill	S. Osborne M. Robertson	C. Harper M. Foggin	G. Atkinson	C. Harper M. Foggin J. Monaghan	M. Gill J. Monaghan			
Form Va	Dee	Dee	Dee	Wilkinson	Wilkinson	Dee Roberts	Appleby		Demaine	
Form Vb	Weatherell L. Bowron L. Carling	Roberts L. Carling L. Bowron	Howie K. Atkinson G. Narbeth	McWilliams L. Carling J. Hotson	Dee	A. Plumley H. Prest	Roberts J. Hotson L. Carling	A. Callender L. Bowron	Walker	
Form IVa	Macgregor	Macgregor	Callender	Kidd	Callender	Robinson Ingman Wrightson	Callender	Plumley	Plumley Porter	
Form IVb	Tremayne	Plumley	Gilbraith	Ingman	Johnson Porter	Wrightson	Johnson	Crawford Wrightson		
Form IVc	A. Pugh A. Foulkes	A. Foulkes E. Harrison	A. Pugh J. Bateman R. Raper	O. Thompson M. Young	M. Young E. Ordish	M. Young E. Wardell	A. Pugh A. Foulkes	M. Lofthouse E. Harrison C. Munro A. Pugh		C. Rimer C. Prest
Form IIIa	Muirden	Muirden	Jobling Smith	Pugh	King	King	Muirden	Smith	Petch	
Form IIIb	Kidd	Pugh	Smith	Raper	Pugh	Petch	Petch	Muirden Inglis	Inglis	
Form IIIc	Shipley	Stacy	Smith	Shipley	Cheseldine	Cheseldine	Cheseldine	Dickinson Smith	Franklin	
Form IIId	Cheseldine Smith	Cheseldine	Sanderson Cheseldine	Smith	Ward		Smith		Cheseldine	
Form IIId	R. Henderson A. Hore	F. Ordish O. James	L. Watson M. Webber	A. Hore M. Webber	A. Hore D. White	O. James A. Hore	O. James A. Hore	R. Henderson N. Watson		R. Henderson E. Wilkinson
Form IIId	Ward Dudley	Forster Jonsson	M. Webber	McLennan Dudley	Downing Leigh	Jonsson Connors	Jonsson Connors	Jonsson Earnshaw	McLennan Peacock	
Form IIId	Irene Harker Cora Barr	Irene Harker Mary Kirby	L. Ainsworth	M. Milburn M. Hutchinson	M. Milburn A. Gibson	M. Hutchinson Cora Barr	M. Hutchinson Cora Barr	E. Watson M. Hutchinson		J. Bishop G. Weir
Form IIId	J. Wilson	F. Short	L. Ainsworth	H. Darnbrough	E. Leader H. Darnbrough	L. Ainsworth			Short	L. Ainsworth
Form IIId	L. Ainsworth	L. Ainsworth	J. Wilson	L. Ainsworth	H. Darnbrough	H. Darnbrough			Wilson	E. Leader
Form IIId	P. Fawcett	W. Thompson	G. Pargeter	G. Pargeter			G. Hall	E. Findlay	F. Lewis G. Pargeter	E. Cook E. Kewley
Form I	G. Hall	G. Hall	P. Fawcett	P. Fawcett	I. Martin	S. Creaser	E. Cook	T. Hutchinson	Franklin Peart	B. Wardell E. Bowron S. Creaser
Form IVd	B. Wardell G. Bowron E. Usher	C. Peart E. Usher	M. Hutchinson M. Hopkins	Franklin Reed			B. Wardell Byles	Lambert Kennedy		
Form IVd	M. Hutchinson	E. Craig	M. Hopkins	N. Henderson	N. Henderson	M. Hutchinson	M. Hutchinson	N. Henderson E. Spooner		E. Spooner E. Usher

Botany—Form VIa—M. Ross, W. Stewart. Form VIb—Q. Plummer, B. Carter
Latin—Form VIa—Green, H. Jordan. Form VIb—F. Horlington, E. Walker
German—Form IVb—I. Hamburger, C. Munro.

Nature Notes.

A COUNTRY WALK.

There is a lonely walk from Berwick along the banks of the Tweed, which leads into a beautiful wood. In spring the grass is covered with the blossoms of the primrose, and violets are found in great profusion. In the trees there are many nests, chiefly thrushes' nests. The eggs of the thrush are light blue and slightly mottled at one end. I once found a robins' nest in a sandy bank. It was made almost entirely of moss. Yellow buntings' nests are to be found on the banks of the river. The eggs are small and white and slightly mottled. C.

THE HORSE-CHESTNUT TREE.

The horse-chestnut tree is a very large tree, conical in shape, and with a great many branches. The flowers are very pretty and have a rich scent. Some of them are white and pink: others are white and yellow. The coming of spring is foretold by this tree, as it is the first to open its buds. Every twig is terminated by a bud. When the end of March draws near, the ground beneath the tree is strewn with tinted scales. This tree will grow in most situations, but it flourishes best in a rich loamy soil. P.F.

THE SORROWFUL HEDGEHOG.

One summer evening, while walking down a country lane, I saw a hedgehog. It crossed the road in front of me, so I ran after it. I caught it, put it into my handkerchief, and brought it home. I put it into the garden and left it there all night. Next day I went to look at it, and I saw great tear drops falling from its eyes. I came to the conclusion that it had young and was crying for them. I at once took it to where I found it. J.V.F.

CLOUDS.

The part of Nature Study in which I am most interested is that dealing with clouds. There is a great variety of clouds. The Cumulus, or heaped clouds, begin to form in the morning and rise higher in the sky and grow bigger during the day. In the evening they sink again.

The Stratus Clouds are like sheets, and are arranged horizontally in the sky. The sun produces very pretty colour effects on this kind of cloud. The colours, at sunset, vary from orange to grey.

It is quite impossible to imitate in a painted picture the beautiful colours and forms which are commonly seen in a fine sunset. E.B.

Sunset.

The light of day is in the western sky,
 And sinking slowly into banks of cloud
 Which, bathed in light, approaching night defy
 And form the setting of a glittering crowd
 Of dazzling sunbeams, which with diamonds vie,
 And kiss the drapings of an azure sky.

Then gorgeous tints of glowing crimson shade
 The evening sky, and rosy lights enfold
 The shimmering clouds, whose brightest glories fade,
 And yield their place to streaks of gleaming gold,
 While the now blood red sphere, in clouds enfurled,
 Is bidding farewell to a silent world. A.P., IV B.

Tomkins Junior—2 B.

Tomkins junior, the distinguished oracle of 2 B, was having an exciting week. On three successive occasions, a little misunderstanding with his teacher concerning the preparation of lessons had condemned him to what his bosom friend, Bungay, playfully termed "Hard labour in the upper regions." A similar misunderstanding with his beloved parent on the previous evening had had more lasting results, and Tomkins had felt himself compelled to acknowledge the truth of the old maxim that "the hand is sometimes mightier than the sword." To-day, too, his definition of a skeleton as "a person's bones with the meat picked off" had excited in class the derisive laughter of Bramble junior. Tomkins had rightly interpreted this as a slight upon his character, and promptly invited the audacious Bramble to mortal combat. The challenge was immediately accepted, and despite the sage advice of the ever-faithful Bungay, Tomkins had been compelled to quit the field of battle, minus a hitherto very conspicuous tooth. So, as he sadly wended his way towards his native Norton, the world seemed dark and cheerless. Savagely kicking at a stray dog, and making hideous faces at an admiring lady acquaintance then on the other side of the road, he timidly entered the house.

A good tea with his favourite strawberry jam soon reinvigorated the martial-spirit of Tomkins. His courage returned, and anyway, as he informed his sympathetic mother, that tooth had been aching for a long time. Good resolutions came to him, and with them he took out pen, ink and paper, and set to work on his essay for the morrow. Literature had never been a strong point with Tomkins, but to-night the Muse was with him and by the help of one inch of penholder to aid digestion, he wrote—

"The cammel is a sheep of the dessert. It is called a hunchback because it has a hump on its back. The cammel is very payshent and will lie down and die without a grone, but when it is angry it gets its back up which is called taking the hump. The shepherds of camels is called Arabs. When they live in towns, they are called Street Arabs. When the cammel goes on a journey, it puts as much water as it wants in a bag in its stomach. You can get this water by putting a cup down its throat. The Bible says that it is easier for a cammel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to get into Heaven. That is why I get only a penny a week pocket-money. I suppose father is afraid I shall get rich. From cammels, we get chilled meat and brushes which are got by pulling the animile's tale. These brushes are used for painting houses and ladies. The cammel's young is called drumadaries, from which we get kettle-drums."

This done, and having put his signature—Cæsar Augustus Willie Tomkins—in large letters at the bottom, he placed a cushion on the arm of the couch, carefully drew off his coat and waistcoat and handed them to an imaginary Bungay, stripped up his shirt sleeves far enough to display a purely imaginary muscle, and then to the utter horror and amazement of his mother beat the air wildly with both arms. For a moment the issue was doubtful. Then, warding off a fierce blow, he came to close quarters, and with a terrific upper-cut knocked the imaginary Bramble to the floor.

The fairy Maiden of the Blue Lake.

Yes, he had certainly lost his way. It was most annoying, thought Prince Fairstar, as he looked despairingly about him in the hope of finding his way out of this dense forest in which he found himself. He and his followers had been hunting, and somehow in the midst of an exciting chase he had lost sight of both his followers and quarry. Since then he had been trying to get out of the forest, but his endeavours only seemed to result in his losing himself more completely in the dense undergrowth and huge trees.

With a word of encouragement to his tired steed, he rode on to what looked like an opening in the trees. Arrived there, he paused in bewilderment at the scene before him.

He was in a large open space in the shape, roughly speaking, of a circle; but the object that caught his attention more than any other was a lake whose waters were of so brilliant a shade of blue as to give everything within the circle, a faint azure tinge.

The prince, having taken in this beautiful scene, dismounted and sank down to rest under a willow tree by the side of the lake. Presently a feeling took possession of him that he would like to drink some of the blue water of the lake. He had some water in a flask with him, but did not feel inclined to drink that, so taking his flask out of his pocket, he threw the water contained in it away, and filled it from the lake. Then raising it to his lips, he took a copious draught.

Immediately a slight ripple disturbed the surface of the lake, and there appeared the head and shoulders of a most beautiful maiden who looked at the prince with large eyes the colour of the water from which she rose, and beckoned to him with one white arm.

Without pausing to consider if his action might be rash, the prince plunged into the lake and taking hold of the maiden's hand, sank down, down into the blue depths. On reaching the bottom he looked round in amazement, as well he might; for he was in a most beautiful garden ablaze with every kind of tropical flower and curious shrub. In front of his incredulous eyes towered a wonderful crystal palace which, in the bluish light, looked like a palace of ice.

His guide, with a peculiar undulating movement, preceded him into a large hall hung with myriads of differently coloured lights in the shape of phosphorescent fish. Then she turned towards him. As the prince's eyes fell upon her, he noticed for the first time that the lower part of her body was unusual, in that she had a scaly tail in place of legs, the cause apparently of the swaying movement. For the rest, she had a thick mass of dusky, curly hair falling almost to the end of her tail; her colouring was exquisite, and long black lashes shaded her glorious blue eyes.

The prince had just taken in these details, when the lovely being addressed him in dulcet accents. "I have been expecting you," she said; then she went on to tell him how she had been transformed into a mermaid by a fairy who was jealous of her beauty; that the spell could only be broken by a prince who was brave enough to undertake an arduous, perilous task for her sake.

The prince exclaimed that he would undertake any task, however difficult, for her sake; upon hearing this, the maiden conducted him to another room, and while he was being attended to by other mermaids, told him what he would have to do in order to rid her of her tail.

Briefly this is what she told him. He must go to another lake many hundreds of miles away, where dwelt the fairy who had laid the spell upon her, cut off the fairy's golden hair and bring it to the maiden of the Blue Lake. Then she would make a whip of it, that he might lash the tail three times, upon which that member would fall off, leaving in its place proper lower limbs.

The prince declared he would do all this, and nothing would satisfy him but that he must start off at once to the enchantress's lake.

Accordingly, after the maiden had given him a pair of golden scissors and a flask of the blue water from the lake, which was to preserve him from the spells of the enchantress, he set out upon his journey, his feet being guided as by some unseen power.

After having travelled for many days, he arrived at the shores of a dreary, grey lake. Drawing out his flask, he took a draught of the water it contained, and boldly stepped into the lake. Down he sank, passing many strange, weird things and animals on the way, until he found himself confronted by a massive stone door.

This opened at his touch, and he went through a hall until he came to a divan upon which was reposing a maiden, whose golden tresses wrapt her round like a mantle. The maiden greeted him smilingly and asked him upon what errand he came. The prince without answering, stepped quickly forward, and with two swift movements severed her hair from her head.

The enchantress with an angry cry, started forward to cast a spell upon him, but the prince threw the remainder of the blue water over her and she remained rooted to the spot, stretching out her long white arms in baffled rage towards him.

Meanwhile the prince rose to the surface of the lake and started to retrace his steps to the Blue Lake, guided by the same mysterious power as before, and carrying the enchantress's hair with him.

In the same number of days as it took him to go, he arrived at the Lake once again, and upon reaching the bottom was greeted joyfully by the maiden for whom he had dared all these things.

A week elapsed before the whip of hair was completed, but at last it was finished and the maiden gave it into the prince's hands with directions to strike her fish's tail three times. The prince somewhat reluctantly complied with her orders, and lo! upon the last stroke, her tail shrivelled up and fell to the ground, leaving her standing as naturally and easily as Prince Fairstar himself.

Of course there was much embracing and discussion, the upshot of which was the maiden's consenting to leave her palace in the Blue Lake and marry the prince, after which they were to live at the prince's palace.

This plan was carried out to the letter. The prince and his beautiful companion were welcomed right heartily by Prince Fairstar's subjects, who had despaired of ever finding him and who were already looking about for a new ruler. Needless to say, there was a grand wedding soon after the prince's return to his kingdom.

A rather curious fact worth recording is that although many expeditions have been organised to discover the Blue Lake, not a trace of it is to be found throughout the whole forest. It has simply disappeared; whether into the earth or sky no one knows to this day.

B.M. Form IVb.

Only a Dream.

After having supper, and Oh! the trifle was so nice!, all thoughts of homework left undone had quite departed. I went to bed in a very contented state of mind, pleased with myself and the world in general.

Next morning, however, my homework lay heavy on my mind, as I knew that English and French not done meant trouble in store for me. I arrived seven minutes late, expecting to be greeted with a sight of the Head Prefect eager to write down my name; but who should I see but *Miss X* smiling benignly at me! "Pleased to see you" were the words which greeted me, "I really thought that after last night's dissipation you would have had half-an-hour or so extra this morning." Just then another girl came in intending to dash past the place where the Prefect would be. She stopped with astonishment when *Miss X* called out, "'Better late than never,' Nora. Run along now, both of you, as your teacher will be waiting for you." We at once scuttled upstairs as fast as we could, passing on the way several prefects who laughingly greeted us as we passed. All the girls were walking or running upstairs in any sort of a fashion, and not a word was being said to them. I could only think that a Revolution must have happened during the night, or else the coal strike was filling everybody's mind so much that everything else was forgotten.

When we reached our classroom, there was *Mr. Y* at the door shaking hands with us all as we passed. He hoped we had all had a good night's rest, and were quite ready for an enjoyable day. There was a lovely, bright fire burning and we were told to arrange our desks around it and make ourselves at home, which of course we immediately did. French lesson began by *Mr. Y* saying to us "Did any of you find time to do the work which was set for you last night." Everybody had except two of us. "Well," said *Mr. Y*, "Take your own time about it. There's no need to hurry. Any time that suits you will suit me." After this we decided we would not be surprised at *anything* happening, and, at the end of half-an-hour we were told to put away our books and take fifteen minutes rest before the next lesson. This was not to be our playtime; merely an interval of rest for the brain.

When Maths lesson began we were allowed to decide what was to be taken. As opinions differed it ended by our doing whatever we liked. In the middle of the lesson the old man and his

barrel organ came round as usual. We were at once given permission to close our books and join in the songs we knew. When the dance tunes were being played our desks were moved away, and we had a few short dances; but, best of all, when it came to the last tune "Nearer my God to Thee" our master himself joined in the singing. We scholars by common consent left off, in order that we might enjoy a solo by *Mr. Z.* At the end of the hymn *Mr. Z.* kindly gave us all a penny so that we might have the pleasure of seeing the angelic smile on the old man's face as the coppers went streaming down to him. We were much too hot and excited to continue Maths so *Mr. Z.* left us, to return a few minutes later with biscuits and lemonade. That was by far the best Maths lesson we had ever had, and we were really quite sorry when playtime came and we had to leave our cosy fire for half-an-hour.

In the Gymn we were told that this was the beginning of a new system by which every boy or girl was to be allowed to do exactly what he or she wished. Those who cared for dancing were to receive instruction every day in the Gymn; those who liked games were to be put under *Miss U. O.* in the yard; and those who preferred to stay in their own rooms might do so. This arrangement included everybody in the school, and for half-an-hour we experienced the playtime of our lives. At the end of that time we trooped upstairs "as we had never done before," but as many and many a time we would like to have done.

On reaching our class-rooms, instead of being told we were five minutes late, we were given five minutes to cool ourselves and pull ourselves together. The next lesson was a Prep. for four of us and Chemistry for the rest. *Mr. Y.*, who usually took us for the Prep., announced his intention of leaving us to ourselves. He said he had come to the conclusion that if the constraint of a master's presence was removed we would do much more and better work. We heartily agreed with him, and wished he had come to this conclusion some time ago. Left to ourselves we four sang, first of all, very softly, "He's a jolly good fellow," and then for fully fifteen minutes taxed our brains to discover what could be the cause of this great change for the better in the school. We arrived at no satisfactory conclusion, and so spent the remainder of the time in thinking of suggestions for still further improvement which we might put before the teachers. We were deeply engrossed in a plan which was to make the school a perfect Elysium when Mother's voice crying "Time to get up" called me to grim reality once more. Alas! and alack! it was only a dream.

M.R., Form VIa.

To Dunces—Nil Desperandum.

I can hear many an angry sniff of disdain as this title is read. "What cheek!" somebody says, "fancy *dunces* in the Stockton Secondary School." And another budding genius remarks to an admiring comrade, "Who's going to read *that!* Me a dunce!" (His grammar's a bit rocky all the same). "You should hear me rattle off props, and as for deductions they are as easy as falling off a housetop."

So all clever scholars of the S.S.S. (and of course there are many of you) don't read any further.

When a Sub-Editor of "The Stocktonian" asked me to contribute something to the first number, I felt highly honoured and all the rest of it, but about what could I write? That was the question. At last one of my sisters came to the rescue. What gems sisters are, to be sure! "Write about dunces," she said. "Seeing you are one yourself, it ought to come easy to you." Though her words were not too polite, I accepted the proffered advice.

Some time ago, as a sort of encouragement, I had given me a book entitled "Celebrated Dunces." In this volume Tom Brown sketches the lives of certain men, who in their school days were looked upon as hopeless dunces. Let me tell you of one of these men, my dear fellow-dunces!

In 1762 Adam Clarke was born. From the very commencement of his school life he was a confirmed dunce. Nothing that entered his "cranium" stuck. The alphabet was mastered only after constant repetition, and time and again the cane had to be brought into use to help on his studies. After some time had elapsed his father determined to teach him Latin. With great difficulty Adam reached the conjugations of the verbs, but alas! there he stuck fast. In disgust he threw his grammar away. By dire threats his father forced Adam to continue his study of Latin, and from that time forward the "dunce" never stuck. He had determined that he would not be the butt of his school-fellows' jeers and taunts, and he never was. In later years he was a poet and an author, and gained the highest honours his University could offer.

Adam Clarke, as a boy, was not really stupid, but he could not learn anything until he knew the "why" and the "wherefore." It is the same to-day. Many a boy is snubbed simply because he wants to understand the reasons for the rules he is set down to learn.

Doubtless you are not sorry to learn that want of space forbids me to say more, but it should be remembered that Sir Walter Scott and Sir Isaac Newton were also considered dunces while at school.

So dunces, take heart! Everyone must try to learn, but for all of us (even the clever persons, who have read only as far as paragraph two, know this) there are some subjects which seem a wretched bore and a waste of time for us to learn. However, "everything in its place." The very subjects, which we now detest, may bring us into prominence *some day*. Who knows? Even in S.S.S. there may be second editions of Adam Clarke, or budding Sir Walters!
D.U.X.

Societies.

ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY.

We of the Arts Section are working up considerable enthusiasm for our sketch books. We are never any more to draw from copies but are to sketch flowers and butterflies (for summer is coming) when we see them. Then we are going to do water colours, and pen and ink work. The climax of our ambition is to do an original drawing for the Magazine. If they are all published *won't* that be a number!!

The craftsmen are working vigorously in their quiet way. Almost all forms of wood and metal work find adherents but fret-work is prime favourite.

Photography is at present dormant. This is of necessity in the winter since light is so essential to work. It is to be hoped that more boys will take up this most delightful hobby in the future, especially as quite good results are obtainable with cheap materials, which do very well to begin with. Those who have birthdays in the spring are very lucky—*Verbum sapienti satis est*. There seem to be some ardent collectors especially philatelists and numismatists and some rare old puzzles have been handed in for identification. If one might offer a suggestion these collections should be specialised. It requires a millionaire (pounds not dollars) to make anything like a representative collection of stamps or coins, but by devoting energy to one country and frequenting out of the way shops a good deal can be done. R. Crosier has an excellent collection of dried leaves.

We *do* hope that the exhibition will be held next term and we all mean to try for a prize.

GIRLS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

This Society is in the midst of what has proved an interesting and successful season. At the opening meeting Miss MacLennan read a paper on "A visit to Germany," which was much enjoyed and which provoked a keen discussion and many questions. Since then fortnightly meetings have been held, most of them occupied by debates, in which various problems, literary, moral, and intellectual have been discussed.

Minnie Ross, in giving a paper on the Life and Works of Thomas Hood, provided a pleasant variety. The poems, grave and gay, read in illustration were much appreciated and some girls were overheard to say that, little as they expected it, Hood's puns were better than their own. The last meeting was devoted to the discussion of suitable careers for Women. The teaching of Domestic Science, Nursing, Medicine, Horticulture, Journalism, Dairy keeping, Female clerkships, and Secretarial work was considered and particulars of the necessary training, where it could be obtained, what it cost, and what openings existed for women in the various departments, were given by various girls.

There are yet several interesting evenings before us, but the Committee wishes to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have, in any way, helped during the session towards making our meetings enjoyable, and to urge upon those who hitherto have been silent members to seize the first opportunity of speaking--for that, after all, is the object of our Society. If they will only ask that Vb girl, who was at length persuaded to voice an opinion, and who could with difficulty be kept in her seat for the rest of the meeting, they will be told that nothing is more delightful than to stand and talk, while others sit and listen. She only wishes she had discovered that sooner. We are proud of the fact that at one meeting every one present spoke, but we wish that occurred oftener. Still there is no doubt that many girls have acquired an increased facility in speaking, through the opportunities for practice they have had in School Debates.

BOYS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

It was thought highly desirable in the interests of the boys of the School that a Literary and Debating Society should be formed. At a meeting of the boys of the Fifth and Sixth Forms this proposal was unanimously carried. Officials having been appointed, it was agreed to extend membership to boys of the Fourth Forms. Two meetings of the Society were to be held each month, and debates were to be varied with literary subjects. Despite the somewhat late start, the Society is in a flourishing and healthy condition, and several interesting and enjoyable evenings have been held. There was a good attendance at our first debate on the "Desirability of the Republican Form of Government." Winn and Cohen supported the motion, while Green and A. Wilson led the opposition. Both sides argued well, and there was no shortage of speakers. The motion was defeated by eight votes.

The second debate was a great improvement on the first, in that the rules of debate were closely followed. The subject, "Should the Railways be nationalised?" proved very popular. The affirmative was taken by Osborne and Harris, while Funnell and Connors supported the negative. A spirited discussion

followed and it was pleasing to note that a good many Fourth Form boys took part. The motion was carried by a large majority.

After the Christmas vacation we had a paper by Harris on "The Rise of the Drama." The paper was very interesting and all present enjoyed it well. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded the speaker.

At our last meeting we had a debate on "The Boy Scout Movement." Verrill and Trowsdale were ardent supporters of the movement, while Thomas and Weatherell denounced it in no uncertain terms. The movement was condemned by the small majority of two votes.

We are looking forward to several enjoyable discussions before the close of the session. C. J. O., Form VIa,
Secretary.

Hard Work by the Sixth form.

Quite recently the Sixth were left for a lesson without a teacher. Of course they did not make a noise, for fear of being thought undignified; so they started to write poetry for the school Magazine. One individual suggested Chemistry as a fitting subject for verse, because he said he had improved his vocabulary in describing the smells that were made in the lab. The suggestion met with approval, but no verses appeared for quite five minutes, although N. ate quite an inch of her pencil in thinking. At last Jones, A.S.S., had an idea! He had seen the following verse in a book:—

"The boy stood on the railway line
Nor heard the engine squeal;
The driver took a little spade
And scraped him off the wheel."

So he started:—

"The boy stood in the "chemmy" lab.,
Nor heard the master's "Cease!"
He put some phosphorus on his hand,
And now he rests in peace."

He was stopped here, however, by J., who, seeing that he wore long hair, thought he knew what poetry was. J. said that poems needed an introduction and supplied the following:—

"Take heed and listen unto me,
All ye who do pursue
That risky study, Chemistry,
Or you will surely rue."

A girl now rose and began :—

"Nitro, sulphur, charcoal, taper,
 Girl researcher, full of trust :
 Later on, the startled sweeper
 Cried, 'O what a lot of dust!'"

The humour of this was beyond Form VI, so she explained it thus :—

"There came a burst of **thunder** sound,
 The girl, O **where** was she?
Ask of the fragments all around
 That hall of chemistry."

Then little W. went near the door and recited :—

"And others too, I name no names,
 Who do not know that tripod stands,
 When heated long o'er bunsen flames,
 Are hot, have suffered blistered hands."

As he finished, and was preparing to bolt, a French grammar just missed his head.—R.J. can throw well as a rule, but you see he had his right hand in bandages.—Another girl, whose name I must not divulge, now recited :—

"Break, break, break,
 Beakers and tubes every day ;
 And I would that my tongue dare utter
 The things that I'd like to say.

O well for the gleeful lab. boy,
 That he laughs as he writes in his book !
 O well for the columns of entries,
 That would scare a wealthy old duke !

And my money goes steadily on,
 To the laboratory till ;
 But O for the touch of a vanished coin
 And the sound of a clink that is still !

Pay, pay, pay,
 They gather my pennies with glee,
 But the tender charm of a coin that is gone,
 Will never come back to me."

She recited it as only girls can recite, and the moving eloquence with which she referred to the touch of the vanished coin would have melted the stoutest heart. After the oration, she dedicated the poem to those who were studying "Tennyson" for the Oxford Locals. The arrival of a master at this point stopped the entertainment.

C.J.O.

The Girls' Social.

This year a new departure was made, when it was decided to have a party for all the girls in the school; and though grave doubts as to its success were entertained by most of the girls, their fears were in nowise realised. There was a very large turnout, and everybody present declared that the evening was really the jolliest they had ever spent at the school.

The House Captains and their committees were formed into a Decoration Committee to manage the decoration of the Central Hall, and when the company assembled at 6-30 all signs of work had been obliterated and the room had a very gay and festive appearance. Until 10 o'clock there was a continual round of enjoyment, as a very delightful programme had been arranged by a committee of the mistresses. The thanks of all the girls present are due to this committee, who seemed to know as well as the girls themselves, exactly what was wanted to ensure a happy evening; to the Decoration Committee whose labours did so much to add to our pleasure in providing a suitable setting; and to those who made their work possible, by lending decorations.

Dancing formed a much larger part of the programme than it had ever done before; this being due to the fact that at previous parties the boys could or would not dance, and had to be otherwise catered for. Most of the girls in the school are very fond of it, and so polkas, waltzes, barn dances, etc., were danced with great zest by practically everybody present. The hall was very full and careful steering was necessary, but it only added to the fun to try one's skill in dodging. Several games caused much merriment, especially amongst the junior girls. These were Stick-in-the-Basket, Corkscrew, Jolly Miller, and a Dumb-bell Race. The latter was very exciting indeed, as about seventy competitors entered for it, and all very eager to win. Those who were not racing were as eager as the competitors for the honour of the classes and Houses, and added to the fun and excitement by cheering on the runners. We have since heard tell that the noise could be heard in Dovecot Street. The race was won by Elsie Walker, VIB, with Elsie Birkbeck coming in second.

Nora Watson and Cora Barr entertained us very nicely when we were hot with dancing with two songs entitled "The naughtiest girl of the school" and "The song that reached my heart." Miss McDermott kindly accompanied the songs, and played the dance music nearly all the evening, Miss Anderson taking her place at supper-time. Their efforts were much appreciated by all present.

There is still one thing which must be mentioned, and that is the fancy costume which some of the girls were wearing. It is hard to say whether the captivating little Irish girl, the gipsy maiden, the dark-eyed senorita, or which of the various characters represented took our fancy most; they were all so very pretty, and the only pity was that there were not more of them. Another year it is hoped everybody will appear in fancy dress.

Upstairs and Downstairs.

When we returned from our Xmas vacation, we were all very sorry indeed to learn that Mr. Baldwin had to undergo the trying ordeal of an operation. We rejoice, however, to know that he has made a rapid and satisfactory recovery. We welcome him again to our midst.

The New Birth of our Magazine was too much for "Budding Poetess" of Form _____. Hence this spasm:—

"The School Magazine has come once again:
Its advent doth give us great pleasure,
For when we are tired of work or our game,
We just pick it up at our leisure."

The following notice is to be seen posted up over the alms-box close beside the main entrance of one of the most famous cathedrals in the North of Italy:—

"Appele to Charitables. The Brothers, so-called, of Mercy ask slender arms for the hospital. They harbour all kinds of diseases, and have no respect to religion."

This is pretty fair, but yet hardly equal to the French of _____ and _____ in Form _____.

The following excuse for absence was received by the Form Master of Form _____:—

Dear Sir,
Kindly excuse C _____ having been absent yesterday as he fell in the mud on the way to school. By doing the same, you will oblige, etc.

Spring has come. This is evident from the outburst of poetry in Forms VIa and b. Two panegyrics on the respective merits of the rival Forms have been received. We quote extracts,—of the French of VIa—the poet? speaks in the following moving words:—

"It is not spoken quite as in Paris,
Not even by the renowned _____."

Of the English we hear that—

"Our Compositions *he* seems to despise
And gives us but '5' for our very best tries."

FROM CLASS ROOM AND CORRIDOR—

Extract from Essay on Milton—

"Milton married Mary Powell. He lived with her not long, as she did not like the solitude which he conducted. Evidently she died at her father's house, where she had been staying for some time. Milton then wrote *Paradise Lost*, for which he received five pounds. He again married a lady and wrote *Paradise Regained*."

AT HISTORY :—

"James I died of Argue."

"Queen Elizabeth's face was thin and pale but she was a stout Protestant."

"Cardinal Wolsey died in the train on the way to the scaffold."

AT SCIENCE :—

"Gravitation is that which, if there were none, we would all fly away."

"If the air contains more than 100 per cent. of carbolic acid it is injurious to health."

AT DRILL :—

"Attention! elbows on shoulders—Go!"
And they went—into fits of laughter.

"Left foot one pace to the right—March!"
And they marched.

Laughlets.

A school teacher who had been telling the story of David, ended with, "All this happened over three thousand years ago." A small boy, with eyes wide open with wonder, said after much thought, "Oh my! what a good memory you've got."

Johnny (aged four) :—"Box of canary seed, please."

Grocer :—"Yes, my little chap. For your mother, I suppose."

Johnny (indignantly) :—"No indeed, it's for my little birdie."

The Message of the Snowdrop.

It's just a simple flower,
In quite a shady bower,
But the message that it brings
Is the sweetest ever heard.
It speaks of happy hours,
Of buds and leaves and flowers,
Of heaven's blue, and sunshine too,
And the chirping of the bird.

Men of Mark.



Mr. E. Harper, B.Sc., when at school, possessed a retiring and modest disposition. He always displayed an intense desire for the acquisition of knowledge, and as he was a boy of marked ability, he experienced little difficulty in distinguishing himself in the various subjects taught in school.

He proceeded to Nottingham University College on leaving school, where he continued his studies in Mathematics, Mechanics, and Physics. While at Nottingham he was successful in carrying off the prizes awarded for Physics at the end of both years of his sojourn. At the London B.Sc. examination held in

October of last year, he was placed in the 1st Division. We congratulate our O.B. Mr. Harper, and wish him a happy and prosperous future.

We are pleased to record the following:—

Mr. A. E. Pescod gained the distinction of being placed at the top of the list in Mechanical Drawing, and Mr. G. R. Elliott at the top in Chemistry, at the Michaelmas Term examinations at Armstrong College. Mr. Elliott was also placed in the 1st Division for Physics.

Mr. W. Brewis and Mr. A. Finch obtained the B.Sc. Degree of London University at the last examination.

Mr. A. Dee established a record for O.B.'s last session by passing the following Board of Education examinations:— Mathematics, Stages III. and V, 1st class; Prac. Mathematics, Stage II, 1st class; Mechanics of Solids, Stage II. 1st class; Mechanics of Fluids, Stage II, 1st class; Theor. Inorg. Chemistry, Stage II, 1st class; Prac. Inorg. Chemistry, Stage II, 1st class; Theor. Org. Chemistry, Stage I, 1st class; Heat, Stage II, 1st class; Light, Stage II, 1st class; Sound, Stage II, 1st class; and Magnetism and Electricity, Stage II, 1st class.

The Board of Education, in virtue of his success, offered him a Free Studentship at the Royal College of Science, London, but he elected to wait another year, and it is expected that he will even beat his own record at the forthcoming examinations in May. We wish him every success.

We are pleased to hear from Adeline Hibbert, who is at present in Tourcoing, in the North of France. She enjoys her life there very much, but occasionally wishes she could see Stockton a little more frequently.

Several girls who left school quite recently were present at the Girls' Party. Among them were Elsie Scotson, Laura Robinson, Dorothy Fawcett, and Norah Atkinson. They seemed to enjoy being back amongst us, and we were delighted to hear how they were getting on.

We are pleased to record the success of Eileen Ordish, who after a year's study in France, entered the Royal Holloway College, Surrey. She has been successful in passing the Intermediate Arts Examination. Her sister Mabel at Easter, 1911, passed the Entrance Examination for, and became a student in, the Yorkshire School of Cookery and Domestic Economy at Leeds.

Quite a number of our "Old Girls" are at present studying in the various Training Colleges. Nellie Dowse, Christina Donkin, and Florrie Gill entered Darlington Training College in 1910; while the following year Maude Caswell and Harriet Pearson commenced their training.

Several of our girls are studying at Durham, and we were pleased to hear that one and all enjoy college life very much.

It is very gratifying to know that the reputation of the school is being upheld, for several of the highest places have been secured by our "Old Girls."

We hope "The Stocktonian" will form a link between our Old Boys and Girls and the school, and we take this opportunity of wishing them all every success and prosperity.

Home Life in Denmark.

Not long ago several friends from Denmark paid us a visit, and from them I learned several very interesting things about their native land. I thought it might interest the readers of "The Stocktonian" to hear something of the "Dairy Farm of Europe."

Denmark is a country generally associated in our minds with butter, and with those old vikings whose skins the Anglo-Saxons nailed to the church doors in the days when they prayed in the Litany, "From the fury of the Norsemen, good Lord deliver us."

Yet Denmark produces other things besides butter, and its internal government approaches more nearly to the Utopian standard than that of any other country. In Copenhagen the people are abandoning many of their national habits, but in the provinces amongst the farmers we find the true characteristics of the Dane.

Home life is a sacred thing in Denmark and families love to be together. Farmers entertain a great deal, and it is no uncommon thing, especially at Christmas time, for a party of a hundred or more to assemble and drink innumerable cups of coffee before partaking of a sumptuous dinner.

It is said that there is no other country where so much is drunk. Early breakfast usually consists of two or three cups of delicious coffee. Then comes dinner at about twelve, after which it is usual to take another cup. Tea usually accompanies the evening meal, but as often as not, another cup of coffee is handed round before bed-time. Thus coffee is an important beverage in every household.

Danes are very courteous to one another as well as to strangers. After a meal it is the custom for guests, as well as for the children of the house, to shake hands with the heads of the family, saying, "Tak for mad" (thanks for the meal), while to each other they say, "velbekomme" (good digestion). The youngest children have these duties to perform. Danish children are fair and pretty, but the different colours in their dress are sometimes not very becoming. They wear striped stockings and vividly coloured dresses. Danish children "grow up" sooner than English children. Girls put up their hair when they leave school at fourteen or fifteen, and boys are then allowed to smoke cigars. Confirmation ends their childhood. This is a great event. A large party is held in honour of the event and the girl or boy receives a number of presents.

It is always interesting to hear something of the food of other countries. Danish cooking is excellent. Cream and eggs are very cheap, and therefore form two of the chief factors in the people's food. Recipes in Danish cookery books often begin with, "Take the yolks of twenty-four eggs and beat them up with four pints of cream." Fruit dishes are in great request, and appear on the table at almost every meal, especially in summer, and vegetables are cooked in a great variety of ways. Soups of all kinds are served very frequently, and the Danes have nearly a dozen kinds of porridge from oatmeal porridge to what they call "fruit porridge." Every stranger at once falls in love with the Danish or Scandinavian sandwiches. These are made with only one slice of buttered bread, on which is spread quite a variety of delicacies.

The national beverages besides coffee are beer and coffee-punch. Brandy is drunk more than any other spirit, and in the country the mead of the ancient vikings is still popular. The national toast is "skaal," a word said by some to be formed from the first letters of the words, "Sundhed, K erlighed, og Likke," meaning health, love and happiness. H.J., Form VIA.

School Sports.

FOOTBALL.

The beginning of the season was encouraging from every point of view except one, namely, that of the result of the first two matches. That we were defeated 6-1 at home by Middlesbro' High School 2nd XI, and 5-0 away by Ryhope Secondary School is, however, a minor detail, for both matches were thoroughly enjoyed and well contested. Indeed it will be a long time before we forget the Ryhope match; the field was in an exposed situation and was swept with hail and torrents of rain by a strong north-east wind. At the close of the game, tea was provided and a very pleasant time was spent. After this match, the School team improved wonderfully, as is shown by the fact that it was only defeated 2-1 at Middlesbro' by the Middlesbro' High School Old Boys, a very strong combination of big heavy lads. The next match was with Ayton Friends' School, at Ayton, and after scoring the first goal we were beaten by the odd goal in three. In our home match with Coatham Grammar School we again had to acknowledge a 2-1 defeat, but a week later we defeated Barnard Castle School 2nd XI by 2 goals to love. This victory was well deserved for the Barnard Castle team was outplayed, and up to this point our own team had kept on struggling in spite of defeats.

Another home match took place with Bede Collegiate School, who won by 4 goals to 2, chiefly on account of superior speed and deadly shooting at goal.

After each of these three home matches the visiting teams were entertained to tea at the school. Everybody present at the teas had a most enjoyable time, and all agree that a tea is a splendid finish to a match.

We were unfortunate at this period in having three return matches cancelled, for we were looking forward to them with great pleasure. In the return match with Middlesbro' H. S. Old Boys we won easily by 6 goals to 1, the opposing team paying the penalty of turning out without a full complement of players.

Against Middlesbro' H. S. 2nd XI in our return fixture we were unfortunate in being defeated by the odd goal in seven.

In place of the postponed match with Barnard Castle, Mr. Nicholson arranged a match between the School and an XI consisting of "Old Boys." The game, from our point of view, was perhaps the best of the season. The score was 10-4 for the school, but all enjoyed the game so much that extra time was played.

The record for school matches is:—

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
				For	Against
10	3	7	0	27	30

HOCKEY.

Owing to the bad state of the weather this season, it has been impossible to have as much practice, as is both desirable and necessary. The play is somewhat improved, though there is still great need for improvement. The forwards have yet to learn in the first place to keep their places, and secondly to pass to each other, and not to hit straight in front of them. The halves will not remember to pass out to the wings, but usually insist on centring the ball. The same fault also lies with the backs. This chiefly applies to the younger forms. The 1st XI are yet very much wanting in combination, but this is chiefly owing to want of practice, a fault that can be remedied only by practice.

The forwards are very much wanting in "dash and quickness" and often fail to shoot when in the circle. They must also learn not to be afraid of running into the opposing backs. The great fault of the halves and backs is that they fail to mark their forwards sufficiently. However a very keen spirit is shown throughout all the practices and the team have all worked their very hardest in the matches. But we want to aim at a high standard and to make the Stockton Secondary School Hockey Team invincible. Although we have not managed to win all our matches this season, yet we are not downhearted and are determined not to be beaten once next season.

We have been unable to play any House matches this term so far owing to the bad state of weather, but expect to play all off before the end of term.

The results of the outside matches are as follows:—

Great Ayton	home	lost	3-0
Do.	...	away	lost	5-3
Middlesbro' High School		home	won	13-0
Loftus Ladies	...	away	lost	2-1
(In this match we played one short)				
Hartlepool	home	won	9-0
Middlesbro' High School		away	won	5-0

Unfortunately we have been obliged to scratch three or four matches.

No girl has yet gained her hockey colours, but it is hoped some one will, before the end of the season. They are difficult to gain, but for that reason they are the more worth having.

SKETCH OF S.S.S. HOCKEY TEAM.

The school Hockey Team is composed chiefly of comparatively small girls, but what they lack in size they make up for in enthusiasm.

Elsie Walker, who plays outside left, is one of the smallest girls in the school. She is well known as "Little but good," and her tricky ways have often got the better of a sturdy back, of almost twice her size. Strange to say, her opponents are afraid of Elsie—that is, afraid that they may knock her down [or mistake her for the ball.] Her partner on the left wing is **Elsie Hart**, who is one of the most ardent hockey players in the school.

Next comes our wonderful centre-forward, **Miss Brothers**, whose fame as a goal scorer must have reached everybody's ears. What we would do without her we do not like to think. On her right is **Mary Foggin**, a splendid runner, and one who never misses an opportunity to shoot at goal. She is a real dash-ahead-with-might-and-main sort of a player, and with the help of **Winnie Stewart**, who plays outside right, does some splendid forward work. Winnie has often been heard to declare that she cannot play hockey because she is afraid of the ball. If this is true it is a curious fact that in most tussles with her opponent for the ball Winnie will not let it be taken from her. We are beginning to think that she does not always speak the truth.

Next comes the half-back line, which on account of its size looks much more formidable than the forwards. First comes **Queenie Plummer**, one of the biggest girls in the school. For as long as we can remember Queenie has played left half and the team would seem very strange without her, as she is one of the steadiest and most careful players in the school. The centre half, **Minnie Ross**, is also a tall girl who has the proud distinction of being able to gather more mud on her person than all the rest of the team put together. The remaining half back is **Hilda Prest**, quite a new player. She is a splendid hitter and is not afraid to tackle even the biggest and heaviest of players, more often than not, getting the better of them. Hilda has reason to be proud of the fact that she was the first player to be mentioned for good play in the matches. This fact speaks for itself.

Poppy Harper and **Sallie Osborne**, the team's two staunch backs, are both small, but very strong. Poppy, who has played longer for her team than any one else, also captains it, and is as proud of it as the team is of its captain. Poppy and Sallie are thoroughly reliable backs, and very strong hitters. It is not very often that the opposing forwards manage to pass them. When they do so there is always **Lena Spooner** guarding the goal, and Lena really *has* saved some wonderful shots. She is a splendid goalkeeper and seldom makes a mistake.

The fact that the school has scored about twice as many goals as its opponents speaks well for both its forwards and defence, and Stockton Secondary School has reason to be proud of its hockey team.

Athletics.

BY A WOULD-BE ATHLETE.

Athletics are very serviceable to all, but more especially to those of the stronger sex who adapt themselves to the opportunities afforded at school for athletics. Speaking for the teams I may say that we always have been triers if not victors. We have always tried to play a clean honest game, and have always succeeded. But as football just now holds sway, I may as well acquaint you with those, who are doing their best to uphold the honour of the School on the football field.

(1) Our first line of action is that redoubtable young custodian, SNOWDON, who while being a goalie of repute, might also make a decent punster in time to come. Plays a good game and deserves our best thanks.

(2) Our second line of defence begins with a bright-haired youth, by name, HOWIE, who always plays a good game, tackles fearlessly and kicks well. A decent back under all circumstances.

(3) LAMPLUGH completes our stalwart full back line. This is he, who always playing a fine game, is ever ready to stop a rush, as he is to dribble through and have a pop at goal. Truly a sterling defender.

(4) Our half back line begins with our respected captain CHARLIE OSBORNE, a really great half back; a fearless tackler and no mean dribbler; makes up for his size in the sterling quality of his play.

(5) WINN, a good centre half, who, as well as being a good defender, dearly loves his occasional long pot at goal. Always plays a good game.

(6) Diminutive BIRCH concludes our last barrier of defence. A fearless left half, who plays a fine consistent game; always ready to feed a forward, as he is to tackle an opponent.

(7) Now begins our attacking line. Outside right is one PHILLIPS, the renowned little Russell Street sprinter, who is very keen on his game at outside right. Initiates many dazzling little runs, ending up with a neat little centre, which is usually turned to good account.

(8) Inside right is NICHOLSON, who plays a fine game, but has not had the best of luck this season, being for a long time on the sick list. Usually plays a decent game, dribbling and centring with great precision, and at all times a decent shot.

(9) At centre forward we have COHEN who has proved to be the school's most prolific goal scorer. He works well, feeds his wings well, dribbles well, and usually ends up a good concerted movement of the attack, by shooting a brilliant goal. Plays a fine consistent game.

(10) Inside left is MACLENNAN, a sturdy Sedgefield youngster, who dribbles finely, parts with the ball unerringly, and is a very decent shot at all times.

(11) Outside left is SMITH, who has always tried to help the team on to further success. Plays a passable game, generally dribbling well, passing well at his inside man, but more often putting in some good centres, those put-me-into-the-net, kind of centres. Has played in all positions on the forward line this season.

Now as you know our football team, you might as well know that we have always been triers, if not always victors.

So much for football; now for other athletics. I do not think that we have ever been really strong at cricket; and swimming is not taken up with too great enthusiasm. The noble art of natation, should be more greatly encouraged in future, and we should soon have a decent swimming company, may be a gala at the end of the season, wholly by ourselves. The inability to hold swimming practices at school, may keep us back; but who knows, that at some future time, close at hand, we may hear of some suggested beginning of the much talked-of school baths.

We are not very strong at sprinting and such-like outdoor exercises, but we may with practice, gain considerable skill in running, etc., against the coming school sports.

DAME RUMOUR SAYS :—

That one of the school half-backs—he is very small and tree-like—has been approached by the 'Borough.

That he is not on the transfer list.

That his smile is perpetual, but very annoying to beaten opponents.

That Va are studying the flora, fauna, and *tautology* of various countries.

That the Boys' Red House will win a match soon (at least they hope so).

Our Prize Competitions.

Our competition is divided into four sections.

Section I—Limited to pupils of 15 and over.

” II— ” ” ” 13 and under 15.

” III— ” ” under 13.

” IV—For the whole school Age will be taken into consideration in awarding the prize.

One prize will be awarded in each section, and we hope that as many as possible will make an effort to win the prize.

Competition I—The best parody, dealing with a school subject, on Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Competition II—The best essay, not exceeding 500 words, on your favourite character in Dickens.

Competition III—The best original design drawn with ruler and compasses.

Competition IV—The best original pen and ink sketch suitable for the School Magazine.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

1—All work handed in must be done by the pupil.

2—Entries must be addressed "Competitions" and put into the Contribution Box not later than May 1st.

3—They must have the name and age of the sender.

4—Competitors must write on one side of the paper only. Writing and general neatness will be considered in awarding the prizes.

5—The results will be published in the Midsummer issue of the Magazine.

School News.

HOUSE REPORTS (Boys).

The Houses in general are pleased with their appearance on the field, and think they should be photographed in their House jerseys and whites. By the way one or two are not whites but soon will be, now that each admires the other. All bewail the miserable attendance of supporters. The teams have worked hard, and it is disappointing to have no friends to congratulate on success and condole with defeat. Indeed one or two parents, who are always welcomed, seem the keenest supporters.

The Green House are justly proud of their football pre-eminence. They have been defeated only once in two seasons in house matches. They regret that they have lost their house secretary, C. J. Dresser, who was no mean goaler, and H. M. Harris, who was a useful member of committee.

The Blue House are second on the table at present. They point with pride to their promising youngsters, whose antic enthusiasm is delightful as well as useful. They hope much in the future from Birch and Phillips.

It is rumoured that the Brown House have a member who receives 1d. for every goal he scores. They *ought* to be top of the table. Other houses please copy (but whence come the pennies?) Nearly every Form is represented in the Brown House team; Form IVA is particularly useful. Their captain, Osborne, is the school captain, and to his herculean work for house and school he adds the superlative merit of always playing a most gentlemanly game; no small opponent is ever afraid to tackle him.

The Red House are undoubtedly pessimistic (see table). They have also lost their captain, J. Leader. T. Wetherell has been elected to succeed him. They hope much from the cricket season.

The table given is necessarily incomplete.

HOUSE TABLE.

	Games played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals for	Goals agst.	Points
Green ...	4	4	0	0	20	6	8
Blue ...	5	3	2	0	17	18	6
Brown	5	2	3	0	14	16	4
Red ...	4	0	4	0	12	23	0

HOUSE REPORT, (GIRLS).

The report for the Houses must of necessity be far from interesting this term.

The chief interest was to have centred round the House Matches, none of which have as yet been played owing to the rain and snow and the consequent bad condition of the field.

The Red House are the present holders of the Hockey Medal but the other houses are very eager to become holders for the coming year; so that it is quite probable that the Red House will have something of a struggle if they wish to remain victors. The House Matches are all to be played this term.

Most of the girls are already looking forward to the summer term in order that arrangements may be made for picnics, etc.

The House Mistresses hope that the girls will turn up in large numbers to the House Matches in order to encourage their own players. Also the House Mistresses would be pleased if the girls in their houses would make a greater effort to attend the general house meetings.

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