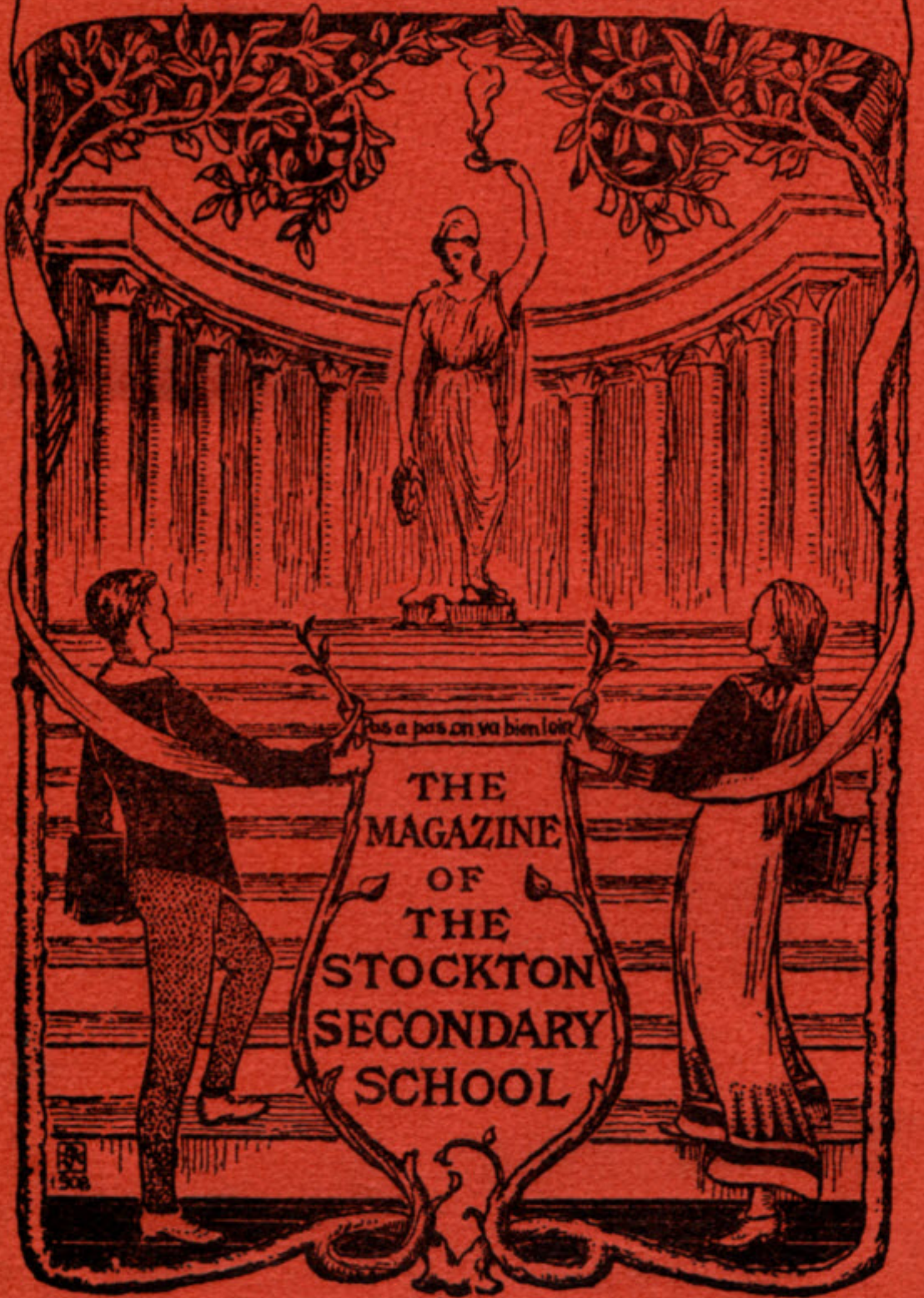


THE
STOCKTONIAN.



"The Stocktonian" S.S.S. Magazine

VOL. II.

EASTER, 1913.

No. 2.

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

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

Editorial.

The term just on the eve of closing has been so unmarked by any stirring events that the task of editorial comment or exhortation becomes a difficult one. There are *few* grievances to air, *few* new schemes to propound, and our task therefore declines to that of mere comment on matters more exhaustively dealt with in the succeeding pages.

* * *

We return our best thanks to all those who have contributed to the pages of our magazine, but at the same time we should like a little more enthusiasm shown by certain members of the Upper Forms. Can it be that the burden of examination work hangs so heavily?

* * *

May we remind school contributors of the necessity of sending in their copy written on one side of the paper only, otherwise the editorial duties are unnecessarily increased.

* * *

It will be seen from our pages that the "Old Boys' and Old Girls' Associations," of which mention was made in our last issue, have now been formed. These associations exist to foster the spirit of central loyalty and we are sure that all Old Boys and Girls will enthusiastically lend their support and thus link themselves to the scattered family of 'Stocktonians' the world over.

* * *

Nothing has given us more solid pleasure than the receipt of several far-sent messages from "Old Stocktonians." These testify in a singularly eloquent way to the common loyalty that makes us one. We hope to be able to publish extracts from these letters in our Midsummer issue.

A kindly and gracious influence in the life of the School has been removed by the untimely and greatly lamented death of Miss McDermott. A loyal Stocktonian herself—Miss McDermott was intimately connected with the school for the long period of seventeen years—she was keenly interested in all our affairs and willingly took every opportunity of identifying herself in the most thoughtful and practical ways with the activities of the school.

Rich in "these nameless little acts of love and kindness" her memory will long be green in our midst, and our heartfelt sympathy is with those who are left behind to mourn her loss.

Spring.

Long have we waited thy coming, O Spring,
Now in thy welcome we joyfully sing.
Birds carol gaily on bush and on tree,
Filling the air with their sweet melody.

Spring is the happiest time of the year.
Gone are the cold winds of winter so drear,
Over the hill-tops the warm zephyrs blow,
Showing the daffodils growing below.

Down in the wood the sky violet grows,
Sharing her honours with paler primrose.
Hyacinths carpet the meadow with blue,
Daisies and buttercups sparkle with dew.

D.D., VI.B.

The King of the Silver Lake.

Once upon a time in a certain country, lived a strange people unknown to the inhabitants of the countries around them. They were much like other people, only their feet and hands were very large and awkward. The bigger they were, the more beautiful their owners were said to be.

The Queen of the country, whose feet were almost like boats, had a little girl named Trilla, whose feet were so small and delicately shaped as to bring about the disappointment of the king and queen. So shocked were they, that they would not own her as their daughter, and sent her away to a peasant's house, where every one bullied and ill-treated her.

One day she broke a plate, and the peasant and his wife beat her cruelly and locked her in a little dark room. She cried bitterly. Though she was used to these beatings, she was so tired that she wished she had never been born.

Suddenly the room became very light, and a young man in silver armour stood in the midst of it. He had hands and feet like Trilla.

"Why weepest thou, Trilla," he asked.

She told him, and he said, "Will you accompany me to my home? I live in the Silver Lake."

"Yes, I will come," she replied.

He took her hand and they found themselves on the shore of a lake, the waves of which were crested with silver foam. A little silver boat, drawn by a silver fish, glided towards them.

They entered the boat, and immediately sank to the bottom. Trilla saw that she was in another world. There were palaces of silver, decorated with coloured coral and anemones; gardens with seaweed and sea flowers, and beautiful mermaids with silver scales, dark soft hair and great dark eyes, who glided about the sea gardens.

Calling to a mermaid, the king left Trilla in her care, and she was conducted to a room hung round with seaweed, and containing coral stools and tables.

She lived there a long time, seeing everything as if she were a mermaid and enjoying it very much. One day the king asked her to marry him, and help to rule the country under-sea. She consented, and in after years, with her children about her, she never looked back with regret to the days when she lived among her own people.

L.F., IVc

Can you complete this?

The following ingenious and, we have no doubt, interesting exercise has been sent in by one of our Senior girls. To complete the exercise insert the names of pupils from the Forms indicated or, where necessary, members of the Staff.

We were good (VIA)s, and allowing no (school official)ity we started off early one morning for a neighbouring farm. Over (IVA) and headland we went (member of staff)ly along listening to the (IVB)es sing, and watching the gambols of the (IVB)s and the (VIA)s that did not lack (IVc)s, we thought it might be compared with the garden of (member of staff), so beautiful it was. There was no (IVB) to spoil this paradise, so the animals roamed freely about with their (VA). On turning a (IVc) we came across an old (IVB) with his (II) and had a (IIIc) a (IIIc) with him about the state of the crops which the frequent (IVc) has spoiled.

We again set off, picking the (IVc)s as we went. We had brought neither plate (VB) but enjoyed our (VIB) beef sandwiches very much. Our (S.T.) was a good one and made her cakes even better than the village (member of staff).

After lunch, having told some (VB)s we thought we would play some games. We found a (member of staff) after some search, so played cricket among the (IVB) and hens in the (S.T.) (IVB) field near by. There were good exhibitions of (VB), our (VIB) especially distinguishing herself.

It soon after began to (IVB), so feeling rather (school official) we returned home with (VB) and with our (member of staff) discussed what we should do on the (IVc). K.O., VIA.

Examination Results. Christmas, 1912.

	English	History	French	Maths	Physics	Chemistry	Geography	Art	Manual	Needlework
Form VIa ...	M. Ross	E. Dowse	H. Jordan A. Samuel	Williams	Williams	Williams	M. Ross	M. Foggin C. Harper		
Form VIb ...	M. Foggin D. Dewhurst L. Carling	W. Stewart L. Carling N. Elcoat	J. Hotson D. Dewhurst L. Carling	M. Ross L. Carling A. Callender	Dee McWilliams Wilkinson	C. Harper H. Prest Wilkinson McWilliams	M. Gill Wilkinson J. Hotson E. Jordan	H. Prest D. Gray J. Hotson A. Callender Kewley		
Form Va ...	Crawford	Hewison Johnson Elders Macgregor E. Wardell E. Raper Connors MacLennan	Johnson Hewison	Hewison Crawford Kidd D. Pennock M. Heavisides Darnborough Shipley	Gilbraith Crawford	Crawford Hewison	Wrightson Hewison	Crawford Hewison		
Form Vb ...	C. Rimer C. Barr Muirden Shipley	E. Wardell E. Raper Connors MacLennan	A. Pugh M. Heavisides G. B. Smith Shipley	D. Pennock M. Heavisides Darnborough Shipley	G. B. Smith J. Smith Jonsson M. Milburn	D. Pennock M. Young Muirden Reid	C. Barr C. Munro Connors Harris MacLennan	C. Prest MacLennan Muirden Jonsson	Jonsson MacLennan	E. Watson M. Milburn
Form IVa Girls	I. Harker E. Usher	L. Ainsworth I. Harker	N. Watson M. Webber	A. Gibson M. Milburn	E. Craig E. Leader	E. Craig G. Stewart	L. Ainsworth M. Milburn	E. Watson I. Harker	Forster (J. V.)	
Form IVb Boys	Robson	Chandler Foster (E.) Hibbert	Rogers	Forster (C.)	Lewis	Richardson	Forster (C.)	Richardson		
Form IVb Girls	Ward	R. Scaife L. Lennard I. Martin A. Ward	Robson	Hausell	Forster (E.)	Harland Lewis	Robson	Forster (J. V.) Sigsworth L. Lennard M. Ordish	Appleby	G. Brawn I. Martin
Form IVc ...	L. Fenny A. Innes	L. Fenny Dodds King	L. Hind A. Ward G. Sanderson King	G. Sanderson W. Morrow King	G. Sanderson L. Sherwood Everett	A. Ward L. Sherwood	A. Ward A. Innes	L. Fenny R. Greig A. Ward R. Willey E. Cook	W. Morrow N. Peacock R. Willey Cornforth	L. Fenny O. Gales L. Sherwood E. Cook
Form IIIa ...	Thompson	Dodds King	King	King	Everett	L. Sherwood	King Everett	E. Cook	Jonsson T. Coates L. Ball	P. Fawcitt
Form IIIb ...	King A. Ball F. Elcoat	F. Coates J. Hodgeson H. Wood G. Margetts M. Lewis	P. Fawcitt	Everett A. Ball F. Elcoat	King S. Goodchild L. Leckenby	Harland Lewis G. Martin P. Evans	A. Ball L. Ball	Jonsson E. Goodchild S. Goodchild	Jonsson T. Coates L. Ball	P. Fawcitt
Form IIIc ...	A. Sandall E. Cardno	G. Margetts M. Lewis	M. Blenkey G. Margetts	M. Blenkey M. Lewis	G. Thomas B. Carter	A. Ward	M. Lewis R. Shipley N. Wilkinson G. Lerman A. Wardell D. Simms	M. Lewis N. Eden	F. Robson	M. Hotson C. Nicholls
Form IIIc ...	G. Lerman	L. Lewis	F. Lamplugh	A. Crosier	F. Lamplugh	A. Ward	B. Wardell	E. Phillips	A. Crozier	E. Gilbey
Form IIIc ...	A. Wardell	E. Gilbey G. Lerman C. Peart C. Rogers	A. Wardell	L. Lewis	C. Brocklesby A. Wardell	L. Sherwood	B. Wardell	A. Crozier	A. Crozier	O. Llewellyn
Form II ...	E. Frankland	C. Peart J. Myrle E. Frankland E. Bowron C. Rogers	C. Peart J. Myrle E. Frankland E. Bowron C. Rogers	R. Reed C. Hicks	C. Brocklesby A. Wardell	L. Lewis	C. Hicks	E. Phillips	F. Williams	E. Bowron
Form II ...	C. Peart	B. Wardell J. Atkinson	E. Bowron C. Rogers	C. Hicks	C. Brocklesby A. Wardell	L. Lewis	C. Hicks	A. Crozier	F. Williams	E. Bowron
Form I ...	E. Robson	E. Robson	E. Rees	Prest	A. Wardell	L. Lewis	Ward	J. Lambert	Loffhouse Robson	B. Dodds
Form I ...	B. Dodds	Ward	E. Robson	B. Dodds	A. Wardell	L. Lewis	Jackson	Robson Prest	Robson	P. Wedgwood

Nature Study—Form II—E. Wanless, G. Dodds, Form I—Prest, Robson.
Latin—Form VIb—L. Carling, L. Bowron.
Botany—Form Vb—C. Barr, M. Heavisides.
German—Form IVb—C. Munro, E. Wardell.

A Dutchman's Difficulty with the English Language.

A Dutchman, Steven van Brammelendam by name, had just arrived in London, and proceeded to an office at about 10-30 p.m. Of course he found it locked up. He rang the bell time after time, till at last the housekeeper, (who had been enjoying the luxury of her first sleep) hurried, candle in hand, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. No sooner had she opened the door, than Steven, presenting his letter of introduction said: "Is my gentleman Dobson to house?"

"Pray, sir, I cannot read," answered she, returning the letter.

"Is my gentleman Dobson to house?" Steven repeated.

"Sir?"

"Yes, Sir Dobson?"

"Is he to house?"

"What house? I don't understand you."

"Give this letter to your gentleman," said Steven.

"There are no gentlemen here," answered the housekeeper; "call to-morrow at ten"; and the door was shut on the benighted Brammelendam.

A cabman now came to the rescue, and offered to convey him to a "hinn," so at last put him down at a place where "chops, steaks, and well air'd beds" were promised to travellers.

"What am I guilty to you?" Steven said to cabby,

"Guilty?" cabby repeated with a smile; "don't know, unless you run away without paying me."

Steven understood the word "paying."

"Yes, I will pay the load. How much?"

"Half-a-crown"

"What is half-a-crown?"

"Why, it's two-and-six."

"Frightful!" Steven exclaimed. "Twenty-six shilling only for riding me such a short end!"

After some explanation, Steven, much to his satisfaction, saw cabby off with his two shillings and sixpence.

When retiring for the night, he thought it might be as well to order a barber for the morning, so he said to the landlord:

"Can I be razed to-morrow?"

"Raised," the landlord repeated, "yes to be sure you can."

"Will you send up a man to raze me?"

"I will raise you myself."

"Ah, very well. At nine o'clock if you please."

Next morning the landlord knocked punctual to time at Steven's door.

"Where is your knife?" Steven asked.

"My knife! What for?"

"Well to raze me."

"Why, you *are* raised."

"I am *not* razed. You must raze me with a knife along my visage."

"Oh, I see," the landlord cried in a fit of laughter, "you must go to a shaving shop."

So he gave him many directions, and told him to look out for the word "shaving." Before leaving the inn, however, Steven was careful to note down the number of the house, and name of the street. At length, after having turned down half-a-dozen streets, he noticed on a window the inscription "Savings Bank."

"Ah," he said to himself, "this is it. Here is a bank upon which people are placed to be saved."

However, when he entered the magnificent office, he perceived that he was mistaken. "Still," he thought, "I will ask this young man to help me on my way"—"My gentleman, I see I am perverted. I wish to be saved."

"Do you want to deposit some money?" the clerk asked.

"Yes, I have money; I must be saved with a razor along my visage."

The clerk laughed uproariously, then took him to a barber's shop.

Later, Steven read on a shop window: "Shavings for grates."

"Ah," he said to himself, "I suppose this is a philanthropic establishment for poor people to be shaved gratis."

Soon after leaving the barber's shop, Steven felt hungry. He noticed a pie house—"Can I here a little eat."

"Yes," the lady replied. "What do you want? a pork pie?"

Steven took out his dictionary; he soon found the word, or at least he thought so.

"What!" he exclaimed, "do you eat those beasts in this country?"

"Of course we do, we aren't Jews."

"Tastes it nicely?"

"Very," the lady answered with a smile.

"Give me a piece, if you please."

"I cannot give you a piece, you must take a whole one."

"But I cannot eat a whole porcupine?" Steven exclaimed.

"Oh dear no! a pork pie is made of a pig."

Out came his dictionary and he turned up "pick."

"That's in the whole no food, that's a hammer."

At last, after hearing the grunting noise of a pig imitated, Steven understood, and ate the pie with comfort and relish.

Now, however, Steven found himself in an awkward predicament. He could not find his inn. So he consulted a person who said,—“Don't you know the name of the street?”

“Yes,” he answered, “here it is—“Stick no bills streets, F.P. 13 ft.”

After a great deal of wandering, the place was found, and here we must take leave for a time of Steven van Brammelendam in his perplexities.

L.B., VI.B.

How we Hunted a Mouse.

I was wending my weary footsteps homewards one day, when I heard the most unearthly shrieks issuing from the house. I rushed into the house, and I certainly had no trouble in locating the sound. I was drawn to the kitchen, where, to my surprise, I saw my sisters E—— and B—— perched upon the table, standing on their tip-toes, and screaming as loudly as they could. The worst of it was I could not understand them at first, as they were rather muddled and excited. (Could you understand such rubbish as the following? Remember it was the excited treble of two strong, healthy girls—I found it no easy matter). “Oh help! a mouse! Shoo—wha—shoo—a great—ya, shoo—horrid mouse, and—she—it—ya, shoo—it ran out of the cupboard—shoo—go away—Oh, kill it—shoo—kill it, oh, my—shoo.”

All that over a harmless mouse. Some women are *afraid* of mice. I got the poker and set myself to poke that mouse—my sisters rushed out of the room. I found the mouse in a corner under the table. The first time I struck at it I did not touch it—it ran away. It ran towards *me*; I naturally jumped—anybody would. I am not afraid of mice, but when the horrid thing ran into my sleeve I called to E——. I was afraid it would gnaw a hole in my sleeve. There is something really disagreeable in having a mouse inside of one's sleeve. Its toes are cold; its nails are scratchy; its fur tickles; and its tail feels creepy—there is nothing pleasant about it. Then it might gnaw at the arm—

another pleasant feeling! That mouse was next to me! I could feel its every movement with startling distinctness. I naturally called out, and, as the case seemed urgent to me, I may have called with a certain degree of vigour; I deny that I called "Fire!!"

I did not lose my presence of mind for an instant. I caught the mouse just as it was clambering over the elbow, and by pressing firmly on the outside of the blouse I kept it a prisoner on the inside. I yelled so as to drown its squeaks and to make sure that the other mice could not come to its aid. A girl cannot handle many mice at a time.

My sister "Midge" came and asked what she could do, as though I could plan a campaign and hold a mouse at the same time. I told her to think of something. She did. She suddenly began to throw things at me. I entreated her to stop—as every shot took effect on me, and there was not a chance of one hitting the mouse. She did stop—after she had tried two flat irons and a shovel. She paused for breath. Then she said, "Oh! what a pity we killed the cat!" How on earth did she think a cat could get where the mouse was!—rather have the mouse there alone than have a cat prowling round after it. Then she got the kettle and wanted to scald the mouse. I objected to that. Then she got some cheese and wanted to coax it down, but I dared not let it go for fear it would run up. Matters were getting desperate. I implored "Midge" to think of something else. Just as I was ready to faint, I tripped over a flat iron, lost my hold of the mouse, and it fell to the floor—very dead. I had no idea a mouse could be squeezed so easily.

That was not the end of the trouble, for, before I had recovered my breath, a fireman broke in one of the windows, and a whole army of others followed him through, dragging a hose behind them. Every article of furniture downstairs was soon floating about. Then a policeman came and wanted to do his duty for a false alarm; it was all I could do to pacify them, but finally we got matters quietened and the house clear.

Now when mice run out of a cupboard I go outside and let someone else "shoo" them away. I can kill a mouse, but when you are in the same plight do not come for
ANNIE PLUMLEY.

Class Room Echoes.

We are now approaching the end of a rather long and arduous term. We have had few diversions to distract the even tenour of our way, except it be the "unmixed" joys of socials, Oxford Locals, and Term Examinations. Soon however even these will pass into the limbo of forgotten things and we feel sure

that teachers and pupils alike will hail with glee the April Vacation.

We understand that several members of the Sixth Forms have been studying the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." They eagerly anticipate the publication of a revised edition of Scott entitled—we understand—"Granville's Fairfield Text." Thus does Literature go hand in hand with Science!!!

The mantle of poesy seems to have fallen on several members of VI B judging from the many effusions we have received. Unfortunately space does not permit the publication of the complete poems? but the following extracts we have no doubt will be all sufficient.

A LAMENT.

"The field was long, the wind was cold,
Poor Percy was infirm and old;
His withered frame and lordly way
Seem'd to have known a better day.

* * *

And he, who thought he was the best,
Put off the team—allow'd a rest;
No longer courted and caressed,
Or on the team just as the rest,
He pours, to boys and master gay,
A tale—a most excusive lay."

And yet again—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
Oh for another hour in bed"?

We sympathise with you Doris. We too have experienced that tired feeling.

ECHOES FROM FORM IVA (Girls)—

English Lesson:—"May they live long and have every happiness." Who said this? Why did our teacher blush?

History Lesson:—Teacher—"Before Strafford would come to England from Ireland Charles I had to promise that not a hair of his head should be harmed."

Small Girl:—"Please miss, hadn't he to have his hair cut"?

We have all been missing the merry chirp of our "mighty atom." She has had—from all accounts—a very painful time with her molars due to her sojourn in the celebrated "draught desk."

I chatter, chatter as I go
 My tongue is silent never
 Some tongues go fast, and some go slow
 But mine goes on for ever.

SOME HOWLERS:—"Robert Bruce went to the Holy Land and left his heart *behind* with Douglas."

"Isabella of Castille *entirely* filled up Salamanca's *cave*."

"The place of toll is the place which evil doers have to pass on their way to the lower regions."

"Domestic animals help us with the house work."

"The meaning of "diffident"—"Something your mother gets at the Store."

A Clan Gathering.

Last summer, I had the good fortune to spend my holidays at the Highland home of the chief of the Robertson clan. I, being one of this *noble* clan, received a cordial invitation to meet my clansmen at an event which is enjoyed by all true patriots. This is the annual assembly of those who claim kin with Robertson of Struan.

At an early hour on the appointed day the guests were seen approaching the castle from all directions. Each wore the picturesque Highland costume peculiar to the clan. The handsome stalwart figures displayed to full advantage the distinguishing costume. On it, the dark green background was brightened by the attractive white stripes. These stripes, I may mention, are symbolical of the close relationship to royalty.

One of the most enthralling events of the day was the election of the chief. The ablest and best son of the deceased leader was chosen to perform the duties of his father. The chief having been appointed to his new office, undertook to stand by his subjects through "weal an' woe." In return, each man took the oath of allegiance to his overlord, promising to be faithful not only to his chieftain but also to his clan.

Having disposed of the business part of the proceedings, the whole clan, in company with their new chief, spent the remainder of the day in pursuing game. At noon all gathered at an appointed place in the forest, and did full justice to the ample meal spread before them on the grass.

When the feasting was over, they rode back to the fine old castle of Dun Alister, the residence of the chief. In its grounds all were entertained with dancing and music. Prizes were awarded to the best dancers and pipers. A notable feature of the games was horse jumping.

At sunset the Highlanders entered the castle, where the ball was to be held. The scene here was one well worthy of remembrance. Each guest had now abandoned his hunting attire, and wore the bright red "dress" tartan. From the ceiling of the low oak hall bunches of fern and white heather were suspended. Among this were placed hundreds of lamps, which both illuminated and decorated the room.

Too soon, festivities were brought to an end by the approaching dawn, when each guest bade farewell to his chief, feeling tired, but happy with the knowledge that the events of this day would urge him on to nobler and more patriotic ideals.

M.R., VIA.

My Trip to the Moon (2001 a.d.)

In the year 2001 A.D., one of the principal inventions of the time was a metal of a reddish colour. Using this metal I made a sphere which suited my purpose exactly, for it was many times lighter than air and was not affected by friction. So, on the 21st November, I started with my dog as my companion. The sphere was discharged from an invention of my own, a compressed air arrangement, which could discharge my sphere with thousands of times the velocity of a projectile from an ancient Armstrong cannon. The problem of landing was settled by a pair of long rods, which were made of the same metal as the sphere and always pointed in the direction it was travelling. The "landers," as I called them, were about 100 yards long, and a fortnight after my start, the 'landers' were buried deep in the moon, thus saving the sphere from the actual concussion, and when I opened the door of the sphere I found it about three yards off the ground. When my companion and I alighted I was dazed and nearly blinded by the glare of everything, while my dog showed nearly the same symptoms, for the moon was red, a bright glittering red. So I threw my dog back into the sphere, got back myself by means of a rope ladder, got goggles on, and put some specially made ones on my dog. Then we alighted again, this time not forgetting to leave everything prepared for a hasty departure.

About a mile from where the sphere was situated I saw through my goggles (plus binoculars) what looked like a city. So my dog and I made all haste towards it, travelling on a motor-like contrivance which would do the mile in about five minutes.

After I had traversed about half the distance, my dog showed evident signs of agitation by pulling at my clothes and barking excitedly, and after about two seconds of this, jumped off the car. Seeing this I immediately stopped the car. As it happened, the way I had to get out was at the front, and as I was getting out I just happened to look down where I was going to put my foot when I saw—not the red ground, but the edge of a deep hole or pit. I immediately pulled back my foot and reversed the engines of my car. Then looking round me, I saw many more black spots on the red surface of the moon which I concluded were also holes of the same description. Just then I heard a loud whistling sound above me, and travelling towards me was a huge mass of rock. I immediately set the engines of my car working, and at a speed of twenty-five miles per hour I tried to escape the impending danger. But the mass of rock came hurtling towards me, and so close was my escape that a corner of the rock completely crushed the hinder part of the car, completely disabling it. Looking behind me I saw a hole exactly like the one I had just escaped falling into, so now I knew what caused the holes. Calling my dog, I then proceeded on foot to the city. When I arrived I saw that it was composed of large stone huts which had an opening about four feet by six. My dog must have smelt something in the huts, for he gave vent to some loud barks of disapproval. I was just going to ——— when out of each hut appeared a monster which appeared to me to be a gigantic mixture of beetle and crab and whose colour was the same as the moon. As I looked at their formidable claws I thought discretion better than valour and retreated accordingly, with my short-legged terrier in my arms, towards the sphere, at the same time keeping my eyes open for holes. But to my alarm I saw that my awkward pursuers could run with some speed when they wished, so I indulged in the most exciting race it has been my lot to experience. I had about a hundred yards start of my pursuers, so I made the best use of it in my power. But one of the creatures did not seem to be troubled by the ties of age and started slowly but surely overhauling me. The distance to the sphere seemed to be twelve miles instead of one mile, and when I did reach it my dogged pursuer was barely five yards behind me. I knew that I would not be able to set off before the creature reached me, so I aimed and sent a six-ounce rifle ball (generally used for shooting elephants) into its eye. It gave one convulsive bound towards me and fell down dead barely two feet away from my person, I then got in with my faithful terrier, closed the entrance and pressed the compressed air discharger (which I had left prepared when I left) and started for Mother Earth once more, and for my part I was not sorry to do so at all.

L.L., IIIB.

An English Oak—an Autobiography.

I was one of innumerable acorns which my mother bore when she lived in a very large field in the South of England. I dropped to the ground during a very severe storm, but I soon sank into the moist soil and fell asleep. When I awoke lovely spring had arrived, and I beheld again with joy my mother clothed in beautiful green buds.

One day we had a startling adventure. I remember I was about twenty years of age, but I could not understand the movements of some men, who evidently were planting our field with trees to form a forest. Hundreds of years passed, but at last our forest was so big that many outlaws came to live beneath our branches. They shot the deer, and robbed rich people as they passed through our domains.

Alas! one night when all was still, we heard strange cries of "Help" from our neighbouring trees. A fire had broken out, and next morning my mother and I found that nearly all our relatives had perished in the flames.

My last days were not happy, for wicked boys carved their names on my bark, which ached very much during the process. Men always seemed to select my best branches and cut them off, thereby giving me excessive pain. Then, to make matters worse, a woodcutter arrived, cut me down, chopped me into big pieces, and ordered me to a very big workshop. Here my biggest logs were made into wardrobes, tables and chairs, while the portions left over were soon manufactured into whips, tops and matches. Of course, I was pleased to become so useful, but I would have preferred living for ever with my stately mother in the beautiful forest.

B.D., Form I.

Those Dear Children.

It has been said that "children and fools speak truth," and though it is to be hoped that truthfulness is not confined to these two classes of the community, children certainly have a knack of blurting out truths at inopportune moments. To realise this one only has to recall that incident of the accepted suitor asking his brother-in-law, aged seven—"Willie, do you know that at the party last night your sister promised to marry me!" and receiving the staggering answer—"Oh, yes! that's what the party was for!"

It was a little awkward, too, when the lady visitor, who had prolonged a morning call, hoping to be invited to lunch, at last, on rising to go, asked the little daughter of the house if she would go with her to the station, and met the innocent reply: "I'm afraid I can't, because we are going to have lunch as soon as you've gone!"

Then, again, it was more than awkward—it was unkind—when a schoolmaster, wishing to illustrate the meaning of the word "slowly," walked very slowly across the room, and on asking: "How did I walk?" received the prompt reply: "Please, sir, bow-legged, sir."

Surely no one will deny the wit in a child's (not so young!) description of Henry VIII as "a professional widower," or in the definition of a zebra as "a donkey with a football jersey on," or the confusion of mind shown in the moral deduced by a little girl from the parable of the Ten Virgins, as "we should always be on the look-out for a bridegroom."

Of course everybody knows that children are very observant, and that little eyes are very sharp. Therefore we are not surprised when little six-year-old Jack, writing to his aunt in England his impressions of India, tells her: "Here we have a larger moon, and we keep it better polished." And that boy of eight must have been an acute observer, and even a student of customs in shopping, who, on being shown his twin baby sisters, remarked in all good faith: "Oh, mother's been getting bargains again!" Then again the statement that "the marriage customs of the Ancient Greeks were that a man married only one wife, and this was called monotony," might have been prompted by the newspaper discussion, "Is marriage a failure.?"

The following conversation took place when Elsie and Edith were at a loss for a game. "Let's play at being 'at home,' said Elsie. "We'll have 'a day.'" "But what does that mean?" said Edith, "what is 'a day?'" "Oh, don't be stupid," was Elsie's reply in a superior manner. "All fashionable people have 'days.' 'God's day is Sunday, and mother's is Tuesday.'"

Sometimes quaint reasons are given in support of children's requests, as when little Lucy asked "Mamma, may I have baby to wheel about in my pram?" On being asked why she wanted the baby, she replied, "Oh, my dolly gets broken so every time the pram upsets."

Another suggestive reason was given by the little boy who was found crying by a kind-hearted old lady. She asked: "What are you crying for, little man?" "Father is h-hanging up the p-pictures." "Well, why do you cry?" "He h-hit his thumb." "Ah! I see, you cry from sympathy with his pain." "N-no—I laughed!"

M.R., VIA.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
The Stocktonian was with him you see.
He said, with a smile
"It's well worth your while
To take in this paper like me."

The Rambles of a Rat.

Harry had a beautiful tame rat, with bright pink eyes and so white and soft a fur that Harry called it Snowball.

Snowball lived in a large cosy box which was placed on a shelf in the scullery.

He loved his neat little home and was quite happy but like many other people he wanted to see the world. He also wanted to explore the house of Harry and his parents and quite intended to do so. How it was to be done, he did not know as his box was high up from the ground and he was only out when with Harry. One morning very early Snowball found the door of his cage open. How it was so, he did not know; either it had not been fastened at all or the catch had come undone. Now was his chance. He would climb down and see the world. A tall broom was resting against the wall near the shelf where his box was and he jumped on to that and slid to the floor. The broom fell with a loud noise just as he jumped from it and slid down till it reached the floor.

He was too excited to wonder how he was to reach his home again when the broom was no longer there. He scampered about here and there frisking round corners, pails, and boxes, and everywhere. At last he was seeing what the world was like, and he thought it was very nice so far. There were some crumbs on the floor and these he carried in his mouth one by one and laid them under the sink in a neat pile. Then he found a pea and added that; then a feather and a tiny lump of coal, till he soon had a good sized heap. He was not hungry and did not mean to eat the crumbs or the pea, but it is the habit of rats to store up everything they find.

Then he spied a cupboard with the door slightly open. "I shall look in; there might be something wonderful in there," said he, and there was. Over in one corner, he saw a large animal sitting, covered with a thick striped fur, and eyes that seemed to Snowball like coals of fire. He knew that this animal was a cat for he had seen it once from his box but had never been close to it. Now that he was close to it, he was very frightened, indeed so frightened that he could not move a step though he wished to run back. The cat was surprised too. She had only once seen a rat and that was a large, ugly one, not at all like this pretty white creature. One could not be connected with the other she thought, and yet this little creature who stood so quiet and still, reminded her of the rat she had seen. She moved cautiously up to it and smelt its fur, and poor Snowball, who could not move, felt ready to die of fright. Just then to his great joy he heard Harry's voice crying, "Snowball where are you?" The use of his legs came back to Snowball and rushing to Harry before the cat could reach

him, he climbed swiftly up to his master's shoulder and cowered there trembling but safe. Harry took him back to his house and he was very glad to be there once more and did not wish to leave it again. "The world is very nice, but I like home better," said Snowball to himself. N.G., Form IVa.

A Simple (?) Countryman.

During the holidays I set out with a party of friends to walk from Whitby to Aislaby Moors. It was a scorching hot day and after we had had a walk of six miles to Aislaby village and thence to the moors we were extremely thirsty. No house was in sight so we walked on until, at length, we saw a farmstead on the edge of the main track across the moor. We hastened thither and after much hammering at the door a farmer appeared and demanded to know what we wanted. We asked if he could give us anything to drink. "A hev nowt but milk" he told us, "Oh"; we said that would do very well indeed and could he give us a quart. "Aye, if yer like," was the answer and he walked away. But he was such a long time in returning that we thought he had forgotten us. Patience was at last rewarded when he returned with glasses and a jug on a tray.

Congratulating ourselves on our good luck we proceeded to prepare for a merry luncheon. But to our surprise when we tasted the milk we thought we were poisoned. It was not sour, nor yet fresh, not bad but not good, at all events we could not drink it. We were so thirsty that we could not enjoy our lunch. The meal finished, we packed the basket again and sent one of the gentlemen back with the tray and gave him orders to tell the farmer we wanted fresh milk. While Mr. X was gone we thought that perhaps the farmer thought we expected him to give us the milk, because we had asked if he could give us a drink. But no, the man had had no such good intention, as Mr. X told us on his return.

After much trouble he had found the farmer somewhere about the garden. On seeing Mr. X with the tray, etc., he promptly said, "It's fivepence." "But we only had a quart, and it was not fresh milk," said Mr. X. "Humph," was the answer, "some foalks dean't know wat the' want; ye 'ad t' use o' t' thray, and crock, an' all." "Why, we can get *fresh* milk for twopence in the town," ventured Mr. X. "Why it disn't matter, it's tuppence 'orp'n'y 'ere; thoo isn't i't toon noo the knaws, an' if thoo'd gone te't top o't 'ill thoo'd hev 'ad to pay *threepence*." The farmer kept up such a long sermon on his gains and losses that Mr. X said he was glad to get away from the man.

From several previous experiences of people living in the heart of the country we thought them rather simple, but this one must have been an exception, or else we were mistaken. This one was not by any means simple, especially when we afterwards found out that the farm at 'top o't 'ill was his as well.

H.J., VIa.

Wanted to know.

- Is everybody doing it? What?—buying the Magazine.
- Are the Fifth Forms *eagerly* awaiting the Oxford Local results?
- Who said Tate's?
- If "Spring time's the only pretty ring time,"
- Who believe this?
- If "Percy" is still "perspiring,"
- Did he smash the weighing machine?
- Or was it "she of the little dog"?
- The "cycling terror."
- Did he exceed the speed limit?
- Is he called "Cluffe"?
- Who put salt on the sweet at dinner?
- Does the Red House mistress know?
- What item was left out at the Girls' Social?
- Ask M. Myniroski.
- Has the Brown House mistress discarded the danger signal?
- Whose French is "sloppy"?
- Who is the elocutionist of the Fourth?
- Why he accompanies the 1st XI?
- Who got a carling (not Laura) down his neck?
- Did "Skimpole" really receive a wireless from Newcastle?
- Who climbed up VIb hot water pipe?

A Curious Cocoanut.

We have in our possession a double cocoanut, called a Cocoa de mer. These nuts were long considered waifs of the sea before their home was discovered to be the Seychelle Islands in the Indian Ocean. They were thought to be the fruit of a submarine palm. They were frequently cast up on the Maldivé Islands and other coasts and it is a remarkable fact that although thus freely carried about by the waves, it has never succeeded in establishing itself on new lands. It appears that the palm tree which bears the fruit grows only on one island of the group, namely, Praslim. The tree is spoken of as the finest of the species growing on the Islands. It has been discovered that there were two forms of quite different structure growing on the same tree in about equal numbers. Such a state of things was probably never known before.

P.F., IIIa.

"Old Stocktonians."

"Make new friends but keep the old" runs the title of the song so admirably rendered by Mr. W. Hewitt on the occasion of our first Annual Social and Dance held on Friday, Feb. 21st.

It was to enable the "Old Boys" to do this that the Association was formed, but it will be by "doing," and not by the sentimental thought alone that our laudable object can be achieved.

I shall now endeavour to state very briefly what we have already done, and shall also try to give some idea of our future plans.

At a most enthusiastic inaugural meeting, officers were elected to carry on the affairs of the Association, and as a result of their deliberations and exertions, the social function mentioned above was brought to a most successful issue. A company of 250 odd is, I think, indicative of a spirit of great enthusiasm, and I take this opportunity, in my capacity of Assistant Secretary, of expressing my thanks to all who in any way contributed to the success of the occasion. I would particularly mention our two presidents, Messrs. J. J. Prest and E. Scholes, our committeemen who in all cases subordinated their own pleasure to that of others, our M.C.'s who tactfully soon made everybody feel at home, our vocalists—Miss Hauxwell, and Messrs. Hewitt and Sherwood, and Mr. Storey who kindly relieved the musicians whilst these latter satisfied the inner man.

A word of praise is also due to those ladies and gentlemen, who skilfully guided the "beginners" through the mazes of the dreamy waltz or through the intricacies of the Lancers. Last, but certainly not least, we are greatly indebted to all those kind friends who initiated us into the unspeakable glories of the "Baby's Galop."

The formation of the various sub-sections, which are to be the backbone of the Association, has just been undertaken with the result that it has been suggested that the following clubs and societies should as a whole or in part be set on foot:—Cycling and Rambling, Camera, Engineering, Swimming, Camping, Tennis, Cricket, Football, Hockey, Debating and Gymnastics. In such a list there is scope for all, and it therefore behoves every "old boy" to join one or more sections.

It may be well to impress again on members that in bringing the Association to its present stage, much time and much thought, have been given by the various officers. It remains therefore for the rank and file to give the Committee its unstinted support.

In conclusion, I should like to remind present boys that they too will soon be labelled "old." When that time comes, the 'Old Stocktonians' is waiting with open arms to welcome them.

ARTHUR ROGERS.

(Modesty has prevented the Asst. Secretary from mentioning the very prominent part which HE has taken and is taking to make the Association a success—EDITOR).

Old Girls' Association.

We have this term founded an Old Girls' Association. The desire for such a Society, with the opportunities it gives for renewing old friendships and reviving old memories has long been strong so with a view to supplying this felt want a preliminary meeting of Old Girls was called for January 23rd. At this meeting the suggestion to organize an Old Girls' Association was discussed and met with enthusiastic approval. A committee was appointed to frame a scheme and its proposals were submitted to a second general meeting held on Monday, Feb. 3rd. These, after some interesting discussion were amended and in their new form adopted as the constitution of the Association and the O.G.A. came into being.

The following office-bearers were then elected for 1913,

<i>President.</i>	...	Miss Nelson.
<i>Vice-President.</i>	...	Miss Miller, Miss Reeves.
<i>Treasurer.</i>	...	Miss Fernie, Secondary School.
<i>Secretary.</i>	...	Miss Morgan, Secondary School.
<i>Assistant Secretary.</i>	...	Miss Rogers, 91, Parliament Street.
<i>Committee.</i>	...	Miss S. Burdon, Miss MacLennan, Miss L. Danby, Miss A. Nicholson, Miss M. Fordy, Miss L. Sharp, Miss E. Heavisides, Miss M. Waters, Miss D. Margetts, Miss A. Young.

All Old Girls who have attended day classes in the School or in the P.T. Centre are eligible for membership; the annual subscription is 1/- and a copy of the Constitution will be sent to any Old Girl on application to the Secretary.

To inaugurate our new Association an "At Home" was held in the School on March 5th, when 120 Old Girls were present and spent a most delightful evening in dancing, talking, and listening to a most enjoyable programme of songs and dramatic selections by Miss F. Trotter, Miss J. Elliott, the Misses Danby and Miss Toomer. During the evening the President welcomed the company and expressed a warm hope that this Association begun amidst such enthusiasm would provide opportunities not only for the renewing of old friendships but for the making of new ones, that it would strengthen the already strong bond of affection which binds us all to the old School and supply the link which would unite the large and ever-increasing number of Old Girls into one body seeking not only their own pleasure but rejoicing in the honour and well-being of each individual member.

The evening was all too short but we are looking forward to our next Re-union.

The Committee are at present busy arranging for the formation of various Sub-Societies (see Constitution Rule 13). It has already been proposed that Tennis, Swimming, Literary and Hockey Clubs should be formed and as it is important that these, especially the first two mentioned, should be organized without delay, the Secretary would be pleased to receive names of members who wish to join them. If members are interested in the formation of a Sub-Society for any object other than those already referred to, they will materially assist the Committee by communicating their wishes to the Secretary or to any of the officials of the Association.

School News.

HOUSE REPORT. (Boys).

March 20th has been doubly underlined in the House colour by every loyal member of the Red House. On that memorable day that House gained their first football point for two seasons—the first in fact since the days of the great Captain Macgregor. It was indeed a memorable day. The game (against the Blue House 1-1) was played in a driving wind which as often as not carried sleet with it—and the ground——.

The School Meteorologist, who was unfortunately unable to be present to see his House play, has described the gale as a hurricane and, gives the rate as 232·1 miles per hour, but this has not been verified. In spite of the weather there was an improved attendance of enthusiastic spectators, including no fewer than seven of the ten great ones of the earth. One spectator who valiantly kept touch really looked more wretchedly blue with cold than we ever remember to have seen *anyone* look. The only other House match played so far, resulted in a decisive victory of the Browns over the Blues.

The somewhat belated state of the House Matches is due to increased demands on field and time by more important School 1st and 2nd team matches. However with the eagerly anticipated return of light nights the next week or two should see the clearing off of all arrears.

The Brown House are at present rather confident of their ability to annex the Championship this year.

House cricketers should be now oiling their bats (and their muscles) and whitening their pads and boots. Doubtless many will devote their coming holiday to developing their three feet break (both ways).

HOUSE REPORT. (GIRLS).

If the Houses would only do something original and striking, how easy then would be the task set the Reporteress!!!

The Editor demands copy, but the furnishing of the material is quite another matter, with which he disclaims all connection.

At the commencement of this term the Brown faction celebrated their Annual Social. Shortly after 4 o'clock a record number assembled in the Dining Room for tea, thereafter adjourning to the Gymnasium for Games and Dancing.

Special mention must be made of Mabel Williamson who recited most successfully during the evening. Thanks must, however, also be tendered to those who entertained with singing.

I regret that this Easter copy of the Magazine will not be able to publish the result of the Medal Hockey Competition (— unless, of course as Stop Press News!!!) Two matches only have been played, the other ties being postponed on account of Oxford Examinations.

The Red and Brown teams met first when a rather hard game resulted in victory for the Browns, after scoring once.

Later the Blue and Green match was played when a more decisive victory was achieved by the Green eleven, who won by 3 goals.

It is impossible to predict safely in matters of this kind. I have heard rumours of a specially strong team but no doubt each will play its hardest for the honour and glory of the House and so we may expect even more thrilling contests.

Perhaps it is beyond my jurisdiction to give advice, but I have just one word to say. Accidents may arise at any moment so let the reserves be on the field, with the watchword "I am here and ready."

The Girls' Social.

This is one of the outstanding features of the Spring Term— one of the hillocks rising from the plain of ever-flowing work, from which we enjoyed the fresh breeze of genial fun, and obtained a wider outlook on the surrounding scenery.

Excitement and interest were kindled by the announcement that fancy dress was to be the order of the evening, and that prizes were to be given for the two prettiest and the two most original costumes. So the days passed in preparation, and discussion, and eager expectation, until the evening of Friday, Feb. 7th appeared.

It was a merry throng which gathered in the "Partition Rooms" of the Junior Corridor, and a festive scene which greeted the eye. Festoons of brightly coloured paper were hung across the room, partitions had vanished, and very little imagination was needed to make us believe that we trod the ball-room of some stately palace, to the sound of laughter and of wondrous music, 'mid scenes passing fair and strange.

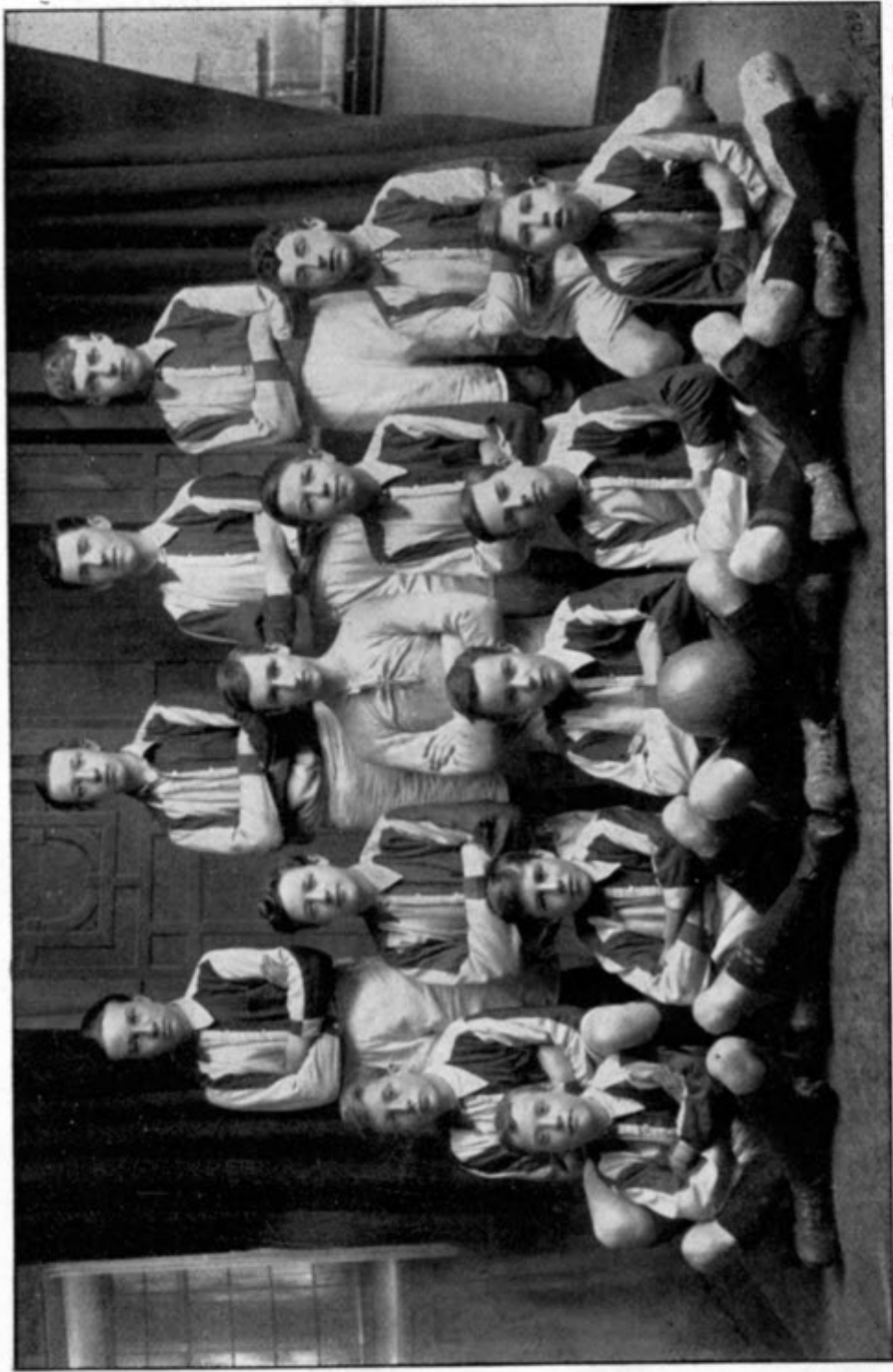
But to return to facts—almost the first item on the programme was a grand march of all those in fancy costume, so that the prizes might be allotted—which rather difficult task was performed by Mrs. Eden and Mrs. Crofts, (whom we were glad to welcome among us), and the Staff. To Cicely Grice, who made us think of gardens where the roses blush, and to Audrey Welsh, a blue vision suggestive of something more ethereal than a puff box, were awarded prizes for the effectiveness of their dress, and to Joyce Auger, a smiling gipsy, and a perfect mistress of her art, and to Edna Jennings, decked with the starry jewels of the night, prizes were given for originality. Much admiration, however was shown, of another costume, that of Myrtle Tose, who appeared as a Russian dancer, for the idea was excellently carried out. An additional prize was very kindly given to her by Mrs. Eden and Mrs. Crofts. After the grand march, the real fun of the evening began, and dance succeeded game, and not one moment dragged. We all thoroughly enjoyed watching the "eightsome reel," danced with vigour and grace by some of the girls of IVa, who entered into the spirit of it thoroughly. We were quite entranced by their bewitching costumes, and thought the wearers perfectly at home in plaid and kilt, and we almost wished that it were our lot to make the Highland glens resound to pipe and reel.

Another variation was provided by a recitation given by Mabel Williamson, who shows promise of considerable dramatic talent. Lest however our more serious occupations should be forgotten, we all performed an experiment in the Physical Laboratory to prove the law that we must eat to live. The class, being too large was divided, and the younger members tried the experiment first, with perfect success; the results were checked, and no corrections were found necessary. The Seniors were equally successful, thus in that happy evening instruction and amusement were combined!

The time passed very quickly—soon we were dancing the old familiar "Sir Roger" and soon we were joining hands for "Auld Lang Syne."

But the memory and warmth and joy of the evening remain.

A "Log Table" is made in the manual shop.

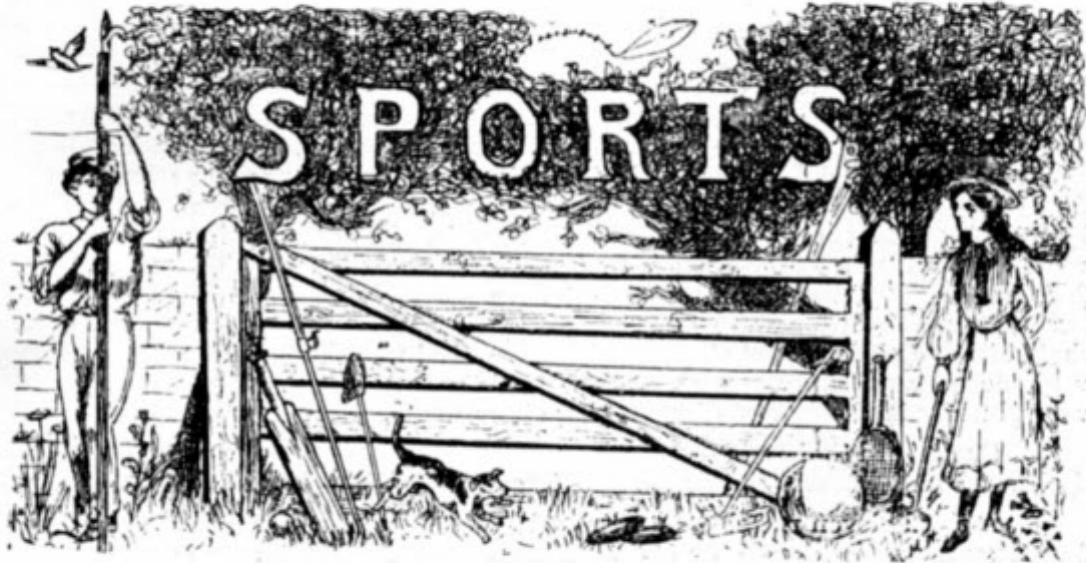


[A. E. BALL,

PHOTO BY]

Football Team, 1912-13.

- | | | | |
|---------------|----------------|--------------------|----------------|
| J. MACGREGOR. | P. TRENHOLM. | G. DEE. | T. WEATHERELL. |
| S. BOWES. | C. J. OSBORNE. | J. W. MACWILLIAMS. | W. WILKINSON. |
| R. DUDLEY. | W. REED. | A. MACLENNAN. | J. CONNORS. |
| | | | W. MORROW. |



Athletics.

FOOTBALL. FIRST XI.

The excellent promise of the beginning of the season has been amply fulfilled. The enthusiasm has been maintained at its highest pitch; all arrangements have been carried out splendidly; every game has been enjoyed by both players and spectators; and last but not least, the actual results of matches have been very satisfactory.

The first game to be recorded was played at Spennymoor against the Higher Elementary School, of which the Headmaster is Mr. Welch, one of our former teachers. The homesters were considerably overweighted and though playing pluckily were well beaten by 8 goals to 2.

On the last day of the first term, the team journeyed (by kind permission of the Headmaster) to Hartlepool to meet Henry Smith School. After a hard fought match we were defeated by 3 goals to 1.

When play was resumed after the vacation, we were twice beaten by Coatham Grammar School, who up to that time were undefeated. Both were very fine games, the first one distinctly so, and only bad mistakes led to our downfall.

A fortnight later our superiority over Middlesbrough High School 2nd XI was again clearly demonstrated. Played on a field inches deep in mud, the game was far from being as exciting as the result (6-0) might suggest.

After our disastrous visit to Barnard Castle, the return match was anticipated with much quaking. However, when the eventful day arrived, our XI arose in their might and smote the enemy hip and thigh, 4-1 being the final score. Later, in a visit to Darlington we were defeated by the Grammar School 1st XI by 1 goal to nil, this being one of our best performances.

In the last game, a team of "Old Boys" showed some degree of superiority by winning by 3 goals to 2.

Thus the record for the season up to date is:—Played 14—Won 6—Lost 7—Drawn 1. Forty-five goals have been scored by the team and thirty-one against.

C.J.O.

2nd XI.

Since the last report, only one match out of six has been lost. In the return game against Yarm Grammar School we were easily victorious, the score being 15 goals to 1. Then for the first time on record, we played Stockton Grammar School 1st XI, a very even and pleasant contest going against us by the odd goal in three. We were very anxious to win the second match against West Hartlepool S.S. 2nd XI, as they had previously defeated us on our own ground. In a gale of wind, a strenuous game was witnessed and though we were leading by 3 goals at half time, a draw was the final result. In the following two matches we defeated Hugh Bell School (2-1) and made a draw (2-2) with Coatham G. S. 2nd XI. A very strong XI was selected to meet Middlesbrough High School Juniors and the latter were well beaten by 18 goals to nil. Mention, however, should be made of the fact that the visitors arrived two short (the morning being very snowy) and that they were considerably overweighted. Their boys played very pluckily in the face of discouraging circumstances.

Our record to date is:—

Played 13 Won 7 Lost 3 Drawn 3 75 goals against 22 goals.

A third eleven match was arranged against the Stockton Grammar School 2nd XI and resulted in a draw (1-1). Both teams displayed very commendable form, although combination was somewhat at a discount. R.W.

NOTES.

The most prominent of the third team experts seem to be DOBSON, RICHARDSON, and A. WARD. The first-named is already a pretty player but like Peter Pan is not inclined to grow up.

TOMPKINSON has worthily maintained his reputation as a highly efficient vocalist. It is reported that the infants of Norton find a difficulty in taking their afternoon nap, while Henry is giving his weekly performance on the School field.

The thanks of the 2nd XI are due to the Green House for providing the wherewithal to clothe their manly chests.

MR. DUMBLE has acquitted himself with much distinction on those occasions when the 1st team has requisitioned his services. His red belt is ever to the fore.

MACGREGOR'S great contribution to literature entitled "Her Eyebrow" is now in print and is commanding a ready sale. We have all experienced the feeling which has prompted the last verse:—

"And oft-times when in pensive mood
I gaze upon that lovely eye
I leave off thinking of my food
And oh! I wish that I could die."

On a certain morning in March, loud yells were heard proceeding from various houses in Stockton. It turned out that several members of the School team were being bathed preparatory to having their photographs taken. We let the fact speak for itself.

SCORCHER WILLIAMS held the fort grandly at Hartlepool. He is an authority on "Postman's Knock."

Boys' Swimming Club.

At a meeting held on March 18th, the attendance being about 35, J. Connors (VIb) was elected as captain. We remember that Connors did very well last season and proved himself a very enthusiastic and efficient swimmer, winning the General Proficiency Medal at our Sports. J. MacGregor (Va), who is the only one remaining of last year's committee, was put in as vice-captain with the following members of Committee:—McWilliams (Blue), Dodds W. (Brown) Dee (Green), and Willey Va (Red).

Starting our season before end of term we hope to be in full swing when summer term commences. During this year we wish to improve our speed very much; we have a few of our fast swimmers still at school and we should like these boys to do their best to improve their times, and advise them to do a fast length (or two lengths) each practice. We wish to put up a much better race with M'bro High School than last year. Long distance Swimming ought to claim its own as well, and we wish to keep a record of the number of lengths boys can do. One of our present members (in IVb) did a mile and a half at end of last summer; this means over 100 lengths. Can any of our club beat this?

With regard to diving, we need much improvement and we trust a higher standard in general will be shown at our next sports. There is much art and skill in a neat dive.

We are not forgetting those who cannot swim; we want as large a number of learners as possible and we may take some pride in our club if each member does his best (even at a sacrifice) to teach one or more boys to swim this season.

Yo ho! for a jolly good season!!!

Hockey.

Ist XI.

The hockey season now drawing to a close has been one of unparalleled success and all previous records have been surpassed. We sustained only two defeats last term when we were beaten by Bede Collegiate, Sunderland, and again by Stockton Ladies. However, this term when we played our return matches against these teams we redeemed ourselves somewhat by turning these defeats into victories. Sunderland we defeated by 6-0 and in the match against Stockton Ladies we were victorious by 1-0. When the Sunderland match was played the ground was very soft, the field being absolutely under water in many places. The game was more of a mud-lark than anything else and our opponents seemed to be affected by the adverse conditions of play. Our match against Middlesbro' High School—away—was played under very different weather conditions and despite the fact that at least seven of the team had been "tripping the light fantastic toe" until the early hours we managed to have a runaway victory of 9-0.

We were exceedingly pleased with the result of our match against Stockton Ladies our most formidable opponents. The game was a good one and the attack on both sides very keen, but our defence gallantly held out and we left the field worthy victors.

Throughout the season the school defence has been splendid. POPPY has been in splendid form and we have had many flashes of brilliancy from SALLIE. HILDA PREST deserves special mention and in her we see a future county player. Congratulations to MINNIE ROSS and WINNIE STEWART who have gained their colours. Nor must we forget little ELSIE WALKER who for her size and weight has a wonderful control over the ball.

We have yet two matches to play ere the season ends—one against the Old Girls and the other against Loftus Ladies. There is yet time and opportunity for others to gain their Hockey Colours. The following is a table of our matches:—

	For	Against
Loftus Ladies ...	1	1
Great Ayton ...	3	2
Sunderland—Bede ...	2	4
Stockton Ladies ...	2	6
Norton Ladies ...	1	0
M'bro High School...	6	0
Sunderland—Bede .	6	0
Stockton Ladies ...	1	0
M'bro High School...	9	0

We have therefore scored 31 goals against our opponents 13. We have Won 6. Drawn 1. Lost 2.

HOCKEY 2nd XI.

We have been victors in all our matches—against Henry Smith School, Hartlepool 4-0: Middlesbro' Wesleyan Club 2-0: Brunswick Wesleyan 2-1. We have scored 8 goals against our opponents' 1 which is a good record for a first season. As there have been so many matches this season we have been unable to have any general practices which are necessary for the 2nd XI. Our defence has been rather shaky, the backs and the wing halves not being very sure or reliable. Unfortunately we are losing the services of our strongest defender LIZZIE JORDAN who plays a splendid game and is untiring in her efforts. We have the makings of a strong attack and it is hoped that with continued practice combination will improve.

HOCKEY NOTES.

ELSIE TALKER (printer's error) after a visit to the weighing machine in the Gymnasium is reported to have said that after all it is brains that count.

CAPTAIN CATHERINE HARPER + football boots + jersey and SALLY OSBORNE are two very capable full backs. Along with NORA WATSON they form perhaps the best defence that the School ever had.

One weak point about the present hockey team is that certain individuals find it necessary to tie their hair up at critical moments. Woman! foolish woman!

MISS BROTHERS scored nine goals against Middlesbrough High School. Prodegius!

"Hockey as an aid to Beauty" is the title of a lecture shortly to be given by ——— but we wish to mention no names. Our office boy wishes to sell a threepenny ticket.

Their many admirers will be pleased to hear that MINNIE ROSS and WINNIE STEWART are now entitled to wear their 'colours' Both, we hasten to say, are thoroughly deserving of an honour for which many are called but few are chosen.

ELSIE HART is a clever player who effects a good deal in a quiet and unobtrusive way. Like the other Elsie, she is an ardent suffragette, who has visions of going to London to slap fat policemen's faces.

HILDA PREST, when interviewed after the Sunderland match, said that the best advice she could give to budding hockey players was to smite hard—and often. We think the advice good.

Our office boy describes MARY FOGGIN as combining the grace of a gazelle with the speed of a gazeka. Coming from such a source, this is undoubtedly great praise.

"I hereby do declare," says Irene Daisy Plummer, (Society papers please copy) "that there is no cause or just impediment why next year's team should not be stronger than ever."

Societies.

ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETIES.

This Society has been in a state of mild (but only mild) excitement this term on account of the exhibition. The artists do not appear to be of the keenest, but the stamp collectors are extraordinarily active. The exhibition will probably be held during the last week of term and it is sincerely hoped that it will be really representative of the best work which Stocktonians give to their hobbies. Where *are* the Stocktonian artists?

BOYS' LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

Several interesting and enjoyable debates have been held this term and we were pleased to see such a large attendance at each meeting. At our first meeting an interesting paper on "The Desirability of Universal Peace" was read by Osborne. Although the paper did not evoke much discussion it was none the less enjoyed and a hearty vote of thanks was accorded the speaker. Our first debate for the Easter Term was taken up by boys from Form V who chose as the subject for discussion, "Was the execution of Charles I justifiable"? The affirmative was ably taken by Gilbraith seconded by Kewley, while King and Crawford led the opposition. The motion was defeated by a fairly large majority.

At the following meeting the subject under discussion was—"Was it preferable to live in ancient times or in modern times." One very gratifying feature about this debate was that the leading speakers all belonged to the Fourth Forms. We have several good speakers among our juniors and they will improve with experience. Tompkinson and Harris spoke in favour of Modern Times, while Rogers and Darnborough advocated the simple life of "the forest primeval." A large majority decided in favour of life in modern times.

We expect to have another meeting before the end of Term, the subject for discussion being "Are strikes justifiable"?

T.P.W. (Secretary).

Our Letter Box.

To the Editor of the Stocktonian.

Sir,

I was interested to read in your excellent little magazine the story of the Lambton Worm as related by "L.C."

It happened that soon after receiving the Stocktonian I was reading a little history of the Diocese of Durham. There is given the account of Bishop Cosin's entry into his diocese in 1661 after the Restoration. In the Bishop's own words—"At my first entrance through the river of Tease, there was scarce any water to be seen for the multitude of horse and men that filled it. When the sword that killed the dragon was delivered to me with all the formality of trumpets and gunshote and acclamations that might be made."

A note informs me that from as early as 1396 there is record that the tenure by which the family of Conyers held the manor of Sockburn requires the Lord to present the Bishop on his first entry into his bishopric "with the faulchion wherewith the Champion Conyers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery flying serpent which destroyed man, woman, and child."

The Manor of Sockburn is, I see, about eight or ten miles up the Tees from Stockton. Is the "Champion Conyers" the "heir of Lambton" mentioned in your story?

I wonder too if this "faulchion" is still in existence.

BASILEUS.

[Perhaps some of our readers will be able to supply us with information on the above-mentioned interesting points. ED.]

Our Prize Competitions.

The Upper Forms are still lacking in enthusiasm with regard to our competitions and we should like to know why. Three entries were made for the Senior and 13 for the Junior, but the work done was certainly an improvement on last term. In the Senior Competition the best collection of French words was given by D. Dewhirst; the work of L. Carling and J. Macgregor was highly commendable. The Junior Prize was won by Fred. Johnson. The work of Aynsley Crawford, Evelyn Hickes, and Harold King was highly commendable.

Next Term for the Senior Competition, a prize will be given for the best translation into English verse of the following French poem. We hope that all will make an attempt.

POEM.

Tandis qu'à leurs oeuvres perverses
Les hommes courent haletants,
Mars qui rit, malgré les averses,
Prépare en secret le printemps.

Sous l'herbe, pour que-tu la cueilles,
Il met la fraise au teint vermeil,
Et te tresse un chapeau de feuilles
Pour te garantir du soleil.

Puis, lorsque sa besogne est faite,
Et que son règne va venir,
Au seuil d'avril tournant la tête,
Il dit "Printemps, tu peux venir!"

A prize will be awarded to the Juniors for the best original story of not more than 500 words. The story must be either a fairy story or a story of adventure. All competitions must be sent in before May 16th.

