

# THE SOUTHWELLIAN.



Summer, 1923.

Vol. IV. No. 5.



# THE SOUTHWELLIAN

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### School Notes.

THE decision to produce three numbers of *The Southwellian* a year is, we believe, a sound one. Our last issue was undoubtedly a success. It did much to awaken interest not only in the School but also in literary expression. Contributions came in from expected and unexpected quarters. Clearly it must go on.

But we must have a certain sale. The question of supply to the Old Southwellian Association is difficult with a subscription to that Society of only 2/6 per annum, for the magazine cannot possibly be sold for less than a shilling. Yet without the sale to Old Boys whom we most certainly want to reach and to whom the School Magazine is of special interest, our circulation would not be high enough.

We might suggest a subscription of 5/- be sent to the Editor, who would pay to the Hon. Secretary the balance after the cost of the magazine had been deducted.

Otherwise only one number, a special Old Boy number, can be sent, an arrangement which would not be altogether satisfactory.

The School property, consisting of the houses from the Crown to Mrs. Taylor's, was sold in June, and realised a high figure, £4,150 in all.

The following is taken from *The Diocesan Magazine* :— "The Churchwardens for this year are Messrs. L. N. Barrow and A. Salt, appointed by the Rector, and Messrs. W. Jones and R. Matthews, elected by the people. The choice of Mr. Matthews is of peculiar interest, as he is the first Headmaster of the Minster Grammar School to hold the office, his predecessors having been in Holy Orders." The writer adds that our history is unbroken for 900 years. Floreat!

Mr. Palmer's illness has unhappily kept him from School for the greater part of the term. We wish him a speedy and complete recovery from the effects of measles.

Fortunately for the School we were able again to have the services of Mr. Wailing when the demands of the English Tripos and other activities at the University too numerous to mention allowed him to come back to Southwell.

Among the records of the Cricket season reported elsewhere we include in these notes the selection of H. E. Woodcock and L. Wilson to play at Trent Bridge on June 11th for the County Schools, and congratulate them on the honour.

G. S. Woodcock became Captain of Cricket for this season after the departure of W. Leek, elected at the close of last term. H. E. Woodcock was appointed Vice-Captain.

Colours have been awarded to H. E. Woodcock, L. Wilson, and H. Leek.

Rugby Colours returning next term are G. S. Woodcock, E. T. Beaumont, N. Ross, and H. Saywell.

The following have been the Prefects for the term :— H. A. Cobbin, W. B. Sharley, J. Gibson, F. J. Smith, G. S. Woodcock, H. E. Woodcock, and E. T. Beaumont.

We congratulate R. H. Esam on his Scholarship at the Midland Agricultural and Dairy College, Sutton Barington, awarded for his success in an Examination in Dairy Work held at Southwell by the County Dairy School.

The following left the School at the end of last term :—

W. V. BURGESS. Entered Jan., '17, Form III. Left VI. 1st XV. Colours, 1922-23.

W. LEEK. Entered Sept., '18, Form II. Left VI. 1st XI. Cricket, 1921-22.

R. MATHER. Entered Jan., '18, Form II. Left VI. Chorister.

E. PITCHFORD. Entered Sept., '18, Form II. Left V. Chorister.

L. WALKER. Entered Sept., '20, Form III. Left V.

S. RICHARDSON. Entered Sept., '20, Form III. Left III.

L. H. VILE. Entered Jan., '23, Form III. Left III.

The following entered the School this term :—

A. M. TANSLEY .. Form III. .. Gunthorpe.

W. M. TANSLEY .. Form II. .. Gunthorpe.

J. J. FOX .. Form II. .. Kirklington.

J. R. WILKINSON .. Form II. .. Hockerton.

N. R. NORFOLK .. Form II. .. Arnold.

Our numbers this term have been 74; Boarders, 25.

Term ends on Wednesday, July 25th. Next Term will begin on Tuesday, September 18th. . . . .

Tuck Shop Accounts for Easter Term :—Messrs. Rowntree's Account, £10 12s. 3d.; By Sales, £13 os. 3d. Profit paid to School Games' Fund, £2 8s. od.



## The Athletic Sports.

THIS year the Sports were held in the Easter Term, on Thursday, 5th April, in fine weather and before a fair gathering of parents and friends. The precedent of holding the Sports in the Summer Term was not broken without much consideration, and the change fully justified itself. The boys were very fit and keen after a strenuous Rugby season, and the rather cold weather gave them an opportunity of displaying their real form. Moreover, the Cricket season (which is much too short) gained this advantage, that the first fortnight was not broken into by the training and preparation necessary to make the Athletic Sports a success.

On the whole, the running was of a high standard, especially in the Junior events, in which W. Swift again excelled. Each event was evenly contested, and both House and individual points were hard to obtain. Earlier in the term the Cross-Country Races had been held; they were notable for the fine running of W. Leek in the Senior team and E. R. Forster in the Junior.

At the close of the meeting Mrs. Matthews presented the Cups as follows:—

Victor Ludorum.. W. Leek and G. S. Woodcock  
(joint holders).

Mile .. .. A. A. Pyner.  
Inter-House .. Thomas's.

### EVENTS AND RESULTS.

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL (OPEN).		
1, Sharley.	2, W. Leek.	3, G. S. Woodcock
100 YARDS SCRATCH (OPEN).		
1, Gibson.	2, Swift.	3, W. Leek.
HIGH JUMP (14 AND UNDER).		
1, Gibson.	2, G. S. Woodcock.	3, Ross.
100 YARDS SCRATCH (12 AND UNDER).		
1, Steedman.	2, Lennard.	3, Cox.
LONG JUMP (OPEN).		
1, W. Leek.	2, G. S. Woodcock.	3, Cobbin.
100 YARDS SCRATCH (14 AND UNDER).		
1, Swift.	2, G. Foster.	3, Carnill.
440 YARDS SCRATCH (OPEN).		
1, G. S. Woodcock.	2, W. Leek.	3, Burgess.
220 YARDS SCRATCH (14 AND UNDER).		
1, Swift.	2, G. Foster.	3, Middleton i.

220 YARDS SCRATCH (12 AND UNDER).		
1, Steedman.	2, Cox.	3, Middleton ii.
HIGH JUMP (14 AND UNDER).		
1, Swift.	2, R. C. Foster.	3, Vile.
HALF-MILE HANDICAP (OPEN).		
1, Steedman.	2, Spencer.	3, H. E. Woodcock.
POTATO RACE (11 AND UNDER).		
1, Hill.	2, Wilson ii.	3, Jones.
FOOTBALL RACE.		
1, Comery.	2, H. E. Woodcock.	3, W. Leek.
POTATO RACE (14 AND UNDER).		
1, Swift.	2, H. Leek.	3, Lennard.
220 YARDS SCRATCH (OPEN).		
1, Gibson.	2, W. Leek.	3, Cox i.
SACK RACE.		
1, E. Leek.	2, Lennard.	3, Forster.
WHEELBARROW RACE.		
1, W. Leek.	2, Wells.	3, H. E. Woodcock.
E. Leek.	Swaine.	Middleton ii.
HOUSE RELAY (SENIOR).		
1, Booth's.	2, Thomas's.	3, Gray's.
TRIPOD RACE.		
1, Steedman.	2, Doughty.	3, Norfolk.
Middleton ii.	Sands ii.	Sutton.
OLD BOYS' RACE.		
1, C. Barrett.	MILE (OPEN).	
1, Pyner.	2, Cox i.	3, Cobbin.
HOUSE RELAY (JUNIOR).		
1, Thomas's.	2, Booth's.	3, Gray's.
OBSTACLE RACE.		
1, G. S. Woodcock.	2, Whitworth.	
TUG-O'-WAR.		
1, Booth's.	THROWING THE CRICKET BALL (14 AND UNDER).	
1, Swift.	2, H. Leek.	3, Vile.

## Cricket.

THE first month of the Cricket season was rather disappointing, several matches being scratched owing to bad weather and measles. However, at the time of going to press, the sun is shining and the enthusiasts no longer feel such "flannelled fools" as they did in the cold winds and drizzling rain of May.

The 1st XI. has met with moderate success, the victory over High Pavement School being its finest achievement. On that occasion G. S. Woodcock played a splendid innings of 60, while L. Wilson's bowling deserves much praise.



We should like to congratulate Grosvenor School on its 1st XI., which beat us so thoroughly on July 4th. Not many years ago our 2nd XI. was considered almost good enough to play Grosvenor, but now Mr. Robertson's efforts have borne fruit and our strongest team had to acknowledge defeat.

The following have played for the 1st XI.:—\*G. S. Woodcock (Capt.), †H. E. Woodcock (Vice-Capt.), †H. Leek, †L. Wilson, Middleton, Beaumont, Comery, Gibson, Cobbin, Cox i., Hoad, Swift, Cooke, Lennard, Barrett i., and Rickett.

\*Colours 1922-23. †Colours 1923. ‡Member of County Schools XI.

### SCHOOL v. WEST BRIDGFORD SCHOOL.

Played on South Hill on May 30th. School lost by three wickets. Score:—

#### SCHOOL.

##### FIRST INNINGS.

Woodcock, H., b Morley .....	2
Leek, lbw b Williamson .....	4
Comery, b Williamson .....	7
G. S. Woodcock, b Morley .....	2
Wilson, lbw b Williamson .....	5
Middleton, not out .....	3
Beaumont, b Williamson .....	0
Cox, c and b Morley .....	0
Gibson, b Williamson .....	1
Cobbin, b Morley .....	0
Barrett, b Williamson .....	0
Extras .....	4
Total .....	28

#### WEST BRIDGFORD.

##### FIRST INNINGS.

Reid, lbw b Cox .....	2
Morley, c Gibson b Wilson .....	9
Willis, b Wilson .....	1
Williamson, lbw b Cobbin .....	1
Williamson, b Wilson .....	0
Barker, b Wilson .....	0
Marshall, c Woodcock, H., b Cox .....	6
Walker, not out .....	8
Watts, not out .....	0
Extras .....	2

(Total for 7 wickets)..... 29

Crane and L. Ellis did not bat.

### SCHOOL v. NEWARK AMATEURS.

Played at Newark on May 31st. School lost by 14 runs. Score:—

#### NEWARK AMATEURS.

##### FIRST INNINGS.

G. Bennett, b Mr. Matthews .....	2
S. Bettison, c Middleton b Mr. Doy .....	6
H. Bailey, lbw b Mr. Matthews .....	0
A. J. Hall, b Mr. Doy .....	5
J. Ingram, run out .....	1
H. Hunt, b Mr. Doy .....	10
F. Kirrage, c Cobbin b Mr. Doy .....	3
J. Nixon, not out .....	4
T. Arnold, b Wilson .....	3
G. Mead, b Mr. Doy .....	3
W. Moore, c Cobbin b Mr. Doy .....	0
Extras .....	1

Total..... 38

#### SCHOOL.

##### FIRST INNINGS.

H. E. Woodcock, lbw b Nixon .....	2
H. Leek, b Kirrage .....	5
R. Matthews, b Kirrage .....	0
G. S. Woodcock, lbw b Kirrage .....	4
D. H. Doy, b Kirrage .....	0
H. Middleton, b Nixon .....	2
K. G. Blair, b Kirrage .....	0
L. Wilson, b Kirrage .....	0
Comery, b Kirrage .....	0
Beaumont, not out .....	0
Cobbin, b Nixon .....	3
Extras .....	8

Total..... 24

### SCHOOL v. KIRKLINGTON C.C.

Played on South Hill on June 9th. School won by 12 runs. Score:—

#### KIRKLINGTON C.C.

##### FIRST INNINGS.

Astling, b Mr. Doy .....	0
Parkin, c Wilson b Mr. Matthews .....	1
Cooke, b Mr. Doy .....	0
Taylor, b Mr. Matthews .....	4
Sansom, b Mr. Matthews .....	9
Titterington, b Mr. Matthews .....	0
Seaton, b Mr. Doy .....	4
Marshall, b Mr. Matthews .....	4
Clements, not out .....	9
Ricketts, b Mr. Doy .....	2
T. Wilson, b Mr. Doy .....	0
Extras .....	1

Total..... 34



## SCHOOL.

H. E. Woodcock, c and b Cooke .....	4
H. Leek, c Taylor b Titterington.....	4
W. Leek, b Titterington .....	0
R. Matthews, b Titterington.....	0
D. H. Doy, b Titterington.....	3
H. Middleton, b Titterington.....	0
K. G. Blair, c Taylor b Clements .....	20
G. S. Woodcock, b Cooke .....	1
L. Wilson, c Taylor b Clements .....	5
E. T. Beaumont, not out .....	6
N. Cobbin, c Titterington b Cooke.....	0
Extras.....	3
Total.....	46

## SCHOOL v. CAPT. LANE'S XI.

Played on South Hill on June 13th. School lost by 26 runs. Score :—

## CAPT. LANE'S XI.

## FIRST INNINGS.

G. Y. Polson, b Wilson.....	0
W. Leek, c Wilson b Cox.....	2
A. Salt, b Cox .....	1
W. Tinley, lbw b Cox.....	0
G. Wright, b Cox.....	2
C. Wilson, b Cox.....	0
H. Green, b Cox .....	3
H. J. Burdett, c H. Woodcock b Wilson....	2
P. B. Maltby, b Wilson.....	4
C. L. A. Sutton, b Cox.....	30
J. K. Lane, not out .....	38
Extras.....	9
Total.....	91

## SCHOOL.

## FIRST INNINGS.

H. E. Woodcock, c Sutton b Burdett.....	0
Middleton, c Sutton b Tinley .....	4
Leek, c Lane b Sutton .....	13
G. S. Woodcock, c Green b Salt.....	2
L. Wilson, c Leek b Sutton.....	25
Beaumont, lbw b Burdett.....	6
Comery, b Wright .....	3
Cox, c and b Sutton .....	1
Gibson, lbw b Burdett .....	5
Barrett, b Burdett .....	0
Swift, not out .....	1
Extras.....	5
Total.....	65

## SCHOOL v. SOUTHWELL 2ND.

Played on South Hill on June 16th. School won by 4 runs. Score :—

## SOUTHWELL II.

## FIRST INNINGS.

Basilico, c H. Woodcock b Beaumont ....	53
Vicars, c and b Leek.....	1
Clulow, c Gibson b Wilson .....	9
Barrett, c Middleton b Wilson.....	6
Lee, b Leek .....	2
King, b Wilson.....	0
Kirkland, c Middleton b Wilson .....	0
R. Ward, b Wilson.....	7
H. Ward, c Swift b Wilson .....	3
Toder, not out .....	1
Rumford, b Wilson .....	0
Extras.....	8
Total.....	90

## SCHOOL.

## FIRST INNINGS.

H. E. Woodcock, c Ward b Toder.....	11
Middleton, b King .....	1
H. Leek, c Toder b Lee.....	40
G. S. Woodcock, run out .....	18
L. Wilson, c Kirkland b Ward.....	0
Beaumont, lbw b Lee.....	2
Gibson, b Ward .....	11
Comery, b Lee .....	1
Swift, b Lee .....	0
Sharley, lbw b Lee .....	0
Hoad, not out .....	4
Extras.....	6
Total.....	94

## SCHOOL v. NEWARK AMATEURS.

Played on South Hill on June 21st. School lost by 90 runs. Score :—

## NEWARK AMATEURS.

## FIRST INNINGS.

F. Gresham, b Mr. Doy.....	17
G. Bennett, b Mr. Doy .....	1
H. Hunt, run out.....	16
F. Kirrage, c Mr. Matthews b Mr. Doy....	2
D. V. Warwick, b Wilson .....	39
A. J. Hall, c Beaumont b Wilson .....	0
J. Ingram, b Wilson .....	14
P. Beighton, c G. Woodcock b Mr. Doy ..	3
Moore, c and b Wilson .....	1
Johnson, c and b Mr. Doy .....	2
Vicars, not out .....	4
Extras.....	8
Total.....	107



## SCHOOL.

## FIRST INNINGS.

H. Leek, b Bennett.....	4
H. Middleton, b Kirrage.....	3
H. E. Woodcock, b Kirrage.....	1
G. S. Woodcock, b Kirrage.....	0
K. G. Blair, c Kirrage b Bennett.....	1
D. H. Doy, b Bennett.....	2
R. Matthews, c and b Kirrage.....	5
L. Wilson, b Kirrage.....	0
Beaumont, lbw b Kirrage.....	0
Comery, b Kirrage.....	0
Cobbin, not out.....	0
Extras.....	1
Total.....	17

*Swimming.*

THE cold weather which lasted until the last weeks of June prevented us from arranging any aquatic events ; but since the Summer at last has made its appearance we have been able to bathe in the Greet on several occasions. The opportunities we have lost this term we must make up for in the holidays.

*School Library.*

THE following books have been added to the Library this term :—*The White Company*, *Sir Nigel*, *Rodney Stone*, *The Adventures of Brigadier Gerard*, *The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard*, *The Hound of the Baskervilles* (Conan Doyle), *Treasure Island*, *Midshipman Easy*, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, *Macaulay's Life of Bunyan*, *Essays of Elia*, *Historical Mysteries* (Andrew Lang), *Marlowe's Edward II.*, *Holinshed, Richard II. and Henry V.*, *Masefield's Shakespeare*, *Tennyson's Poems*, *Browning's Poems*, *Light Freights* (W. W. Jacobs), *The War in the Air* (H. G. Wells), *The Amateur Gentleman* (Jeffery Farnol).

*Letter from a Harassed Member of the Lower Fifth.*

[The temporary English Master, who is also the temporary Editor, publishes a letter addressed to him by one of the Lower Fifth.]

DEAR SIR,

Your appeal to our Form for contributions to the School Magazine has given me a great deal of trouble. On the one hand, I wanted to oblige you, as you seemed very anxious to have articles from us ; but on the other hand, though I did my level best to "woo the Muse," I couldn't get any inspiration from her, anyhow.

Last Monday evening I went into the fields, and looked at the sun, and the grass, and the clouds. I waited for that intense feeling which you said would simply "clamour for expression" ; but nothing happened, except that some farmer ordered me off his land as a trespasser, "not liking the looks of me." (I must say I expressed quite easily what was in my mind then, but it wouldn't sound like artistic writing if I wrote it down.) And I missed my supper through staying out late. Then, when I went to bed, I put some paper and a pen under my pillow, so that if any inspiration came to me in the night I could write it down and fix it. I suppose you can't expect Inspiration to come on an empty stomach ? Anyway, the idea was a complete failure, besides the ink on the pillow-case.

Well, Sir, then I had a try at an "Essay on Inspiration," which began like this :—

"Inspiration is a wayward child, that cometh not  
"when called. He who pursues her with toil wastes  
"indeed his labour, but he who will wait till she answers  
"his call becometh a poet thereby."

But it looked as though I had copied a bit straight out of Bacon. So I tried again.

"I am one of those who cannot woo my Muse  
"roughly or by force. Lovely creature, she is too tender,  
"too frail, to be coerced. How often, in a corner of my  
"old school-yard—peace to its dusty sweetness—has she,  
"gentle reader, . . . ."



This was as bad. If I had sent this in you would have sent it back with "Plagiarist" or "Charles Lamb" written across it.

So there I was stumped again. Then I remembered how the poets often begin poems by calling out to their Muse to give them a hand. So I tried that, and wrote:—

"Come, heavenly Muse, whose pow'r it is  
"With thy warm touch in men's imaginings  
"To sound the notes of high immortal verse. . . ."

But no; she wouldn't come. Fairly desperate, I tried once more:—

"My Muse, thou shouldst be with me at this hour,  
"I sure have need of thee, teach me to sing  
"In tuneful numbers . . . ."

(Perhaps she had been called upon too often like this before and had got bored. In any case, I expect "I sure have need of thee" would have put her off.) Just then I heard you reading a poem to the Lower Fourth; I couldn't catch all the words, but it sounded like this:—

"Quit, Quit for shame! She will not come,  
"I cannot make her,  
"If of herself she will be dumb,  
"Nothing can shake her:  
"The devil take her."

Well, Sir, this may be rather strongly put, but I assure you it expresses my feelings exactly, and it explains why I cannot send you a contribution for the School Magazine.

Yours sincerely,

A. N. ONNE.

## The Sea.

Sparkling blue and bright  
Thou flashest back to me the light.  
Restless ever, quiet never,  
Giant, immortal element.

Thy great grey waves a death-toll take  
Of those who from thee living make.  
When will thy raging fury 'bate?  
Thou in thine anger art Death's mate.

G. H. (IV.).

## The Dream.

'T WAS on the eve of the summer exam.,  
When marks could no longer be "schemed,"  
The lazy boy's mind was packed with a cram,  
And this is what he dreamed:

"If the log of two is three nought one, and the policies of  
kings  
"Consist of treaties intricate, do tsetse flies have wings?  
"If me, te, se, nous, vous take precedence of leur,  
"Did Drake defeat King Philip at the battle of the Ruhr?  
"If acid turns red litmus blue, and Rosalind loved Celia,  
"Are elegiendiculars attributed to Elia?  
"If every curve has asymptotes and Britain now holds Quetta,  
"If sodium's not a metal, where Amsterdamietta?"

When he awoke his only thoughts  
Were blackboards, chalk, and easels.  
Then in a glass his face he saw—  
"Cheerio! I've got the measles!"

FALSTAFF.

## The Reign of King Cricket.

SINCE the commencement of the sporting age there has been continual strife between two powerful monarchs, Cricket and Football. Every year, without fail, King Cricket, attended by white-robed men-at-arms, equipped with pads and supported by batteries of rollers and mowing machines, swoops down upon his rival.

Poor King Football, fatigued after a long reign, is quickly deposed; Cricket ascends the throne and in April is duly crowned. His knights are given lands, where for a while they live in peace, spending their days at the nets and their evenings in oiling their trusty weapons. But their leisured ease does not last long. They are soon out, bent on civil war. Their fighting is no spasmodic guerilla war, but a highly organised and methodical, not to say stereotyped, form of attack. King Cricket favours neither one party nor the other. So the strife goes continually on.

The fields of battle are like the lists of a tourney, rolled and mown, with the boundaries clearly marked out. From



the Royal Pavilion a Herald scores the progress of the combatants. The fighting knights, with the crest of their party on their caps, after ceremonial converse in gestures with the Marshals of the Lists, draw themselves up proudly to brave the onslaught of the leather missile.

Both sides live in dread of the Marshals, who stand grimly aloof. Their word is Law. When a good attack breaks down the triple-barred defence, or an infringement of the Law of the Lists disqualifies a Knight, the Marshal's stentorian voice proclaims the verdict, and the Warrior retires *hors de combat*.

Bands of gallant champions roam about the land, sometimes victorious, sometimes defeated, for about five months; when suddenly news is brought to King Cricket that his enemy, King Football, has collected his forces and is advancing rapidly through the country, gaining adherents from all quarters. King Cricket knows it is useless to resist. He flees into hiding, leaving the vacant throne to the usurper. He weeps when he hears of the smoothly-shaven lists ravaged and torn up by the nailed feet of King Football's horde.

Under the new régime civil war again is rife. It is at its height when the final battle takes place near the Metropolis on St. Cup-Tie's Day. Further strife is averted by the re-arrival of King Cricket, who will once more hold sway.

Thus this alternation of sovereignty goes on year after year, and will go on, in an endless circle, *ad infinitum*.

G. D. W. (V.).

### *To Southwell.*

SOUTHWELL, despised of Byron! How shall I,  
Unknown to fame, whose name may not be found  
In pages of encyclopædiæ,  
Sing of thy loveliness? Yet have I wound  
My desecrating human shanks from where  
The gasworks rears its silent colonnade  
To where—chewing the cud with philosophic air—  
The Hallaughtonic kine browse in the shade,  
And always thou art lovely. Greet, and Wong,  
And workhouse! Why, what wealth of old-world words  
Meet to be moulded to a glorious song  
For Minster choir, with viol's trembling chords!  
Who would not weep for joy to hear it thus  
Rendered at eve? (Answer expected: "Us").

K. G. B.

### *Gloom.*

THE sunlight glows dully on the old familiar sign of the three balls, from which the gilt has long ago departed.

The sun sheds its light, also, on a low door which stands a few inches open, and on which may be deciphered, if repeated layers of dust were to be removed, the name "Isaac & Son," which had reached its prime as lettering doubtless several decades ago.

The interior of the shop which boasts of the sign, and the door, is pervaded with a strong odour, vaguely reminding one of moths and old clothes. The glass panels of the door, once transparent, but now opaque, effectively stop the sun's rays. The window is low and very grimy, and as a result of this the atmosphere, though not being as black as Hades, is gloomy enough to be impenetrable to the eyes of the new-comer. Over the door, in the semi-darkness, ticks a venerable grandfather clock—slow, solemn, and sombre. It speaks. "How slowly the time passes!" it says. "Yes! of course," drawls an elegant French time-piece standing in the window; "you always are slow." "Hush! Be quiet!" warns the old clock. "Here comes the master." And in through the back-door comes an old man who sits heavily down on a chair. "Yes!" he says, "the sunlight may be all very well for the outside world, but the gloom of the shop has its Peace." And the two clocks frown angrily at each other.

J. N. B. (V.).

### *Æsop, from Two Points of View.*

#### A.—FORM II.

A fox, seeing a crow sitting on a branch, with a piece of cheese in its mouth, flattered it and said: "What beautiful feathers you have, and what a lovely voice!" The crow felt very proud and started to caw. At once the cheese dropped out of its beak and was made off with by the fox.

R. B. (II.).



B.—FORM IV.

*The Scene is A Wood. A crow, cawing with satisfaction, flies in, carrying in its beak a morsel of cheese.*

- Crow.* Now with this morsel of man's food will I  
My dinner thus obtained by luck regale,  
And shaded from the sunshine's burning ray  
Choose me a leafy branch to act as table.  
*Enter a fox.*
- Fox.* Good day, my black and shining-feathered friend,  
You truly look divine. Nor yet in looks  
Alone do you outshine the winged dwellers here;  
For neither nightingale nor lark can sing  
With voice so sweet as thy melodious caw.  
I pray you, who am on Mother Earth compelled  
By craftiness to live, I pray, delight  
My ear with that sweet voice which all agree  
The best, most charming ever heard.
- Crow.* My friend,  
I fear you do but flatter; here I came  
My dinner to enjoy. How can compare  
This piece of cheese beside your tender chick  
Stol'n from some unguarded chicken-roost?  
Yet still 'tis true, though fine of form and voice,  
'Tis seldom my delight to charm the ear  
Of any but my babes; who, lulled to sleep,  
Indwell their nests on tops of trees.
- Fox.* 'Tis all  
The greater reason why you should for once  
Enchant me ere my way I take—one little stave—  
I pray you, Mister Crow, do not withhold  
Thy song, so full of sweetest melody.
- Crow.* My Reynard disappointing not, I will  
At his behest just trill a little lullaby—  
Caw, Caw, . . . .  
*The cheese drops and is snapped up by the fox.*
- Fox* My thanks, Jim Crow; your cheese I vow is sweet;  
I cannot say as much for your hoarse voice.  
*Exit.*
- Crow* (beating his wings in desperation).  
O miserable creature! Why to vain  
And flattering tongue did listen when instead  
I might have had the morsel for myself!  
H. F. K. (IV.).

*Acrostics.*

I was drawn away from an otherwise careless life into the troubled paths of Acrostics by a stockbroker and a schoolmaster. I noticed that my colleague became restless about Friday evenings and unhealthily excited on the arrival of Saturday morning's paper; sometimes on the Tuesday following he went about dejected, he even muttered in his dejection. It was pathetic.

I followed him mutely sympathetic. Then he turned and asked me if I knew a town in Herefordshire that had anything to do with birds, or with a man called Albert. I was now seriously alarmed. But I said I had stayed at Ross, and I believed I had heard of an albatross, but—. I got no further. He sprang forward and grasped my hand. "Man, you're a genius. You must join the Club. Wait while I post this letter and I'll take you to see old Dorling across the road." Then I saw him write down this word which had brought me into such high favour with others in column, and address it to the Acrostic Editor, etc., etc.

Dorling was the stockbroker who shared our labours. For I forthwith became an entered apprentice, and eventually a master man.

While we went about our class-rooms on the look-out for lights and uprights, surely a noble purpose to set before any preceptor of youth, our stockbroking friend varied his tape-watching with speculations about abstruse matters beginning, say, with R and ending with O, and hoping it might be Rio Tinto.

Then he came down in the evening and we exchanged the results of our searches.

We were never amongst those amazing people whose pseudonyms appeared at the end of the quarter as having scored full marks. Perhaps one day I may meet Gables, or Jabok, or Okapi. Something will tell me I am in the presence of a master acrostician.

Then I recanted. I was free for years. But one fatal evening, it was a Sunday of all days, I watched three anxious people with pencils and bits of paper frowning over a *Tatler*. I knew all the symptoms. The joy of sociability had gone from them. We others might as well have not been. I forget what the wretched word was, but I supplied it. There is always a fatal clarity about my brain on these occasions not suspected at other times. So I was swept into the stream again, and Sunday after Sunday my day of rest was disturbed.



I have been attacked by the disease once or twice since, but each attack is slighter. I am getting immune. Once light-heartedly I took on the *Daily Telegraph* acrostic on my own—a sort of secret vice. But I broke down over a ridiculously simple light, and I lost confidence in myself. My last seizure showed further declining powers, for we broke down (I had infected others of our household) about the third week of the quarter.

So *The Southwellian* is going to join the ranks of all those highly-placed papers like *The Observer* and *The Saturday Review* and have an A.E. whose decision will be terribly final and blight the happiness of youth—

“Alas, regardless of their doom the little victims play.” But perhaps I ought to explain the business as you are only just beginning.

A piece of doggerel suggests two words of the same number of letters, such as cat and dog, and you write them down like this:—

C	D
A	O
T	G

These are the uprights. Then will follow a set of couplets each suggesting a word that will fit the initial and final letters of each light. Thus C ar D, A m O, and T a G would suit the above. After the early ones have deluded you into thinking you were born to do acrostics, the Editor begins to be brutally humorous. He gives you a reversed light which will probably sour your young life, or head, tail, and disembowel a light.

For instance, in the second light above, I can imagine the fellow putting Potato and dropping the pot and thinking himself very clever, or making cryptic remarks about Cads and Cadastral for number one and leaving the astral plane to crab you.

Of course, the A.E. of *The Southwellian* will be a genial pedagogue, so his wit may only be ponderous like those heavy sallies he makes on a sultry afternoon, you know, when Jones minor, in the throes of early Latin, asks his neighbour the meaning of “jam,” and finds his ration at tea removed later on.

But don't let me discourage you. Start this term. Send in your solutions on half a sheet of note-paper, sign it with a short pseudonym, and let the Editor have it in the first fortnight of next term. The results will be published in the Christmas number. There will be three acrostics in the year and a prize at Easter for the winner of the most points, one for each light and one for correct uprights.

This first one of the series is topical.

SENEX.

## Acrostic No. 1.

TIMEKEEPER, landmark, pride of the town,  
Subject we'd willingly go and drown;  
Put them together and you will agree  
They go with the School as well as can be.

1. Black and white: the pie subtracted,  
“Southwellian's” left in a form contracted.
2. His visits to School are few and far between;  
The hope of his side, he notes all he has seen.
3. These letters are reversed in Morse;  
They're the initials of a clerk, of course.
4. We (most of us), when the weather is meet,  
Go out and do it, betimes in the Greet.
5. It begins very shortly, as the notices tell;  
Yet, strange to relate, it's finished as well.
6. This friendly fellow, as everyone knows,  
Was a very fine writer of essays in prose.
7. You seek him in Town, when ill with a cough,  
In belfries; in laundries—one letter left off.

Read the rules in the article by Senex and send your solutions to the Acrostic Editor on or before September 29th.

## Editor's Note.

The Editor thanks all contributors to the Magazine. He regrets that he has not been able to use all the MSS. sent in to him; but he hopes that the contributors who have not the satisfaction of seeing their articles in this number will send in fresh ones for the next.