

The Southwellian



JUNE 1966

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JULY 1966

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Editorial Comment

For the past few years, "The Southwellian" has been produced without the aid of the Staff. It is essentially an effort by the boys of the school at all levels and one can do no more than hope that this year's magazine is representative of the talents of the entire school.

However, the committee has been sadly disillusioned by the deplorable lack of enthusiasm shown towards the magazine by the school in general, especially during the early stages. This has meant that most of the work involved in producing the magazine has had to be done by the committee in the few weeks immediately prior to going to print. In fact, this year, many reports, which have to cover activities up to the end of the Easter term, were submitted before the bulk of the articles.

This state of affairs can only be remedied by a drastic change of attitude on the part of the school itself. If the response were more immediate, the task of bringing out "The Southwellian" would be made much easier. This means that articles must be written by far more people, far earlier in the proceedings. Next year the reaction to the committee's initial appeal must indicate far greater zeal amongst the members of the school. Otherwise it will be only the labours of a dedicated few that will prevent "The Southwellian" from sliding back into the obscurity from which it has but recently emerged.

N.H.B., J.S.W., A.B.

"Une Nuit à la Belle Etoile"

*(from the Unfinished Epic 'Odd Is He'
by Nicholas Hamilton Bennett)*

THE STORY SO FAR: Our two Intrepid Heroes are now faced with the daunting prospect of the sinister Porlock Hill, whose ill-omened reputé was such that: "by now the mere mention of the name was enough to strike a clammy terror into our quaking hearts. . ."

NOW READ ON !

But Fortune our Fairy Godmother had not deserted us yet; through her divine intervention we were given a lift by a family who were for some mysterious purpose camping on the other side of the hill. The menacing crags of Porlock were now upon us, but our hosts made short work of them: "Up and down in first," quoth our chauffeur cheerfully, as if by way of explanation; and though at times it seemed that even as the boulder of luckless Sisyphus we would tumble to the very foot of the hill, the mighty car, straight from Punic fields, joyfully tossed its luxuriant mane and bellowed with blood-stained jaws.

After this picturesque episode, we were set down at the end of the 'Toll Road', by means of whose crafty windings one may avoid Porlock Hill altogether; there is just one snag, half-way up in a dark cave lives a ferocious werewolf who has already eaten several Christian folk, because they refused to comply with his fiscal demands.

Thus we found ourselves in the middle of a lonely Exmoor plateau, at dead of night, surrounded by an inky blackness, faced by a strong wind which, powerful though it was, refused to dispel the cold dampness of the low cloud which swirled in around us; while all the time, away to the right, could be heard the distant crash of waves upon jagged rocks.

In such conditions as these we struggled onwards, leaning every other step upon our long spears. At first we could scarcely see whither we were going, so that we had to follow the white line along the middle of the road. A few cars passed us, but did not stop, presumably because they could not see us, nor could the drivers because of the mist. Horrible imaginings of mountain goats and Hounds of Baskervilles flashed through our minds; the wind rose to a howling, moaning tempest, the rain lashed our ill-protected faces, and John lost his school scarf. O noble scarf, who tried in vain to stem the raging onslaught of wind and rain, who stood bravely by thy master's side when life's path was steep, what cruel fate snatched thee from us? What bleak and rainswept grave awaited thee upon that ill-starred night? Now the winds have thee, and roll thee to and fro on Exmoor's thankless heights. . . .

Nous avions devant les yeux les ténèbres. So much so that we, or John at any rate, had to climb up a signpost in order to be able to find out where we were. Still fell the mist, but eventually a man in an estate car took pity on us, and we hauled our foam-drenched bodies *in requiem aeternam*. This man took us to Lynton, where we decided that the hour for sleep had come, and thus spurred ourselves apace to gain the timely bus-shelter. Such comfort was not forthcoming, however, so John sat down in a telephone box, and I laid down my weary limbs in the middle of someone's drive. Here, great Nature's Second Course flooded in upon my soul to such an extent that I knew nothing of subsequent happenings: it transpired that John, obliged to leave his bed by some gentleman wishing to use the aforesaid amenity, dragged my slumbering form to a cosy-looking shed wherein, however, there were already all manner of gentry enjoying peaceful repose. Not wishing to share our lot with theirs, he then led me to a bus-shelter of somewhat dilapidated condition, which became our refuge. *Sic nos servavit Apollo.*

NICHOLAS HAMILTON BENNETT (VI)

Some Names of J.D. and Form I

A HILLMAN was driving along the RHODES of London. It came to a stop at a HOLT sign. Out jumped an ex-Prime Minister MR. MACMILLAN, carrying a great BURDEN on his shoulder. He was wearing CLARKE's shoes and a coat he had just received from his TAYLOR. He began to cross the road when a WHITE-FORD nearly knocked him over. He should have looked WRIGHT and then WRIGHT again! After crossing the road he went into one of the two HALLS (next to which there was a hospital with many WARDS). Inside the HALL there were two stuffed heads, one of a FOX and the other of a BULL. The walls were of WOOD and MADIN England.

R. J. McMILLAN (I)

A Sound Judge

*An act of utter folly
Had led to tears and strife
And Mr. Smith was sent for trial
For beating up his wife.*

*The court was hushed to silence,
The Jury carefully
Listened to the reason
For such brutality.*

*"Well your Honour," mumbled Smith,
"I went around and boasted
My Treble Chance was up, but gee,
The wife forgot to post it."*

*The Judge just smiled—a lenient smile
Then handed Smith a chopper,
Saying, "Case dismissed—and now
Go home and do it proper!"*

M. PARKER (V)

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Easter Holiday to Switzerland (1966)

Leaving the school drive at 3.30 a.m. in the rain, Mr. Williams, Mr. Bannister and Mr. and Mrs. Pallister set off with twenty-nine boys on a ski-ing trip to Champéry, in a coach only a fortnight old. Sleep was encouraged until Hendon, where boy number thirty was collected and then we were off to Dover. There the coach was safely stowed in the Ferry, and all trooped into the dining-room for lunch. It was rather a choppy crossing, and several of our party were happy to arrive on dry land.

Soon we were speeding towards Düren, but a long halt at the German border to assist another coach in distress delayed arrival and made 'bedding down' rather late.

There was an early start next day and a long drive to Champéry via Verey and Montreux where there was a glorious panorama of lights by the lake. The steep climb to Champéry was not appreciated by many of the small boys who were fast asleep on arrival and were soon asleep again in the hotel.

Next morning we met other prospective skiers already preparing to go up the Planachause. The view from the windows on all sides was of snow-capped mountains backed by a brilliant blue sky. Our morning was spent in scorching heat having ski 'gear' fitted. In the afternoon all set off for the Telecabines and our first ascent of the mountain. The effort of transporting skis, the heat and the excitement of a first lesson caused such thirst that the café did a roaring trade.

Daily lessons continued in a variety of weather conditions and by the time the medal contestants performed on the last day, blizzards were discouraging even the more hardened sportsman.

A pleasant day was spent in the middle of the holiday motoring round Lake Geneva with stops at Lausanne for shopping, and at Geneva to visit the League of Nations Palace.

Food at the hotel was excellent and plentiful and three boys celebrated birthdays with three large cakes on our last day; after which bronze medals were presented to: Mr. Bannister, J. Ward, B. Richmond, A. Christmas, I. Pallister, P. Todd, J. Lowe, G. Sergeant, C. Dove, P. Benton and P. Pennant.

The return journey was good, the driver excellent, the crossing smooth and the meal on the M.2 a pleasant conclusion to a well organised holiday.

J. R. PALLISTER (VI)

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1st Southwell Boy Scouts

Report for the year 1965/66

This year has seen some unusual activities, and some changes. Amongst the former, was the participation in the National Cyclist Proficiency scheme as part of a Scout badge—with complete success. The latter has included the formation of another patrol, Gannet, to cope with an extra influx last September, and the very welcome help which Mr. Whittaker has been able to give—by the time you read this, we hope he will be a full A.S.M.

The sun shone on Summer Camp at Oban (for 3 days, 16 hours and 7½ minutes according to one budding Meteorologist), allowing us some splendid views of the Highlands and more hiking activity than was good for the local cattle. It did rain as well, of course, so that the curiosity of those newcomers, who thought that poached egg could not be cooked on wet wood, was satisfied.

The record cards show that at Easter 1966 there were 74 Scouts in the Troop, 6 of whom had gained their Cord, 5 were First Class, and 20 Second Class. We hope the summer term will bring some improvement in these statistics.

As in previous years, the scouting has been helped by all sorts of people, especially by Mr. Pulford and the Seniors on training nights, by 'Trog' at summer camp, and by Matron and parents who have provided food, transport, and more food, as well as drying recurring mountains of kit; to all of them we say a special 'Thank You.'

W.B.

1st Southwell Senior Scouts—Report 1965/66

This year a joint Senior Scout and Guide Group has been formed. The first meeting was at Hill House twelve months ago. Our first joint venture was a social at Burgage House; and this has been followed by two more socials and a Guy Fawkes' party in Southwell. Other activities have included a joint First-Aid course, combined Troop and Company meetings, and hikes in the Peak district.

Congratulations should go to A. Hill, A. Walster, and S. Mills, who have gained the Duke of Edinburgh's Silver Award, and to F. King and M. Gooch who have obtained the Gold Award, which they received at Buckingham Palace. The "Explorer Belt," a highly coveted award, was also gained by F. King and M. Gooch, and the "Queen's Scout Badge" was awarded to A. Hill, A. Walster, M. Yates, M. Gooch and S. Mills.

Normal meetings have continued, with various lectures and sporting activities—on the whole, a successful year.

S. F. MILLS

Film Society Report

Due to the desire for a wider range of films and to their increasing cost, the Society was placed on a firm financial footing at the beginning of the Spring term.

Throughout the year the usual Wednesday evening shows have continued, all performances having received good support throughout the school.

The climax of the term has been the showing of an experimental cartoon, "The Three Stooges," and the full performance of "I'm All Right Jack," starring Peter Sellers and Ian Carmichael, which was a great success. Thanks must go to J. S. "Call Me Zoomer" Owen for obtaining this film at such a moderate cost.

In retrospect, this has been a very successful year, enjoyed by all, including the Society's sponsor, Mr. Bannister.

S. F. MILLS

VIth Form Society Report, 1965/66

This year has witnessed a great change in the outward appearance of the Society. Thanks to Mr. Burnham's revolutionary and individualistic approach to Society business, no longer does an unfortunate member of VI B have to display his rather scanty knowledge of the week's events, for the traditional "news commentary" has been replaced by a discussion, open to all members of the Society.

Lectures have been given on a great variety of subjects, which included "Winston Churchill" and the "Chinese origins of football." The debate on the possible outcome of the Rhodesian issue was dramatised by the sudden appearance of a breathless speaker, heralding the news of the illegal declaration of Independence, by "another Mr. Smith." Another notable event, which none will forget, was the President's expert elucidation on the situation in the Indo-Pakistani War.

The visit to York Minster and to Rowntrees, last summer, was a surprising success; the return journey being particularly memorable for the renderings of rugby songs, and the munching of free-gifts. During the rest of the year, the Society has savoured the products of the Home Brewery, has descended into the depths of Calverton Colliery, and has even attended the County Assize Court (apart from the French option, who had a previous engagement!).

March 31st saw a mock-election as the Society's afternoon activity. The Conservative member was returned, in spite of a swing of 38.7% to Labour.

The Society has had two visiting speakers. Mr. A. Gardner spoke about his visit to the United States, under the guise of "American Architecture." The second was Mr. West, headmaster of the "Dukeries Comprehensive School," who addressed the Society on Comprehensive Education.

This summer, for its main visit, the Society will be going to Cambridge. It is hoped that this will prove a satisfactory climax to an eventful year.

The Society records its thanks to the President, and to its Chairmen, Messrs. King, Bennett and Candy.

P. CARLIN (Hon. Sec.)

Railway Society Report 1965/66

The Railway Society continues to function with the help of a few faithful supporters, and since the last report of a year ago a number of events have taken place.

First, there has been the departure of our chairman, D. W. Pryer, to Exeter University. Mr. Pryer was a founder-member of the Society in 1959 and has given valuable service ever since.

Second, there was a very successful trip to London on July 19th, 1965, despite financial complications besetting certain boarders. Whilst in London the Society visited Clapham Transport Museum, there being amongst the exhibits the famous "Mallard" locomotive. Also visited was the last steam-engine depot in London at Nine Elms. Some time was then spent at Paddington Station before the Society returned to Nottingham from St. Pancras station, the journey of 123 miles taking only 108 minutes.

Third, during January and February 1966 there were weekly film-shows. A total of 16 films were shown, most notable being "Blue Pullman" and a 960 m.p.h. journey from London to Birmingham called "Let's go to Birmingham."

On February 28th, 1966, there was to have been a visit to Oxford Motive Power Depot, but after the arrival of the necessary permit, the visit had to be cancelled due to ticket difficulties.

Finally, the committee hopes that the Society will continue to exist after their departure in the Summer.

C. A. PECK, R. N. KIRK, D. J. CANDY
(Committee)

The Article You Will Not Read

When you have read the first few lines of this article, you will probably decide not to carry on. (Someone looked over my shoulder whilst I was writing it and said, "You're dead right"). This will be explained by its subject—the Church. This topic conjures up sentiments of apathy or revulsion in most people's minds. "Stuffy," "archaic," "superstitious," "cranky" and "kill-joy" are all adjectives which "the common man" associates with Religion. Why is this?

THE CHURCH IS A FAILURE. Clergymen are loth to refer to the Instrument of Christ on earth in such frank terms as "a failure" so they invent excuses. Truisms suffice as explanations. "It's an irreligious age" explains apathy. "Man has just discovered materialism, he'll soon grow out of it" is supposed to explain why people go out in the car instead of going to church. "It isn't numbers that count" evades the issue completely.

The Church must not turn its back on its own inefficiency. It is not "selling the goods" because its advertisement is poor. (No doubt churchmen will shudder at the word "advertisement" used here and so are shying away from the world's terms).

I believe that, for the man-in-the-street, the Church seems to be saying:

"Come to an ancient, cold, uncomfortable building to hear quaint language about the Son of God (an Eastern Religious Teacher who died nearly two thousand years ago). We are a conservative institution bogged down by ancient convention. We will tell you what not to do and condemn you if you disobey us. (Mind you, our God never condemns). As a bonus, unless you go to a Cathedral, where you will have to put up with excellent music, we can offer decidedly mediocre music performed incredibly badly. Therefore "girt up your loins" and forsake your modern, warm, comfortable homes and tramp through the snow to our nearest branch."

The tragedy of it all is threefold. First, the Church is trying to "sell" the most precious commodity in the world; second, the image presented by the Church is man-made, that is, it is the packing not the contents which spoils the buy-line; third, the Church is not succeeding in evoking the instinct to worship which is intrinsic to Everyman, that is, many a chocolate-lover is being put off the chocolates because they are so unattractively displayed.

A recent survey, organised by Commercial T.V., shows that nearly half the country believes that Jesus was the Son of God and over half claims to pray regularly. Even if the Church is a failure Man is still religious and the Church must learn to cater for him. In Christian Byzantium, ordinary people used to argue in the Market

Place about doctrine—they were so conscious of God's importance. Is twentieth-century man so different from the tenth-century man of Constantinople? I believe the answer is "No." What is different is the Christian ethos of the Modern World. Any student of ecclesiastical history in the last century of the first Christian millenium knows what a joy it was to be a believer then.

The answer that "you don't get anything out of worship without putting anything in" does not satisfy anybody—and why should it. It is not unreasonable to expect something from going to church. Otherwise one is proposing a mere hypothesis to the non-churchgoer—come and put your heart into something although you are not convinced that there is something there to put your heart into. Having said all that I shall be condemned by the reader. "You've just knocked the church—but how do you propose that it should be changed?" Criticism without constructive remedies is merely negative so I shall make some suggestions.

The Church must become more social in the fullest sense of the word. The individual churches which are most successful are generally those where the community spirit is most obvious. Church becomes a joyful meeting-place. Amenities such as Parish breakfasts, coffee-mornings, and youth clubs all help a church to become friendly and desirable. Parsons must keep the old "flavour" only where it is helpful, and must not fear the modern (unless it is merely gimmicky). Congregations must realise that it is they not just "the Vicar" who make the Church successful, indeed it is THEY who are the Church.

The Church must above all seek to revolutionize itself and get rid of the—museum/historic monument/hidey-hole of reactionary thinking—image. It is destroying her. There is one thing certain, the Church at present is still travelling away from daylight. It must, to serve the King of Heaven's cause, reverse and revitalize its ancient bones.

A. BURNHAM (VI)

Le Petit Thomas

*Il est stupide et bête
Mon minuscule chat.
Il est tout noir et blanc,
Pour tout dire; Thomas :
Il reste à la fenêtre
Quand il veut entrer ;
Puis ses pattes il va mettre
Sur le mobilier.
Il dort sur les genoux.
Tu ne l'y veux pas !
Il est si paresseux,
Mon très petit chat.*

R. HOYLE (III)

Ashwell Festival

Ashwell is a small village near Baldock, in Hertfordshire. Throughout the majority of the year it is a quiet place with beautiful thatched cottages standing on its small streets. However, it springs to life at the time of the Musical Festival which takes place in the summer, for just over a week. Many people take part, including a party from Southwell (of "old" and present choristers). The Rector, Father Catterick, organises the Festival which is to have its thirteenth anniversary this year. The present musical director is Alan Ridout, a well-known musician.

Practices are many but enjoyable—two hours each morning (with a fifteen-minute break) and several extra rehearsals are put on at short notice. Accommodation is provided by people in the village (bed and breakfast) and lunch, tea and supper are prepared by the village ladies in the "Refectory" (the local name for the Church Hall). They earn no reward for their hard labours.

In fact, financially, the Festival is run on contributions not on fees. This means that to a large extent it relies on goodwill which is certainly not lacking.

In one's spare time, one can join in many activities and there are outings to Cambridge and to other places in the district.

Each evening a recital is given, with professional artistes often joining the resident members of the Festival, and there are sung services on Sundays and midweek.

DAVID BULL (III)

A Lesson at the Baths

Every Monday and Friday we set off on a tiresome journey over the Recreation Ground (nicknamed the Rec.) to the swimming pool and wait for Mr. Williams (who usually comes much later).

"Right boys!" he says, "J.D. in and change on the hooks!" (which are now replaced by lockers).

Then we change and go out into the baths and Mr. Williams says, "Line up against the wall." He then counts us and tells us to warm up. Then, accidentally on purpose, someone falls in and somebody else dives in and saves him from—drowning. Then a little fight starts and somebody else disappears underwater (with a little friendly persuasion from the drowning body) and calls for help, blowing air bubbles out at the same time.

After the lesson (more like mess-around) we change back into our clothes and set off once more over the "Rec." back to School.

A. F. HOLT (J.D.)

Reflections

I was sitting, reading a little and dozing a little in the heat and overpowering humidity of a "hot season" afternoon, the fan frantically whirling above like a disembodied propeller and groaning from time to time as though exasperated at the futility of its efforts to do other than disturb the air into angry, hot gusts.

Apart from this occasional expression of resentment, there was silence, broken only by the occasional twittering of birds that had forgotten for a moment this was the quiet time of day, but unconsciously causing a recurrence of unfailing surprise at their presence, in spite of the fact that their wings could take them soaring away to green and pleasant lands.

Suddenly I became aware of an eerie sound disturbing the stillness. There was an ineffable sadness in the sound and, listening quietly, I recognised the notes of a solitary bagpipe. I rose and moved to the window at the back of the room, knowing not what that sound portended but unable to alienate myself from it. Below me lay the last resting place of those who had left Aden, and the world, a neat and tidy place with patches of cool-looking shade thrown by the carefully tended trees, incessantly watered to maintain their watchful presence.

Slowly came the small procession along the narrow paths, bordered by white stones shining in the harsh sunlight on the dry, grey-brown sand. In front, the kilted piper led the way, his heart-piercing lament rising and falling on the still air as though trying to escape from the hard, pitiless, barren rocks towering above. Now the bearers gently, carefully, lower their burden; a light whispering breeze lifts, for a moment, the corners of the red, white and blue flag, then all movement is stilled. The white-robed padre performs the last Benediction and silent prayers rise on invisible wings; the bugler sounds the Last Post—a sadly beautiful farewell—then the notes of "Reveille" ring out, defying the finality of the scene. Interspersed with the piper's final weeping, the rifles crash out their salute and the frowning rocks, startled out of their impassiveness, fling the echo back and forth.

It's over, individual salutes of farewell have been made; I look away.

Glancing up I see the glint of sunlight on water—there through a cleft in the rocks lies the harbour, the ships, and the open seas. As "Reveille" sounded, that sleeping spirit must surely have awakened and joyfully sped away, first back to his home to bid a silent farewell to loved ones, before his final journey.

So I returned to my chair as silence fell once more, but no sadness remained, just a numbed, quieted mind.

ROBERT STEWART (VI)

Booth House Report

Booth House seems to be continuing to "go down the drain" due to the lack of senior sportsmen. We have, however, won two cups this year and there is reason to hope that the future will be brighter.

In athletics, we lost the Standards, Relays and Finals cups which we previously held by narrow margins, but in each case we came a close second to Thomas House. These losses were in spite of hard work by the whole house.

The result at cricket was most encouraging, as we beat Gray's by 94 runs in the final. After our time-limit had expired, we had scored 134 for 4 and accurate bowling dismissed the opposition for 38 runs.

We shared second place with Gray in the cross-country thanks mainly to the efforts of our 2nd/3rd year age group.

Gray's dismissed us from the Rugby Cup by beating us 14-0 in the first round. Nevertheless, the result is encouraging for, as a side, it was our courage rather than our skill that kept the score down.

We did atone for this defeat, though, by winning the Borrett Seven-a-Side Cup for the second successive year. Credit is especially due to our IVth, IIIrd and Ist form teams for this victory.

The first Swimming Gala at the new local baths was held this year. We did well—winning four of the six relays—and maintained our position of second. R. Stewart is to be congratulated on winning the Senior Cup.

A. Burnham did not lead Booth to victory in the Music Competition but he did put on a good programme, using to the full Booth's limited musical inspiration.

Finally, we again came third in the Merit Cup last year, but are lying a close second to the almost invincible Thomas this time. Dare we hope that by intensifying our efforts we will wound them in their Achilles' heel?

Although this report is not wholly favourable there definitely seems to be talent in the lower forms which will, after all, lead the House in the future.

R. STEWART (House Captain)

Gray House Report 1965/66

Although the year opened and closed badly for the House, the time between was spent profitably in gaining a Cup which Gray's have never before held, and coming extremely close to winning two more.

On Sports Day we were once again beaten into third place despite the gallant efforts of our team. The most successful of our athletes were A. J. Haggis and N. C. Smith.

Unfortunately we were unable to retain the House Cricket Cup. Though we beat Thomas, our opponents in last year's final, by six wickets, we fell to the mighty Booth XI in the deciding match. Congratulations to P. A. Coles on the award of his cricket colours.

We started well in the House Cross-Country Competition, having the winning team in the junior age group. We also provided two individual winners, G. Rhodes and R. Thompson. Nevertheless, at the end of the day we finished second equal with Booth.

In last year's report it was predicted that, "The future of Gray's House Rugby is certainly brighter"—the truth of this statement can now be substantiated. In the House Rugby competition we were drawn against Booth in the first round, we went on to win this match 14-0. The final against Thomas proved to be an evenly fought game, after sixty minutes the score was 0-0, hence a replay was inevitable. The replay left us the undisputed victors, the final score being 9-3. Besides winning the Rugby Cup outright, we came within one point of taking the Seven-a-Side Cup. Rugby colours were attained by N. J. Carnall, S. P. Savage and A. J. Haggis.

For ten years the Music Cup has been the property of Thomas House, usually by a comfortable margin, but due to some hard work by our Music Captain, P. C. Carlin, his team of organisers and of course the musicians themselves, Thomas's lead was reduced to one point only.

The Swimming Gala was held for the first time in Southwell Baths, and it was here that we were relieved of the Swimming Cup. Individuals worthy of mention for their creditable performances are: S. L. Carter, who won the Junior Department Cup, and N. C. Adcock.

It only remains to say that, although the House has met with success this year, a concentrated effort in the future will raise us to greater heights.

M. H. GOOCH (House Captain)

Thomas House Report 1965/66

Members of the House are to be congratulated on an extremely successful year. In the sphere of athletics, we won three cups: the House Standards, House Finals and House Relays. Special mention should be made of A. R. Hill, whose successes on Sports Day contributed greatly to this supremacy. In cricket, however, it was a different story; if 1964 marked the decline of Thomas House cricket, 1965 saw its complete fall, with our 8 wicket defeat by Gray in the first round.

We maintained our academic success by winning the Merit Cup yet again; we congratulate A. J. Hill, L. Bowman, S. P. Harriss and A. S. May on gaining University places.

For the second year running we won the House Cross-Country trophy, coming first in three of the four age groups, despite the fact that we provided only one individual winner (J. Yates in the Senior Event). Thus we proved that it is the team effort which counts.

After holding the Rugby Cup for two successive years, we were now faced with the prospect of a powerful Gray side. After holding them to a 0-0 draw in which we came close to scoring on several occasions, we lost the replay by 9 points to 3. In the Seven-a-Side Competition, we again showed that we have little talent for this branch of the sport, coming last in the final points table.

On April 1st, 1966 we won two Cups, one which we have never lost, and the other which we had never previously gained. The former—the Music Competition—proved to be a tense and exciting struggle with Gray from which we emerged victors. Credit must go to G. J. Patterson, who deployed his forces with great skill, producing a varied, interesting and generally well-performed programme.

And, for the first time ever, Thomas won the Swimming Cup. The individual efforts of C. Marsh, who won the Junior Cup, of I. Matthew, who won the Intermediate Cup and of M. Gardner, the team captain, played a large part in this resounding success.

Thus, during 1965-66 Thomas House has gone from strength to strength; we hope that this success will be maintained and even improved during the year to come.

NICHOLAS HAMILTON BENNETT
(House Captain)

The Aftermath of the Schoolboy Revolt in 1971

The following article refers to a previous one, which was printed in the dark ages, and is concerned with the changes that have been made in the 'schoolboy army' since their Revolt in 1971.

Since the first schoolboy revolt of 1971 there have been many radical changes, which have taken place under the watchful eyes of all those concerned with such a serious matter. Firstly, Laurentius Rashis Hipponicus, that able second-in-command, has departed hence to the Highlands of Scotland. His place has been filled by 'Chin' Charlesworth who has, during the past two years, drilled his cavalry so thoroughly, that they would, indeed, have done credit to Cromwell's Ironsides. However, of more importance is the fact that new headquarters have been found. This has meant that out-of-date equipment has been replaced; yet old faithfuls have not been disregarded completely, as the arduous task of converting Sacrista prunes into hand grenades still continues, and Hill House beds, although they have been streamlined and are thus more fragile, can still be used as battleships if need be. Nevertheless, where modernisation is possible, work is done. Gone are the days when school stew was used like hot pitch to repel invaders; instead new pianos have been converted into tanks, flutes and oboes into rifles and violins into crossbows. 'Trolleys' have been battered into shape in the Art Room and have then been tested in the 'wilderness' by that armoured car and tank expert P. K. Chilvers; finally they have been hidden in arms dumps situated throughout Southwell, ready for the big attack.

The library must also prove a vast source of supplies in time of trouble. Already plans have been put forward as to the use of lamp shades and new library books, but no definite conclusion has yet been reached. The Hall is certainly the major advance and regularly intensive training is carried out; for instance on Tuesday evenings the dictatorial, almost despotic J. K. Chilvers, the camp commander, spurs on the school Cub Pack into a frenzy, typical of Hitler's Youth Movement. Target practice is carried out from the wall bars where such fanatics as Grocutt and Stanley pommel more junior members of their corps with anything from medicine balls to pease pudding. This having finished, they dismantle the stage spotlights and use them for signalling practice. Then, when bloodthirsty desires have finally been satisfied, everyone tackles an assault course which consists of crossing the 'Potwell' and climbing rugger posts.

The Science Department has also proved an ample breeding ground for equipment—the new fumigating cupboard has produced rare paralysing gases from a mixture of Scotch eggs and gravy, and

the Fletcher's trolley has been most valuable as a staff car around the two laboratories.

Yet these assets are not the only advantages which the boys have gained, as the staff and VIth Form have been deprived of several important strongholds. The Housemaster's room, once feared by the boarders as a place of perpetual torment has disappeared and the new staff room is easily accessible. This is a constant anxiety to Mr. Yates since surprise attacks can be made with impunity; this means that the latter's most cherished possessions, 'O' and 'A' level French papers, are in extreme danger of being stolen. Also, the staff have to risk leaving their cars directly in front of the new building, and it is Mr. M. C. Laverack's dearest hope to drive Mr. Ball's 'Mercedes' round the battle field (which has kindly been provided by the County Council, in the form of a tennis court area and two rugger pitches) when the next revolt has finished. The 6th form have lost the 'History 6th,' a meeting place where statistics concerning major and minor detentions were compiled and where 'sinners' were condemned. They turned to the library as their new assembly hall, but found that it was considered sacrosanct, tyranny reigning throughout its shelves.

Thus the staff and VIth Form appear to be crumbling under the strain, and their position looks very grave. The 'ancien régime' has ended and the first 'coup d'état' has strengthened the boys position. Yet at the present moment an air of peacefulness envelops the building and skirmishes between staff and boys have reached their nadir; it appears that the iron grip is no longer at hand. But, at the right command, all forces could be mobilised with ease and a speedy victory obtained. When this happens, and I assure you it will, not only the Trent, but the Greet and Potwell also, will 'run red.'

It is now obvious that the powers have sorely erred in accepting this building, as the staff's chance of victory has been greatly lessened. However, the world must wait and see what plunder and carnage will take place in the Second Schoolboys Revolt; and all, bar the unfortunates, await the result.

J. TURTON (VI)

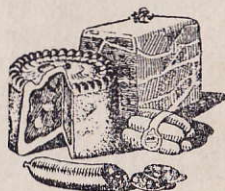
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Tea at Hill House

*The tea bell rings.
Thornley's lost his shoe;
Then everybody sings
"Happy Birthday to you."*

*Tea is served out,
"Is it Chicken or Hare?"
"Neither," is the answer,
"It's horrid old rare."*

*One person likes it,
He has the lot.
No one else bothers him,
Because it is hot.*

C. J. STANLEY (J.D.)

A Memory from the Past

Connected with Southwell and Newark during the Civil War was the family of Clay, one of whom became famous locally. Hercules Clay was born in Sutton-in-Ashfield about 1595 and was eventually appointed to a merchant at Newark. Becoming prosperous he was elected as mayor in 1643. During his year of office, Newark was besieged by the Cromwellians and Hercules and his family had a remarkable escape. They lived in a house on the corner of the market place. For three nights in succession, Clay dreamed that the besiegers had set his house on fire and he was so impressed that he and his family left their home. This was no sooner done, than a bomb fired from Beacon Hill, and believed to be aimed at the Governor's house opposite, fell on Clay's house setting it on fire.

Hercules thought the dreams had been a divine warning and so to commemorate his deliverance inserted a clause in his will bequeathing £100 to the poor of Newark and £100 to be invested for the benefit of the Vicar, provided that he preach a sermon in the Church every year upon the 11th March for ever, desiring him to exhort the people not to set their affections on things of this world, but by their good works to lay a foundation for themselves so that they may obtain eternal life. Hercules Clay died on 1st January, 1644, during the year of his Mayoralty and is buried at the East end of Newark Parish Church where a monument surmounted by his coat of arms is erected to his memory. His Bible, which contains his signature, may be seen in the museum at Newark and his portrait hangs in the Council Chamber.

Newark Tradesmen's Association hold their annual service on the nearest Sunday to the 11th March when the Hercules Clay sermon continues to be preached.

M. DOVE (III)

My Trip by Boat up the East Coast of Africa

After living in Zambia for many years, I was disappointed to find that we had to come to the U.K. After the long and laborious process of packing we finally left Mozabuka for Beira in Portuguese East Africa. We went down through Salisbury to Umtali in one day, the distance being about 420 miles. Then we drove to Beira. We waited three days, using our car all the time. Then on the last day, driving to the docks, what should happen but the front of the car was badly damaged. Fortunately we could still drive it. Five days after leaving Beira on our B.I. ship 'Uganda,' we docked at Dar-es-Salaam, capital of Tanzania. We spent a day and night there, visiting the great sisal plantations and bathing. We left that night and found ourselves anchored off Jaya next morning. Jaya is only a small island, but it is still the world's greatest sisal producer. We left the same night and found ourselves in Mombasa next morning. We stayed here three days during which we travelled round Mombasa, spent a day at Jardini Beach and went to bazaars. Next we went to Aden and refuelled. Although we stayed here for only a few hours we spent it well, my father looking for a transistor, my mother and sisters for jumpers. Next stop was Port Suez. We were lucky as we had the choice of going to Cairo or through the Canal. My father went through the Canal as he had seen Cairo before. The rest of us went to Cairo. After a long, but quick journey, we arrived in Cairo and went to the Nile Hilton for refreshment. We then had a quick walk by the river, and it was time for lunch. After this we went to see the Sphinx and Pyramids, and also the great Mosques. Having had to ride up to the Pyramids by camel or donkey-cart, it was a relief to sit in the coach. In the evening we drove to Port Said after buying camel crops, seats and head-dresses in Cairo. In the Mediterranean it was rough, so the trip to Marseilles was not over-pleasant for some people. When we had docked at Marseilles, we went on a tour to the Cathedral of Notre Dame de la Garde. Next day we set sail for Barcelona. Here, in the morning, we went on a coach tour. In the afternoon my mother and my two elder sisters, Di and Jill (The Walker Sisters? *Ed.*), went shopping whilst my father and I went to the surrounding countryside. That evening we set sail for Gibraltar, passing on our way the famous "Devil's Thumb." We stopped at "Gib." for only about 12 hours, as at Aden. My mother and I went to see the Barbary Apes. We then went shopping. After having a ride on a horse and cart we returned to the 'Uganda,' to sail to England. On the 14th February we docked at Tilbury. I sadly left the ship and watched it disappear down the Thames to the Victoria and Albert dock. We had arrived.

A. WALKER (I)

Prophetic Symphony

Rewritten 13th March, 1966

(Variation on a theme by Robin Young, June 1962)

*Yet genius man must needs the might
The greater soul can give :
The mystic meaning of a personal dream ;
Though, lost in pride, destruction of humanity.*

*When all that sickens the sickening soul
And worldly remedies, hard at hand—
The fast, inevitable, dissolute thrall
Whether his genius is great or small—
The self-earnt joy of humanity's band.
He rides like prophet on a desperate dream
To further human causes
—But on the way, his soul has been
As battering-ground for warrior's team,
The long, hard struggle to o'erpaint the scene
Of blood-red rage and horses :
Those minions of eternal breath
That runs, like stormy chaos wild
Through strong, through meek, through dreamers mild,
Through men as through the innocent child,
The staff of life—is life all life ?
For let it never be forgot
That his is but a personal strife.*

*'The foolish earth !' 'The foolish earth !'
The sphere of fearsome conflict :
So he jumps the clouds and melts the storms
To furnish food for flashing forms,
To make the living mind a dream,
Where better thoughts are all the cream
Of life's perennial conflict.*

S.P.S. (VI)

1st XV Report 1965/66

This season has been a highly successful one—in fact this side has proved to be one of the best since the war. The record stands at: Played 16; Won 13; Drawn 2; Lost 1. 186 points have been scored by the team as opposed to only 46 against, clearly indicating the XV's defensive excellence. The record is outstanding in spite of the loss at Christmas of two stalwart members of the pack, especially the captain, R. A. Leivers, who was a great inspiration to the side and who this year played for Nottinghamshire. Other members of the team who have been selected for the county sides are A. R. Hill and N. J. Carnall.

Out of the 10 victories before Christmas the most outstanding were against High Pavement and Grantham. Both were won by the narrow margin of 6-3, the wins over these schools being all the more notable because in previous years they have proved to be a stumbling block. At the end of the first term A. R. Hill and D. J. Candy received their colours.

Since Christmas the side has been led by M. H. Gooch and the scrum has been under the competent direction of I. D. Edwards. The most closely fought game in this second period took place against our arch-rivals Carlton. Here we led by 3 points for most of the match, but had to be content with a draw after they had equalised with a penalty goal late in the game.

Due to the great success of every member of the team the task of selecting colours proved to be more difficult than is usually the case. Finally, they were awarded to: N. J. Carnall, S. P. Savage, A. J. Pearson and A. J. Haggis. The Olsen Cup for the most improved player goes to A. J. Pearson.

It is only right that a mention must now be made of the 2nd XV, which has provided a useful pool of players on which the 1st XV could draw. Their final tally was: Played 10; Won 7; Lost 3. 2nd XV colours were awarded to J. C. F. Ward and R. Stewart.

M. H. GOOCH (Captain)

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First XI Cricket—1965

Played 11. Won 4. Drawn 4. Lost 3.

This was a much better season than the last when only two matches were won. The team worked well together, which is partly shown by the fact that ten players made ten or more appearances for the school.

Despite an initial run of draws, S. Childs kept up the morale and the first victory, an excellent achievement, came against King's School, Grantham, who had been a great stumbling block in previous years. Other victories were against Henry Mellish, Sherwood Hall, and inevitably the Staff and Parents XI.

Topping the batting with an average of 20.33 was M. Cook, whilst altogether the team scored 1,160 runs at an average of 13.74. The most successful bowler was M. Gooch with final figures of 18 wickets for 156 runs (average 8.67).

We congratulate M. Cook, P. A. Coles, P. Rankin and A. M. Cartledge on being awarded their colours.

We remember, as always, Mr. Adlington—'Tom'—for his wickets and wit, Messrs. Hughes and Coles for their excellent teas and last, but not least, the staff for their faithful and forceful encouragement and training.

R. N. KIRK (VI)

(Scorer and Statistician)

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The School Census

Two years ago, members of the Staff were asked what jobs they would have liked to have done had they not been schoolmasters. This year we asked sixth formers what THEY would have liked the staff to have been! Some of the printable answers are given here:—

The Headmaster:	Bookie's runner, A Buddha, Stop-go man on roadworks.
Mr. Ball:	Judge, Fog-horn (!), Gravedigger.
Mr. Yates:	Floor sweeper at Jaguars, French grape trampler, Onion seller.
Mr. Pulford:	One of "The Ratcatchers," Hairdresser, Stock-car racer.
Mr. Pallister:	Kennel attendant, Wrestler, Flannel hammer manufacturer, Egyptian money lender.
Mr. Beard:	Disc jockey on Pirate Radio Station, Barrow Boy, The Pope.
Mr. Fox:	Chariot driver, Cricket bat (!) (?), Commando.
Mr. Bannister:	'Playboy,' American G.I., Professional Whaler.
Mr. Williams:	Member of the Harlem Globetrotters, Druid, Mountain Pony.

[N.B. Four reluctant second-fifteen heroes, on being asked what they would like to see Mr. Williams doing, replied "Time! !"]

Mr. Harris:	Lorry driver's mate, Beer taster, Reject-cigarette destroyer.
Mr. Slayton:	5-minute car washer, Stuntman, Card-sharp.

Mr. Bolland:	Pavement artist, Turkish-bath attendant.
Mrs. Truelove:	Fortune-teller, Member of "SPECTRE."
Mr. Medforth:	Sadducee, Leader of the Communist Party.
Mrs. Howitt:	Rally driver, Model.

Q) *Your favourite 'Pop' Group or 'Pop' Singer?*

(Last year's results in brackets)

1)	Beatles	50 votes	(2)
2)	Seekers	18 "	(-)
3)	Rolling Stones	16 "	(1)
4)	Manfred Mann	12 "	(9)
5)	Kinks	10 "	(3)
6)	Lovin' Spoonful	9 "	(-)
7)	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich	9 "	(-)
8)	The Who	7 "	(-)
9)	Dusty Springfield	6 "	(-)
10)	Bonzo Dog's Doo-Dah Band	5 "	(-)

The Rolling Stones were 47 votes down on last year's poll. Dusty Springfield was the only solo artist in the 'Top Ten'.

Q) *Do you prefer tennis, cricket, or athletics?*

Cricket	36%
Tennis	33%
Athletics	27%
Don't know	4%

The majority of the juniors preferred cricket, with most of the votes for tennis coming from Forms V and VI.

Q) *Do you prefer the New School to the Old One?*

(Only those who were in the old building were questioned—)

Form III upwards)

Form III	—	70%	Yes
	—	30%	No
Form IV	—	63%	Yes
	—	27%	No
Form V	—	75%	Yes
	—	25%	No

Form VIb	— 67%	Yes
	— 33%	No
Form VIa	— 59%	Yes
	— 41%	No

On the whole, the majority of people in the Vth and VIth Forms who preferred the old school, did so because of the lack of facilities for Seniors in the new school. The Vth resented the lack of a Form Room; the VIth longed with nostalgia for the History VIth.

A survey of Christian names of boys of the school was carried out. The most popular names were :

1)	John	(25)
2)	Andrew	(18)
	David	(18)
4)	Michael	(12)
5)	Christopher	(11)
6)	Peter	(9)

In the whole school there was only one "George," and only three people called "Charles."

Note that only the most commonly-used Christian name of each person was counted.

Results analysed by M.A.L.C.

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The Launching

*The champagne splashes o'er the ship,
The ship is launched already,
And down the slipway slowly goes,
Steady, Cambria, Steady!*

*The tugs rush in to pull the ship,
As cheering echoes ring,
And all the ships in harbour hoot,
As cheering crowds now sing.*

J. P. ROBINSON (I)

The Ghosts of Ivy Lodge

*The clock in Ivy Lodge strikes ten,
One ghost comes into the hall,
The ghost is Lady Mandelen,
Her steps aren't heard at all.*

*She glides across the moonlit floor
And taps upon a crystal case
And slowly raises John Gilmore
Abbot of Burlee Place.*

*Slowly together they crossed the room,
John Gilmore rings a knell,
And now from every case and tomb,
The ghosts run out pell-mell.*

*But now the clock begins to clang,
To stay would be absurd,
The ghosts now leave the knell to hang,
And nothing can be heard.*

J. P. ROBINSON (I)

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Thoughts Whilst Serving a "Major"

The view from the window of the dining annexe, frustrating as it is during normal school periods watching FREE people moving FREELY about their daily courses, is even more frustrating when the beholder is seeing his own friends, enemies and indifferents enjoying the same FREEDOM. Those who are used to staying after school to pay for their crimes (I do not number myself among this happy band) will know that the scene enacted before them takes a fixed pattern every night.

By the time they are in their places the first rush of boys, mostly small, will have gone and the steady stream of middle school members drips out of the building at four o'clock, the masters start to come out, each to his own car (to use rather a loose term). The members of the school who own bicycles also appear at this time, usually discussing bicycle ailments. Mr. Naylor is then seen and utters his classic words of encouragement to those who are still in school, excluding the over-privileged sixth form who do not emerge for a good time yet, if at all.

The school is silent, save for the furious scratching of a fellow miscreant's Biro and a distant hum of activity created by, presumably, our caretaker. In front, one of our dear, greatly respected prefects, is completely engrossed in doing nondescript doodles although he professes to be doing an essay. A non-miscreant (would that be a creant?) self-consciously squeaks past, and another greets us by exercising the school version of that ancient custom "grinning through the halter" by grace of one of those convenient holes in the 'wall'...

N. HALLAM (IV)

Skin Diving

In 1943, when Lieutenant-Commander Jacques Yves Cousteau invented the Aqualung, the modern sport of under-water swimming was born.

There is no more glorious or fascinating sport than skin-diving. In the silent world of the sea, millions of fishes of all sorts and sizes can be watched and enjoyed.

Above all others, perhaps, is the reward of freedom to roam at will, in a three-dimensional world that covers seven-tenths of the whole globe. But no-one should ever dive without knowing the basic principles of diving and breathing under-water. He should know how his breathing apparatus works. Most important, he should never dive alone, but always with a companion.

For these reasons a beginner is advised to join the British Sub-Aqua Club, 25 Orchard Road, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey. There he would have a first-class training. This may be the sport for you!

K. PARLETT (I)

The Difficulties of Writing an Article for 'The Southwellian'

In a dark corner of the library, hemmed in by malevolent volumes of literature, I sat. The end of my Biro had long since lost its succulent flavour; I scratched my head, but got no inspiration, only dandruff. On a moment's impulse, I leapt from my seat, only to bang my knee on the table. Trying again, I rose and darted like a cackling fiend across the library into the corridor beyond. Here I encountered the friend I sought, who was pacing to and fro, attempting with many a sigh to learn a meaningless jumble of Latin words. But my eager questions, anxiously seeking the slightest inspiration, were only notable for their complete lack of success. In utter despair I rushed headlong back into the library, seized the nearest volume of the 'Encyclopedia Britannica' and opened it at random. What choice subject of vast potential did I see rising from those time-worn pages, coming like a fairy godmother to my rescue? Henry VIII. But the deeds of that notorious monarch have already been well-chronicled. So I tried again. 'The Seleucid Dynasty.' Momentary hope coursed through my pulsating veins; what better subject to write about than the Seleucid Dynasty? What a wealth of information lay here contained! Things like 'in 302 B.C., Seleucus made peace with Chandragupta, ceding him territory in Afghanistan for 500 elephants.' At this information, my enthusiasm waned rapidly; the exultant cry of triumph died on my lips. Scraping it off with my finger nails, I turned the problem over in my mind, an action not accomplished without difficulty.

Resuming my seat, I considered the efforts which I had made. And still the blank sheet of paper smirked up at me from the table. I cast my mind back upon the Seleucids, but my throw fell short. Nevertheless, a picture of oriental splendour lingered before me. What a life Chandragupta must have led! What a powerful ruler he must have been! But I abandoned the idea, though not without regrets; neither was there anything to replace it.

Again I reflected upon the struggles through which I had passed; and then, suddenly, an idea struck me. 'Ouch,' quoth I, because it hurt. Yet the idea rose up on a cushion of air before me in all its magnificent splendour; and I seized upon it eagerly with my tortured mind. Why not write about these difficulties themselves? 'Victory!' I thought, and, crowing with triumph, began to write.

ANON.

"The Southwellian" in Recent Years (1956-66)

For the session 1955-6 there appeared—as there had done for most of the years since the turn of the century—a school magazine. It was thin, it was unattractive and it was dear (5/-). Many felt that the issue of 1955/6 would be the last.

It almost was the last, but after a gap of two years, a publication or rather **duplication** emerged at a new price (1/6). The foreword was grim

"We announce with regret that the Southwellian can no longer be published in its customary form on account of the high cost of printing and its small circulation. We hope that this School Record will at least enable those still at school to obtain a complete factual record of events during their time here. Meanwhile, the editors will welcome any suggestions or offers of help . . . etc."

This magazine was aesthetically atrocious but it was at least popularly priced and in some ways a forerunner of the Southwellian of today in content. Nevertheless, it was too much of a record with two full pages of Rugby results straight after the foreword and as a 'coup de grace' a further eight pages of Athletics results. Perhaps the ideology behind this was that by mentioning the name of almost every boy in the school almost every boy would buy it—a poor foundation for success. However, those who persevered past page fourteen did find some excellent Sports, House and Society reports together with a number of interesting contributions from members of the school including twin pages of crossword and cartoon.

Yet all was not well for the Southwellian and three years were to slip by without a further issue. The revival of the magazine in June 1962 and its annual appearance since is due to the efforts of the Sixth Form expressed through a standing committee of the Sixth Form Society. Patrick Burnham was the key figure on the 1962 committee who produced for the first time since 1955/6 a properly printed magazine in association with Sydney Wood. But it was dear (4/6) and with only 23 pages and required the "hard sell." Content was better, though, in that it was mixed; official reports interspersed with contributions.

The 1963 magazine, however, was duplicated again and caused fierce controversy expressed most clearly by Robin Young in his "Letter to the Editor." While "very disturbed at the low standard of most of the contributions (reflecting) the general atmosphere of cynical apathy in which the Magazine Committee has had to work . . . and the indifference shewn by the Old Boys' Association" he saw a "lively, intelligent, well-written magazine" as vital to the school. To get this he suggested—an end to apathy, a printed magazine with

advertisements to cut down the cost and a variety of format to include photographs.

In 1964 the new members of the committee worked hard to achieve these ends. Reports for the first time were outnumbered by contributions; these were on anything from right-wing Rhodesian views to a "Fifth-Form Guide to the Masters." It was printed, with advertisements, by Partners of Newark, on very favourable terms and—for the first time in living memory—it produced a profit. Yet it cost only 1/6d.

For 1965 the Committee were unanimously in favour of publishing the Southwellian on the same lines. This time, however, costs were higher and to "break-even" we had to accept a smaller content to advertisement page ratio. Further, surprisingly (or is it typically?) renewed apathy on the part of the school haunted the committee's efforts. Nevertheless, a good magazine was produced at 1/6d., with for the first time since 1955-56—some photographs. There would have been more but the committee was told that 'blocks' for a photographic feature on the old buildings were "no longer available."

And this edition?

I can only wish the present committee every success.

D. W. PRYER

(Once a member of the Magazine Committee, now at Exeter University).

Letter to the Editorial Committee

An Opinion on Games Afternoon

Sirs,

I think it is a waste of three good periods which might be spent much more usefully otherwise. The only compensation is when we have cricket, which I think is heavenly! Rugby is an awful game! I play second row in the scrum so it amazing I have got any ears left. It is much more difficult for people who wear glasses to play rugby when all you can see is some red and white blurs passing a brown blur. So, on the whole, everything to do with rugby is awful.

I know many people will disagree with me, therefore no correspondence will be entered into!

Yours faithfully,

A DISSATISFIED FIRST FORMER

Acknowledgments

The Editorial Committee would like to thank the following people who have written articles for which there is no room in the magazine: M. Vitkovitch, A. Godfrey, R. Stewart, M. Bull, N. Fox, P. Chilvers, K. Parlett, J. Cowgill, J. Taylor, B. Ferbrache, S. Wiser, R. Wade, A. Walker, J. Kirby, T. Hall, C. S. Wood, P. Neill, M. Burden, A. Worrall, J. Kirker, C. Burr, N. Croft, I. Dodson, C. Berger, A. Whiteford, D. Parnell, P. Stanley, J. Berridge, C. Laverack, J. Haycox, S. Foster, N. Matthew, D. Frettingham, P. Parker.

A special word of thanks is also due to those who submitted crosswords and puzzles. There was no money available to cover the expense of blocks.

Finale

*Time it is to say goodbye,
Time it is that you should fly,
'Tis the end of this year's mag.;
All of the fun and all of the gag.
So as you read the last few words,
Spare a thought for those, all those
Who wrote for this twelve months attempt,
And think in your heart how lucky you are
To be able to read it both near and far.*

J. R. H. TAYLOR (III)

Editorial Committee

A. Burnham	N. H. Bennett	J. S. Woodrow
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