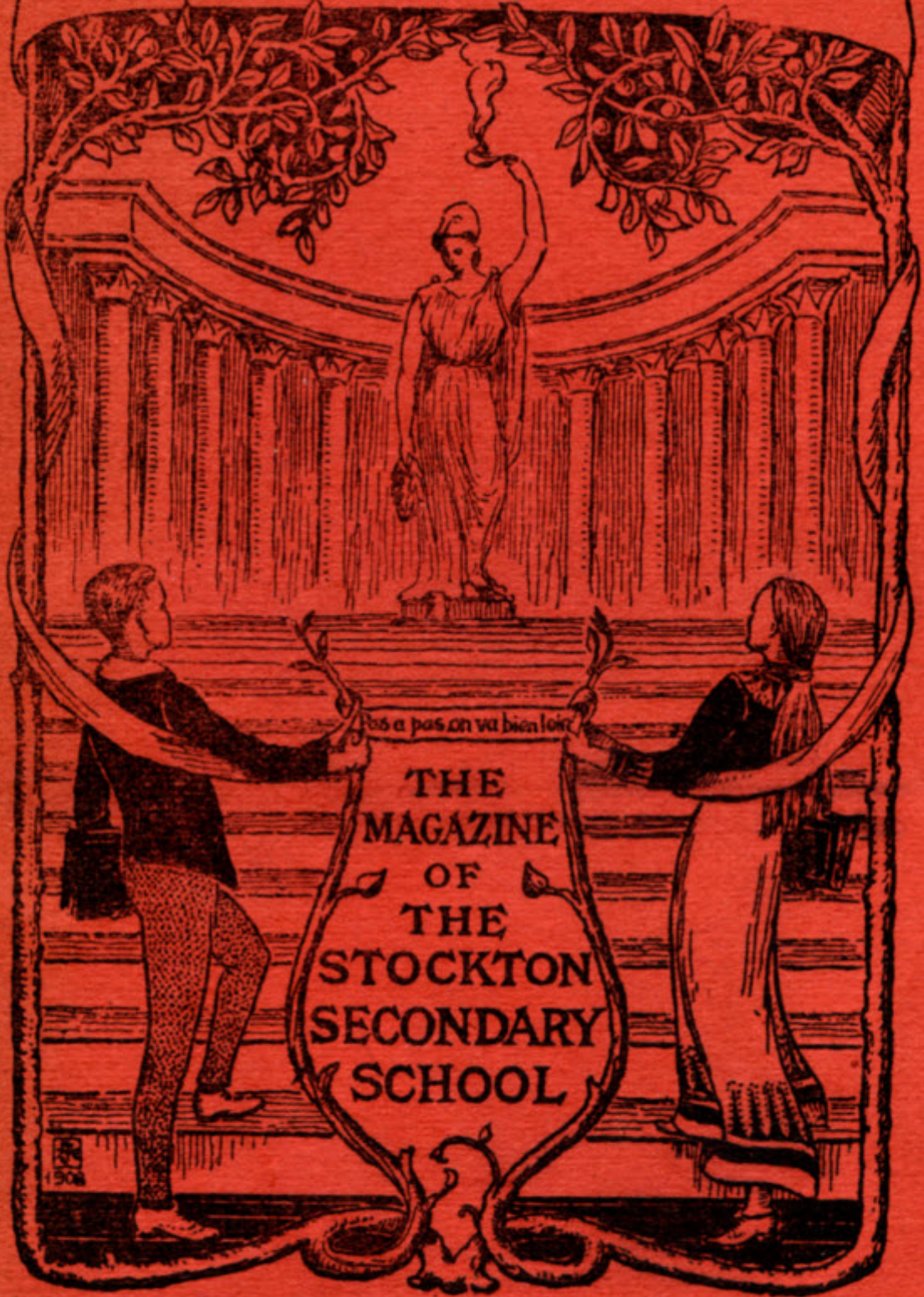


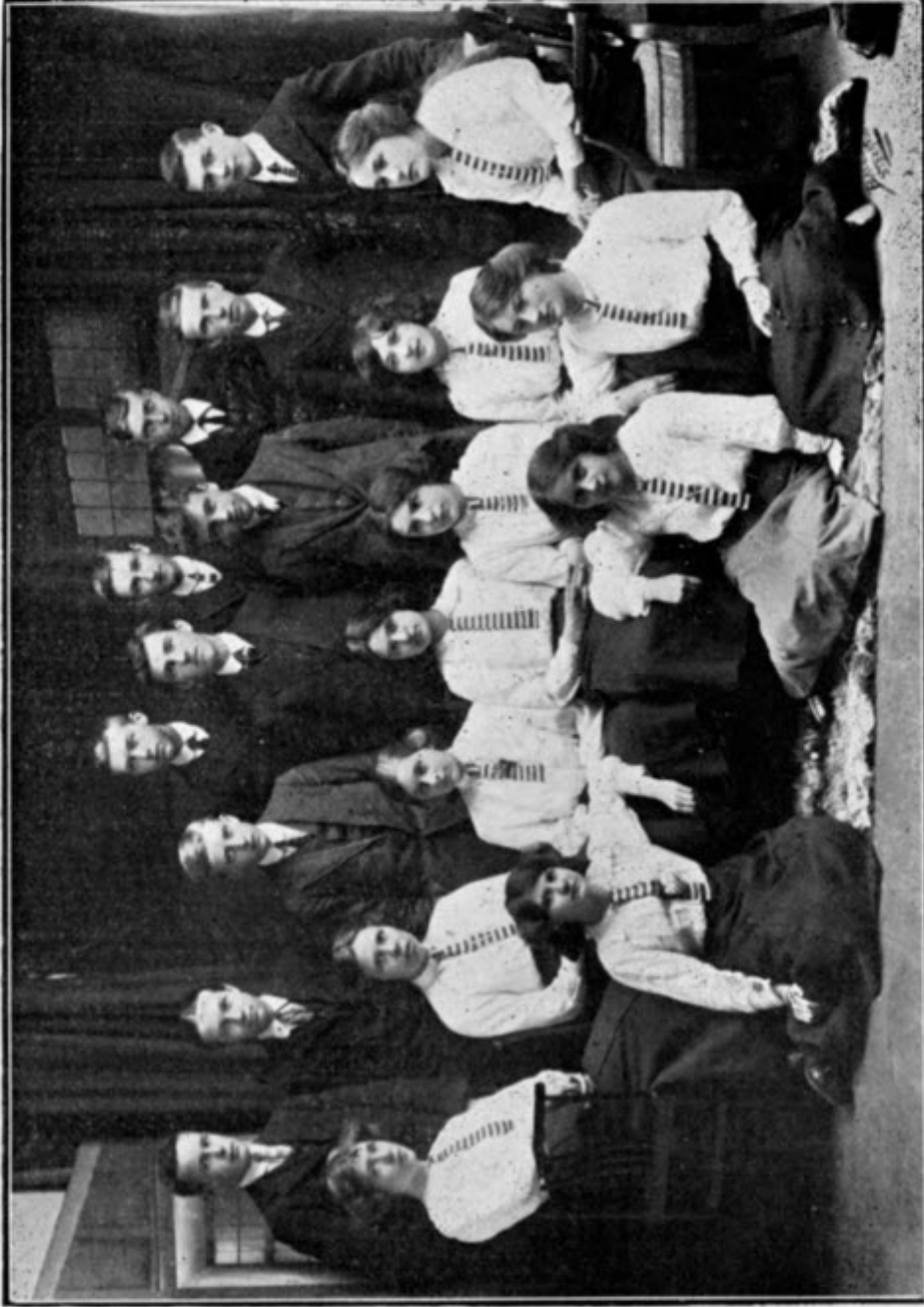
Book Page

THE STOCKTONIAN.



pas a pas on va bien loin

THE
MAGAZINE
OF
THE
STOCKTON
SECONDARY
SCHOOL



School Prefects 1913.

"The Stocktonian" S.S.S. Magazine

VOL. II.

MIDSUMMER, 1913.

No 3.

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

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

Editorial.

Once again the task of filling this page faces the Editor, and at the end of summer term, when the brain is "dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage," it is indeed a task. For have we not all been working like Trojans?

* * *

The summer term is usually an eventful one, and this year especially, time has seemed all too short for what we should have liked to have done. The Weather Clerk has been particularly kind, so our budding Jessops cannot grumble. And then our annual sports were a great success. We feel quite sure that every one spent a most enjoyable afternoon, and the thanks of the whole school are due to those members of the staff who worked so hard to make the sports the success they were.

* * *

But what of work? Well, the fact is we are all wishing for the time when we shall be able to delete this word from our vocabulary and enjoy a well-earned holiday. We congratulate all those successful in the March examinations and wish success to those who have to face the ordeal this term.

* * *

It gives us much pleasure to record the doings of the "Old Stocktonians" and to know that the venture has proved so successful. The "Old Girls' Association" also is now on a firm basis, and we would remind our boys and girls who are leaving school that it is their duty to keep alive their interest in the school by joining these associations.

* * *

In a former issue we spoke of the changes that must necessarily take place in a school. We are to lose at the end of term the services of several members of the ladies' staff. We regret—perhaps somewhat selfishly—that they are going, but our best wishes go with them all, and especially with those who are graduating to the highest of all spheres of usefulness. We trust "The Stocktonian" will help to bind to us not only our old pupils but our old teachers as well.

* * *

May all our readers have a glorious summer holiday!

June.

When the flow'rs of Spring had faded
 When the violet blue had died ;
 Smiling June came tripping hither,
 Scattering blossoms far and wide.

Down the lanes with dancing footsteps
 Came that little maiden fair ;
 On the hedges flung she roses—
 There to scent the summer air.

Hither, thither, June cast flowers
 Everywhere she chanced to roam,
 And, when all the world was blossom,
 Mother Nature called her home.

N.E., Form VIb.

To the frozen North.

In the Spring of 1909 I received from my uncle, the captain of the "Scotia," an invitation to accompany him on a whaling expedition to the far north. Without hesitation I promised to go. My joy was somewhat tempered by the feeling which, in spite of the haste and bustle of departure, flashed through my mind at intervals, "Should I ever return from the dangers of such an expedition?" Little time was allowed for such idle thoughts, and on April 10th Dundee was being left behind as we sped down the Tay.

The first few days passed quickly and peacefully. My time was to be occupied in nursing the sick, in sewing, and in writing letters for those unable to do so for themselves; but up to the time we reached Lerwick I had been by no means overworked. By that time I had made the acquaintance of all the members of the crew, and had found them to be a merry party. When the letters were despatched to our friends, I must confess that we were all suffering from a slight attack of nostalgia. However, the novelty of our surroundings claimed our attention for a little while. The Shetlands formed a most picturesque scene, with their quaint fishermen's cottages, little churches, and small shops.

Once again we left land, and for several days saw nothing but a vast blue ocean. As we passed the Faroe Islands we were amazed at the number of birds which there find a home. Never had I seen so great a mass of living creatures. Then we noticed that the wind had veered round to the north, and that the air had become much colder. We were forbidden to dress in our warmest garments, because we should need them later when the cold became more intense. When at length we stood on *terra-firma*

we realised that we were now truly in the Arctic regions. The spirit thermometer had fallen to 40° below freezing point. It may well be asked how man is able to bear this excessively low temperature. Thick fur clothing, a hut small and low, and the power of a human constitution to adapt itself to every change, go far to counteract the rigour of the cold.

In winter, when animal life has retreated to the south, an awful silence, interrupted only by the hooting of a snow owl or the yelping of a fox, reigns over this expanse. But in spring we saw enormous flights of birds returning to the scene, which they enlivened for a few months. Though nature generally wears a more stern and forbidding aspect on advancing towards the Pole, yet the high latitudes have many beauties of their own. Nothing can exceed the magnificence of an Arctic sunset, clothing the snowy mountains with all the glories of colour. For many nights we gazed at the clear star-lit sky illuminated by the brilliant moon, which for days continually circled around the horizon and never set. A number of icebergs floating in the sea was one of the most magnificent spectacles we saw. But the wonderful beauty of these crystal cliffs never appeared to greater advantage than when lighted by the Aurora Borealis.

The months of June and July were spent in whaling between Iceland and Greenland. Towards the end of July we cast anchor off Greenland and went ashore. My uncle had commissions from little friends to execute with Kate Mackay, an Eskimo famous amongst northern whalers. In exchange for chocolates and dolls' heads Kate gave us dolls dressed in Eskimo costume and small articles made of ivory tusks. Here I may mention the great similarity in the dress of male and of female Eskimos. The only difference is the long tail which adorns the costume of the women.

The "Scotia" had made a record catch of whales, and it was decided not to go to Davis Straits as was usual. No space is permitted for me to describe the many exciting adventures which we experienced with whales and bears, but I may say that no serious injury was done to the ship or to any of our crew while engaging in these encounters.

On our return voyage we called at the various islands *en route* and sent word of our coming. On the 20th October we reached Dundee, where a happy crowd waited to welcome us. I must admit I had great pleasure in reaching home again. After the regular monotony of biscuits and tinned foods for six months, the meals were most acceptable. Although it had its drawbacks, the trip was extremely interesting, and was one not to be forgotten for many a year.

M.J.R., VIA.

Question : Why does a burnt child dread fire ?

Answer : Because it makes him "smart" enough not to go near it, again.

After Herrick's "Daffodils."

The task was done, and in the class
The scholar restless grew,
He longed for playtime—far away!
To shirk his work he knew
Would bring
A much unwish'd for thing—
The shame
Which follow'd those detained;
However he to sketch began,
All lessons left his brain.

The master saw him wasting time.
"Detention," loudly cried;
The boy, crestfallen, had to go,
Gone all his former pride:
He found
When time to leave came round,
Ah! Woe!
His friends had gone away
A ride to see a cricket match,
They for him would not stay.

The boy as all alone he stood,
Thought of his deeds that day;
He vowed he never would again
Neglect his work to play:
Quite right!
He progress'd well; with might
And main
He worked; and gained a place,
Which show'd in knowledge how he could
Attain to highest grace.

L.B., VIb.

Caught by the Tide.

I don't suppose I shall ever forget my exciting adventure at Southsea, which nearly ended in a dreadful drowning catastrophe.

We, that is Jack and Will Hordon, Tom Murray and myself, had been for a day's ramble among the cliffs, and in returning home—with empty baskets—we had to cross a large bay which, at high tide, was flooded by the sea. Although tired out, many a joke was cracked as we slowly went homewards.

At first we had allowed plenty of time for crossing the bay, but Will lost his shoe in a deep crevice, and by the time we had recovered it again we had barely time to cross. However, we determined to risk it. Hurrying over the sand, we had just got

about half way across when Tom suddenly stopped and pointed excitedly to the narrow mouth of the bay, where we saw the white breakers coming in fast. "The tide! the tide!" Tom shouted, "run for your lives," and in terror we commenced to run for the opposite side of the bay.

Soon we saw it was of no use, for the angry waves would soon reach us, and so we swiftly decided to make for some caves near by, which were supposed to have been the haunts of smugglers. There we hoped to find some rock above high water mark, and so wait till the tide went out again. We were doomed to disappointment, however, for we could find no tenable spot either in the cave or on the face of the steep, bare cliffs. The cruel white-crested waves came rolling in, seemingly rejoicing over us, their victims, crouching against the slimy, dark rocks.

Suddenly, with a sharp cry, Jack disappeared from view as though into the black depths of the cavern. With one rush we all reached the spot, and found that he had chanced to open and fall into the smuggler's secret cave about which we had often heard vague rumours. Soon we were inside with the tightly fitting door firmly secured behind us, and were listening to the chagrined waves lapping on the walls outside.

After a lengthy survey of the lofty chamber, littered with all sort of spoil, clothes and firearms, I noticed a narrow stone staircase in one corner. We eagerly proceeded upwards, and after removing a stone slab and the furze which covered the opening, we emerged on to the cliff top from our captivity, free, safe and sound, and also very thankful for our marvellous escape.

F.J., VA.

Rosebud and the fairy Queen.

This story happened a long, long time ago, when fairies flew about, doing deeds of kindness and brightening every hour. They lived in a glade in the land of Godan, whose king was Karl, with their Queen, Mab. This glade was always full of beautiful flowers, and people could see the rings where fairies danced beneath the moon.

One day the daughter of King Karl, little Rosebud, entered the glade and began to weep. Instantly Queen Mab, who was ever on the watch, sprang to her side, saying in a sweet voice,

"Little Rosebud, what is the matter?" Rosebud dried her pretty blue eyes and told the fairy that her father had said that she was to marry Prince Carol, of the neighbouring country and so join the two countries. Queen Mab, much affected by the sad story, promised to help her. Then she disappeared and Rosebud went home.

The next day Rosebud was playing in the woods with a golden ball. It rolled away and fell into a stream. Of course she could not get it, for she might wet her pretty feet. She was wondering what to do, when a little beggar boy, with merry dark eyes, sprang into the stream and so rescued the ball. Then they began to play together, and when they parted they promised to meet next day. After this they often played together, but one day the boy did not come, nor did he ever come again.

But the day had arrived when Prince Carol was to come. For all the Queen's promises, nothing had happened to prevent the marriage. So Rosebud and her father went to meet the bridegroom. To Rosebud's surprise, it was her little beggar boy in rich apparel. She had meant to be unkind, but now she was very pleased to speak kindly. Her father was also pleased. Directly they got to the castle the marriage was announced.

It was the wedding morning, and Carol and Rosebud were in the rose garden. Suddenly a beautiful vision was before them, that of the Fairy Queen. She had come to tell Rosebud how she had found out that Carol was quite worthy of her. She had prevailed upon him to disguise himself as a beggar boy, and so win her friendship. It was also she who had caused the ball to roll away. Then she brought her wedding present—a beautiful golden heart of love, which gave them anything they desired. After the wedding they went for a honeymoon in a golden castle on a cloud, which travelled all over the world. L.F., IVc.

The Escape.

Paris was still in the throes of the French Revolution. Every day the mob became more infuriated, and the victims of Madame la Guillotine Veuve increased with surprising rapidity. The aristocrats were fleeing Paris, but it was only a fortunate few who succeeded in leaving the barriers, which were zealously guarded by the soldiers of the Republic. In every kind of disguise the ducs and nobles were attempting to escape, and no one who was not well disguised had any chance to do so.

In a room in one of the poorest quarters of Paris were three men, dressed in the filthiest rags, with tricolore scarfs round their waists denoting them true citizens of the Republic. It was hard to believe that these men were once three of the most powerful nobles of France. Living in this hovel in hourly fear of detection, they were as miserable as possible. But they appeared to their neighbours to be zealous citizens, and were as fierce as any one of them in denouncing the aristocracy of France. Their ruse was so successful that they obtained passports to leave France. Yet still they lingered—why? They had one object only in view, and that was the rescue of one of their most valued friends, the

Duc de Loraine, who was imprisoned in the vast prison La Force. His trial was imminent, and they had only a few days in which to fulfil their object.

By a stroke of good luck they had obtained news which greatly enabled them to form a definite plan. The lock on the prisoner's room was weak and the Governor of the prison had engaged a locksmith, Citizen Dupont, to strengthen the lock. This man was regarded as an ardent Republican, but he was in communication with the disguised aristocrats. They based their plans on his information, and it was decided that one of them should go as the locksmith to the prison. Once inside the prisoner's room all was easy.

Four days afterwards a man dressed in the ordinary garb of a locksmith and wearing Republican colours, presented himself at the entrance to La Force. In answer to the sentinel's question, "Who goes there?" the man replied "Citizen Dupont, the locksmith." He was allowed to pass and was conducted to the prisoner's room. Outside the room was a corridor about fifteen feet long. Here a sentinel marched up and down. The locksmith placed his bag of tools in the room so that he might not be seen closely by the sentinel. He started to pick the lock, and soon contrived to pass to the prisoner a piece of paper bearing these words, "Help is at hand." Citizen Dupont went quietly on with his work, but now and then paused to rejoice with the sentinel over the success of the revolutionists. In a short time Dupont handed a heavy-looking weapon about the size of a file to the prisoner, who immediately concealed it about his person. Then followed another note on which was written, "Stun the guard and exchange clothes, descend into the courtyard and leave prison. Then turn to the left and enter the waiting carriage. Be bold." The locksmith then resumed his work and soon after left the prison.

About ten minutes later the soldier entered bearing the daily portion of bread and water. Before he had taken many steps he received a blow and fell to the floor unconscious. The Duc quickly changed his clothes and passed into the corridor. He descended the stairs and went into the yard, where the courthouse was. Here was a group of soldiers. Now was the critical moment. Could he pass undetected? "How's the Duc, Jean"? asked one of the soldiers. "Oh! my haughty aristocratic is more firmly caged than ever, now that Citizen Dupont, the locksmith, has been," replied the supposed soldier. The answer was greeted with a laugh and Jean passed out into freedom.

He turned quickly to the left and entered the carriage, where his faithful friends were awaiting him. They were driven to the hovel where they left the carriage and proceeded to disguise themselves. Then each took a passport and went in a different direction. They left Paris by separate barriers for England and safety.

A.S., VIa.

Two days later camp was struck, and the troop marched home to the important town of Stockton. Just before entering the town Simpkins saw his intended walking with another boy, and he overheard her say, "Look at that ridiculous kid of Simpkins' running about with bare knees and a broom shank." Our hero did think of committing suicide, but upon remembering that a "Scout smiles and whistles," he comforted himself by saying, "there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out."

W.T., VIb.

Our Juniors' Page.

PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL.

"Oh! I am so tired of this." The butterfly was sitting on a large sycamore leaf one day out in the bright sunshine. She had beautiful wings but was very proud of the fact. Scarcely had she got the words out of her mouth when a little lower down she saw a spider, spinning her web. "Pooh! what an ugly thing."

The spider looked up and saw the butterfly, so crawling along she sat down beside her. "Good morning, Miss Butterfly," she said, "why are you not working like the rest of us?" "Oh, I will spoil my pretty wings; but you can work as you are so ugly." "You are not polite, even if you *are* pretty, Miss Butterfly. I must really be getting on with my home as I wish it finished." "Oh! I am going to a party to-night, so I must get ready too, for you know I must brush my wings." "I am also going to the party, but you know I always do my housework first." The butterfly did not reply to this.

She sat adorning herself on the leaf, so the spider went on with her work. The butterfly was so intent on what she was doing that she did not notice she was on the edge of the leaf. Suddenly she fell and dropped on the grass. A man passing by trod on her and killed her. The spider went to the party and nobody mourned that the foolish butterfly had been unable to attend.

E.I., IIIc.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

Once upon a time there lived a little girl named Lucy who lived with her mother in a cottage at the edge of a wood. Her little brother Humphrey had been stolen away by a strong giant who lived away in the depths of a large forest. After some time Lily, who sadly mourned the loss of her brother, made up her mind to save him. Armed with a stout stick she set out to the giant's castle. She boldly knocked at the door, which was opened by the giant. When she told him why she had come, he led her into a large cage where there were three lions bound by chains.

A certain Scout Law says, "A Scout's Duty is to be useful and to help others," and our hero carried this out to the best of his ability. One morning in a neighbouring field he saw a heap of brushwood which had been cut from the hedges, burning. Thinking that the farmer would not like this, Simpkins was able by dint of much hard labour and many journeys to the river to bring up sufficient water in his hat to quench the flames. Feeling very well satisfied with himself he put on his hat not noticing that it was half full of water, and thus his ardour was rather damped. Just then a gentleman in gaiters and farmers' clothes seized him by the collar and addressed him for about five minutes in language which we cannot record. He spent the next five minutes more usefully, in administering corporal punishment to our hero, which left him "Weary and Worn and Sad." Then the farmer retreated with a final admonition to Simpkins to "leave his rubbish heaps alone."

"A Scout is a friend to Animals." One day our young friend was passing through a field when he saw a bull tied to a stake by means of a rope through a ring in its nose. This ring astonished Simpkins exceedingly, and he at once went up and cut the rope. But the "Poor Bull" did not seem at all grateful, and when he had done a record flight Simpkins landed just beneath the bull's nose. Not being particularly fond of aviation he at once took to his heels closely followed by the bull. During this race Simpkins thought of a piece of poetry he had once heard, which sounded rather like, "Bulls may come and Bulls may go, but I go on for ever." However he did not go on for ever, but shortly ended his race in the river. On reaching the surface he caught a glimpse of a head with horns and a ring through its noise, but he did not wait to see any more, and soon swam to the other side of the river.

When he had scrambled out he suddenly remembered that "A Scout smiles and whistles," so he immediately struck up "Alexander's Rag-time Band." He was just at the "Come along" part, when a thorough-bred British bull-dog came along straight for his heels. Our friend did not wait for an introduction but at once climbed up the nearest tree, from which he was afterwards rescued by his brother Scouts. While up the tree Simpkins made up the following verse, which luckily the dog did not understand:—

Oh! you beautiful dog,
 You great big beautiful dog.
 You could'nt put your teeth around me.
 The bull tried, but could'nt drown me.
 I'm far too clever for you
 For my name is
 Hitchy Koo.

Two days later camp was struck, and the troop marched home to the important town of Stockton. Just before entering the town Simpkins saw his intended walking with another boy, and he overheard her say, "Look at that ridiculous kid of Simpkins' running about with bare knees and a broom shank." Our hero did think of committing suicide, but upon remembering that a "Scout smiles and whistles," he comforted himself by saying, "there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out."

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The giant said to her that she had to pick out her brother, who was enchanted. One of the lions looked calmly at her, while the others roared fiercely. So without hesitating she touched the middle lion. A silvery mist clouded over the lion, and when it went she was in front of her house with her brother beside her.

When the King heard of her action he made her a princess. As for the giant, he was never heard of again. P.W., Form I.

THE FIR TREE'S STORY.

I lived in a large forest where I was very happy, although many of the other larger trees made fun of me because I was so small. It happened that one day just about Christmas time when the snow was on the ground, a rich squire came along with some of his attendants. He was looking around for a fir tree. Suddenly he espied me, and he ordered his servants to pull me out of the ground and to take me to a certain place.

Here I found quite a number of children, who made a great noise and fuss. I afterwards found I was in an infants' school, and the children took great delight in decorating me, while a large Santa Claus was stuck on my top branch.

But alas! when they had finished with me I was thrown out on to a large common. A poor lame boy picked me up and carried me to his home. I was planted in his small garden, but my poor young master did not live long and I was handed over to the care of his sister. She was cruel to me and cut my branches. At last she cut me up for firewood and so I was burnt to death.

B.D., Form I.

"Old Stocktonians."

The "Old Boys' Association" has continued to make good progress during the summer term. New members are continually being enrolled, and on the whole a fair amount of interest is being taken in the various sections. And after all this is only as it should be. There is something in the name "Old Boys' Association"—an undefinable something which appeals to every man who is worth his salt. In addition to the reports from the different secretaries, we have been fortunate in securing for this number an article by our popular President, Mr. E. Scholes, who in his usual amusing and racy fashion writes on "Motor-Cycling."

SWIMMING.

Many members aspiring to honours in swimming have paid up their subs., but strange to state have done nothing more. The attendance at our weekly practice is now left to a dozen or so enthusiasts, who every Monday evening at 6-45 wend their way to the Baths.

A most necessary aim of this section is the teaching of swimming. The acquiring of proficiency in this art is extremely trying to the patience and perseverance of some of this faithful few. To them one breadth of the Baths appears to be a Marathon course: They sigh for lungs of huge capacity and bemoan the involuntary quenching of a non-existing thirst. Their more fortunate comrades endeavour to increase their speed by frequent races. These generally end in a "walk-over" for Broadbent or Short with Scholes in close attendance.

Then there are lives to be saved—as we tug our victims along, we wish it were otherwise. Our only consolation is that whereas we swallow one gallon of water, the "drowning one" swallows two.

A short practice with the polo ball completes the evening programme. This is most exciting. The ball is ever elusive; as we chase it all regard for life and limb is cast aside, and none are safe from total immersion beneath a kicking, writhing mass of humanity.

S.S.

RAMBLING, CYCLING AND CAMERA.

In Nuttall's Standard Dictionary—not, I am told, a very excellent dictionary to pin one's faith to—is to be found the definition of "Ramble"—"to rove loosely," "to wander." In some, if not all of our outings, that worthy Bohemian ideal has been kept up. Up to date, four out of six of our fixtures have been fulfilled. We have had an average turn-out of about a dozen, consisting of almost equal proportions of Ramblers and Cyclists. We are privileged to have in our membership a small dog with opinions of its own. With regard to the rambles in particular, one feature has remained invariable—that one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin—namely, 'tea.' We need say no more, only remarking that we fear that in the near future our identity will have to be carefully concealed along with our hat-bands, if we would hope to escape a special high tariff for that meal.

On the day of our visit to Wynyard Park, we stimulated the gastric organs after tea with a little exercise in the form of a characteristically gentle game of Rugby. It seems to me that the result of a Rugby game can better be expressed as a list of damage than in terms of goals and tries. This particular result could be written thus:—3 fancy vest buttons, 1 fountain pen, $\frac{1}{2}$ watch-chain, 1 tie-pin and $\frac{1}{2}$ tie, 1 shirt-sleeve (much tattered), and a quantity of human gore—a most worthy game. On our Great Ayton visit—perhaps the most truly rambling of all our rambles, for the party lost its bearings completely towards the end of the journey across the moor—we contrived to leave the

name and credit of our order high in literal truth, carving "Old Stocktonians" deep in the turf on Easby Moor—an allegory for every "Old Stocktonian" to take to heart. The camera enthusiasts have been in evidence on each occasion, and there exist many permanent records of pleasant Saturday afternoons. But even to these records there is a dark side. Some perturbation has been caused by rumours of a forthcoming exhibition. If anything like a *complete* exhibition takes place, we have cause to fear that the harmony of the camp will be upset by proceedings for libel. B.W.

ENGINEERING.

Is it to be wondered at that this section is such a popular one—the number of members at present being forty—when one considers that Stockton is situated in one of the largest engineering districts in England, with a very large percentage of its inhabitants engaged in engineering and the allied trades?

How many people ever stop to consider the huge field of industry covered by that word "Engineering?" There is hardly a trade which is not in some way connected with it, from the miner who supplies the raw materials (coal, ironstone, and limestone) to the engineer who designs the work.

The first engineering visit was to Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan & Co.'s Eston Ironstone Mines. Taking train to South Bank, the party—which numbered over twenty—walked to the mine about three miles distant, where we were met by representatives of the mining staff and conducted round. Each member supplied with a lamp walked into the mine and stumbled along trying to walk on the bogie rail, but generally not succeeding very well; in fact it was quite a work of art to dodge the mud-pools, pit props, pieces of ore, tubs, mining tools, and last, but not least, other people's feet. On emerging after a good look round, it was truly pitiful to see those gallant heroes who prided themselves on their low shoes and rainbow-tinted socks.

All thanks are due to Mr. W. Anglin for the success of the second visit to Messrs. W. Whitwell & Co.'s works. Nothing better can be done to prove the success of the visit than to quote the words of one of our members who was heard to say with reference to Mr. Anglin's remarks, "I have visited most of the works in this district, but have never had matters so well explained." The blastfurnaces, iron rolling mills, and the brickette plant were inspected and proved very instructive and interesting.

It was a very great disappointment to have to cancel the visit to the Malleable Works at the last minute, as that visit had been eagerly anticipated.

It is time that those who intended competing for the prize medal glued their noses and attention to the essay. All entries should be in the hands of the General Secretary by September 1st.
L.V.P.

TENNIS.

Half of another tennis season is now past and gone with beginners developing into experts and the more experienced players gradually qualifying for the All England Open Championship. Things seem to run very smoothly on the school-yard court were it not for the two much-voiced objections that the net is too high and the walls a great deal too low for some exponents of the game.

Two matches have been played—versus Thornaby and Saltburn, both away from home. In the former we won by a narrow margin, Messrs. P. Cohen and J. Corner showing especially good form by winning all their sets. At Saltburn we were rather badly beaten by a very much superior team. However we hope to reverse this defeat when we play the return match on July 4th. I hope all interested in the Tennis Tournament will kindly communicate with me at once and so facilitate secretarial duties.
A.R.

PIC-NIC TO SWAINBY.

Splendid weather greeted our visit to Swainby on Whit-Monday. Having arrived at our destination after a journey enlivened by spasmodic attempts at ragtime we adjourned to the School-room and washed down lunch with copious draughts of the lighter beverages. One party, however (shall we say more fortunate than the rest?) found consolation and Yorkshire pudding in a neighbouring house. The afternoon was spent in various ways. Some walked to the Chequers Inn to sample anæmic lemonade and girdle cakes, others in their zeal for nature study fell among gamekeepers, while the party afore-mentioned apparently passed the time in taking somewhat compromising photographs. Tea over, various sports were indulged in, football and a ladies' and gents' cricket match (in which some of the fair ones developed tremendous slogging powers) perhaps attracting most attention. An impromptu dance concluded our visit. The journey home was made for the most part in the luggage van, where a somewhat complicated vocal competition took place. Somewhere near midnight, mid the wonder of a few gaping cabmen, the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a most successful outing to a close. Mention should be made of the fact that one of the cycling corps, whether intentionally or not we would not care to say, ran down another Old Stocktonian wheeler on the way home.

CRICKET MATCHES.

Two scratch games have been played and both have been thoroughly enjoyed. Against Ayton Friends' School we put together a total of 104, although early batting disasters seemed to make such a total most unlikely. The School replied with 90 for 4 wickets, and so had much the better of the draw. F. Walker (32), H. Cussons (20 not out), M. Hale (17), and N. Dowse (16) proved our most successful batsmen, while J. Cheseldine and S. Thompson were perhaps the best bowlers.

For the match v. Normanby Hall we were happy to have the assistance of H. Heavisides, S. Dixon and H. Atkinson, all of whom have appeared with distinction in better class cricket. Batting first, to the bowling of the two first-named, who claimed five victims each, the homesters compiled 62. When we went to the wickets nobody was able to make a prolonged stay, and despite Scorcher Williams's exertions with the score book, we could muster only 31, W. Stewart carrying out his bat for 6. The journey home in the gloaming was perhaps the pleasantest part of the evening. With 'Cragenour' in the shafts showing no signs of his former inclination to lie down, with pipes well alight, we sat and listened and laughed while H. Heavisides, S. Dixon, T. Lax and others regaled us with reminiscences of their youth. A delightful time forsooth!

Congratulations to Ted Thompson, who on June 7th went the way of all men and got married. Our congratulations are all the more sincere since his better half is an 'old girl' (in the school sense, of course).

On the occasion of the visit to the Globe Picture Palace, some one had the audacity to fix a large placard bearing the word "RESERVED" on the back of one of our members. It is whispered that the appearance of the gentleman in question in the High Street after the performance caused much fluttering and consternation in the breasts of several small damsels.

Who were the two heroes who went to the shaft on top of Eston Hill and so missed the rest of the party? Is there any truth in the rumour that they went there on the off-chance of finding the barrel of beer which (so the gentleman told us) went in at the drift and has not yet reached the top of the shaft?

Poet's Revenge.

1st poet: "I am going to have my revenge upon the editor."

2nd poet: "How?"

1st poet: (in a hoarse whisper): "I've sent him a letter containing a poem, and I've poisoned the gum on the return envelope."

Men of Mark.



MR. A. PICKWORTH, B.Sc.

It sometimes happens in a school that a boy can be found who consistently acts up to the motto, "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." If such a one has ever passed through our school, that one is Alf. Pickworth. Never was that old adage, "The boy is the father of the man," more truly verified than in his case. After leaving school he became apprenticed as naval architect with Messrs.

Robert Ropner & Sons, and diligently continued his education at the evening classes, gaining the Board of Education's certificates in Practical Mathematics, Mechanics, and Steam and the Steam Engine. In both 1903 and 1904 he was awarded the 1st prize by the Worshipful Company of Shipwrights.

In 1904 he gained a Board of Education prize for Ship Design in the National Competition, and the Honours Certificate in Naval Architecture.

The Durham County Council awarded him an exhibition of the annual value of £100, tenable for three years, with which he proceeded to Armstrong College. While at college he not only continued to distinguish himself by carrying off prizes and scholarships, but took an equally keen interest in the social and athletic life of his College, and in 1909 he obtained the degree of B.Sc.

He holds a good appointment at Glasgow as a Ship Surveyor to Lloyd's Register. Some time ago he took upon himself the responsibilities of matrimony, and in doing this he also acted up to his old motto. We wish him every success.

We most heartily congratulate the following O.B.'s on their recent successes:—

- J. W. Carr, Board of Trade Examination for Extra Master.
 A. E. Pescod, Durham University B.Sc., 1st in Engineering and
 Engineering Drawing.
 R. J. Harris, First B.A. Examination, 1st Class Honours in
 Mathematics.
 G. E. Elliott, 2nd year Examination for B.Sc.
 G. F. Hardy, 1st year Examination for B.Sc.

Old Girls' Association.

The members of the Old Girls' Association still continue to show increasing enthusiasm. At the beginning of this term the following conveners for the various sub-societies were elected.

Tennis	...	Misses Heavisides and Hilyer.
Swimming	...	Miss Reeves.
Rambling	...	Miss Waters.
Hockey	...	Miss Danby.
Literary and Debating	...	Miss Armstrong.
Physical Culture	...	Miss Garbutt.
Dramatic	...	Miss Reeves.

SWIMMING.

The swimming practices have been intensely enjoyable, especially since Mrs. Roberts became instructress of such a merry party. On Monday evening, June 23rd, the following committee in connection with the Swimming Club was elected:—

Captain	...	Miss F. Usher.
Vice-Captain	...	Miss N. Storey.
Committee	...	Misses. Armstrong, E. Birkbeck, Ions, Morgan, Reeves, Thompson.
Secretary and Treasurer	...	Miss N. Wallace, 47, Parliament Street.

RAMBLING.

A most interesting and enjoyable ramble took place on June 14th to Great Ayton. Train was taken to Pinchingthorpe, and then a "ramble" past Roseberry wood to Great Ayton. After tea the party made for Linthorpe *via* Marton.

The officials of this Society are as follows:—

Secretary	Miss F. Armstrong, Wodencroft, Norton.
Treasurer	Miss L. Hilyer.
Committee	Misses Garbutt, Henderson, Morgan, Walker, Young, Mrs. C. Wardman.

The next ramble to Osmotherley takes place on July 12th, and after this date rambles will be arranged for the first Saturday in each month (August excepted).

For those who cannot take part in these excursions arrangements will be made for similar rambles to take place on any suitable day during the week, if sufficient names are given to the Secretary.

TENNIS SECTION.

This section has received a good deal of support from members of the O.G. Association and gives every promise of success. Unfortunately it was not possible to acquire any courts for the O.G.A. this year, so we are obliged to content ourselves by playing on the Ropner Park courts when possible. A match is being arranged amongst the Old Girls and the S.S.S. girls. In order to select the strongest players for the match the Old Girls are playing off a tournament first, and winners of the final will of course play in the match. We wish them every success. Over 32 entries have already been received and there are still more to come. Every one is very enthusiastic, and that is what we appreciate more than anything else. E.H.

* * *

We tender our sincerest wishes for success to Miss Lilian Longstaff, who leaves this month for Canada.

Congratulations to Miss Elsie Carey, who recently obtained 2nd Class Honours in the Cambridge University Classical Tripos.

Motor-Cycling.

Motor-cycling, like everything else, has its joys and its sorrows. The joys consist of the delightful spots one can visit at a minimum of time and trouble. Let your friends go into ecstasies about some place within a hundred miles or so, and at the first favourable opportunity out comes your iron steed and you are quickly transported there—to share, more or less, the enthusiasm they evinced when describing it. The sensation of being whizzed through the air at more than double the legal limit has a fascination all its own. If you are sociably inclined, you attach a side-car. Nothing would appeal to your best girl more than an afternoon's spin on a hot day to some lovely retreat. Fancy sitting with Amaryllis under the shady trees with the nearest habitation miles away! Under such circumstances, can anyone deny that the side-car is a distinct asset? A word to prospective side-carists! Don't try, like some fellows the writer has seen, to control the machine with one hand and Amaryllis's waist with the other. Such manifestations of platonic friendship are extremely likely to end in an adjacent ditch or neighbouring field.

Don't imagine that motor-cycling is all joy. There is a sorrowful side to it. Let me explain! The writer was doing a comfortable f— miles an hour through a village not far from

here at about 11 p.m, when, without warning, the sparking plugs on both cylinders refused to spark. The magneto was examined, the high tension cables were tested, but all to no purpose. No matter how many times the starting handle was turned, the engine made no attempt to fire. To crown all, and here's where you must weep if you are my friends, the village oracle came staggering up, and after staring very hard at the numberless times we turned the handle, said in a pathetic voice, heartbreaking to hear, "Play us the Swanee River, guv'nor!" And this reminds me of another incident. When side-cars are attached to machines, it is sometimes very difficult to make adjustments on the side of the motor nearest the side-car without detaching the latter. A party of side-carists on their way up to Newcastle stopped at a colliery village near Durham, whilst one of their number made a small adjustment at the base of the engine nearest the side-car. To do this properly, the machine was propped up, and the amateur mechanic crawled underneath as far as he could. Of course the inevitable crowd gathered round, and after various inquiries as to what was wrong, one grimy-faced jester, in as chummy a tone as possible, remarked, "Milking it, matey?" There are times when one yearns for companionship even if such consists of ribald urchins or inquisitive yokels. Such a time was experienced two or three months ago. Buzzing along at nearly a mile a minute on a delightfully level stretch of road at about 10 p.m., Stockton being then nineteen miles away, a terrific crack-crack was heard, and the front wheel began to gyrate all over the road in most weird fashion, finally charging the ditch full steam ahead. After re-appearing from half way across an adjacent field, we gathered the machine together, wondering meanwhile what could have made a new tyre burst so soon. The reason was not far to seek. The speed had caused the cover to fly off the rim, thus allowing the tube to do whatsoever it liked. Which it promptly did by wrapping itself most affectionately in small detachments round the hub of the wheel. Nineteen miles from home and no spare tube! Were we downhearted? Not a bit of it! We beat the milkman by a clear half-hour.

An Exciting Day.

It was the day before Sports Day, and John Wells went drearily up to his bed after breaking two windows through practising throwing a cricket ball. He had entered that event in the School Sports, and he was rather confident that he would win as he had been successful when he had practised with the boys of his form. He was so excited that he could hardly sleep, and when he did, it was to dream of monstrous cricket balls, which kept appearing before him.

At last he awoke and he speedily dressed and went out. He spent a miserable morning doing nothing, and in the afternoon he arrived at the field where the Sports were to be held, about an hour too early, but he was supremely happy as he gazed at his white flannel shirt and his red tie, and thought of the prize he was sure to win.

About an hour later everybody arrived, and to John's great joy the throwing of the cricket ball was the second event. To his great indignation he found that he was the last to throw.

The first boy that threw managed to get the ball about two yards from his feet, and John's spirits gradually rose as he saw the poor attempts of those who went before him. At last one boy threw the ball to such a distance that everybody was sure that he would win. Nothing daunted, John picked up the ball and threw with all his might. To his great delight the ball passed all his opponents and skimmed along the field right over the hedge. As if by magic the ball bounced along into field after field. Soon everybody was in pursuit. John, after standing with his mouth wide open and a vacant stare on his face, followed the crowd and raced after the ball. On and on it went until it bumped into a stone wall where it suddenly stopped.

All the people began to cheer and clap, and when they reached the field again John was given a gold medal for his wonderful throw. All of a sudden a gentleman walked into the field and enquired what all the noise had been about. The story was poured out by dozens of tongues, and John was carried shoulder high into the market place, where everybody flocked to see this wonderful prodigy, who could throw a ball such a distance. The Mayor insisted on giving John another gold medal. He pinned it on to his coat and then—John woke up.

M.W., IVa.

Nature Notes.

A RAMBLE IN THE CLEVELANDS.

We left Stockton at 10-30 a.m., and after a pleasant journey in the train we arrived at Sexhow Station, and immediately set out for the pretty village of Carlton, situated at the base of the Cleveland. We walked along a country lane where we saw and gathered some flowers. The flower that grew in the greatest profusion was called the Herb-Robert, which is very like the Pink Campion. In the hedges skirting the lane we found several nests made of hay, straw, and moss, and in one there were three eggs of a bluish colour. We were told it was the nest of the Thrush. After walking to the end of this lane, we arrived at Carlton, our destination. Here we had lunch in a room behind the Blackwell Ox Inn.

After lunch we set out along another lane, and started to climb to the top of one of the hills, the top of which formed a plateau. On our way up we noticed several flowers, belonging to the trefoil and cinquefoil family. After this we came down the hill and entered a wood where some of us gathered ferns, bluebells, and pink campion, while others played games. Tea time had now come round and we were all ready for it after our walk.

There was not much time left after tea, so we took a short walk across some fields and gathered bunches of wild flowers to take home. We were on our way to Faceby, but as train time was near we returned and made our way to Sexhow Station. Soon we were back in Stockton, tired, but all delighted with our enjoyable day in the country. C.R., Form II.

A FIGHT BETWEEN A SQUIRREL AND A RAT.

Last summer my younger brother and I went for a pic-nic into some woods. As we were taking lunch we were interrupted by a sound from the road. I peered through the shrubs and saw a rat creeping up behind a squirrel which was eating some crumbs that I had thrown away. However just as the rat came up the squirrel heard it and turned round quickly.

The squirrel then crept back till it was about a yard away: then it rushed at the rat. The rat, however, knocked the squirrel over and jumped on top of it. They went rolling over and over until they were against the hedge where I was looking. They ran into the middle of the road and rushed at each other again, constantly trying to bite each other's throat. At last the squirrel knocked the rat down and got hold of it by the throat and killed it.

Just as the squirrel had killed the rat, two cyclists came along and picked up the squirrel. They put him in a basket and rode away. I then examined the rat and found four little holes through its throat. The rat must have been a very old one for it had only two teeth, and had scarcely any fur on its back.

R.S.R., Form II.

A NATURE RAMBLE.

One day my friend and I went for a ramble in the country. After a long walk, we decided to climb up into a tree and to sit among the branches for a short time. In a few minutes we saw a fox come out of a hole in the ground. It soon began to roll about, and then some young ones peeped out of the hole. They soon ventured forth and began to play with their mother. Not long after this, old father fox appeared with a hen in his mouth, and placed it at the mouth of the den.

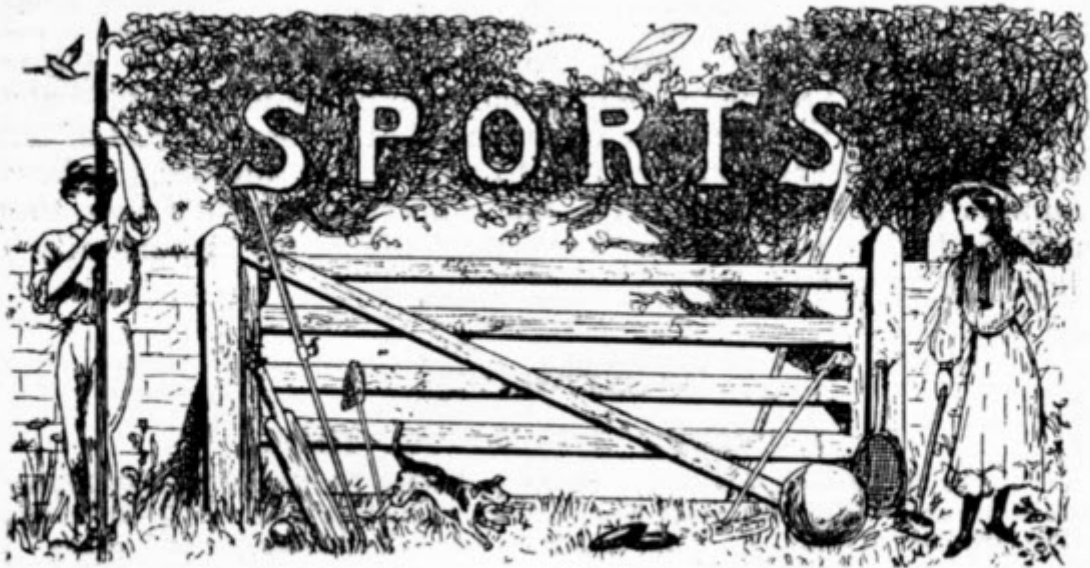
By this time the mother fox had got a good way from the hole, and so the father fox went to look for her. The young ones soon saw the hen and in a few minutes had eaten everything except the bones and feathers, so there was little left for the father and mother.

The old fox was not satisfied with what little of the hen he had got, so off he set again. Soon he returned with another hen, but before he reached the den he began to devour it. The young ones and the mother spied him, and they went to help him to eat it. While the foxes were eating we got down the tree, blocked the hole up, and then hid ourselves behind a bush. When the foxes returned they began to scratch away the soil and stones, and soon made a way into the hole. Then we rushed out. One of the young ones had been further away than the others, and he was very nearly captured. However he managed to reach the hole and disappeared. We returned home very pleased with what to us had been an unusual sight.

R B.B. Form II.

find the Animal.

A part of me you'll find in tears,
 A part in love you'll see;
 A part is found in heat that sears
 A part in pedigree;
 Another part is seen in hand,
 And one in anagram;
 While one is obvious in band—
 The last is found in tram.



Sports Report (Girls).

CRICKET.

As we are yet very young cricket players, this being only our second season, no matches have been arranged. We should like to have played Middlesbro' High School, but they were unable to give us a fixture.

Among the Senior Forms there are some very keen and enthusiastic players, and there are also some coming players in the Junior Forms.

The bowling on the whole is good, M. Ross, A. Samuel, P. Harper, N. Watson being the principal bowlers, and although our pitch is not all that could be desired, they are usually dead on the wicket. The batting is not so good, though we have some good sloggers, S. Osborne. C. Carter, and J. Bateman often scoring boundaries. The fielding is rather slow and weak, but practice is all that is needed. We are hoping before the end of term to have some matches between the Senior Forms.

TENNIS.

We have now a tennis net for the school yard and girls may play after school on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The dinner girls get a good deal of practice during the dinner hour, and we hope shortly to hear of the dinner girls challenging the school.

SWIMMING.

This season we commenced our swimming rather late in the term, therefore there has not been a great deal of opportunity for making much progress.

There is usually only a small attendance on Mondays, but the following have learnt to swim:—P. Cox, B. Clover, E. Kewley, M. Ordish; C. Rimer has swum one length, E. Watson one breadth. We are quite confident that before the end of term there will be a great many more to add to this number. A larger number practise on Thursdays, but unfortunately they have to go unattended and therefore have not the same opportunity of learning to swim.

Athletics.

CRICKET. THE SCHOOL TEAM.

Our first match this season was against West Hartlepool Technical School at Thornaby. We were easily beaten, the scores being—School 25—Opponents 150 (Weatherell 6 for 53). This defeat we excused, as being our first match. A marked improvement was shown against Middlesbrough High School 2nd XI, at Middlesbrough. Results: School 125 for 8 wickets (Osborne 59 not out). We met Stockton Grammar School next, and again Osborne was in form, scoring 54. School 140 for 8 wickets—Opponents 90 for 9, the Grammar School playing time out. The following week, June 14th, we went to Hartlepool to play the Secondary School. We were defeated by 16 runs, the score being—School 73 (Williams 13). Hartlepool Secondary School 89 (Weatherell 7 for 32). Tea was kindly provided after the match. After a week's rest, we played Guisborough Grammar school, at Guisborough. This was McLennan's match, for he got 7 wickets for 18 runs, and scored 30 not out, thus winning us the match by 2 runs. School 46; Guisborough G.S. 44. We are eagerly looking forward to the remaining matches, and hope to win them all.

T.P.W.

BOYS' SWIMMING CLUB.

We wonder why a greater number of our boys do not avail themselves of the opportunity of practising with us on Mondays (5-30 to 6-30). Is it because they are frightened, or do they think they will be able to learn to swim without getting wet? Does this apply to our older boys more than to the younger section?

We have had an average of 25 at our practices, but this is not a big number considering the size of the school: there is plenty of room for more boys, as we get the bath almost to ourselves at this hour.

We shall continue our Club for a few weeks into next term.

We are pleased to report that the following boys have learned to swim this season:—

IV A—Harris; IV B—Johnson, Robson; IV C—Ellis; III A—Willis, Jonsson; III B—Ball, Waller, Donkin; III D—Lamplugh, Cunliffe, Lewis, Clacherty; II—Sanderson, Williams, Ruddock.

We have had three squadron races.

Connors (Capt.), Richardson, Willey, and W. Dodds swam well for the School against the Old Boys, on June 23rd, losing in 8 lengths by a few seconds only, with a start of 10 seconds.

We did not improve our last year's result when we met Middlesbrough High School, on June 30th. Our boys were not quite up to their mark after the Sports on the Friday previous, and the Middlesbrough Senior Team beat our Seniors (Connors, Willey, and Richardson) by 1 length in 6 lengths. This is a heavy beating, but we must remember our boys were much younger and smaller. Our Juniors (W. Dodds, Dudley, Skinner) fared much better, and were beaten by a few seconds only in 3 lengths.

The School Sports.

The annual School Sports were held on the ground of the Stockton Football Club on Friday, June 27th. Fortunately the weather was on its best behaviour, and this important factor materially added to the enjoyment of the afternoon. There was quite a large attendance of governors, parents, and old pupils, and the sports were voted on every side a great success. There was a large number of entrants and competition was very keen. The prizes were at the close presented to the various winners by the Mayor of Stockton (Alderman H. Tomkins, J.P.).

The results were as follows:—

PRIZE WINNERS.—BOYS.

- I. Throwing Cricket Ball—1. McLennan. 2. Osborne.
- II. Senior High Jump—1. Trenholme, 2. McWilliams.
- III. Senior Hundred Yards—1. McLennan. 2. Smith.
- IV. Quarter Mile—1. Osborne. 2. Morrow. 3. Dudley.
- V. Junior Hundred Yards—1. Dalkin. 2. Brown.
- VI. Old Boys Hundred Yards—1. E. Thomson. 2. J. Thomson.
- VII. Half Mile—1. Connors. 2. McLennan. 3. Osborne.
- VIII. Costume Race—1. Birch. 2. Sanderson.
- IX. Sack Race—1. Gearey. 2. Goodchild.
- X. Old Boys' Mile—1. Bishop. 2. C. Counter.
- XI. Three-Legged Race—1. Gearey and Brown. 2. Sanderson and Reid.
- XII. Inter-House Mile Team Race—1. Connors. 2. Osborne. 3. McWilliams.

PRIZE WINNERS.—GIRLS.

- Junior Girls' Inter-Form Relay Race—Form III D—D. Berry, L. Findlay, E. Tilley, Doris Llewellyn.
- Senior Girls' High Jump—1. Connie Prest 2. Celia Rimer.
- Driving Hockey Ball—1. Alice Samuel. 2. Hilda Prest.
- Junior Girls' Hopping—1. Liz. Tulip. 2. Beatrice Clover.
- Bicycle Race—1. Elsie Corner. 2. Miriam Millburn.
- Senior Girls' Inter-Form Relay—Form IV B—1. Nellie Nicholson. 2. Doris Brown. 3. Edith Shepherd. 4. Dorothy Gill
- Junior Girls' 100 Yards Race—1. Lizzie Tulip. 2. Dorothy Gill. 3. Edith Kewley.
- Girls' Egg and Spoon—1. Elsie Walker. 2. Dora Dewhirst.
- Senior Girls' 100 Yards—1. Connie Prest. 2. Doris Brown. 3. Edith Ordish.
- Girls' Inter-House Relay Skipping—Blue House—Lizzie Tulip, Edith Shepherd, Mary Hobson, Elsie Walker.
- Junior Girls' High Jump—1. Annie Wardell. 2. Mary Smurthwaite.
- Hockey Medal—Green House—Captain: Queenie Plummer.
- Championship—Lizzie Tulip.

	First	Second	Third	
Cricket Ball ...	McLennan (G)	Osborne (Br)		85 yards
High Jump ...	Trenholm (R)	McWilliams (Bl)		4 ft. 11 ins.
Senior 100 Yards	McLennan (G)	C. Smith (R)	McGregor (Br)	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.
$\frac{1}{4}$ Mile ...	Osborne (Br)	Morrow (Bl)	Dudley (Bl)	
Junior 100 Yards	Dalkin (Br)	Brown (Bl)	Birch (Bl)	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.
$\frac{1}{2}$ Mile ...	Connors (R)	McLennan (G)	Osborne (Br)	
Costume Race ...	Birch (Bl)	Sanderson (G)		
Sack Race ...	Geary (Bl)	E. Goodchild (Br)	Brown (Bl)	
3 Legged Race...	Geary } (Bl)	Sanderson } (G)	Williams } (R)	
	Brown }	Reed }	Smith }	
1 mile ...	Connors (R)	Osborne (Br)	McWilliams (Bl)	

HOUSE POINTS—	Blue House	19
	Brown House	14
	Red House	12
	Green House	12
HOUSE MILE—WINNING HOUSE—	Red House	32 pts.
	Green House	37 pts.
	Blue House	41 pts.
	Brown House	42 pts.
Highest Individual Points—	Osborne	} 8 pts.
	McLennan	

School News.

HOUSE REPORT. (Boys).

We congratulate the Brown House on their success in the Football Competition, and again sympathise with the poor Reds.

This term has so far been fully occupied in preparations for the Annual Sports, in which we note with satisfaction the success of the Blue House. The Red House again won the Mile Inter-Team Race. By the time these notes appear we hope to have news of the Cricket Competition and the Swimming Gala, which latter Dame Rumour asserts is to be on a grand scale. But enough; we must wait and see.

HOUSE REPORTS.

The completed Football Table is as given below.

House	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against	Pts.
BROWN ...	6	6	0	0	28	3	12
GREEN ...	6	4	0	2	17	12	8
BLUE ...	6	1	1	4	7	14	3
RED ...	6	0	1	5	7	30	1

HOUSE REPORT. (GIRLS).

The keen contest for the Hockey Medal last term ended in a victory for the Green House. For the past two years the Red House captain has been in possession of the much coveted trophy, and all the more credit is due to the Green House for carrying off the laurels this year as it came in last in the contest last year. May this be an encouragement to the losing Houses!

The chief interest for the Summer Term Centres round the House Pic-nics and Sport's Day. Already a Joint Pic-nic of the Blue and Green Houses has taken place. All seemed intent on a Drive, and so on June 21st, a happy party assembled outside the School en route for Swainby, and the moors. The day was ideal, and all enjoyed themselves thoroughly. We feel sure that all who were present will always have happy recollections of the day.

The Red House has already had a ramble, but owing to short notice, not many of the House were able to take part, so they hope to arrange another as well as a Pic-nic before the end of the term. The Brown House have arranged a Pic-nic to Saltburn, the first Saturday in July.

The Houses were all well represented in the entries for Sport's Day, and all worked hard for the honour of their Houses. The Inter-House Relay Skipping Race was won by the Blue House. Lizzie Tulip, the winner of the Championship Prize is also a member of the Blue House. In the finals, however, the largest number of points was scored by the Red House.

Arts and Crafts Society.

We held our long-expected Exhibition at the end of last term. It was with some considerable trepidation that we watched the tardy arrival of exhibits on the evening before the opening day. The quality of the exhibits was of the best, but the quantity seemed so woefully small, and the feeling among boys seemed to be that *their* work was not good enough to be shown. Some who saw the Exhibition in advance brought other work, and after the first night there were numerous offers, which, if made earlier, would have been of real service. On the second night the Exhibition was really good. Everyone was struck with the very beautiful art work, and with the excellent fret-work exhibits. Some very good coins and stamps were on show, but these might have been arranged more carefully—as for instance in historical order. Our incipient engineers were especially delighted with the Meccano models.

The attendance on both nights was very good, and included on the first night, a particularly small and wretched little dog, who was dragged along, all unwilling and half choking, from exhibit to exhibit by an imperious mistress.

It is hoped that with the experience gained, future Exhibitions will receive more help in the earlier stages, so that much less will be left to chance.

And now away go fret-saws and wood carving tools till the dark, gloomy days come again. Now is the time to live the life of the fields, for these glorious Summer days—alas! all too few—are too precious to waste indoors. The more violent are up early in the morning racing the watch in secluded spots preparing for the sports which will be over before this is read. The more sedate and introspective wander away to con the Latin Grammar among the buttercups and daisies—in default of a poppy-covered bank above the sea. And all, we hope, in the holidays to come, will pack up camera or sketching materials to seek the peaceful solitude where the sheep browse on heather-clad moor or hill, or where the tinkling rivulet picks its pebbly way through speckled shades or darkling copse. To all of them and to all of us may the Fates be propitious and the weather kind!

Prize winners in the Exhibition:—

ART—Wetherell, Cornforth, Dawson.

FRETWORK—Forster.

STAMPS—McGregor.

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTIONS—Tompkinson.

Wanted to Know.

GINGER.

If roast pork and strawberries suit the digestion.

Ask P-r-c-y.

Which prefect saw the bull?

Why he put his cap in his pocket?

Who ate 1lb. of gooseberries during needlework?

Who says, "Quietly, IVb?"

If Julius Cæsar adored ragtime,

'AROLD.

If he has a h(e)art.

If his favourite song is "Standing at the corner of the street?"

Or is it "It was a lover and his lass?"

The water nymphs at Seaton.

Which master is to run over Africa?
 Have Vib prepared the Wash Basin?
 The direct route to Norton.
 Is it via Ellen Avenue?
 If Elsie paid excess on her bag.
 If the Blue House Mistress finds Redcar air bracing.
 Who said "embracing?"
 If her favourite song is "When the heart is young."
 Who broke the camera at Swainby?
 Where were the hockey smiters on sports day?
 Who took too much tea?
 Elle m' aime! elle me l'a dit! Ah! je suis trop heureux! Ah!
 To whom does this refer?

Our Prize Competitions.

In our Senior Competition a prize was offered for the best translation into English verse of a French poem. We regret that so few entered this competition, and we think that more of our Upper Form boys and girls ought to have shown their skill. The prize has been awarded to Alice Pugh for the following translation:—

THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

Whilst peasants live laborious days
 And, panting, follow horse and plough,
 March laughs, despite the storm and haze,
 Profusely seeds of Spring to sow.

The strawberry of rosy hue
 For us he hides amongst the grass
 And plaits a leafy hat for you
 Through which the sun could never pass.

Then, when his secret work is done
 And of his reign the death knells ring,
 He turns to new-born April's throne
 And cries "Come forth, thou radiant Spring."

A.P., VB.

A gratifying feature of the Junior Competition was the number who entered, and we are delighted to know that there are so many budding novelists in our midst. Many of the stories sent in were very good, and the work of adjudication was somewhat difficult. The award has been made to Lucy Fenny, IVc., for the story entitled "Rosebud and the Fairy Queen." The story "Caught by the Tide," by Johnson, Va, is worthy of high commendation. We have much pleasure in printing these stories.

