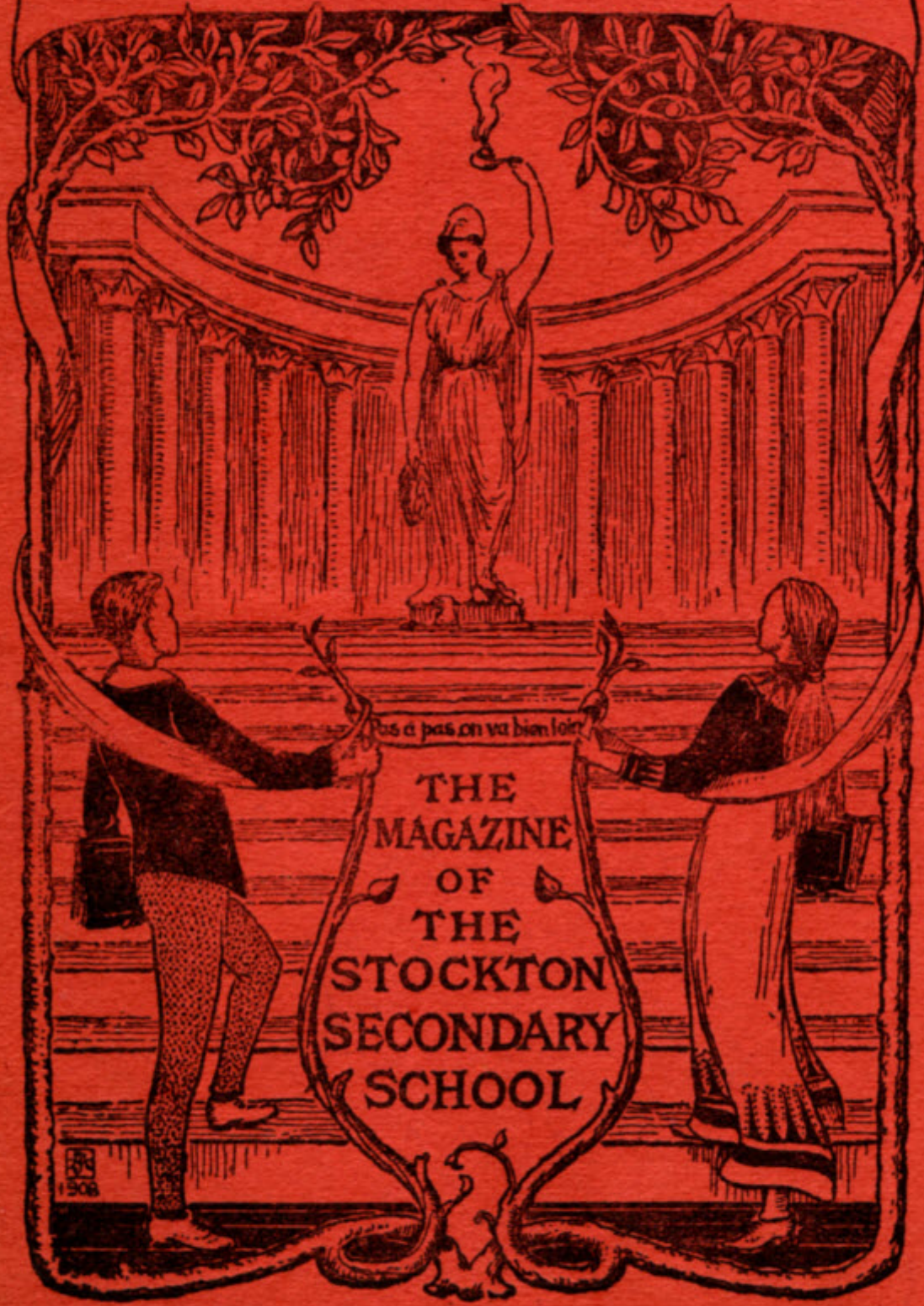
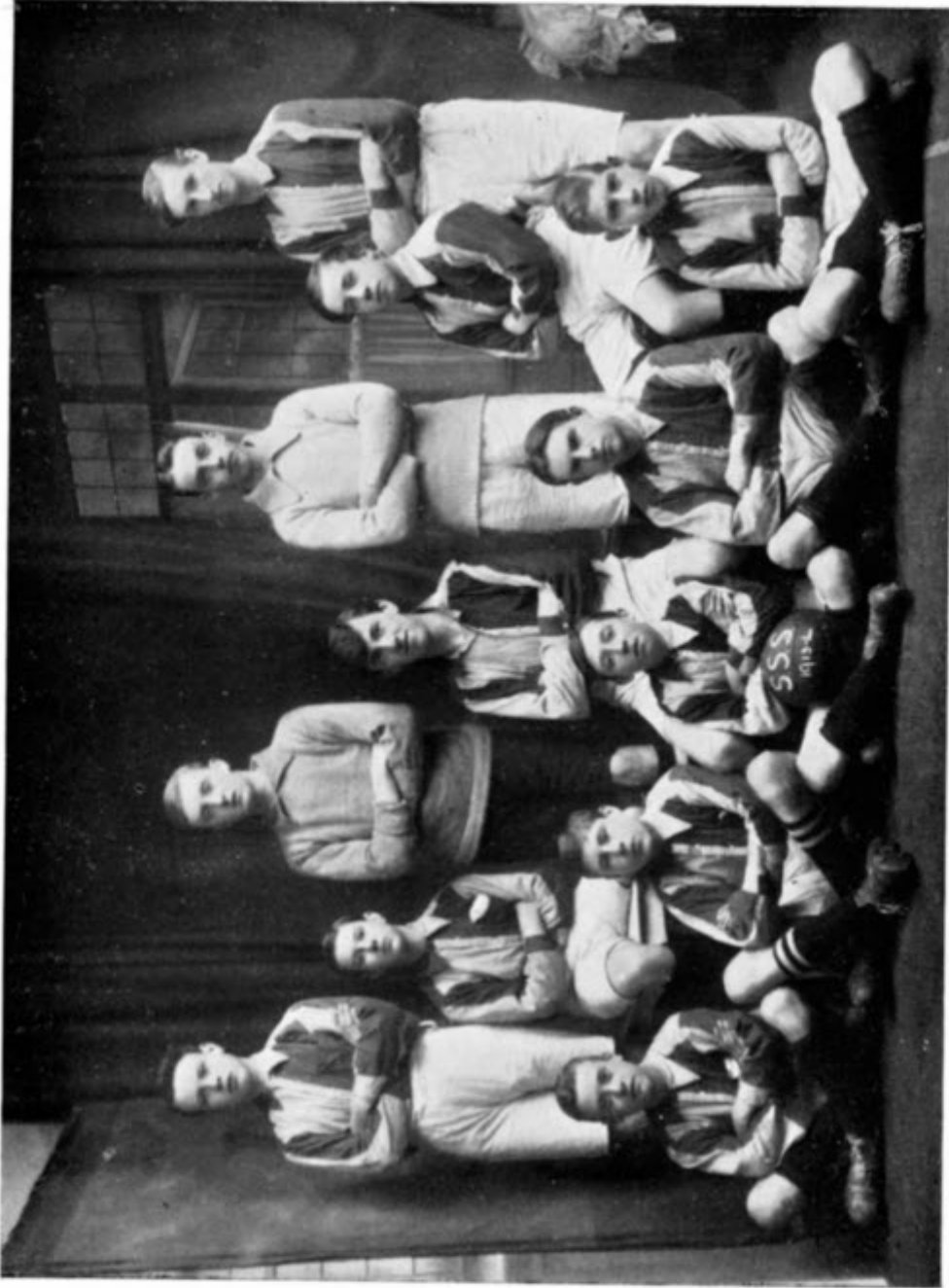


THE
STOCKTONIAN.



Pas à pas on va bien loin

THE
MAGAZINE
OF
THE
STOCKTON
SECONDARY
SCHOOL



L. KING.	R. WILLIAMS.	H. KEWLEY.	J. McWILLIAMS.
W. HANSELL.	G. DEE.	T. W. DODDS.	
	(Capt.)		
R. DUDLEY.	W. REED.	E. BIRCH.	J. CONNORS.
		W. MORROW.	

"The Stocktonian" S.S.S. Magazine

VOL. III.

EASTER, 1914.

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 Editorial this term has to be written by prentice hands for, we regret to say, the editor is too ill to undertake the work himself. The post of sub-editor thus ceases to be a purely ornamental position, and the office becomes one of stern reality. The experience gained in preparing this number for the press comes as a revelation to those who have had little to do with the production of the Magazine beyond paying the four pence for the finished article, but who now painfully realise what hours of patient work the editor must give term after term, when the time for publication draws near. We hope he will soon be about again, and that he will scan with a lenient eye our amateur efforts.

We are pleased to learn that the Old Girls' Association and the Old Stocktonians have not only survived their first year of life, but have been able to report each successive term a marked step forward. A most gratifying feature of their organisation is the enthusiasm and steadiness which characterise the work of their sub-sections. It was a real privilege to be allowed to attend their admirable winter lectures, which alone show the loftiness of their aims. It is the wish of all, that what has been so well begun may never fail for lack of capable members willing and able to carry on the work. This is in the hands of present and future Stocktonians.

We hope that all will read with care the notice of the "Arts and Crafts" Exhibition. The Exhibition last year, though small, was of such quality as to warrant the hope that this year we may have a show which will do credit to the activities of the school in these directions.

We regret that we have to say good-bye to Miss Williams this term. Miss Williams has not been with us for very long, but it has been quite long enough to make us feel very sorry that she is to leave us so soon. We wish her, with all sincerity, every success in the new kind of work she has decided to take up.

We learned with some alarm, after the publication of the last number, that owing to increased cost of production the charge for printing the magazine would have to be raised. Even at the cheaper rate we have not succeeded in paying our way, so it behoves all of us to do everything in our power to increase the circulation of the magazine.

We have made no reference to the term's activities, nor is there any need to do so, for full descriptions and reports will be found in their appointed places. It only remains for us to wish our readers a very pleasant Easter and make way for our spring poet.

THE SUB-EDITORS.

The Coming of Spring.

She comes! She comes! Sweet maid of Spring,
Her path all strewn with flowers;
To right and left behold her fling
Primrose and violet showers.

They fall on bank, and hill, and dale,
And perfume all the air;
They bloom in every sunny vale,
And carpet meadows bare.

When Spring arrives with flowery crown
In robes of light arrayed,
Old Hiems throws his sceptre down
Before that radiant maid.

Around it now sweet garlands twist,
Where glittered frost and snow;
For icy bonds have gone in mist
And sparkling streamlets flow.

Attended by a thousand sprites
Sweet Spring steps on her throne,
For sunny days and dewy nights
They claim her as their own.

D.D., VIA.

A Visit to the Malleable Steel Works.

It was a windy unpleasant night when our party of six set off to visit the Malleable Works. Our guide first of all took us to the power house where the whole of the electricity for the lighting etc. of the works is generated. There we stared in awe at the huge noisy turbines and other complicated machinery. (One turbine revolved 2,500 times per minute and it looked as though it was not moving.)

As we hoped to see the whole process of making the thin sheets of pure steel from the impure pig-iron, we were next taken up on to the gantry at the head of the furnaces. Men were busy feeding the flames with sand, whilst now and then, electric overhead cranes brought up and tipped fresh quantities of the pig-iron.

It was fine to see the seething white-hot mass within the furnace but we were compelled to use the workmen's blue spectacles before facing the fierce glare.

At another of these furnaces we had the good fortune to be present at a casting. The molten metal was run out along a trough into a large cauldron into which were also thrown manganese, and a secret preparation for improving the steel. The impurities were rising to the surface whilst the liquid metal was run off below into large moulds and these when full were put aside to cool.

These immense cold blocks of metal (some weighing 15 tons) were then again made red hot in other furnaces and thence transferred by overhead cranes to the hydraulic rolls. There we saw them rolled down from 36 ins. to 4 ins. in thickness and then cut into required lengths to be again heated up. What impressed us most was the wonderful manner in which these huge blocks of metal were turned over by simple yet strong contrivances. A curious fact also about this part of the process was that only four men and a boy were required to superintend whilst the machinery did the work.

When hot these lumps of metal were taken to other rolling mills where, by various stages, they were eventually rolled down to the thickness of steel plates, meanwhile being constantly sprayed with water. Then the plates were left to cool and when cold, were cut to the required measurements by the hydraulic shears. Each one was then marked and numbered ready for dispatch. Our guide told us that a record is kept of every plate made in the Malleable Works within the last three years.

Our visit proved very interesting and instructive, but words cannot properly describe the magnificent sights at the furnace and rolling mills, for they can only be realised when they are viewed personally.

F.J., VIA.

A Veracious History.

Sleep would not come to my weary eyes and, in despair, I got up, dressed and went out. With my hands deep in my pockets I trudged down the silent High Street to the shore. The tide was going out, and the sea lay as calm as a pond; only the little waves on the sand rolled over each other and then retreated as though too sleepy to move. Dark clouds obscured the sky, but soon the moon would come out. Turning, I walked quickly along the sands, on and on until my legs were tired. Coming to a large rock, I halted and sat down with my elbows on my knees and my chin in my hands.

Oh! the mystery of the sea! There it lay, calm and dark; to-morrow it might be surging in a great unrest, or wild and angry, its big waves coming dashing on to the sand with a thunderous noise.

So I sat and thought, and gazed at the opening in the clouds just appearing on the horizon. The moon was coming up. Between my eyes and this break in the clouds was a flat rock, which just rose out of the sea a great way out. Suddenly I started, there was something moving on the rock. It was much too big for a fish, but I could only see that there was some shape. As I looked the moon came out and sent a broad beam of silvery light right down the sea, across the rock to me, and I saw, sitting with her back to me, the graceful figure of a mermaid. Her black hair hung long and straight, and the scales of her tail shone in the moonlight. The lithe body swayed forward and backward, round and round as though to the strains of some hidden music. I gazed fascinated.

Then in a moment, up from the sea, rose a group of mermaids with the loveliest faces I had ever seen. They joined hands and circled round the central figure, their bodies swaying and their tails flashing.

Suddenly one of them began to sing, and in notes as clear as a bell poured forth a song to the sea. No music ever thrilled people's hearts so magically as that did mine, no sight wrought such a spell. How long it lasted I do not know, but a hush came; the maiden on the rock stood up on her tail and, turning towards the shore and me, held out her white wet arms. The others stopped their weird dance and also turned. My brain was in a whirl; I realised that someone was singing again—singing to me. In ecstasy I closed my eyes and then opened them quickly. There was dead silence; I looked round. No longer was I sitting on the shore, but, a merman with a tail, I reclined on the flat rock surrounded by deep silvery sea. All around me, silently gazing, floated the mermaids, and *the* one was on the rock beside me, her chin resting on her hands.

I was not only in the shape of a merman, but I felt like one; I wanted to dance. The mermaid and I clasped hands and sang together. I do not know why, but my heart was as light as a feather, and my one wish was always to be a merman singing in the moonlight. They danced and sang, those lovely beings, until I noticed the moon disappearing. One by one the shining forms sunk below the waves; I felt suddenly sad and tightly clasped the hands I held. Two dark green eyes gazed at me sadly, and I bent forward and kissed two curved lips. Then the moon vanished.

My eyes opened in the rosy light of the coming dawn. I had slept and must have dreamed. But no! I was sitting on the flat rock, now deserted by the tide, shining with silver scales, and in my hand I held a thin strand of black wet hair! E.F.

Peppercorn—Minor.

Peppercorn, minor, was in detention! Of course it was not Peppercorn's fault at all, that a master had appeared on the scene just as he was busily engaged in punching Billy Brown's silly head.

The fact of the matter was this, Billy Brown had been seen walking with the fair maiden usually appropriated by Adolphus Algernon Peppercorn, and Peppercorn was quietly convincing Billy Brown that he, Peppercorn would not allow such a proceeding; when the untimely entrance of Mr. X had ended the argument.

And so Peppercorn was in detention. He was much consoled however to find that the fair maiden in question was to share his agonies that night. She gave our hero a sweet smile, and whispered comfortingly, "Never mind Algy dear, you can see me home to-night. I like you better than Billy when you wear those yellow socks and that purple tie. You do look such a knut."

"Algy dear," inwardly determined always to wear yellow socks and purple ties, and relieved his feelings by extending his thumb to his nose (when the master was not looking) at the cheerful Brown whose grinning face had just looked in through the glass partition.

In a more cheerful state of mind Algy started operations on his Botany. Here is an extract:

Lemmons are frutes. They are offen maid into drinkhs, which are called lemmonaid bekorse they are sumtimes given at Sunday Shool tretes to help down stail bunns.

putaters are vedjitibles which offen groe in cheep stokings (Not in my 9³/₄d socks). "*Putaters*" is eesily spelt, you just put 8 o'es.

cornflour is a blue flour. From it we get *blue-monge*.

Having finished his task, Algy improved the shining hour by writing a poem (He always fancied himself a bit of a poet). It ran thusly.

Elidgy riten in Ditenhun.

The whistle shreaks the our of fore o'clock
The skolars homeword wend there way to tea
Books, pensils, papers, pens are under lok
And skool is left to those keppt in like me.

Detenshun room is ful of girls and boys.
And all the heir a solem stilness holds
Save wear the pens with hated skratshing noyse

.

At this point the clock struck a quarter to five, and highly pleased with himself Peppercorn handed in his Botany book. He afterwards escorted his fair maiden home, and on the way he confided to her that,

"She had made him love her,
But he didn't want to do it."

Peppercorn's high spirits were somewhat lowered when he arrived at school next morning. Mr. X had digested his botanical efforts, and did not seem so pleased as Peppercorn had been. "Algy dear" had a warm ten minutes in the head-master's study, and—worst of all, he got back to the classroom just in time to hear Mr. X complimenting that horrid little Billy Brown, on his excellent work.

Peppercorn's despondent fit did not last long however, for turning up his poetry book he consoled himself, and at the same time alarmed "Blue-Stocking" Brown by declaring that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." N.E., Form VIa.

Sleeping Out.

One peaceful Sunday afternoon as we were lying on the grass reading, my sister, who at the time was reading Huckleberry Finn, suddenly announced how lovely it would be to camp out. On asking her what made her think of it, she replied by reading a few passages out of the book. It did sound ripping, and we planned all sorts of things, which unluckily no one would let us do. But we thought if we could not camp by a river and fish, etc., we would do something. So that very night we planned to sleep on the lawn.

We rigged up the old tent on the lawn, brought down a mattress and bedclothes and made the bed. Everyone thought us cracked (but that's a detail), and I dare say laughed when they were cosy in their beds.

The night seemed clear, the moon shone brightly in the tent when we, having undressed indoors, popped into bed. Neither of us, however, got to sleep, but became very wide awake indeed when the rain came pouring down and dripping, dripping inside just on my pillow. This we found would not do, so creeping out we looked for the mackintosh (generally in the summer-house), in vain. So we gave in to fate and let it drip. I forgot to say that the cats tried to sing us to sleep, but alas they failed.

At last dawn came, and as we had brought our apparel with us we dressed and washed under the tap. We were just ready when Hannah came to open the front door, and then the time was only six o'clock.

Further experience in the gentle art of sleeping out has taught us many things, and one for example is not to sleep in a tent, but rather just under the starry sky. The next time I slept out was soon after, and I slept as sound as a top. F.O.

Left Behind.

My misfortunes began with my father and mother taking it into their heads to go to America for a wedding. So as it was the holidays they arranged to take me with them. I did not approve of the sea and I could not enjoy myself a bit on a boat. The boat was a Dutch boat and we were about the only English people on board, so we had to keep to ourselves at first, while the other people were chattering together in foreign languages.

I had to share my cabin with a foreigner who couldn't speak a word of English. "He will be sick all over to-night," I said to a friend, but alas! it was I who was sick, while this foreigner began grinning at me. At dinner I could not eat anything, and one thing that went towards taking away my appetite was that opposite me sat a very tall, thin man, who made remarks in an unknown tongue. This man was called Mr. Greengage. I did not know what to say, and I asked a friend what the man wanted. "He is saying something to you," said my friend, as if I didn't know that. Then I gradually grew to dislike Mr. Greengage.

At last the ship arrived in port and the place was all in a bustle, and in the crowd I lost all trail of my companions, so I went into the town myself. I walked through the town and saw some peculiar sights, and I saw a large wooden trough full of water and planks of wood were floating down to the sea. The novelty was so interesting that I watched it for a long time until I heard the steamer puffing and screeching. On hurrying to the bay I saw what I thought was our steamer, and so I waved my hands and shouted for the steamer to come back. The people on board only waved their hands back to me and the ship left the port.

I walked back to the town sorrowfully, and I had a little money in my pocket so I bought some cakes. After eating them I felt satisfied, but then some street arabs whose dress was different from mine started to jeer at me. After walking about a long time I saw a man who I disliked, "Mr. Greengage." He was sitting under a tree eating some cherries. I went up to him and asked him to pardon me for being rude to him on the ship as I was sea-sick, and then I asked him if he knew that the steamer had gone out of port. "How's that," he exclaimed, "they said it was going to wait an hour." "My trunk and my money are on board," he said, and he began to run towards the bay. I followed

him, and we found my friend sitting on a post munching an apple. "Where's the boat?" I said. "It is here," said my friend. "But I thought it went out half-an-hour ago." "Oh, that was another boat," he said. So thus ended my misfortune. J.S.

A Terrible Night.

My friend and I were once staying in a large country farmhouse with my uncle and aunt. One dark, rainy evening we were invited to spend the evening at a house nearly seven miles away, but as I had a severe cold we two decided to remain at home and accordingly auntie and uncle set out alone.

The house being strange, lonely and large we were naturally a little nervous and imagined various unpleasant things. We played the piano to break the monotony of the stillness, but alas! the noise only made us more nervous. We heard the wind howling and the rain beating against the window, and suddenly there was a rumbling overhead, accompanied by flashes of lightning. We did not know what to do for we were exceedingly nervous. Read, talk, play, we could not, in fact we could do nothing but tremble and shiver. For, what seemed to us two hours, we remained crouched in one chair trying our best to comfort each other and poor comfort it was. Our thoughts fled to auntie and uncle, where were they? We half expected them to return any time, but still they were seven miles away and they could not drive in this storm.

Suddenly we heard the telephone bell; cautiously we went to answer it; a message from uncle telling us to be brave as they would soon be home. Hardly had we gained the drawing room when the loud clang of the front-door bell sounded through the house. The door was locked and we dared not open it. Clang again, this time accompanied by loud kicks. We thought of robbers, surely no one knew that we were alone and consequently was going to attack the house! If only uncle would come but alas! they would only just have started. We listened and heard gentle tappings on our window, which faced the front. What impudence the burglars had to throw stones at our window to try to make us surrender! A loud shuffling noise followed, then the sound of footsteps dying away, and all was peace again. Peace did not last for long, for we heard a loud commotion in the stack-yard, men shouting, horses jumping and the sound of water. We were both too amazed to move until we were awakened from our reverie by the sound of uncle's voice in the hall. We ran down to meet them. Uncle spoke not a word but hurried out into the stable yard. We wondered why he looked so worried and asked auntie, but she said she would explain presently. Auntie asked us what we had done and we told her of the strange sounds, not omitting of course our nervousness. We asked where uncle was.

Auntie said he was helping to put the fire out. Of course we immediately said "Which fire?" and then she told us.

The lightning had set fire to a stack, and resulted in four other stacks catching fire also. The noises had been the alarm given by the villagers, but we cowards dared not answer the call. Uncle blamed himself for leaving us, and vowed never to do so again. We were very much ashamed and begged uncle's forgiveness, while he cheered us by saying the damage was very slight.

We stayed there another week during which time Auntie and Uncle had another invitation for the evening. We persuaded them to accept it, promising to be brave and answer all rings. Needless to say nothing exciting happened although we half wished it would, that we might have shown our bravery.

A fascinating Hobby.

On returning from our summer holiday one year, we were horrified to find that the caterpillars had devoured the pretty creeper which grew on the wall, and it looked just one mass of jagged stems. On examination we found hundreds of green caterpillars, and after destroying them wholesale, I saved a few to experiment with. First they were put in a cardboard box with only pinpricks at the top so that they could not possibly get through, and fed with green leaves night and morning.

It was astonishing how much those little things could eat in one day. They got so fat that all they could do was to lie in the corner of the box. On going to feed them one evening we found three shrivelled up skins and three shiny brown objects which looked something like date stones. It was such a long time before anything else looked as if it was likely to happen, that the box and its contents were put away during the winter and almost forgotten. At breakfast one spring morning mother said she had found a large white moth or butterfly on the window. I at once jumped up exclaiming, "Perhaps it is one of my caterpillars," and ran to find the box, and sure enough one chrysalis was empty. How patiently I watched the other two and my patience was rewarded, for on coming home one day I was delighted to find a pretty white butterfly, and although I watched for the other chrysalis to open it never did. We fed the butterfly on sugar for a fortnight, but we think we must have over-dosed it, for it died.

The same time as I started my cousin bought some silkworms' eggs with a very long name and kept them until they were hatched. At first they looked like pieces of black thread, and you could hardly distinguish them from the twigs they had to crawl about on. They gradually grew in size and commenced to weave their silky cocoons and then turned into the chrysalis. After

many weeks of waiting his labour was rewarded by finding a beautifully-coloured butterfly. How long it might have lived I cannot say, for in his excitement he omitted to close the dining-room door when he went to call in the family to see the precious specimen, and on returning found the cat tearing it to pieces. I think my experiment was the best after all, for my butterfly did live a fortnight.

A.G., Form Va.

An Exciting Geometry Lesson.

It was mathematics—geometry, and I was bored; so was everyone else except our respected teacher. I yawned. Another yawn, yet still another. Then I heard the door open. Just for something to do, I looked round, and what was my surprise when I saw the newcomer! He looked as if he had just walked out of a history book. His face was very stern, and his peculiar black cocked hat made it look still more forbidding. He had a wide, white ruffle round his neck, which relieved the darkness of his black tunic. He had knee-breeches and black silk stockings. On his feet were shoes of the same monotonous colour, ornamented with large silver buckles.

I was bewildered—nay, astounded. Was he a gentleman who had been asleep for years and years like Rip Van Winkle? or was he an actor? Amazed, I looked at the rest of the class. Where were the girls, the desks and Miss X——! Our classroom was hung with tapestries, and I was sitting on a low form, certainly not a desk. My gymnasium dress had somehow turned into a lady's dress of three centuries ago.

The stranger came forward. "Lady——" (I forget the name now), he said, "Thou art found out." "Er, who are you, may I ask?" I gasped. "Dost not recognise Oliver Cromwell, renowned throughout Europe?" he replied. "Oh, are you taking part in a play, or a pantomime?" Before he had time to reply another figure, similarly dressed, but with long hair, appeared on the scene. "More stage-struck gentlemen," I thought. "I wonder if this person who calls himself Oliver Cromwell will introduce me." "As thou canst see, this is Charles I," said Cromwell. "Excuse me, but Charles I was never chummy with Cromwell, just ask our history teacher," I replied. "Cromwell and I agree on this subject, and we both think how villainous was thy wicked plot, which has been discovered in time. Wicked, scheming woman, thou art ten times more vile than any man," cried Charles I fiercely. Fancy being told that you are a vile, wicked, scheming woman, when you are only sixteen and at school.

"Er, are you on the stage?" I asked wonderingly. "The stage," answered Cromwell. "What time have we to think of such folly! That is only for quiet citizens." Then he caught hold of me, and they both dragged me out of the room. They dragged me because I objected to being taken out of the room. Where was I? It was certainly not the Secondary School. Why! it was a castle! Yes, of course it was! We walked through the courtyard and out into the old-fashioned cobbled street, where I was greeted with a storm of hisses. Let me explain. It appears that I was now arrested on the charge of having tried to cause a wicked, villainous plot, at which cavaliers, roundheads, and practically everyone else were horrified, so vile was the thing of which I was accused.

I felt rather frightened now. What would they do with me? Oh! how stern and angry everyone seemed. At last we arrived in sight of another castle, evidently belonging to Parliament. I noticed that there was always some one who had tight hold of me. Perhaps they thought I was a good runner.

After walking up a wide flight of stone stairs, I was thrust (none too gently) into a very large hall, where everyone looked very solemn, so solemn in fact that I wanted to laugh, although I felt so scared.

This seemed to be my trial. Then began many uninteresting ceremonies. I felt so bored and tired. Oh! for school again. I would have given all I had to have been safely back at school, even if only in the most monotonous of geometry lessons. I then made a vow that if ever the date changed to 1914 again I would do my best to be attentive to Maths. lessons in case anything like this happened again. I was startled out of this reverie by being roughly grasped by the shoulder. Then I heard someone (evidently a judge) say, sternly, "The prisoner is sentenced to death." "Well, that's short and sweet," I said to myself at first. But then I thought, "sentenced to death." I should likely be beheaded. Terrible!!! That was the one thing I always shuddered at in history. They cast me into a bare, dreary room, where I had to stay for a day or two. My eyes roved over the cold stone floor. "Not like an hotel," I thought, and I smiled grimly. It was the last time I smiled. Three hours after I was given some bread and water. I was in this place two days. It seemed like years. I only wish it had been years; perhaps 1914 would have come again before my execution. Execution! Dreaded word!! Two days after I was taken into the execution room. I saw the executioner with his axe. I screamed, and took to my heels, only to be caught the next moment. I was then told to take my ruffle off. This took about ten minutes because I did not know anything about the mysteries of the fastening of a ruffle, and also my hands were trembling like aspen leaves. So was my

whole body. Then I was told to lay my head on the block. Oh! was I doomed? Could I get no help in any way? It made me almost freeze to look at the block. I would not kneel. No, I would not. I could not, but I was forced to kneel. I almost felt the axe raised—horror!!!—then. "M——, what else do you know about chords in a circle?" I felt a warning nudge at my back—and woke up. 'Twas all a dream. M.L., IVa.

Rainbow-tail.

Deep, deep, down, in the bosom of the ocean, the green ocean, there dwelt the sweetest of all little mermaids, little Rainbow-tail. Her hair was golden, hanging down her back in clusters of golden curls, her eyes of the bluest blue, and when her little coral lips parted her pearly teeth were seen. Her skin was milk white, till it reached her tail, which was of so many brilliant hues, that she was named Rainbow-tail.

She lived in a house of pink and white coral, furnished with mother of pearl, the doors also being of pearl. She had a beautiful little garden with borders of pink and white coral, and paths of mother of pearl. All beautiful flowers grew there, and she was very happy. Her parents were dead, but her old, old, grandmother looked after her. Often she went with her pretty little mermaid friends up to the surface of the ocean, to greet the sun, who shone upon the foamy waves, to see their lovely faces.

One day, as she was sitting in her bower, a sudden splashing caused her to look upwards, and a large grey fish, bearing on its back an ugly young man, stopped beside her. She screamed and swam away a little, but the man caught hold of her arm and said, "Rainbow-tail! do not be afraid of me, I would not hurt you even though our people, are at enmity with yours; but I love you and if you would marry me, you would be happy,"

Now, this young man was the son of Neptune, who was not yet King of the Sea, for he obtained that title after the great battle between himself and the mer-people. This son was so hideous that Rainbow-tail was frightened of him, even though he, was captivated by her and she answered, "No! go away, if anyone sees you, it will be bad for you," and wrenching herself free, she escaped to her house. The young man shook his fist, and vowing revenge, jumped on the back of his fish, and departed hurriedly, so that no mer-men should see him.

A few days afterwards, Rainbow-tail brought out a lovely pink shell, lined with soft seaweed, and drawn with seaweed ribbons by a lovely golden fish. She curled herself up inside and rose to the surface, and as she floated along the foam, she fell fast asleep.

By and by the Prince of the Mer-people, swimming along that way, saw her and was so entranced at the beautiful sight, that he immediately fell in love with her, even though he did not know her. Just then she awoke, and seeing such a lovely prince with a crown on his short curls and love glowing in his dark blue eyes, she too immediately fell in love with him. They did not take long to realize this situation. Then they promised to marry each other, and after lingering awhile they returned to their homes.

It was already evening and Rainbow-tail, telling her fish to hurry, lay in her shell dreaming of her new found happiness. But two dark forms barred her way. They were Neptune and his son, who killing the fish, lifted her up, and departed to the cold Arctic Sea. Here they imprisoned her in an iceberg, because she would not marry the ugly son.

"Then there you will stay until you consent," they said, and went away, leaving her very miserable.

Meanwhile the Prince returned to his palace and told his father, who wished to see this adorable maiden. Just then, dropping through the water, came a pink shell with a dead fish hanging to it. The Prince, whose name was Silverscales, immediately recognized it, as the chariot of Rainbow-tail. "This is the work of Neptune," he said, for Rainbow-tail had told him all about her unwelcome lover. At once, fearing danger they searched for her. She was not at her home, and after looking for a long time, Silverscales was in despair. Inconsolable he sat on a rock, and gazed blankly over the misty sea.

Presently the North Wind rushed by. "Seen such a sad sight," he said in his short way, "Pretty mermaid in iceberg with Neptune keeping guard." Away he went but Silverscales knew enough. Gathering his men, he went to search for his lost Rainbow-tail. They found her, and capturing Neptune and his son, set her free. Yet they could not punish the villians, for they escaped, but Silverscales, and his betrothed, did not care.

The King was so pleased with the beauty of the lovely Rainbow-tail, that he hastened the marriage, which was celebrated with great splendour. Adorned with pearls, her lovely tail flashing, and surrounded with baby mer-children who threw flowers and pearls in her path, the bride met the Prince with rosy blushes on her cheeks. After the ceremony, a hundred golden fishes, drew a large white shell, in which the happy pair sat, and they went for a cruise.

Afterwards, Rainbow-tail, became Queen, and was much beloved by her subjects.

L.F., Vb.

Old Girls' Association.

President :
Mrs. E. D. Hetherington.
Treasurer :
Miss Fernie,
Secondary School.

Secretaries :
Miss A. Rogers,
91, Parliament Street.
Miss A. Young,
25, Shaftesbury Street

COMING EVENTS.

April —Opening of Baths.
May 1—Hockey Meeting.
—Swimming Meeting.
May 2—Ramble to Weary Bank.
June 6—Cycle Ride to Hutton Rudby.
July 4—First Annual Pic-nic to Barnard Castle.

The outstanding feature of this term has been the Dance and Social on January 23rd. In order to stimulate the interest of a greater number and to distribute the work amongst the members, a special committee, with Miss Reeves as secretary, was appointed to make all arrangements. This committee is to be congratulated on the success of its efforts. A special report has been kindly written by Miss Reeves. We regret having received the resignation from the General Committee of Mrs. Roberts, owing to removal to Yarmouth. She was one of our most enthusiastic members and took an active part in several sub-societies, especially Dancing and Swimming.

The Secretaries and Committees of the various sub-societies are to be congratulated on their energetic work during the winter. Will all those who are interested in the formation of a Dramatic Club for next winter kindly send in their names to Miss Reeves?

Miss Wallace (Swimming Secretary) will be pleased to receive as early as possible the names of those who intend joining the Swimming Club, so that she can make the necessary arrangements. A meeting will be held on May 1st to consider the advisability of having an instructress.

Miss Heavisides (Tennis Secretary) reports that it is impossible to obtain tennis courts at a reasonable price, so it is hoped that members of the O.G.A. will again meet at the Park courts and enjoy many a game together. A tournament will be arranged by the Secretary.

The Old Girls' Association is indebted to the Old Stocktonians for their invitations to two most interesting and entertaining lectures, viz., "The Evolution of Scenery," by F. Burton, Esq., F.Z.S., and "Noses," by Councillor R. Cohen. The Secretary will be pleased to send copy of rules to intending members on application.

Will all members who change their address (or whose address is wrong in the Year Book) kindly inform the Secretary? Subscriptions for 1914 are due, and should be paid to the Treasurer, Miss Fernie.

FIRST ANNUAL DANCE.

On Friday, January 23rd, the Borough Hall presented a most charming picture, for on that evening the Old Girls held their annual Social and Dance.

The marks of perfect organisation were visible everywhere; and the fact that the evening was a complete success, both socially and financially, augurs well for the future. The hearty support of the Old Girls themselves was a gratifying feature, for such a function as this helps to bind old scholars to the school.

The cordial thanks of the Committee are due to the School Staff for so closely identifying themselves with the dance; to Miss Brothers and Mr. Dumble for their assistance in arranging a much-appreciated series of games; to Madame Jeannie Thompson for the beautiful songs, which contributed to the evening's enjoyment; and finally to Messrs Crofts, Upton, Baker, Baldwin, Dumble, Scholes, Roberts, Heavisides, Cohen and Winn, all of whom worked untiringly to add to the pleasures of those present.

Many were the congratulations received at the close of the evening by those who had been responsible for the arrangements which contributed to make this gathering a perfectly delightful one.

RAMBLING CLUB NOTES.

No one who has ever been on a "Ramble" can ever forget the especial joy of that event.

Walking, unlike any other form of locomotion, has such a freedom about it.

There is no obligation to keep to main roads, and any alluring bye-way may be followed.

How splendid it is when one has "fallen into stride" to tramp along mile after mile, becoming more and more joyous and light-hearted as time goes on. Then the "bivouac," of which a certain great writer speaks, when—"You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees, and off goes the knap-sack, and down you sit in the shade."

There have been rumours that some think the rambles are too far away.

The walks are only once a month, and surely it is worth while to get right away from the town into the real country.

Which of the ramblers who went to Kildale last autumn, by way of the moorland and the woods, will ever forget the glory of that day. No wonder the verdict was—"we must go again to Kildale."

Then there have been other rambles, Redcar to Saltburn and back, for those who love the sea.

The March ramble was to Eston Nab, by way of Nunthorpe.

No one had anticipated the excitement of a "hunt." Yet upon reaching the summit of a hill glimpses of a hunt were seen.

Of course everyone must follow! We were not very successful at first in seeing much, but later on, when we arrived at the Nab House, we came across them all.

It was a thrilling sight to see the "hounds" moving along towards the foot of Eston Nab, and to hear the "tally-ho!" at intervals.

Who would have missed that?

Thus was the enthusiasm of the "ramblers" rewarded and renewed for the next ramble to Hutton village. Hutton village should prove a fascinating outing from all accounts. It is known as the "Alpine village," and the Club intends going through here, up on to High Cliff, and thence to Guisbrough, in April.

In May, Leaven Bridge is to be visited, because then it is "primrose time."

In June, there is to be a cycle ride to Hutton Rudby.

Members of the O.G.A. will please keep July 4th in mind.

There is to be a pic-nic to Barnard Castle, arranged by the Committee of the Rambling Club, and all members of the O.G.A. are cordially invited.

DANCING SECTION.

Undoubtedly the members of this section will feel, when the classes cease for the Summer, that there is something missing in their week's programme.

The classes have really been most enjoyable, not only to those who were already proficient in the art of dancing, but also to those, who at the beginning at any rate had to rank as learners, but who now have made rapid strides towards proficiency. Opportunities have been given to the better dancers to learn some of the newest dances, and so they have kept up with the times.

Misses M. Foggin, Q. Plummer, and C. Wormald have been added to the Committee.

The Session closes on April 3rd with a 'long night,' from 6-50 to 10.

LITERARY CLUB.

Nov. 20, 1913	—"Irish Evening"	Miss Waters
Dec. 4, "	—"Kipling"	Miss Nelson
" 18, "	—"Twelfth Night"	Miss S. Burdon
Jan. 15, 1914	—"Cranford"	Miss F. Armstrong
" 29, "	—"Cranford" continued	_____
Feb. 11, "	—Business Meeting	_____
" 25, "	—"The Undaunted"	Miss M. Harper
Mar. 11, "	—"Comparison between the Two Great English Queens, Elizabeth and Victoria"	Miss L. Kelly
Apr. 1, "	—"Musical Evening"	Mrs. Hetherington

This programme will show how well the Literary Club has flourished during its first season; and very many pleasant evenings have been spent, and excellent papers enjoyed by the enthusiastic members.

All Old Girls are invited to the "winding-up" on April 1st. Mrs. Hetherington has arranged a splendid programme; and we are looking forward to a jolly evening.

PHYSICAL CULTURE SECTION.

Considerable enthusiasm continues to be shown by the members of this section of the O.G.A.

We hope to see an increase in the average attendance, now that we expect to be able to hold the class weekly instead of fortnightly as heretofore.

We are sorry to lose the services of Mrs. Roberts, who has left the town. Our best wishes go with her. We can only hope that one, equally energetic, will be elected to fill her place.

Old Stocktonians.

The evolution of time disregards all human forces and, like the tide, waits for no man or woman (the latter is a judicious insertion in these modern times); and no doubt many of us at present are more concerned with the problem as to whether our last season's flannel bags will stand the strain of a resurrection this summer than with such mundane matters as I have to write about. Meanwhile our Association jogs along merrily and continues to make substantial progress. Since last we blossomed forth in print many important things have happened in our particular sphere. The Borough Hall was not nearly large enough to accommodate all the people who wanted to hear Richard Kearton, F.Z.S., give his lecture, "Wild Life on the Bioscope." It was our misfortune that something should go wrong with the lantern, but happily under the influence of Mr. Kearton's ready wit and optimistic personality, the audience made the best of matters and really enjoyed the event.

The dinner at the Queen's Hotel was a very enjoyable function. A number of Old Stocktonians whose quest for daily bread takes them into far off districts managed to tear themselves from the cares of business and attend the festive board, and I think they appreciated the object of the Committee in endeavouring to bring them into touch with their old school friends at least once per year.

With regard to the coming summer, His Imperial Highness the weather has of course a good deal to do with prospects, but we hope to submit schemes for the benefit of Old Boys which will be congenial to the wide and varied tastes concerned. If only everyone will make use, as far as he can, of what is provided for him, I am sure there will be little to complain about. T.A.K

DEBATING SECTION.

On February 2nd, Mr. J. J. Burton, F.G.S., of Nunthorpe, delivered an exceedingly interesting and instructive lecture on "Evolution of Scenery." The matter, though somewhat technical, was illustrated by magnificent slides, which showed great photographic skill and wideness of travel by the speaker. Mr. Prest was in the chair, and Messrs. Hewitt and Clews suitably thanked the lecturer at the close. We were again indebted to Mr. Hetherington for his fine work at the lantern.

On March 10th, Councillor R. Cohen, of "Noses" fame, visited us. The lecture sparkled with wit from beginning to end, while the charcoal sketches spoke (or should it be 'sneezed') for themselves. Councillor F. Natrass was in charge of the meeting, and to him a good deal of the success of the evening was due. Mr. G. F. Rogers and Mr. A. Dee spoke so well at the close as to call forth the plaudits of Mr. Cohen—no mean judge of a speech.

Both lectures were splendidly attended, the Old Girls and the Sixth Form of the school in each case kindly honouring us by their presence. A more ambitious scheme of lectures might well be arranged for next session.

The debates were all keenly contested and those who attended were amply repaid for their presence. It is to be regretted that they were so sparsely attended but a wiser choice of night and the stimulus of an active new secretary should ensure larger audiences next session.

I beg to thank all who have supported me, and trust that now the "ship" has accomplished its first voyage each succeeding voyage will be more prosperous than the one before. A.E.L.

ENGINEERING SECTION.

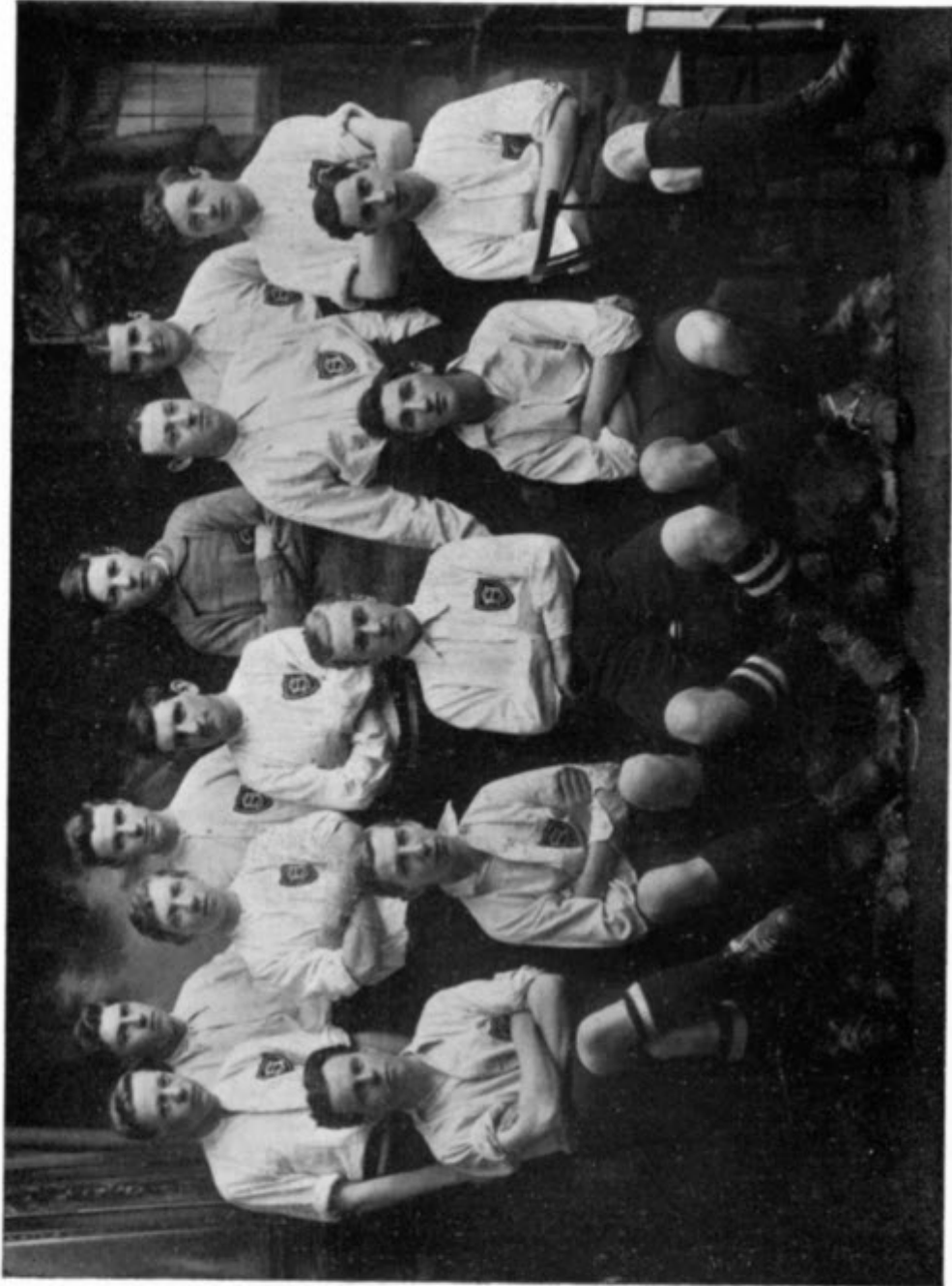
Three meetings of this section have been held, at which papers have been read by members. The various subjects have

been very carefully prepared, and have in all cases been the results of much original investigation. This augurs well for the future of so young a society and ought to prove a source of encouragement to members. On December 10th, 1913, Mr. N. Kennedy gave a very interesting essay on "Marine Engine Steaming and Trials." On February 23rd, 1914, two papers were read which had been sent in for the Prize Essay competition, the one by Mr. H. Dickinson (the winner) on "Gearing," and the other by Mr. H. Jaynes Pickles on "The Manufacture of Coal Gas for Illuminating and Power Purposes." Both essays were excellent, and reflected much credit on the writers. On March 17th, Mr. H. Cussons read a most interesting and instructive paper on "The Mining and Metallurgy of Gold," the author being Mr. J. W. Wardell, an Old Boy who recently secured a good appointment in London. Mr. G. H. Swinburne completed the evening by an article entitled "A brief discourse on the construction, etc., of the means of transporting traffic and commerce by rail across a river or other obstacle."

Will all members of the Engineering section kindly note that entries for the prize competition should be in the hands of Mr. E. Scholes by August 15th, 1914? All particulars can be had from the Secretary. G.H.S.

CAMERA SECTION.

This section has had two meetings since the last issue of the Magazine. Mr. C. Fraser, one of our own members, gave us a very interesting evening on "Enlarging by means of incandescent light." He spared no pains to demonstrate the process fully from the actual exposure of the print in the enlarger to the finished article after developing and fixing. All present agreed that it had been a most enjoyable and instructive evening. At our next meeting we were favoured by the presence of W. G. Hill, Esq., the well-known local photographer and a prominent member of the Cleveland Camera Club. He gave us a practical demonstration on "Bromide—the most useful printing process for all classes of negatives." He brought with him numerous examples of work done on Bromide which proved what artistic results could be obtained on it. Probably the most interesting item to our members was to see the actual process of printing and developing Bromide prints. Mr. Hill explained the whole business in detail, and showed us how by a little artful dodging we could get the best possible results. We are looking forward to having him again, as we all felt we had benefited by his most interesting and useful demonstration. W.J.



OLD STOCKTONIANS.

1913-14.

H. RANSOME, J. THOMPSON, G. SNOWDEN, D. RAPER,
E. HOWIE, L. DANIELS, H. ATKINSON, R. BAGLEY, C. OSBORNE,
R. HARRISON, N. WINN, W. STEWART, P. COHEN, E. BROWN,
(Captain).

CIVIC SECTION.

It was said by a certain K.C. some little time ago that Stockton was obsolete. Since then, however, the Civic Section has come into being with its Mock Town Council Meetings. Of course it is not necessary for me to tell you this, because every ratepayer has already noticed the wonderful effect it has had on everything—from the weather to the price of gas, from the Park to the widening of the river. Such remarkable and far-seeing enterprise on the part of this august body must be spoken about. It is even said that as a result of its deliberations the water carts come out and water the streets on dry and dusty days instead of on wet days. At the last Council meeting of this important governing authority, the price of gas was reduced, but one cynic tells me that there is no fear of any loss of revenue so long as these meetings continue.

Standing Orders, Points of Order, Blue Books and Statistics have no terrors for the members; Alderman Taylor, the Mayor, is as much at home in the Mayoral Chair as he is in his chem. lab. The Library (Scott's Cafe) is besieged daily by Aldermen and Councillors consulting abstracts of accounts, Government reports (and incidentally the menu), and preparing "slashing" speeches with the object of annihilating their opponents in the Council Chamber.

It is rumoured that the Corporation are seriously contemplating resigning office and handing over the administration of the town to the Civic Section. I also have it from "our Parliamentary correspondent" that the settlement of the "Ulster" question will be left in their hands. R.C.

FOOTBALL—1ST TEAM.

Played 19. Won 12, lost 5, drawn 2. 81 goals against 35.

The constitution of the team has remained much the same as before, except that business has called J. Thompson to Newcastle and C. Counter has felt himself compelled to take up other duties.

Three defeats almost in succession by Durham County Asylum, Brunswick, and Whitby considerably spoiled our record, while bad weather and other causes have prevented several matches being played. Still, for a first season, we have not done badly, and with an improved programme next year we ought to do well.

Kindly Note.—Old Stocktonians v. Whitby, on Stockton Football Field, on Easter Saturday.

2ND TEAM.

The constitution of the 2nd XI has of necessity been much more unstable than that of the 1st team, and although this has

undoubtedly influenced the form shown, yet the past may be reviewed with every satisfaction. A noticeable feature is the number of away victories, eight of our 11 wins being gained on foreign soil.

The team's full record to date is:—Played 18, won 11, lost 6, drawn 1; goals for 60, against 40.

The team has been well supported, all our players are keen, and the future may be looked forward to with great confidence.

L.W.

PHEASANT SHOOTING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Hall's Prairie is a little valley smiling among the foot-hills of the Cascade mountains. In its centre lies a low red painted house with entrancing white railings. It is rumoured that the valley is the home of the succulent pheasant, and previous to the present shooting season, I sincerely confess that I believed in the rumour. When, therefore, my landlord, the owner of the red house, advised me to take a gun and knock over a few of the superfluous birds, I hastened to avail myself of the invitation. With the air of a connoisseur, I chose a double-barrelled weapon, being swayed in my judgment by the principle that two barrels are better than one. Then on the first bright afternoon, I set out for the scene of slaughter accompanied by Fido, a hound of somewhat doubtful pedigree and equally uncertain temper. To beguile the tedium of the way, I pointed the gun at imaginary wild animals, and at last had the melancholy satisfaction of picking myself out of a dry ditch, where the too soon explosion and consequent 'kick' of the weapon had deposited me. Poor, poor Fido was by this time miles across the prairie! To be deprived of the dog at the beginning of the hunt is somewhat of a calamity, because pheasants have an unsportsmanlike knack of waiting till you have passed them by and then skirling up with a great show of outraged dignity. When this unpleasant trait in their character had been exemplified on several occasions, I began to wish for the presence of my faithful hound. At the same time, too, an aching arm turned my thoughts longingly to that light single-barrel, which my landlord had so pressed upon me. Whilst I was in this mood, a poor little innocent rabbit chose to squat about ten yards from me. I dropped on one knee, took careful aim, and poured into him four ounces of number four chilled black shot, which left him in a very disarranged condition. The success of this enterprise encouraged me to attack an impertinent bluejay who had been following me about bidding the pheasants in very obscene language 'to keep away.' But I laid him low with another four ounce dose. When I arrived home, my landlady, who is none of your Yankees, but of good Kentish extraction, sympathised with me in good old-fashioned English.

that is very tolerant about the use of the 'h.' My landlord from the depth of experience offered me advice. I ought to get up early and beat the birds to the stubble. Then as they leisurely flapped in for their breakfast, I could knock them over. This was really so simple that I could almost have thought of it myself. I decided to rise without such mechanical aids as alarm clocks, and accordingly setting my mind on 6 a.m., I retired. By some incontrovertible inaccuracy of my brain, I awoke about 3 a.m. It was one of those mornings when you put your foot out of bed and pull it back again. Nevertheless I rose and dressed by the light of the lamp. Then I passed out into the dark gloom. After I had waded through miles of bog and climbed over countless fences, I reached what I recognised as the gate of the wheat field where the birds were wont to congregate. I waited for years and years, during which time I recollected sundry woollen gloves, overcoats, etc., that I might have put on. At the end of the millenium, when the earth was turned to ice, the dawn broke and the grey turned to the solid white of a thick mist, and I waited till enough time had elapsed for the pheasants to eat their breakfasts. Then the mist thinned and I saw three blue and white necks bobbing in the stubble at the farther end of the field. Very slowly and carefully, I edged round to the back of them almost to within firing range when the perverse birds took flight. However, all's well that ends well, and by all the rules of pheasant shooting they were mine now. I was between the woods and them and as I approached them, they should fly over my head to cover.

Now I have been told that my calculation was quite accurate and hence I can only attribute the blame of what followed to the pheasants, who evidently were not conversant with the rules of pheasant shooting. Maybe it was purposely unsportsmanlike behaviour, an instance of which I have already given. Suffice it to say that they flew straight out to the open fields. I returned home with decided views on pheasant shooting. My landlord had further advice for a new campaign, but I think twice a season is sufficient for anyone. It annoys me exceedingly to have Fred Tucker telling everybody within range that he has had his limit—six birds a day—since the season commenced. It is boastful to talk so much, besides being very boring.

W.R., Vancouver, B.C.

Societies.

DEBATING SOCIETY. (GIRLS).

Meetings of the above Society, which is open to members of Forms V and VI, have been held fairly regularly every alternate Friday. The Session opened with a Social Evening in December, when the mistresses were entertained by the girls. Since then

four Debates and one Literary Evening have been held. It is encouraging to note that members are now overcoming their diffidence and are beginning to speak more freely at the meetings. It is hoped that this will continue, as the success of the Society depends on the efforts of each member.

The following Subjects have been discussed:—

"Should Homework be abolished?"

"Has Music a wider appeal than Painting?"

"Has the Theatre a beneficial influence?"

"That Town life has more advantages than Country life."

At the Literary Evening four short papers were read by members on Dickens' life and on three of his novels. The Session will close at the end of this term.

ARTS AND CRAFTS REPORT.

It will be good news to all earnest workers to learn that an Arts and Crafts Exhibition is to be held next term. The date has not been fixed, but we should all aim at being ready by the middle of the term.

The Competitions will be as follows:—

Art.—First and Second Prizes will be given for the best work.

This class includes drawing (pen or pencil) colour-work.

Crafts.—First and Second Prizes for any hand-made object, originality and ingenuity taken into consideration. Any material may be used.

Collections.—First and Second Prizes for most interesting collection; as stamps, specimens of wood, leaves, flowers, coins, etc.

Photography.—One Prize. Subject and medium may be chosen at will.

All work shown must be Scholar's own work, and executed out of class hours.

It is hoped that all will get at once to work, and make the most of the coming vacation. With the experience of last year, a really good exhibition should be forthcoming, and it is hoped that on this occasion, members will not wait till the opening of the Exhibition before venturing to send up their work.

Grannie: "Why should I take another chair, Gerald? Don't you think I'm comfortable here?"

Gerald: "Yes, Gran'ma; but I'm afraid my little kitten isn't—she's there too."

School News.

HOUSE REPORT. (Boys).

In reviewing the events of the term, it seems that most things of importance have yet to happen. Of course our main activity in the Winter terms is football, and owing to the heavy demands on the field most House-matches have to be played in the evening. The majority thus fall in the earlier part of the Christmas term, and the later part of the Easter term.

Two matches have been so far played. On January 24th, the Browns beat the Reds by 5 to 2, and on half-term day a very strenuous match ended in the Blues defeating the Greens by 1 to 0.

Our critic on the line expresses great satisfaction at the fact that boys are much more inclined to play without unseemly and unnecessary caps. He declares (others do not seem to have noticed it), that there is less giving of gratuitous advice to those who do not want it (including, of course, the referee). He regrets, however, what he considers a most depressing relic of professionalism, to wit, the custom of dashing forward to shake hands with one who has scored a goal. He thinks that every sporting team plays the game for the side, and goal-scoring is but an episode not calling for special congratulation, indeed often less deserving it than some play which has probably passed quite unnoticed.

It is to be hoped that all boys will give attention to the notice respecting the Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

The football table to date is as follows:—

	P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Agst	Pts.
Blue ...	4	3	1	0	9	3	7
Red ...	3	1	1	1	7	7	3
Green ...	3	1	0	2	4	4	2
Brown ...	4	1	0	3	7	12	2

HOUSE REPORT. (GIRLS).

This term there seems to be very little to report with regard to the Houses.

The Blue House unfortunately lost their captain, Hilda Prest, at the end of last term. Her place has been taken by Lena Leader.

Great excitement prevails at present owing to the tremendous amount of uncertainty with regard to the hockey medal

which is at present in the possession of the Green House. Three matches have been played so far, resulting as follows:—

Blue v. Green	...	Green won	3—0
Brown v. Red	...	Red won	3—2
Green v. Brown	...	Draw	3—3

The Brown House Social took place quite at the end of last term. The prizes in the "What is it?" Competition were won by Poppy Harper and Bessie Hammond. One girl is said to have mistaken Ammonia for Eau de Cologne.

Girls' Social.

A very successful Social was held on Friday, February 20th, in the prettily decorated Gymnasium.

The School was glad to welcome several of the masters and their wives.

A number of those present wore fancy-dress, but it is to be regretted that more of the girls did not come in costume. Four prizes were given; these were won by Edna Jennings (Superstition), Emily Watson (Pierrot), Edith Tate (Cowboy), and Tilly Ringquest, (Swedish Peasant).

The prizes were presented by Mrs. Craig.

The programme provided by the Committee was then enjoyed. Songs were sung by Miss Cartmell and Edith Tate, and some members of Forms V and VI acted a scene from Cranford, which occasioned much amusement and was thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

Despite the rather crowded condition of the hall, dancing was carried on with vigour both before and after supper.

The evening was terminated by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

School Sports.

HOCKEY (GIRLS).

At the end of last term we held a Hockey Social in the gym. to bid farewell to our captain, Hilda Prest, whose place has been taken by Emily Watson, who is proving a very capable captain. We were able to congratulate ourselves last term on having escaped defeat, and we started this term with every confidence that we should continue our victorious career. Alas! "Pride goeth before a fall"—and our fall came very soon when we met Henry Smith's School, Hartlepool. On former occasions we have always beaten Henry Smith's School, and last year our 2nd XI provided the opposition. This year we found a team very much improved in every way, and we were soundly beaten, although perhaps the weather was an important factor in our defeat. A perfect hurricane was blowing in from the sea, and although we played with the wind during the first half, we could not score owing to the strong defence. At half-time neither side had scored, and in the second half our opponents, with the wind at their backs, penned us in to our own half. The whistle sounded after eight goals had been registered against us, and we had failed to score. It was truly a terrible downfall, for six goals was the largest number scored against the School team during the past three seasons.

However, we were spurred on by defeat, and since then we have not lost a match. We played Great Ayton, when we had a close fight, the score standing 4-3 in our favour. Only once before have we beaten Great Ayton.

Our next match was with the Brunswick Club, whom we rather easily defeated. The game was rather too one-sided to be interesting, and we scored nine times, while our opponent's scoring sheet was blank. The match with the Student Teachers was rather exciting. We pressed most of the time, but Sally Osborne proved a tower of defence and played a great defensive game. The game ended in a draw, each side claiming one goal.

Next we played Middlesbrough High School, and we had again an easy victory, the scores being 9-3. Two matches have yet to be played—Loftus Ladies and Norton Ladies—but we are quite determined to maintain our winning career.

Congratulations to Connie Prest, who has gained her hockey colours. Connie is a splendid right-winger, fast, steady and sure. We regret that this term we have been unable to form a 2nd XI, as so many Saturdays have been taken up with matches that very few have been left for general practices. The House matches are now being played.

The following is our record to date:—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals.	
				For	Against
11	9	1	1	68	18

FOOTBALL REPORT.

Since our last report we have played nine matches. In our first encounter we were defeated by a strong 2nd XI of the Old Stocktonians by four clear goals. On Wednesday, December 17th (by kind permission of the Head Master), we travelled to Hartlepool to play the Henry Smith School. When leading by two goals to one, Williams, in a collision, had the misfortune to break his collar bone. After this accident, Hartlepool managed to score two simple goals, thus gaining the victory by the odd goal in five.

When play was resumed after the vacation, a re-shuffling of the defence was necessary, for we were now without the services of those stalwarts, Weatherell, McGregor, and Williams. Despite this severe handicap we easily defeated the Grammar School, the score being 2-0. The following week we journeyed to Coatham, and playing in half a gale, we were unlucky to be defeated by five goals to nil. On February 14th, Barnard Castle N.E.C. School 2nd XI were our opponents. The School team, playing brilliant and effective football, were victorious by five goals to three. A week later our superiority over Hartlepool Technical College was clearly demonstrated, for, playing a man short, we won 3-2. The next game to be recorded was against the Assistant Masters' Association. Although leading 2-0 at half-time, the terrible pace of the game had told its tale on us, and our opponents, owing to their advantage in weight and stamina, were able to penetrate our defence three times (2-3). Thus in a fast, clean game we were defeated but not disgraced. Another defeat awaited us the following week, our opponents, the Old Stocktonians, having all the luck (1-2).

On the whole the football season has been very successful. Interest has never flagged, all arrangements have been perfect, whilst the punctuality and enthusiasm of the players are well worthy of commendation.

Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Goals.	
				For.	Against.
16	8	0	8	41	39

G. DEE.

SECOND XI.

It is with pleasure that we record a repetition of last term's success. Out of five matches played we have lost one against Hartlepool 2nd (2-3), and have defeated in turn Stockton Grammar School (5-0), Coatham (4-1), Hugh Bell (3-1) and Middlesbrough High School Juniors (6-2). It will thus be seen that the eleven has been very successful, winning altogether seven matches out of nine. We hope that the year's experience will do much towards founding an efficient 1st XI next year.

BOYS' SWIMMING CLUB.

At a meeting held on March 23rd, the following officers were elected for the coming season:—Captain—John Connors (Red-House). Committee—R. Dudley (Blue), S. Goodchild (Brown), G. Dee (Green).

Arrangements will be made similar to those in force last year. We look forward to another good season, winding up with a successful gala.

WHO'S WHO IN THE FOOTBALL WORLD.

- Dee* (centre half), nick-named Paddy.—A rabid supporter of Mr. John Redmond who, it is whispered, intends to give him high office in the new Irish Parliament. Steady and strong. A worker all the time.
- Reed* (inside right).—A footballer and a gentleman. Need we say more?
- Dudley* (outside right).—Fast and tricky; along with Reed makes a neat and effective right wing.
- Connors* (inside left).—Another Irishman. Was unfortunately prevented from representing the "dear, old island" at Middlesbrough.
- Birch* (centre forward).—Makes up for lack of weight by a great amount of energy; fears nobody.
- Morrow* (outside left).—Very fast and a fine shot.
- Hansell* (right half).—Co-operates finely with his right wing; has some neat little touches.
- Dodds* (left half).—A worker who has played himself into the team.
- Macwilliams* (left back).—Used to play goal; now a valiant defender of much renown in Hartlepool, Barnard Castle, etc.
- L. King* (right back).—Not so good as the smiling Weatherell, but on the improve.
- Kewley* (goal).—Has taken the place of the absent "Scorcher"; has done very well.
- Williams* (goal).—Exemplifies the Latin tag, "mens sana in corpore sano." An enthusiast in both the summer and winter games. His accident at Hartlepool was a great loss to the team.

