

# GRAMMARIAN

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1946

No. 4.

## EDITORIAL.

STANLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL,  
STANLEY, CO. DURHAM.

### *Editress :*

MAUREEN ALLSOPP (VI).

### *Sub-Editors :*

PHYLLIS RODHAM (VI).  
HAZEL HILL (VI).

### *Committee :*

Mr. Carr, Miss Arkless, Mr. Binks, J. A. Carrick (V), M. Anderson (IV), J. Greenwell (III), M. Aitchison (II), W. Herdman (I).

### *Readers :*

Miss Nicol and Miss Allison.

Readers will see that our magazine now has a new title, "Grammarians" was felt to be more appropriate, since the school has changed its name.

Most people now know that the previous editors, Kenneth Coulson and Alice Boggon, and the sub-editor, Norman Pearson, have left the school. We are grateful for the way in which they have carried out the work of editing the magazines which have appeared so far. We who must carry on that work only hope that we can keep up the high standard set, especially in the last magazine which was published. May we congratulate Alice, Kenneth and Norman on their good work and wish them success in the future.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Mr. Fewster on October 4th. This news came as a great blow to the school, for Mr. Fewster was with us for years and made many friends among pupils and staff alike. He was always highly respected but only now, when the school is made a great deal poorer by his passing, can we fully appreciate his good work. We extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Fewster in her bereavement.

Mr. Gunns retired last term after having taught at the school for thirty-four years. He was an extremely able teacher and was

always thorough in his work. His cheerful and patient disposition endeared him to both staff and scholars. We wish him many years of health and happiness in his retirement and, although he may not be with us in his official capacity on Speech Days, we sincerely hope to welcome him as a guest for many years to come.

Dr. Davies also left the school this year. We are very sorry to lose him as he was liked by everyone, and we sincerely hope that he will be very happy in his new post.

We welcome Mr. Robinson, who has taken Mr. Gunns' place as Science Master and hope he will be happy with us.

We also welcome Mr. Wood, our new English Master, and wish him every success in the future.

Mrs. Hogg left the school last term. We have many happy memories of her short stay with us and wish her every happiness.

Miss Browning has ably filled the post of Gym Mistress. She is now assisted by Miss Smith.

We have been admonished because of our failure in the past to mention the kitchen-staff. We humbly apologise and take this opportunity of thanking them for the vital work which they do. Were it not for them, we should be without, what is to most people, the best "lesson" of the day!

There has been a large influx of material for this issue and, repeating its performance of the Easter Issue, the staff has contributed two articles (with no indication as to the identity of the authors). We leave you to guess which are the articles and, more difficult still, who are the authors.

It was hoped to have a specially designed, coloured cover for the magazine this term, but, for various reasons, this was not possible. However we hope that the next magazine will appear in a bright and handsome cover.

We wish to thank the readers for their valuable work and also Miss Jefferson, the school secretary, who has typed out a good deal of the material so willingly.

Finally, a word to everyone. The success of the next magazine depends entirely on the co-operation of those concerned. We ask you to print your articles in block capitals (as some writing is extremely difficult to read) and to hand them to the representative of your particular year, or to the Editor. Will all Past Students who contribute articles please mark them "O.S." as there is sometimes difficulty in distinguishing between senior scholars' and Past Students' anonymous material.

We urge everyone to contribute articles as early as possible, even on the first day of next term. This will lessen considerably the task of arranging and copying out the next magazine.

We wish to thank all who have helped with the magazine in any way at all, and we hope they will carry on the good work in the future.

### LIFE ON TABLE 17.

Why does a mighty jangling disturb the vast assembly? Why are the very walls affrighted? Why does the dictator of Table 17 assume a determined look, while his chief of police stands on the faces of two treasonable subjects? There is no need to seek further for the cause of this unrest:—Table 17 is about to revert to its barbaric state—and the reason is easily seen! The caissons are rolling again; a clang, the red signal lights flash, and the food express shoots forth from the inferno, where mysterious concoctions are devised with a rattle, rivalling the chattering of a machine-gun, the transport sweeps on its majestic way. What matter if several rulers are decapitated, or if ruin and destruction are left in its wake? The starving millions must be fed.

Let us now return to Table 17, with the hungry inhabitants lashed to their chairs, and the cutlery chained to the table, the dictator and the chief of police carefully remove the time-bombs and tin-tacks from their noble thrones, and with great dignity, sit. Then they level their sub-Thompsons at the snarling mob, and fire off a few rounds. The dead are dragged away, and now the food express tears past. After the gale has subsided, the food supplies are brought in by a special search party, well armed, who fight their way through the people, one and indivisible.

"No degradation . . . on" is the cry of the torture. The chief of police remains . . . still more of the dictator's subjects are so loyal—mind that potato bomb . . . are starving to death. The dictator, having seen the distribution of punishment and food begins his meal, but the chief of police is more wary: he waves his revolver at one of the subjects, motioning him to eat from the chief's plate. The subject obeys, and with a sizzling crackle vanishes (sorry, we're wrong: there's a small piece of ash on the table, and a cloud of blue smoke in the air). The chief grins, and flings the acid-soaked meat over his shoulder, at the same time, seizing the dinner of the deceased and late-lamented.

But, despite the high tariff, imports roll in and are handed to and fro among the dictator's subjects. Of course, before any meal can be eaten, it must be first rolled around the floor; passed from grimy paw to smoke-stained flipper, and finally mixed with equal quantities of salt.

Now we see the flash of unsullied steel, and the great slaughter of caterpillars and potato is on!! Exulting, the subjects plough their way through the untain of food ahead of them, making sure . . . gravy and lettuce are liberally spread on the tablecloth, and on the heads of their helots.

Tacitus, so the class: . . . students say, preferred "a dangerous . . . peaceful servitude." That guy sh . . . have been on Table 17! Once more the . . . of bells, the rush of the transports, and the dictator and his right-hand man dive . . . shelter, as daggers and tridents, as well as chariot wheels, roll and stream forth in their general direction. After the deluge, they emerge, and laughingly display their coats of mail, cunningly concealed beneath their medal ribbons (who was Eglamore, anyway?).

For the third time, the trains chug past, and once more the hideous scenes, we have just described, are enacted, except that everyone is careful to soak himself in custard. The bloated subjects are now plotting a revolution, and the situation becomes tense. The plot, however, is revealed by one of the slaves, who insists on mounting the rostrum to sing a charming, revolutionary ditty. He is, however, eventually silenced, and disappears through the floor, in a welter of smashed china and splintered wood. A slight sandstorm, in the form of a cloud of

























































