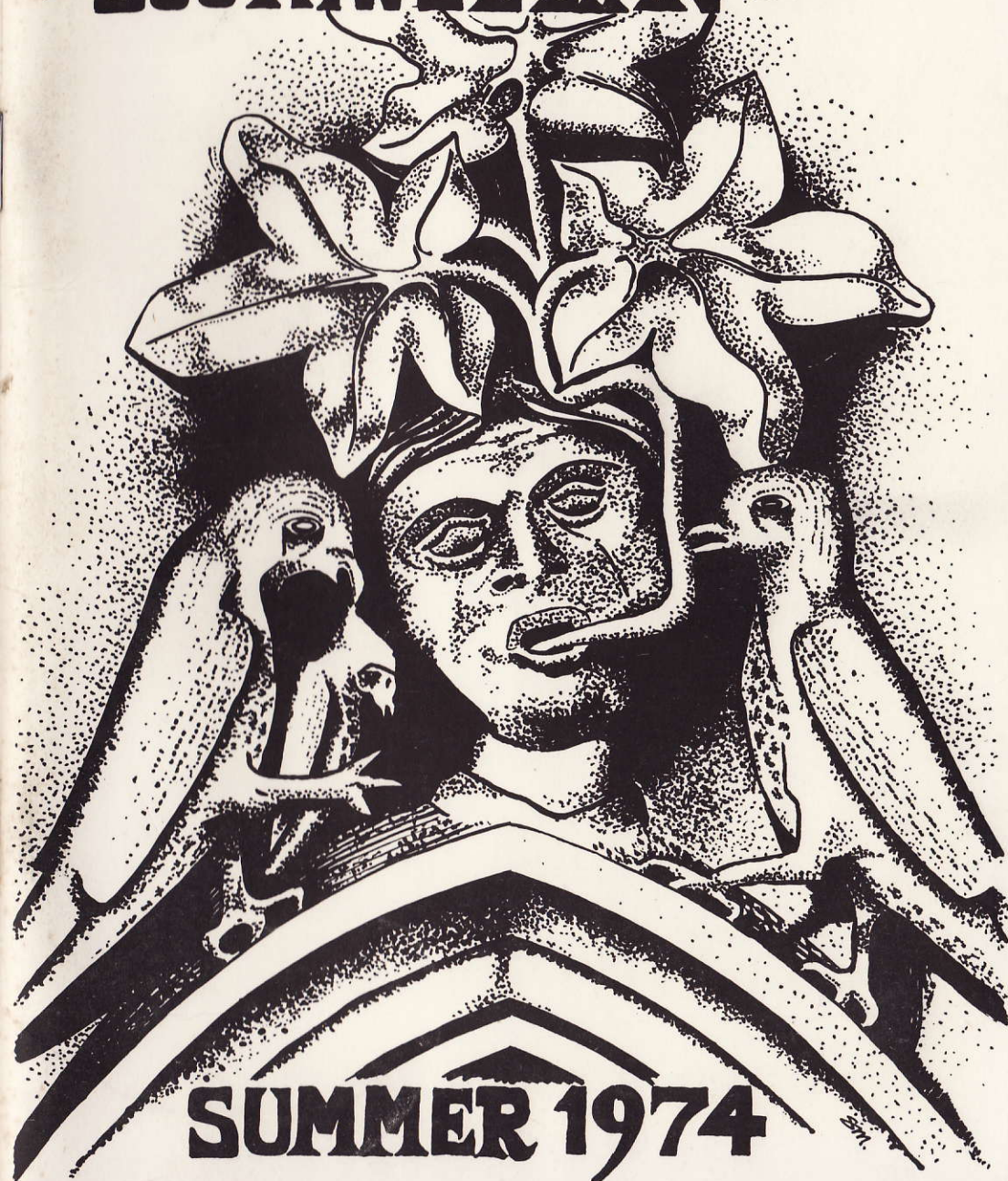


Art

THE SOUTHWELLIAN





THE MAGAZINE OF SOUTHWELL MINSTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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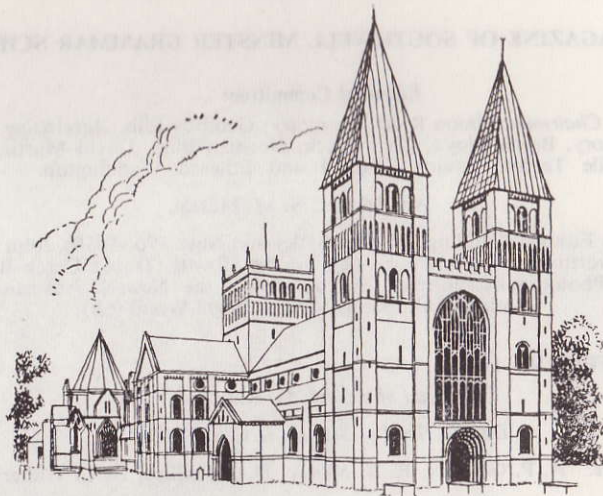
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Cover illustration by S. M. Martin.

From the canopy of a Stall in the Chapter House.



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We should like to think that all friends of the School regarded themselves as friends of the Minster.

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Easthorpe House, Southwell**

who is Secretary of the Friends of Southwell Cathedral.

EDITORIAL

It is not the intention of the Editorial Committee of this magazine to indulge in politics by making a declaration on the future role of the school: rather, the Committee has set out to present, in a lively and attractive form, a retrospective look at the life and work of this small yet vital community over the past year: to demonstrate the wide variety of its academic, athletic, cultural and social activities, and to capture something of its special atmosphere and of the values it prizes.

We record the retirement last summer of Messrs. Ball, Bolland and Pallister after a collective ninety years of service to the school. We acknowledge the debt of gratitude owed to them by boys, past and present, and by all those who, over the years, have been their colleagues in the staff room. We trust that Mr. Myerscough, who left the school in July 1973, has spent an enjoyable first year as Head of R.E. at Norwich. As successors to these four gentlemen, we welcomed the Rev. P. R. Gould, B.A., to be Head of R.E., K. F. Jagger, LL.B., to be Head of English, S. M. Martin, to be Head of Art, and J. P. Loughton, to teach Maths. At the end of this Summer Term, Mr. Stuart leaves us to take up an appointment as Head of Physics at Wisbech G.S. and we wish him, and his recently enlarged family, health and happiness in Cambridgeshire. B. Johnston, B.Sc., from Sir Thomas Rich's School, Gloucester, will succeed Mr. Stuart both in the physics lab. and on the cricket field.

On one foot and two crutches for much of the time, George Rhodes has earned our admiration for coping admirably both with the consequences of a football injury sustained early in the Spring Term, and with the onerous duties of Head Boy. His Deputy, Simon Rider, has further distinguished himself on the Rugby field by playing for the Nottingham, the Three Counties and the East Midlands Schoolboy XVs (with this last against the Australian Schoolboy Touring XV), and by representing the East Midlands in an England Trial against a West Midlands XV. A bursary of £150, awarded for his essay on Rotterdam in a competition organised and sponsored by Wolverton Rotary Club, will enable David Newbury to visit Botswana during the summer. He intends to study the geography and geology of the country while staying at the home of fellow sixth-former Neville Taylor.

The generosity of the Friends of the School continues unabated and has enabled us to acquire additional stage lighting, and some equipment for the pottery which has recently been established at Hill House.

Our link with the Minster was further strengthened this year when The Provost conducted the Wednesday assemblies during Advent, and The Vicar Choral addressed us on six mornings in Lent.

This year the Hugh and Marion Heywood Poetry Competition attracted a record entry which was of a sufficiently high standard to merit the award of three supplementary prizes. The poems by Andrew Haycox and Nicholas Phillips, joint winners of the competition, are printed on a later page.

Official school visits, other than those mentioned elsewhere in this magazine, have taken boys to the Exhibition of Chinese Antiquities at the Royal Academy and Anthony Shaffer's play 'Sleuth' at the Fortune Theatre, London, to the Crucible and Robin Hood Theatres, and to ballet and theatre performances at Nottingham Playhouse, which many have visited on their own initiative by taking advantage of the voucher scheme run jointly by the Playhouse and the Education Committee.

Mention must be made of the willingness of boys to engage in social service, be it gardening for old age pensioners, preparing the weekly taped request programme for Harlow Wood Hospital, or undertaking, quietly and individually, any selfless act of kindness to others.

Finally, the Editorial Committee would like to express gratitude to its advertisers, for invaluable financial support, and to its printers, F. H. Davage and Co. Ltd. (Newark), for much kind and patient assistance.

K.F.J.

COMMEMORATION AND PRIZE-GIVING, 1973

Shortly before October 19th, someone looked upwards at the floor of the ringing gallery, and decided that it was unsafe; what is affectionately known as 'The Crossing' was put out of bounds, and stayed that way for some time, until the experts declared some measure of safety. One view of the whole proceedings was that it was merely a test to see whether or not those responsible for the organisation of Speech Day could cope. Well, they did, and so duly on October 19th at 11.30 a.m. the congregation was assembled, the Introit was sung, and another commemoration service was under way. The Choir was, as usual, at its exciting best in the Jubilate and the Anthem. We heard again of all those who over hundreds of years, had given of their time and possessions, in order that we should be where we were on that day; in order that countless boys had enjoyed (or not) their stay at Southwell; in order that they should move out from Southwell well equipped academically and well fitted to serve the needs of their fellow men. The preacher would once again tell us that we were fortunate to be in such a delightful setting for such an important occasion, and indeed, how right he was. The Choir, leading the assembled congregation in the Te Deum and even more vigorously in the closing hymn, descant and all, brought the Service to a close, and so to lunch and the afternoon's proceedings.



The Headmaster and the Headmaster of Eton

If the Choir provided a delightful setting for a service of Praise and Thanksgiving, then surely the awesome Nave was the correct scene for the serious opening remarks of the Chairman of the School Governors. Spelling out quite clearly what we had all suspected for some time, that the future of the School was likely to be inextricably linked with the plans of the L.E.A. for comprehensive education. That protracted negotiations might delay things, could not sweeten the news. The Headmaster of Eton held his audience by his sincerity and charm, and his plea for the continuation of excellence brought perhaps a shaft of sunshine through the stained glass windows of the South Nave Aisle. Mr. McCrum went on to congratulate the school, its staff and its boys on the excellent report presented by Mr. Ford, and when one listens to this report year by year, it is sometimes surprising and not a little satisfying to realise that so much can be squeezed into a school year. The Head Boy, George Rhodes, in his accustomed eloquent manner, gave the vote of thanks to the speaker, and we left, some with prizes as a reward for the excellence spoken of by Mr. McCrum, others with their thoughts on what they had heard from the speaker, the Vice Provost or the Headmaster, but mostly, I dare to think, on King's School, Tynemouth and half-term.

S.W.P.

SUMMER DAWN AND STORM

The air is calm as the washy, watery sun climbs slowly, shimmering gently, over the edge of the hills across from where we stand. The silver shafts of light, rain down, gently washing away the early morning mists, suffusing them into the glistening dew which sparkles around one's ankles, the shining dots of light jumping from one grass stem to the next, pinpricks of light in a vale of green.

Below, in the valley, a tiny village lives, its red brown roofs dull in the early morning light. Under these quaint gables the people live. As yet no-one stirs and even the birds are silent; the only sign of life, a red-brushed fox creeping back to its den through the hedge of the benettled churchyard, back from a foray into some far-flung farmyard.

We climb the stile at the bottom of the hill, and saunter out along the lazily-curling road. Above us, high in the wayside trees, a lark breaks into song. Look, in the hedgerow, was that a mouse? We bend down, peering into the mass of vines which hold up the drunken palings. Ding, dong! ding, dong! We jump up, startled, like small boys caught red-handed. Good grief! Is that the time? Half past five, already! The birds have taken up their song again. A fresh breeze has sprung up, waving the still-green corn in the field beyond. The corn rises and flows, surges and breaks, a sea trapped until the tide of Summer recedes and leaves the countryside stark and bare. We saunter on up the chalk road, raising clouds with our feet.

The wind strengthens, the sun is obscured now, as ominous grey clouds scud across the blue sky, and thunder hangs heavy in the air. The wind is cold, lifting, toying with and flinging away the paper in the road. The piled up clouds grimace, black and menacing. Crash! With a roar the storm breaks, sending down gushing, scything walls of rain. A tongue of vicious lightning whips malevolently across the sky.

We shelter as best we can as the storm vents its short-lived anger and, spent, passes. We emerge to see the grass cleansed of its dust, the earth raw and damp, the buildings sharp in the clean air, which, fresh as mint, its thirst slaked, falls cool on our skin.

CHRISTOPHER DOBBS, Form 4

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If you are, you will want to help to retain as much as possible of the unique character of the school in these times of change.

One way to help is to join the Friends of Southwell Minster Grammar School, a body of people who have over the years raised money to keep the voluntary aided status of the school, provided assistance with sports facilities, equipment, etc.

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Sport

RUGBY 1973-4

The 1973-4 season confirmed the healthy state of the game throughout the school. Most of us recognise that for years we have had more than our fair share of success, and the enthusiasm that stems from it is infectious. The statistics alone are impressive: 68 games played, 1300 points scored; most weeks, 64 players represented their school, sometimes 80, between $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ of the school. Against High Pavement it was again 1st, 2nd and 3rd XVs, which leaves behind a handful from the 5th and 6th forms who do not play any sort of Rugby at all.

Even the most junior team broke even, while the U14 and the 2nd XVs were the teams which showed up best. It may be many years before we see the like of them again. The 2nd XV was undefeated, and in spite of giving up several players to the 1st XV, played with irresistible momentum. In all teams, too, there was no doubt that it was indeed play. We were all enjoying the game, not grimly making hard work of it in order to preserve some jealously guarded record. In that word 'we' perhaps lies some of the reason: these were all co-operative efforts, staff and pupils pursuing the common end of playing better and making each team better than the sum of its parts. Inevitably such spirit produces notable touch judges as well as players, and the number of those who rule the line with authority was further increased. Their loyalty, like that of the many parents who support us, never goes unnoticed.

The season had its highlights: early on, the 1st XV was invited to play Cranwell's U23 team, their showpiece team, which exists to play the other Royal Military establishments and the U.S.A.F. It was too much to expect us to win, but the mass of gold braid on the touchline were sure that we had been worthy opponents.

The return match with King's, Tynemouth, took place during the Autumn break, again producing fine fast play and showing us how someone else approached the game.

It could be said that we played the Old Boys twice, for, following an early cancellation, some of last year's team raised a XV which included 6 county players and gave us a hard and entertaining game. The more conventional match at the season's end followed the classic pattern of weight/strength gaining the early advantage and fitness/skill only overhauling it in the final minutes.

Players emerged and others consolidated their reputations. Jonathan Phillips went into the 1st XV and into the County 2nd XV. Simon Rider repeated last year's honours and added the distinction of playing against the Australian touring team. These are the outstanding names in a process of development through the school.

S. W. Pulford was absent from active coaching after a great many years, yet his influence still remains, for he has only to appear on the touchline for more sternness of purpose to creep into the game as if by magic. J. P. Loughton took his place on the battlefield: a man still an active player — only too active as some of his charges have discovered.

It was not only the recognised teams, however, who provided the highlights. The House matches, played in the most pleasant spirit and at tremendous speed, a 5th form v Lower 6th, a 3rd and 4th v Rodney, all produced excellent play and huge support. The second division of the 3rd and 4th year (who became known as the All Browns!) played with rare relish and more than customary skill, while the first year, deliberately left out of representative play, clamoured to be let in, and could be seen flinging spin passes — spin passes indeed — almost as soon as they could recognise a Rugby ball. All of which has a most encouraging ring to it and may help to ensure further enjoyable and maybe successful seasons.

R.B.



1st XV v. King's, Tynemouth



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ATHLETICS 1974

Though conditions were against good performances in the early stages of a season which started with field events in March, there was a great deal of effort and promise on view. We won our only full match and by the end of the Newark and District championships three records had already fallen. In these we occupied our usual place, a safe second behind Magnus, but with a generous number of the leading places. Afterwards it was very much a domestic season. Most of the A.A.A. championships, the County schools' championships, and one of the County matches were cancelled, so we never found out how good our best performers were. In athletics, as one grows, one's most appropriate event changes, and it was pleasing to see the emergence of a fresh set of performers in many events and age groups. Perhaps the most notable of these were in the Senior 400 metres, the Intermediate 3000 metres, both javelin groups and the junior hurdles. The hurdles school was as active as ever, producing this year a time better than National Qualifying from Ashley Joule. Relays too were extraordinarily efficient; in one match we won them all, while the seniors achieved the rare feat of defeating Magnus. Our own standards competition was more uniformly used than usual. The A.A.A. 5 star competition has established itself as a worthwhile target for all, particularly the Decathlon section which enables those of wide skill to gain recognition. In a season deprived of its customary highlights, a large number of people, staff and pupils, put in a lot of effort and had a lot of satisfaction from it.

R.B.



CRICKET IN RETROSPECT 1968-1973

Cricket is a great game. It demands much in resources, skill, effort, strength, patience, co-ordination, judgement, courage, competition and character. It has all the necessary ingredients of the compelling sport, but there is one more which gives it its charm. That is its friendliness.

In a school context, all these ingredients help to make the perfect blend, and successive 1st XIs will bear witness to that. The friendliness is obvious when comparing some schools' summer teams with those of only a term or so before, and you might wonder whether you are really dealing with the same people. Not that the games are not played hard, as a Steve Foster bumper will tell you, but at the end of the day it is the over-all effect which is important.

These thoughts necessarily concern our senior team, but this is not to diminish the importance of the rest. I shall mention some names, but the list is not exhaustive, and in any case I do not mention 'present company,' so to speak — more of those next year.

First, we need a wicket on which to play. How lucky we are that first Tom, and now George, have such great love of the game! Those on high who think they know best how to be 'cost effective,' have classed a cricket square as a lawn for maintenance purposes. If that is the case, we must have the best-kept lawn in the district — but please don't edge it with roses.

Then we must have equipment. Again, we are grateful that we do not have to ask Mr. Brown, "May we have . . . ?" but it is far more likely to be, "Could you use . . . ?" from him. Consequently, the men on Bag Duty (lovely term) have the chance of losing only the best equipment.

Then we think about the players. It seems odd that not so long ago the question seemed to be, "Who will make up the team?" whereas now it is, "Who must we leave out?" Indeed, last year we had a complete shadow XI, led by Chris Stanley, bowling his unders.

In those earlier seasons it seemed to be Andrew Coles who carried the batting, swagger and all. What a player, and what a temperament. When captain, he would be quite likely to declare with himself on 49, departing from the crease with that grin.

Then we gradually became better balanced, with more players who could make their specialist contribution. Thus a couple of seasons ago, we were very proud to have supplied two members of the County team simultaneously, namely the Steve already mentioned, and John Haycox. This was the first time this had happened for ages, and how thrilling it was.

It was around this time that our fielding, for which we are justly famous, reached a peak from which it has seldom departed. When fielding is mentioned, Ian Smeeton's is the first name to spring to mind. Not only was he a superb cover/mid-wicket, but he loved telling people how much he actually enjoyed it. So, you juniors, it isn't just a chore.

Close catchers have been more difficult to find, but it was most unfortunate that the Police Force apprehended Russell Tunstall after only one season in the 1st XI. He had taken some incredible catches on his way up the school, but one at De Aston last year was the finest I have seen on any cricket ground. Another player who was with us for one season only was John Way, whose seamers were so accurate, subtle and controlled.

We have had some fine captains in recent years, who bear increasing responsibility for the game throughout the school. Simon Carter was a tremendous help last year with his most able coaching of junior teams, and this tradition is being continued. Long may it remain, because one demonstration shot by a 1st XI captain is worth far more than anything a coach can say. This enthusiasm is contagious, encourages everyone to work together, and ensures present and future 1st XIs of the essential ability and pleasantness which makes senior cricket such a delight.

Well, that is nearly senior cricket, but not quite. I must mention the contributions of cook supervisors, mothers and girl-friends in helping with teas, of fathers with umpiring and coaching, the dedication of scorers, the support of successive Headmasters, and the forbearance of an understanding wife.

If I have one request to make, it is to the Clerk of Weather. Could he please arrange the weather on match days to be quite definitely good or bad, to spare the agonies involved in making speculative decisions as to whether to go ahead or not. And could the G.P.O. provide a telephone with a built-in cooling system which prevents it becoming red-hot around 12.15 p.m. on match days.

Yes, cricket is a great game!

I.C.S.

RUGBY

'Heave! Heave!' There is great concentration in the scrum, sixteen soaked bodies piled together like a large heap of muddy laundry. The ground is muddy and every time you plant your studs in the earth and push, your foot loses its grip and slides you back for several feet. The rain pours down your neck as you try to push the other team into the future. The ball hits your foot and slides out of the scrum, which resembles a huge thirty-two-legged spider. The scrum-half shouts 'Break!' and the sixteen first-formers emerge. You pick up the ball, but it is wet and slippery and slides from your hands. You bend down to recover it but somebody very large and heavy runs into you. Suddenly you find yourself wallowing in the mud. You get up and run down the field, using every ounce of strength in your body. Somebody in front of you throws the ball with extreme force into your stomach. Three yards to go. You make a desperate leap for the ground, fall heavily and discover that you've scored. The whistle goes and yours is the winning try!

SIMON DOBBS, Form 1



Arts

MUSIC

A report on school music during the year tends to become a chronicle of certain events heard in public. However natural this may appear to be, the most important parts of our activity lie in the fact that music is going on all around us day by day; stated in other terms, it is the preparation of such events which is of prime importance. In this respect both staff and boys have given an immense amount of time, talent and trouble.

In the Autumn term three events may be noted — the annual Commemoration service, the inter-House Music Competition, the Christmas service.

At the first, the Choir performed Brahms' 'How lovely.' Having lost a largeish number of experienced tenors and basses at the end of the previous term this was an encouraging start to the year, with promise of better things to come.

The Music Competition was run on slightly modified lines; thus it succeeded in producing more equal, and therefore real, competition. In fact each House was able to produce an agreeable programme, the increased use of instrumental groups being a welcome feature. By quite a short head Booth House retained the cup; the adjudicator was Professor D. Arnold.

The Christmas service gave us a long hoped for opportunity to put Choir and Orchestra together. In a small school this was something of an achievement! Vivaldi's 'Gloria' was sung as the centre-piece of the service. Both singing and playing was vigorous and exciting. We are grateful to those adults who joined us in a most rewarding venture.

The Orchestra played both before and after the Christmas service, and in the second week of the summer term played at a 6.30 service in the Minster. This was a service of praise in which music was interspersed with readings. All who heard the playing on these two occasions agreed that the standard of performance has risen immensely in the last year or two. In particular, the string playing has improved beyond recognition. Here we owe a great debt to Miss Crofts. May her patience and care last for ever!

At the time of writing, preparations are going ahead for a Summer Concert. We hope to produce Britten's 'Golden Vanity', Brahms' 'Gypsy Songs', with various pieces from the Orchestra's repertoire.

Other music has flourished alongside these 'official' ventures — the Junior Dept. produced songs for the Scout Parents Concert, the Old People, and Lowes Wong school; various boys have played in the Junior Harmonic and County Youth Orchestras; and we still supply organists for local churches. The record of good passes in Associated Board exams. is being maintained — again, with marked improvement in string playing.

We take pleasure in recent musical successes of Old Boys which have come to our notice. David Bull has won a singing scholarship at St. George's, Windsor; Andrew Burnham, already Conductor of the Midland Sinfonia Chorale, now looks after the Harmonic Choir; Andrew Parnell won the Limpus prize for F.R.C.O.; Graham Patterson recently appeared on television — his singing name being Graham Titus; John Rushby-Smith continues to make his mark as a composer.

K.B.

A. J. BECKETT

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God the Fa-ther Al-migh-ty. By the Re-

deem-er's sweet in-ter-ces-sion, hear us, help us When we Cry.

ART AND THE SCHOOL

The question "What's it supposed to be?" is heard, and I suspect has always been heard in one form or another, in art galleries, and reveals a basic misunderstanding of the purposes of art, especially when it is applied to children's art. Art in education is one means of structuring experience and not merely an excuse for therapeutic or recreational activity, which would imply a trivialisation of the genuine qualities in children's art and seems to ignore in particular the integrity of art as a mode of thought. In asking what a piece of work "is" we draw attention away from the idea that art is a tool for self-exploration and for exploring the environment to establish relationships within it. If we concern ourselves only with how a child has produced his art and whether it is recognisable we tend to shift his attention away from this basic idea.

The problem is that of acceptability — the teacher is under pressure to encourage and allow only acceptable images to be made, and whilst the reasons for this pressure may be appreciated it can easily lead to the rise of false values and an insistence upon working only within the terms of everyone else's sensitivity and understanding. Conversely, it is often held to be the case that some professional artists work outside the terms of other peoples' understanding, including their own, and whilst this is debatable it cannot be denied that it is sometimes the case that lack of skill is held in esteem and incompetence made a virtue.

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We can only make art by making something — by working upon material with an idea, but the notion that if a piece of work is seen as being 'good' it follows that the experience of making it was also 'good' is certainly not viable — an art teacher who displays only that work which is considered 'good' art has misunderstood one of the fundamentals of art teaching; the important thing is the process of creativity and the intellectual and emotional sensitivity that goes with it, not the finished work. Art in (and out of) education has a function for the person who creates it — we are too used to the idea of art as a saleable commodity, an investment or a 'spectator activity.'

If art is to be seen as a structured form of understanding, as a way of coming to terms with 'reality', then it has this fundamental similarity to other such structures which exist in more than one social context — science, history, religion, and so on, which ought to be developed in an educational context if these structures are not to be seen as inflexible isolated areas with no common ground — such a view is detrimental to a more complete appreciation of people and their environment as well as to the development of creative thinking in all walks of life.

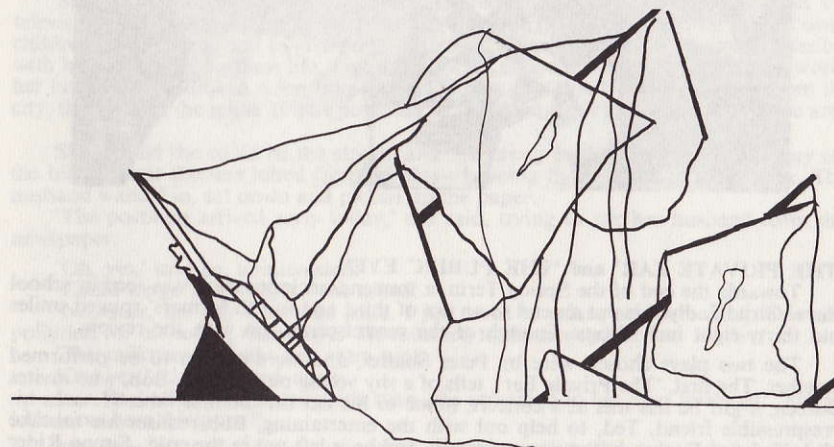
With regard to the above, our aims in art teaching at this school are (broadly) as follows:

That pupils gain some understanding of the motives and methods of the artist, that they see art in its social context, as a means of communicating and a medium for learning; that they see art both in relation to themselves and in an historical context.

Clearly some aspects of G.C.E. as it stands at present are not in accord with the above — for example the testing of skills such as drawing tends to generate art exercises, resulting in pupils 'learning to draw' — among other objections to this might be raised the idea that drawing does not have a single rigid purpose as might be implied in G.C.E. and that drawing is a means to an end, not an end in itself. However the difficulties caused by certain inflexibilities present in G.C.E. together with its sometimes insensitive assessment, are not insurmountable although our teaching must be adjusted to take account of them.

Adjustments have been made this year regarding the activities undertaken in art and the emphasis placed on the creative process — differences between one form and another obviously exist but broadly speaking the ideas outlined above are being applied throughout the school, and will continue to be so. The general aims of art education in the school are those set out and will form the basis for an integrated approach to the subject — progress towards achieving these aims is to be accelerated this next academic year.

S.M.M.



The End of a Proud Line

DRAMA

An innovatory policy so far: truly mixed casts in major productions, a drama club for the juniors, and participation, by seniors and juniors, in an ambitious local Festival of the Arts. The March play production was threatened for many weeks by the N.U.M. strike, which ended only three weeks before our opening night, but we went ahead, and achieved a high standard in all departments of the production, not least in the acting where four of our sixth formers and two lovely young ladies from Newark High School tackled two demanding plays good-humouredly and with a determination that paid rich dividends.

Through the generosity of the Friends of the School, four supplementary spotlights and a number of additional dimmers have been bought and fitted; this new lighting equipment was in use for the first time during March. The Junior Drama Club, established at the beginning of the year, prepared a little play by Alan Ayckbourn about 'Ernie's Incredible Illusions' which it presented during the penultimate week of the Summer Term as a contribution to the Schools Festival at the Robin Hood Theatre, Averham. Britten's 'The Golden Vanity', a vaudeville for boys, completed our programme at the Robin Hood, where members of the fifth form manned the lights and formed the stage crew for all the events staged during the four-day Festival, thereby gaining valuable theatrical experience from the various demands made on them.

K.F.J.



'THE PRIVATE EAR' and 'THE PUBLIC EYE'

Towards the end of the Spring Term, a tremendous innovation was seen in school plays. Girls! Sadly this put an end to an era of third and fourth formers' rouged smiles and thirty-eight inch chests. Enough of the reminiscence, on with the review.

The two plays chosen were by Peter Shaffer, and were written to be performed together. The first, 'The Private Ear', tells of a shy young music-lover, Bob, who invites Doreen, a girl he has met at a concert, home to his flat for the first time. He asks his irresponsible friend, Ted, to help out with the entertaining. Bob realises his mistake when Ted and Doreen become very friendly and he is left out in the cold. Simon Rider was an excellent Bob, a character so different from the person we know Simon to be. Jeremy Townell gave a commendable performance as Ted, needing less of a personality change than Simon. Both were capably supported by an elegant Sue Wilde.

The second play, 'The Public Eye', was a contrast to the first, although there were some similarities. A scatter-brained detective, Julian Cristoforou, tries to rescue a marriage in the most unorthodox way. The marriage is between a rather stuffy middle-aged accountant and a carefree young trendsetter. This situation may seem funny enough, but it is made even funnier by the bumbblings of the detective with his passion for macaroons, nuts, yoghurt and grapefruit. David Newbury brought this role to life, and his scenes of confusion with the staid accountant, played by Clive Black, gave much pleasure to the audiences. The beauty of this play came in the person of Lisa Rider, who became a very believable Mrs. Sidley.

Contratulations must go to Mr. Jagger for a most successful first production at the school. Also to all who took part, actors and backstage crew alike. We hope it is a sign of things to come.

NORMAN BLISS, 6B

IMPRISONMENT

She stood like a statue staring over the Welsh valley, the mountain stream fighting its way down the steep sides of the hills, rushing away from her, descending, down to the valley floor, to be led away by the river to the town and, eventually, to the sea. A shiver went down her spine, for she felt alone, though not cold, in the converted farmhouse fitted with all mod. cons. and a 'built-in central-heating system, thermostatically controlled'. The woman looked once more over the valley in search of the car which would bring life to her.



She sat down, lit another cigarette, poured another gin and switched on the television. Watching children's programmes made her long for children of her own; children for company and to give purpose to her existence. But no, that would interfere with her husband's business life. Lighting another cigarette, she remembered the words her husband had spoken when they bought the house: 'You'll feel free, away from the city, the dirt and the noise. It'll be peaceful, restful. You don't know how lucky you are.'

She wished she could be the stream and rush away to the towns, slide her way off the hillside, but she was jolted from her day-dreaming by the slam of a car door. The husband walked in, sat down and picked up the paper.

'The postman arrived early today,' she said, trying to stir her husband from the newspaper.

'Oh, yes,' said he, uninterested.

'Could we go out tonight?' she asked.

'No, dear, the city's jammed solid. I just want to relax; no more cars, taxis and pollution for me today, thank you.' He returned to the newspaper.

'The milkman brought two extra pints.'

'Oh, yes,' Uninterested again.

In a final effort, like a drowning man, she screamed to her dear husband: 'Please, let's leave here. Help me!'

The stars winked, the night was quiet, the man smiled. The only sound was of the escaping stream leaving the hillside as the husband replied, 'Yes, dear,' and turned to the back page of his paper.

GERALD MAIN, Form 5

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CELESTE

What is that?
That on the pane?
A spider's web?
Ah, so it is!
A glistening maze of silken thread.
A trap for the innocent.
A beautiful sight.
A soft down for my pillow.
A hand-sewn network
Of local fishermen.
Like a star.
No! No!
Like the star.

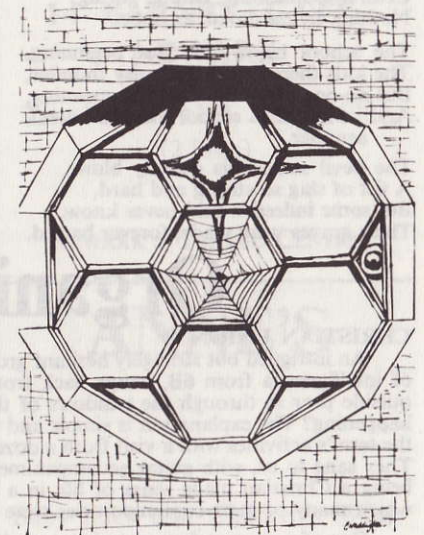
What is that?
That on the grass?
A snowflake?
Ah, so it is!
A frozen crystal of ice and snow.
An exhilarating sight.
A tingling touch.
A unique pattern
Of delicate beauty,
Formed by nature.
Like a star.
No! No!
Like the star.!

What is that?
That in the hive?
A honeycomb?
Ah, so it is!
A fantasy world
Of sweet, sticky delights.
A regular pattern,
Hexagonal pattern,
Repeating pattern.
A fascinating, hypnotic sight.
A clinging touch.
A store-house of intricate design,
Built by hundreds of bees
Inside out
From a star.
No! No!
From the star.

You in the sombre sky,
Who led three wise men
To Our Saviour;
You in the absorbing sky,
Who was the sign
Of a new start for the world;
Are you really there
So many years distant,
Bright against the blackness shining?
You who brought three men
To see a child,
And changed the world.

NICHOLAS PHILLIPS,
Form 4

(Heywood Prize, 1973-4)



A MEMORY OF ABERFAN
 The rain fell heavy on the window,
 Running quickly to the sill;
 The old man shuddered with the thought
 of
 Rain which once had made a kill.
 His thoughts went back, he couldn't for-
 get
 The horror of the months before,
 The stains of shock were firmly set,
 His son so healthy lived no more.

The rain that fell had been devoured;
 The slag, with such a thirst to quench,
 The heap, that once so highly towered,
 Began to slip, and pull and wrench.

The monster slid without a warning,
 Rumbling, tumbling down the slope;
 Crushing, smashing, eating, goring;
 Nothing living dared to hope.

The school below was just beginning,
 The kids there heard the noisy thunder,
 But no-one knew the dreadful meaning,
 And why the school would break
 asunder.

The devil struck his deathly blow,
 A fist of slag so strong and hard,
 But some indeed would never know,
 Their graves were made, forever barred.

Some came round and bravely fought,
 Confusion, shock, was all they knew.
 Was it a dream of mind or thought?
 O where was God to save these few?

Some were luckier, their room still stood,
 But slag spewed in with open jaws.
 They ran and jumped the gurgling mud;
 Hysteria to reach the saving doors.

Some were trapped beneath the weight,
 And called in vain to friend and kin:
 Others clawed, yet learned the fate
 Of those who fought and failed to win.

The news got out and in a flash
 Help was coming fast and thick,
 While those who wept began to smash
 Their hands on stony, solid brick.

The old man flinched in fear and pain,
 And felt those bricks so sharp and hard.
 He saw the frantic human chain
 That cleared the mess with hands so
 scarred.

The rain still fell but slower now,
 The tip was green instead of black.
 The old man wondered why and how
 His son had died beneath that slack.

ANDREW HAYCOX, 6B
 (Heywood Prize, 1973-74)

Organisations

CHRISTIAN UNION

An intrigued but strangely hesitant group of 4th and 5th formers, with a sprinkling of intelligentsia from 6B, hangs back from the door of Room 3. Boys drifting past outside peer in through the windows of the same room with equal curiosity. What's happening? The explanation is simple and only mildly sensational: the C.U. is starting the term's activities with a visit from a dozen or so girls from Brunts G.S. in Mansfield. They sang to us, with guitar accompaniment, and then talked about the way in which being a Christian made sense of life in a materialistic world of conflicting pressures, which many of their contemporaries were finding increasingly unsatisfying and futile.

One of our most frequent visitors at lunch-time meetings has been Bill Davidson, now a Salvation Army Captain in Newark, and former lead-singer with the 'Joy Strings' and 'Good News' Christian pop groups, which both made several T.V. appearances. His songs are all original compositions in the modern idiom, often posing important questions or challenging our personal attitudes to contemporary society and its needs, and they provide the starting point for further questions and discussion.

Other visiting speakers have included a Baptist Minister from a nearby town, and a very forthright, unconventional and lively North Country curate, talking about subjects as widely diverse as the evidence for the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and the experience of dealing at first-hand with the undoubted dangers and problems encountered by teenagers dabbling with the occult.

Perceptible, if temporary, ripples of interest were raised, when Peter Smithers came to see us. He is an old boy of the school, now at Selwyn College, Cambridge and he told us about the work he has been doing in vacations in an Asian immigrant community. This Summer he is going to Pakistan for three months, as a preliminary to doing missionary and educational work in that country after graduation.

Unlike the first century disciples the C.U. unfortunately cannot claim to have "turned the world upside-down"; but if some small spark has been struck and people have been made to think for themselves about matters that are really important, then that at least is a beginning.

M.T.

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CUB SCOUT REPORT

During the past year nine boys moved on to Scouts and six boys joined us in the Pack so we now have sixteen Cub Scouts. Bronze Arrows have been awarded to Timothy Reed, Ian Pegg, Benjamin Gregson-Williams and Edgar Pope. Silver Arrows have been awarded to Jonathan Stacey, Jeremy Gibson and Andrew Stokes. Last July there was a most enjoyable camp near Eakring, and a week later we visited Gilwell Park for Cub Day. Since then we have taken part in the District Swimming Gala and in the District Knock-out Football Competition. Helpers with the pack have been Jane Thorpe (Assistant Leader), Anne Hughes and Venture Scouts George Rhodes, Jonathan Phillips, Jeremy Townell and Norman Bliss.

J. R. PALLISTER, Cub Scout Leader

THE FILM SOCIETY

The Film Society has had a very successful year. Increased membership and a change in policy have enabled us to hire more full-length features than in previous years. I would like to point out that the larger the membership of the society, the better the films we are able to screen. During the year we have shown 'Conquest of the Planet of the Apes', 'Becket', 'Zeppelin', 'The Cattle Carters', and 'Four Hectic Days'. On behalf of the society, I would like to thank the Chairman, S. M. Martin, for his help, and the Treasurer, Neville Taylor, for his financial expertise. We are also grateful to the Headmaster for giving us the use of the School Hall, and to Mr. Naylor for his co-operation.

ROBERT REID, Form 5, Secretary

TABLE-TENNIS CLUB

After a successful league last year, we had hoped to do even better this season. However, membership is down due to two factors: the table is in very poor condition and play is not allowed during lesson time. However, a small group of fifth formers has played regularly and these members have vastly improved their game. A knock-out competition for the fifth and sixth formers has been in progress and has provided some exciting table-tennis. Next year it is hoped that the club will grow again and be re-established as one of the most exciting clubs in the school.

JON AUSTEN, ROGER MOORE, 6A

ELECTRONICS CLUB

This year started well for the club when an order for several Electronomes was placed by Professor Deane. The profit from this project has now been used to buy a large number of components which will be used by members to construct projects either at school or at home. Many projects have been undertaken this year and we are hoping that a group project of some value to the school will be built in the near future. The last project undertaken by the club which directly benefited the school was the Public Address System built in 1972-3, and sponsored by the Friends of the School. This has been of great use and, apart from one or two technical hitches, which have been removed, has served its function well. This year, the club has spent only relatively small amounts of money while its income has been fairly steady. As a result the club can look to a more stable future.

The new committee voted in at the A.G.M. is: Gordon Mather, Leader; Ian Slater, Vice-Leader and Secretary; Philip Smith, Treasurer; Nigel Lucas and Colin Deane. We must again give our grateful thanks to Mr. Stuart, the President, for his guidance and for the use of the Physics Lab. and its equipment. The club also wishes to thank the retiring committee members for their leadership, and management of the club and its finances. The retiring committee members are Andrew Rainbow, Leader, and Stephen Pocock, Vice-Leader and Treasurer.

GORDON MATHER, Form 4

SCOUT TROOP

One would like to write that this had been a year of consolidation, but that would not be entirely true. In terms of numbers, the year began with 40 members, in five Patrols, and increased in September such that six Patrols were necessary; but since then some boys have left, leaving us with 42 members at present, though still in six Patrols.

In terms of badge work, again we have scarcely held our position, with only twelve Advanced Scout Standards held, and two Chief Scout's Awards made, to Chris Rees and Ian Short.

So far as camping is concerned, we have, if anything, lost headway. There was no demand for a Whitsun camp either last year or this (a far cry from the situation a few years ago, when boys would demand to go camping then, sometimes on their own, sometimes with the District); Patrol camps were very difficult to arrange last year, partly owing to the numbers of Choristers in each Patrol who cannot attend in any case, and partly to the increased pressure of other School events upon the boys' time — and the situation looks to be even worse this year, such that the concept of Patrol camps will have to be abandoned altogether. Summer Camp however was much more satisfactory; the reason, of course, being that there is only one thing going on then, and loyalties are not divided — one is either at camp, or one is not, and those who do attend can give Scouting their undivided attention for a fortnight. That is where the strength of the business lies, and that is also where the vast majority of the year's Scouting takes place. The last camp was at that splendid site in Glen Banchor, Newtonmore, where the river must needs be forded if one wishes to pass from Civilisation to the Patrol sites, or indeed in the reverse direction. For those who were there, much of the flavour of that camp was imparted by the river, especially watching others cross same... The remaining flavour was added by 'Dextrosol' upon which several of the juniors began to be hooked as the hiking wore on! And we all regret not having been able to watch the progress of the intrepid P/Ls as they navigated the rapids of the Spey by canoe on part of their expedition. However, Summer Camp does not last for ever.

Our contacts with other groups, the District, or other sections within Scouting were virtually nil during this year, the last occasion being an indoor camp-fire in 1973. Another such was planned for last winter, but fell victim to the Great British Blackout.

There have been some changes on the Staff (though not as many as I would have liked!) in that R. Myerscough fled into eastern parts after Summer Camp, and although he has threatened to be available for the coming Summer Camp, he is lost to us on a weekly basis. We have also lost the services of J. Eggleston, whose job now makes helping us more or less impossible. The same is also true for J. Haycox, who does manage to give us an occasional visit. To each of them we are very grateful. To add to our strength, we have re-acquired the services of J. Loughton, (who thereby proves that amendment to Parkinson's Law which states that of every four members of 1st Southwell staff, three must be named John); he tells me that he is looking forward to renewing acquaintance with Camp Rugby.

In conclusion, it needs stating again, that much of what we do attempt would be impossible without the financial and moral support of the parents, some of whom have continued to give us their time even after their boys have left the School, and I thank them very sincerely.

S.L.

SOUTHWELL MINSTER YOUTH FELLOWSHIP

After inheriting a sadly depleted bank account, the Treasurer decided to concentrate on the collection of the dreaded 3p levy, which together with a number of anonymous donations and the revenue from a series of discos more than doubled the Youth Club's funds by the end of the year. Events held during the year have included a film show, two visits to Nottingham Playhouse, a Hallowe'en Dance, four discotheques, a successful hike in Derbyshire and a day at Skegness. The club now needs plenty of varied activities to attract members on Wednesday evenings, and to encourage the appearance of new members. As the institution of the new committee coincides with a move to new premises at the National School, we hope ideas will be forthcoming.

luv from CLUGGY, 6B

SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

Last year the society had great difficulty deciding on a constitution, therefore, at the start of this year, one was drawn up with which all of the society was in agreement. With Simon Rider as Chairman, the first term's programme included visits and speakers. Mr. Martin provided the highlight of the term with a truly splendid lecture entitled 'What is Art?' Stephen Gilbert was elected Chairman for the Spring Term and had a rather stormy passage. The committee provided some very interesting speakers, notably a prison governor and a police officer. Discussions began on the Society's proposed trip to London in July. The decision on a date, July 11th, was reached and it was decided to travel by train. For the Summer Term, Tim Edgar was elected Chairman and the main task was to finalise details for the London trip. This was done during several hectic meetings, and it was also decided that the Society would visit the Apollo Theatre to see Katy Manning (and Derek Nimmo) in 'Why Not Stay for Breakfast?' With the approach of exams, the President decided that members of 6A could work on Thursday afternoons, while 6B read plays, gardened for old age pensioners or prepared for the Sixth Form Show. The Society has no more business meetings planned. This has been an eventful year and credit must be given to the competent secretaries and treasurers who have been at the heart of these activities, and to the President without whose help and co-operation the Society could not exist.

TIM EDGAR, 6A, Chairman
CLIVE BLACK, 6B, Secretary

VERSE TRANSLATION

puer, thermas ingressus, ad fontem
festinavit.

puer, linum demittens, gemmas in aqua
quaerebat.

puer, fabrum conspicatus, post colum-
nam se celavit.

faber, ebrius ingressus, ad fontem
titubavit.

faber, amuletum tenens, caute circum-
spectabat.

faber, deam precatus, amuletum iniecit
et exiit.

puer, ad fontem reversus, linum rursus
demisit.

puer, amuletum adeptus, perterritus
perlegit.

'puer, qui me abstulit, abominatus esto!'

A boy having gone to the baths one day,
Went straight towards the spring,
And he searched around for precious
jewels

With a hook and a piece of string.

Catching sight of a workman approach-
ing,

Behind a pillar he hid,
And the drunkard tottered towards the
spring,

And the boy stayed to see what he did.



The workman was holding a bracelet of
gold,
And he cautiously looked around.
Then, after he'd prayed to the goddess of
Bath,
He dropped the jewel in the spring in the
ground.

Later, the boy came back to the spring,
After the smith had gone.
He fished for the bracelet and pulled it
out,
And it had some writing on.

'Whoever the boy is,' he trembled now,
'Who decides to take hold of me,'
Then the boy dropped the bracelet and
ran, for it said,
'Is cursed for eternity!'

PAUL MOORE, Form 3

OUT FOR LUNCH!

My name is Bendlegong Bumbleweed, one of the distinguished Bumbleweed family that used to live in the Great Swamp to the North. At the time of this adventure I was longing for my home. This may sound strange, for most people think of swamps as wet, cold, slimy places, but I'm sure that had you been in my shoes you would have shared my feelings. In theory, I was searching for a dry place for myself and my companions to spend the night. In truth, I was wandering about in a wet, cold forest, thoroughly frightened, and saturated by the downpour of rain. My long, green beard flopped and swished round my feet like a wet towel, strengthening my desire to return to my nice, cosy, warm mud hut and eat kippers in front of the fire.

'Bendle, Bendlegong, get a move on, we're wet through.'

'All right, I'm coming.' I trudged sadly back through the wet bushes, sending sprays of water in all directions. 'Sorry, everywhere's as wet as a marsh reed in Winter.'

At this, the group of six, two Fedlogs, three Rootrolls and a Frogbod, began shouting and arguing angrily. 'Look here, we didn't come all this way just to get wet.'

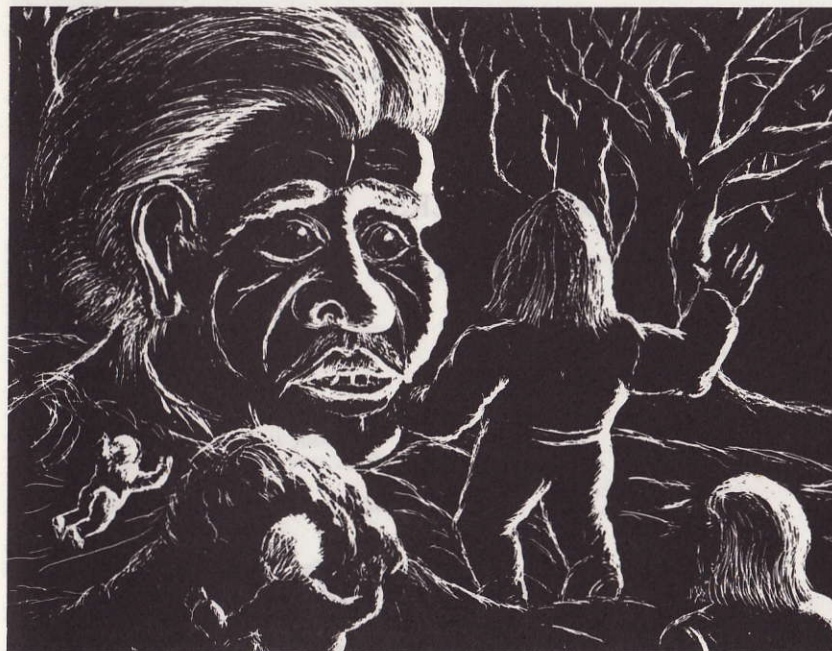
'Jump in a bog!'

'Oh, stick your head in a mackerel's mouth!'

The group was just about to start a free fight when there came a nasty creaking, cracking noise from the base of the tree they were leaning against. Unnoticed during the argument, a wind had sprung up causing several of the trees to totter unsteadily. Without a pause for cover, and not a moment too soon for, my eyes nearly popping out on stalks in horror, I saw the tree creak, bend, stagger drunkenly, and then fall. A stunned silence fell on the glade and the only sound was of the rain falling on the ground. Suddenly, the ground began to heave and swell, and a huge, ugly head broke the surface to stare with black, gleaming, angry eyes. 'Ere, what's going on?'

A thick voice echoed up, 'Nuffin' much. Just that tree again.'

'What, again?'



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During this conversation between the Tree Trolls, for that's what they were, the small party had been slowly edging forward and a sudden shout from the Tree Troll showed that they had been seen. The cracked earth began to heave and strain again, and then flew, like small bombs, in all directions. The Troll hauled himself out of the crater which had now appeared, and with one huge hand flattened the poor Frogbod who had been stunned by the sudden shower of earth. The remainder of the party lost no time in fleeing into the undergrowth, but the Troll too was quick and he began jumping and stamping on the undergrowth with great vigour. He did this for some five minutes before he stopped, apparently satisfied, and searched with his hands for bodies. After picking up three of the poor creatures, he returned to his hole muttering, 'Bit skinny these. Might do for lunch. Roasted or boiled? Mm . . . fried, I think.'

I crawled from the bush I had been hiding in and looked round. To my horror no-one else was in sight. I stepped gingerly forward and then tripped over something in my path. I bent down to see the stunned body of one of the Fedlogs, knocked out by a flying piece of wood. He stirred and opened his eyes to look up at me. 'Some adventure!' he croaked as he slumped forward — dead!

MATTHEW SMITH, Form 1

CRAIG VERSUS PYTHAGORAS

Last night's Maths. prep. had been no joke;

Three hours of Pythagoras that spoke Of sweat!

Craig had sensed it — in the old man's face,

The beady eyes and the ugly grimace Of glee!

And when Craig saw the sharp teeth glint,

The gnarled fingers grab a peppermint, The bushy eyebrows raise a fraction more,

He knew at once he'd closed the door On hope!

He'd sat transfixed upon his chair, The clammy sweat matting his hair Yet more!

He'd met his teacher's insane ingenuity And the demands made with such impunity,

Before!

'Now boys,' the old wizard had croaked, 'Don't think I thought you joked

When you said how much you really cared

For the equations, the theorems and the squares

Of Maths.

Because I know you didn't,' he'd said, 'and what's more,

Since now the time is fast approaching four

O'clock,

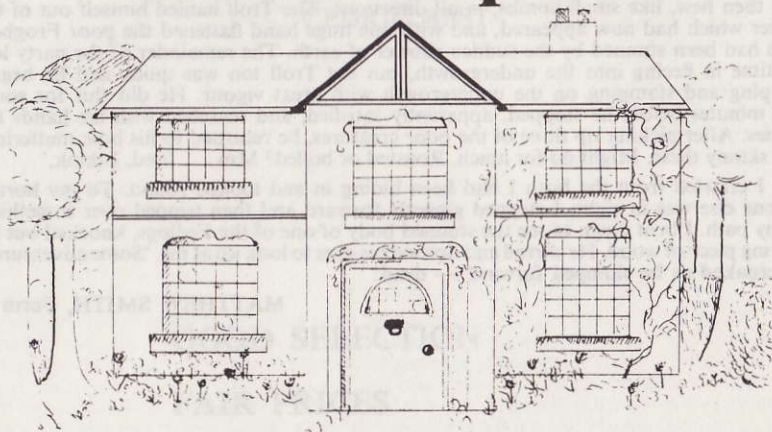
I present you with your old friend Pythagoras,

And would ask you with his mysteries To toy!

DAVID NEWBURY, 6B



House Reports



GRAY HOUSE

In terms of actual achievement, the House has fared badly this year. Of the six cups awarded so far, not one has been won, and three cups have been wrested from our grasp by Booth. However a closer examination will reveal that perhaps all is not as bad as it seems. This year the House is rather scantily represented at the senior end, despite which it has made a promising start. The first competition to be decided was for the Music Cup, and our notoriously non-musical House challenged fiercely to steal a well-earned second place. This is all the more commendable as preparation was entrusted to Colin Deane and Nicholas Phillips, who, well-supported by a very keen and able junior school, succeeded in demonstrating just what wonders hard work and practice can achieve. The senior members of the school were to come into their own in the Rugby Competitions. Our opponents were Booth who sported a very powerful XV, superior both in bulk and pace to our own. After a spirited display by the House team, we succeeded in holding our opponents fairly evenly for over an hour. Inevitably we tired, and a final rally saw them clinch their win, 12 points to 4 points. In the Seven-a-side Competition we finished as runners-up to Thomas House. We were desperately unlucky not to have won. All sections of the House performed well in this event and it would perhaps be wrong to single out any one individual. However the performance of Jonathan Hutchings from the Junior Department in the Form 1 Seven-a-side team was exemplary and worthy of mention. Two more cups were awarded during the Spring term and on both occasions it was the same story of the House making a reasonable effort, but failing to attain any success. At the swimming gala we were beaten into third place, the cup going to Booth, who finished well in front of both ourselves and Thomas. But there was satisfaction to be taken from the performance of Andrew Stokes who swam excellently, and won the Junior Department Cup as reward for his efforts. In the Cross Country Cup, despite an impressive victory by the senior team, we only came second. There are four cups left to be awarded this year. We have been eliminated from the Cricket Cup this Summer by Thomas House in the first round; and it would seem unlikely that we shall win any of the other competitions. This rather depressing trend may be the pattern for the immediate future as the House is going through a transitional period of lean years. Yet on numerous occasions during this last year, various members of the House have taken part in competitions aware of their lack of ability, but willing to give of their best, which is to be highly commended, especially as they are sometimes the objects of ridicule. We would like to congratulate all those who have contributed to the House effort during the year, hoping that members will continue to do so in the future. If they do, there is no reason why far more success should not come our way. Finally, we thank the members of the staff in Gray House for their help and support throughout the year.

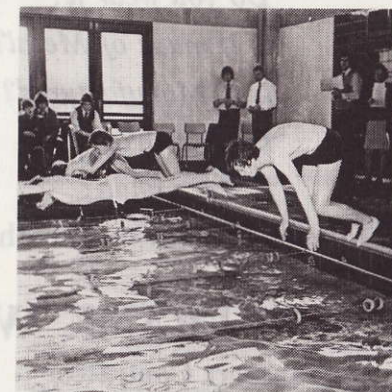
DAVID NEWBURY, House Captain
ANTHONY COLES, Vice-Captain

BOOTH HOUSE

'THEY CAN CONQUER WHO BELIEVE THEY CAN' (Emerson)

If a House motto were needed, then the above quotation would be suitable, for it reflects the enthusiastic and confident attitude which the House has adopted towards competitions this year. The first indication of a change of House spirit came in the only contest of the Autumn Term, the House Music Competition. Under the guidance of Clive Black, Laurence Jones and Clive Roberts the House retained this trophy, defeating both Thomas and Gray by a comfortable margin. The House has not had a great deal of success in the 15-a-side Rugby competition over the past three years, but it was the general feeling that this was our year, and so it proved to be. Having defeated Thomas by 18 - 3, we went on to beat the holders, Gray, 12 - 4 in the final. Another success for Booth! Unfortunately, our superiority in the Rugby was not evident in the House Sevens. We were positioned third, and thoughts were that our luck and spirit were beginning to change. Fortunately, this was not so, for possibly the greatest Booth House success was still to come — the House Swimming Gala. Out of a possible five trophies to be won, Booth secured all but the Junior Department Individual Cup. Simon Dobbs (Junior), Jonathan Dakin (Intermediate) and Andrew Gregory (Senior) were the individual winners, and to cap this Booth won the House Swimming Cup which has not seen the Booth shelf for more than a decade. All this, and a victory by more than 30 points (a record?). The next success was the Cross-Country Cup, an unexpected but well-deserved capture. Andrew Little and Simon Sperring were Booth's individual winners, but once again it was the efforts of the not-so-talented that decided the issue in our favour. It is hoped that our run of success can be maintained throughout the Athletics and Cricket season and that, maybe, we can secure further trophies. Our congratulations go to David Walters, Geoffrey Ellis and Andrew Gregory on gaining their Senior Rugby Colours, and to Richard Williams, Captain of the very successful 2nd XV, and William Roberts on gaining their 2nd XV Colours. Finally, we should like to say a word of welcome to two new Booth House Masters, the Rev. P. R. Gould and J. P. Loughton — an ex-Booth House Captain himself — whose support, together with that of Mr. Harris, has been very much in evidence.

ANDREW GREGORY, House Captain
ANDREW HAYCOX, Vice-Captain



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THOMAS HOUSE

At the start of the year, it was obvious that the success of the House would depend on the Middle and Lower School because of the lack of talent, athletic or otherwise, in the fifth and sixth forms. The Music Competition was the first obstacle to negotiate. Unfortunately, the House was beaten into third place. We would like to thank Andrew Wheeler and Tim Marchmont for their efforts in the organisation of our programme. It was with some apprehension that we looked to the first round of the Senior Rugby Competition against Booth. From the team drawn up, it was obvious that our main strength lay in the forwards, and that we would have to attempt to play ten man rugby. Our play failed and we were beaten by a very good Booth side, who went on to win the cup. The next few weeks saw the approach of the seven-a-side competition, and we were anxious to retain the trophy. Because of injury and other difficulties, we were only able to raise one senior team, which did well enough to gain maximum points and thus put us on a sound footing for the rest of the competition with the onus on the lower school; and it was due to their splendid and determined effort that we retained the seven-a-side trophy for the third year. At one time it was rare for the Swimming Cup to leave the Thomas shelves; for the past four years, it has not had a glimpse of them, nor was it to have this year. Again, we were defeated in the Cross Country and it was Booth who re-captured the trophy. At the present moment, the Cricket, Athletics and Merit competitions have to be decided. We are in the final of the Cricket, and lead in both the Athletics and Merit Competitions. On the whole the year has not been one of outstanding success for Thomas, but neither has it been one of dismal failure. We have not won a cup, but neither have we lost one. The future years look very good for Thomas and with so much still in the balance, we can do more than retain our dignity, we can add to it. Mention must be made of various individuals for their splendid performances during the year: Andrew Wheeler, Adrian Haxby, Andrew Shipley, Tim Edgar of the first XV, and Simon Rider, its inspired captain; Peter Taylor for gaining his 2nd XV colours which were well deserved; in Athletics, Simon Rider, Jonathan Austen, Adrian Haxby, Andrew Shipley, Tom Newton, Ashley Joule and Tim Edgar; Andrew Shipley came second in the Youths' shot, at Newark and District Sports, setting a new school record. To all those not mentioned, our thanks for your splendid efforts for the House throughout the year, and our best wishes for your success in the future.

TIM EDGAR, House Captain
SIMON RIDER, Vice-Captain

A POEM?

When you try to write a poem but the words won't fit;
When the rhythm and the rhyming send you round the bend;
When the third line is too short for the last little bit;
Then you have to make the fourth one slightly longer and include it at the end.

When the inspiration's hit you but the rhythm's getting worse;
When the structure of the stanza makes you go all wrong;
When you can't get all you'd like to get in any line of verse;
Then you finish what you want to write and make the last line metrically too long.

When the dactyls and the spondees just confuse your poorly brain;
But the syllables come rushing so you feel you've got to write 'em;
Well, I've said this twice already, but I'll say it once again,
Forget the technicalities and write 'ad infinitum'.

ROBERT EDLIN, 6B

SPRING SONG

Cruel Winter has past, and fresh Spring comes.
The woodland glades burst with expectant songs
From the birds of the air. See the beasts in the field;
See the corn and the wheat, the next harvest yield;
See the hibernating creatures, eyes open bright,
And the barn owl glaring, waiting for night.
The young and newly-born play merrily here,
And will do again, when Spring comes next year.

IAN AVERISS, Form 2

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THE DEATH OF BOXER

(an extension of a theme from Orwell's 'Animal Farm')

The rain flung itself against the side of the horsebox. The wind slid in through a chink in the wooden sides with a low whine, causing Boxer to stir uncomfortably on the meagre straw. The van slowed and stopped. Boxer heard the sound of gates swinging back, then the hooves moved again, clip-clopping over the cobbles. Crash! The side door dropped, exposing Boxer to the full fury of the rain lashing down from an awesome sky. Boxer gasped and backed to the rear of the box.

'Come on, you useless lump of horseflesh!' A strange man, wearing a leather apron black with coagulated blood, broke through the curtain of rain. Boxer whinnied nervously, but a huge, hairy arm forced a bridle over his head, and dragged him out to face the bitter onslaught of the elements.

Boxer stared round with rheumy eyes. He was standing in a small courtyard in front of low buildings. The yard was surrounded by a high wall capped with spikes and the only entrance was a huge wooden gate studded with nails. There was no escape. Heaps of bones lay in piles around the walls, and in one corner two vats squatted, exuding thick greasy steam and giving off an overpowering stench.

'This is it,' thought Boxer, 'my nightmare. The end of the road, yet isn't this what we fought to put an end to? Isn't this the tyranny Old Major condemned? Have we achieved anything by routing Jones and his kind?'



The men came and stood round now, brandishing their instruments of torture. One began to prise off Boxer's iron shoes which he pitched onto a growing pile. As the man twisted round to throw the last shoe on the pile, Boxer saw his last chance to strike a blow for Animalism. He lashed out with his great hoof! The man was plucked into the air and thrown against the brick base of the vats to fall limply, like a broken doll. The men ran for cover, and Boxer bolted madly round and round the yard, kicking things over as he went.

At last, he sank, exhausted, to the ground and the men came forward wielding axes in their hands. Boxer felt no fear, just a sense of imminent release from the pressure of life. 'How calm it is!' he thought. 'Maybe I shan't miss my retirement after all. What a pity I never mastered the alphabet. How did it go? A, B, C, D, — whatever comes next . . . ?'

CHRISTOPHER DOBBS, Form 4

THE FRIENDS

Seen through the diminishing glass of advancing years, school becomes a medley of blurred and distorted memories. Form-room despots assume a more benevolent aspect, and the tedium of study seems, in retrospect, to have been a brief idyllic interlude.

Curiously, however, neither time nor fading memory can diminish the strong sense of friendship and affection for the old school felt by not only past and present staff and scholars, but very many others who have no direct experience of the school but for whom it represents a link with all that was best in our educational and spiritual heritage.

Indeed, for some of us that sense of continuity is magnified with the passing years until we reach a position where the old school becomes one of the few remaining secure points of reference in the encroaching wasteland of a bewildering and increasingly barbarous society.

Is this an over-sentimentalised view of our old schools and, in particular, Southwell Minster Grammar School? Perhaps; but the fact is that a great many hard-headed and far from sentimental parents, old boys and staff have been prepared to give money and time to maintain the status of the School through the medium of the School's Company of Friends.

The Friends are a money-raising organisation before anything else, and their objectives are: to maintain the status of the School as a voluntary aided school; to preserve the School's Christian tradition and ancient association with the Minster; to retain as much control of the School's own affairs as possible; and to provide additional facilities at the School.

Superficially, there is an admirable clarity in these statements of aim. Unfortunately, recent events have created a situation in which there are almost as many interpretations of the objectives as there are Friends in the organisation.

In the present climate of uncertainty surrounding plans for the School, the future of the Friends, no less than of the School itself, is in the balance. Whether or not our children, and our children's children, will inherit that secure point of reference in their lives is a question which undoubtedly will occupy the minds, and tax the ingenuity, of Friends over the months to come.

BILL DAKIN

VISIT TO SHEFFIELD POLY

On a gloomy January morning, the intellectuals of the school (and Mr. Stuart) piled into a minibus which was to take them to Sheffield. All were in good spirits and they scarcely noticed that it took the driver longer to find the Polytechnic than it had to travel between Southwell and Sheffield. At last the bus arrived, a quivering heap, at the gates of the Poly and everyone tumbled out and proceeded to the Physics Department where the 'students-for-a-day' met their lecturers over a cup of coffee. Soon, however, the work began, and in groups of twos and threes they were initiated in such wonderful skills as gamma ray spectroscopy, photo-elastic stress and non-destructive testing. The elite few were able to use an electron microscope. After a snack in the refectory and a brief wander round the outside of the Poly (amusement arcade round the corner!) work was resumed on different experiments. The afternoon session was soon over and we thanked the lecturers for setting aside time to give us such an interesting and instructive day. A dash was made for the minibus through a typical Sheffield downpour, and all the way back to Southwell, Norman Bliss, in his clear treble voice, subjected the tired yet contented group to a rendering of Scout campfire songs.

NEVILLE TAYLOR, JEREMY BUTCHER, 6B

THE OTTER

(with not a passing resemblance to William McGonagall, poet and tragedian)

Otters are not rare, but are very seldom seen.

They have darkish brown hair and, for mammals, are very clean.

The otter has a favourite sport of tobogganing in the snow.

When it has chased and caught a fish its face seems all aglow.

The male stands up on its hind legs as though he's ready for inspection,

While the young one cuddles closely to its Mother to receive her loving affection.

GREGORY ELLA, Form 2

PROCL O, PROCL ESTE INSANI!

'Have you got anything on pollution?' 'Can you tell me where I can find out what the population of Southwell was fifty years ago?' 'Is there anything here about wine making?' (A second former!) 'Can you get us some more books about World War Two please?' (Another second former!) 'You don't happen to have seen? It's three months overdue at the local library on my mother's ticket and I suspect I may have left it here.' (Request successfully solved!)

Snippets from the routine exchanges that go on in that place along at the end of the corridor — for some a quieter and more comfortable haven in which to prepare for the next academic encounter, for some a place in which to exchange sotto voce the latest scandal, for some a lunch time knee warmer or a less chilly vantage point from which to observe the fortunes of the 1st XV, for some (dare one hope it?) a source of desired information and inspiration. The Library has its users, be they addicts of the sports pages of 'The Times,' crossword puzzlers of the 'Chad' or perusers of Plato and the 'Journal of Hellenic Studies,' and its misusers, the fidgety fingers that pick at chair stuffings or the humourists who interfere with the tickets and the date stamp — but the work of the library goes quietly on.

Have you realised, for instance, that something like one hundred and fifty new books have been added to the library during this academic year? that ten processes have to be completed between the acquisition of a book and its appearance on the shelves? that some of our local history books have been considered of sufficient value for the County Library to rebind at their own expense? that, on a more mundane note, there is an endless succession of chores to be negotiated in the way of replacing spine labels, date tickets, covers, loose leaves etc., to say nothing of attempting to keep the books in some semblance of order on the shelves?

Such tasks require helpers. This year we have been very fortunate in attracting the services of a Gentleman Vth former, not over-employed, who has made the Library his annexe and turned into an adept with Sellotape, sticky labels and transparent plastic covers. He has been supported by a group of Vth and VIB members who have undertaken responsibility during lunch times. Their services have been much valued and it is hoped that they and perhaps others will come forward to continue the good work next year.

Finally it would be remiss not to note that this year has seen the change of an era in the School Library. It is not until one tangles with the inner workings that one appreciates the time, thought and effort that must have gone into making the library what it is. We hope that what has gone on this year will not have been too unworthy of that former distinguished and omniscient occupant of the library desk chair.

D.A.I.F.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

1. I can still picture the scene and feel the nerves and tension which always go with the first day at a new school. There I was, at 8.35 on that Wednesday morning, putting on and taking off my new blazer, flicking imaginary specks of dust from the lapels, and glancing at the clock at five second intervals, waiting for the fateful quarter to strike. (Matthew Smith, Form 1)
2. When I went into the classroom there was a smell of new boys, a smell faintly resembling bird seed. (Simon Calthrop, Form 1)
3. Books about boys in grammar schools claim that it is impossible to enjoy life in such places. They tell of torture, terror and no escape from horrible prefects. At this school there is no terror, no torture and no escape from horrible prefects! (Simon Dobbs, Form 1)
4. The new subjects were a refreshing change, and homework, the notorious 'prep.', slowly became an accepted part of school life. Perhaps not welcome, but accepted. (Matthew Smith, Form 1)
5. After a few weeks I even began to like some of the masters, but I'm glad there are no girls at this school. I don't like girls they are silly, giggling things. (John Lord, Form 1)

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FROM 'NIGHT VISIT TO AMBERGAITE'

(suggested by a reading of Dylan Thomas' 'Under Milk Wood')

Silent as the slag, which lay impassive, casting forbidding shadows across the sooty, smog-covered roofs of the sleepy mining village of Ambergaite, the night hung like a glitter-covered curtain, a dirty, gravity-defying shilling, rolling in and out of the greyish folds of the heavy material. The cracked church bell struck ten, and, as the slow monotonous boom reverberated through the narrow streets, the pit cage rattled its vertical way up the dingy mine shaft and regurgitated its shabby, cursing load; the afternoon shift, each one a golliwog or a shiny-eyed Cyclops in the dark shadows.

At the other end of the village, the local driving instructor, Stirling Stewart, signalled, manoeuvred and three-point-turned his 'clunk-click-careless-driving-costs-lives' way down the Le Mans track, until he crossed the winning line, well ahead of the pack, just outside 34, Broom Avenue, where the champagne was being poured into pot mugs, and the slap-up meal was being buttered and placed on small round plates. He stepped out of his gleaming, sickly-green Lotus Mini, to wild cheers from the lamp-posts, and went to receive his celebration feast of bread, butter and hot cocoa.

A few yards down the road, young Tommy Thomas tossed and turned in his swashbuckling, adventure-packed dreams; fighting with booty-thieving, murderous pirates and saving the world from Martian invasion. Meanwhile, downstairs, his twelve-year-old brother, Peter, struggled, went down for the third time, and then drowned in a raging sea of Maths books, squared paper, French irregular verbs and Latin prose.

Down coaldust-covered streets, Mr. Brewitt, now clean, trudged his weary way home from his work, dreaming of a platinum-plated Rolls-Royce with jewelled headlamps, gliding across a glittering road of stars to a far-away land called Treble Dividend.



The clock struck eleven. The village slept and dreamt of things which fill the dark labyrinth in halls of the subconscious. All, that is, except for the night shift, deep below ground, hacking away at the black rock. All, that is, except for you and me, floating on our starlit way; the village wrapped in the gloom of fog and the villagers in a mantle of dream-encrusted sleep.

JONATHAN HOYLE, Form 4

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THE SCOUT BONFIRE

Having come as far as Southwell on the bus, I had a lift in a Mini van which went at hair-raising speed through town towards the scene of action. We were early and yet, despite the chill of the evening, a few lonely cars were parked round the cooking shelters. All round was a thick pea-soup fog which promised to spoil the evening. However, people started to arrive, lanterns appeared, the fire was lit and, to our relief, the fog lifted. I have a number of vivid recollections of that evening: standing behind the Mini van sorting out fireworks and thinking how much nicer it would be to be standing in the warmth of the fire; holding a greasy cloth and, balanced precariously on top of it, a cob, brown sauce and onions (in that order and without a sausage!); and, finally, bundling broken bales of hay onto the dying embers of the fire before another high-speed lift to Southwell, a long wait for the bus and, eventually, home.

JOHN EDLIN, Form 4

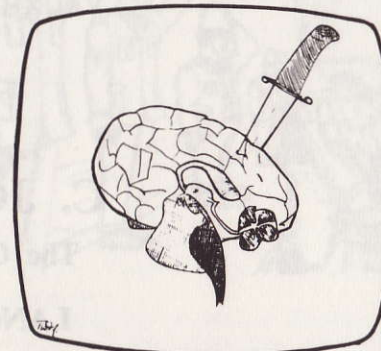
ILLNESS

The sweat pours off you
As you lie in bed, thinking
Of Hitler,
His face growing larger, then smaller,
His voice echoing round your head.
The things you look at
Sway about,
In the fuzzy-muzzy depths
Of illness.

Your thoughts are compressed into one
weird fantasy
In which you score the Cup Final winner,
Then shoot the leader of the Mafia
Who turns out to be the opposing
captain.
Soon you're dodging the police,
And running away from angry mobs
In your underpants and vest.

Quickly these thoughts are wiped out by
reality,
The situation you are in.
A hospital bed beckons with its dreary
finger,
Invites you to wrestle with its sheets,
Instead of your own;
To hug and repel its water bottle,
Instead of your own faithful, blue,
Leaky one.

ROBERT LISTER, Form 3



TELEVISION

A mechanical monster is in our midst,
In nearly every house it sits.
An opening to a land of dreams.
A friend indeed, or so it seems.

The blurring screen stops every thought,
Imaginations are quickly caught.
But it is evil, controlling minds,
And on the mind it draws thick thick blinds.

A feeling-killer, a thought-destroyer,
On the mind it sits — a lawyer.
In every thought it makes an incision,
Your enemy, the Television.

MATTHEW SMITH Form 1

GEOGRAPHY FIELD COURSE 1974

At Easter, another group of 6B geographers set off on the annual pilgrimage to Tenby. This year, by special request, two members of 6A joined Mr. Bannister and the eleven lower sixth formers. On the first day, it was decided for us that we needed exercise, so we duly trudged off along the coast to Amroth, a mere seven miles away. The return journey was undertaken competitively, the wooden spoon going to our hardy leader. The next two days were spent on group projects, which proved rewarding and successful in most cases. On the Wednesday we were provided with a different form of entertainment, which involved visiting the summits of as many hills as possible in the St. Davids area. On the following day we visited various coastal areas and the oil installations at Milford Haven. The last day was whiled away on urban study in the bustling town of Haverfordwest. Each group was assigned an area of the town, and by some strange quirk of fate part of a girls' secondary school appeared in each group's area. Oddly enough, this sector of the town was the most poorly mapped! In spite of the barbarous natives, who delighted in chasing innocent English rock-tappers, the week was deemed a success and was enjoyed by all. Our thanks go to 'Frizzy,' to the library van driver who thought it his duty to enlighten us as to the subtleties of Welsh slang, and to Mr. Bannister.

JEREMY TOWNELL, JONATHAN WEST, 6B

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DARTMOOR REVISITED

(with apologies to Wordsworth)

I staggered vacant as a sot
Who trips on high o'er rails and sills,
When all at once I saw a lot,
A host of blue-clad sentinels;
Beside the car, beneath the trees,
Muttering and cursing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the motorway,
They stood in stunned knee-bending line
All along the parking-bay;
A dozen saw I at a glance,
Scratching their heads at my odd stance.

The leaves beneath them danced, but
they
Outdid the crackling leaves in glee.
Inebriates cannot help but sway
To such an awful company;
I blew and blew, but little thought
What fate that green to me had brought.

Now oft when in my cell I lie,
In doleful or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bane of solitude:
And through my being sickness swells
When I recall those sentinels.

SIMON RIDER, 6A



LEAVERS IN JULY 1974

6A

J. M. Austen, Warwick University, Management Sciences; T. R. Edgar, Bristol or Central London Polytechnic, Law; G. V. Ellis, Leeds University, International History and Politics; M. J. Foulds, St. Andrews University, Geology; S. A. Gilbert, Leicester University, Physics; A. P. Gregory, R.A.F.; D. J. Higgins, Kings College, London, Mathematics; T. R. T. Jones, Un. Manchester Inst. Sc. and Tech., Mechanical Engineering; T. R. J. Lee, Sheffield University, Medicine; B. J. Lloyd, Warwick University, Physics; R. B. Moore, Leicester or Swansea, General Science; M. B. Mosenthal, Kings College, London, Mathematics; A. I. Page, Manchester University, Architecture; D. J. Phillips, Newcastle University, Industrial Economics or Shenstone Training College, Teacher Training, P.E./Maths.; G. Rhodes, Reading University, Quantity Surveying; W. Roberts, Local Government; P. G. Simms, Kingston or N.E. London Polytechnic, Architecture; P. D. L. Taylor, Singleton, Fabian and Derbyshire via Trent Polytechnic, Ch. Accountant; D. C. Walters, the Police as a Police Cadet; I. R. Williams, Royal Navy; J. P. Wood, Loughborough University N.C.B. Sponsorship, Mechanical Engineering; A. Cherry-Downes, Civil Aviation.

5

B. C. Barratt, Farming; A. D. Cowling, Estate Agency; S. N. Euinton, Emigrating to Canada; P. Harrison, Printing; N. F. Kirby, Motor Engineering; S. K. B. Pocock, Catering and Hotel Management; R. Reid, Catering and Hotel Management; R. Richards, Engineering.

From Our Literary Critic:

The structure of the story is solid enough until midway through the book when Bond's actions become vague and difficult to follow. As in the majority of Mr. Fleming's books, a lot of impetus is lost through over-emphasis on romantic interests.

MATTHEW SMITH, Form 1, on 'Diamonds are Forever'

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Old Boys' Section

This year for the first time the school magazine is featuring news of old boys. The Old Southwellian Society and the Old Choristers' Association are grateful for the space offered.

This is necessarily a modest beginning but it is hoped to include more names in future years.

From the society's point of view the two main events of this academic year were the Rugby match against the school and the annual dinner which once again was held at the school. The dinner was preceded by the annual meeting when Mr. P. Bettison was elected president, Mr. Robert Beckett of 13 Market Place, Southwell, re-elected secretary and Mr. Joe Gibson re-elected treasurer.

The main event of the year for the old choristers is the annual reunion. Last year it was on July 7 and this year is on July 13. At the annual meeting Mr. J. Pallister was elected president, Mr. G. W. Thompson of Meadowfield, Hoveringham, re-elected secretary and Mr. G. Ballard re-elected treasurer.

The highlight of last year's reunion was the surprise presentation of a silver-gilt president's pendant by Mr. Arthur Beckett.

Several members attended festivals staged by the National Federation of Cathedral Old Choristers' Associations at Ely and the main event at Christ Church, Oxford, last year and six members are attending the festival at King's College, Cambridge, in July.

One 'old boy' who sent information for the magazine was former Headmaster Mr. Basil Rushby-Smith. He extends a welcome to any old boy travelling to the west country. His address is The Prebend, Great Rissington, Cheltenham, and his telephone number is Bourton-on-the-Water 20843 (STD code 0451).

NEWS OF OLD BOYS

Ian N. ATKINSON (1962-1971). Studying for his finals in an architecture degree at Sheffield.

Peter BARKER (1941-1951). An actor for ten years after leaving school, then an announcer with the BBC, now works exclusively with Radio Three. Married to a lecturer at London University. Address: 29a Crawford Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex HA0 2HY.

G. BERGMAN (1962-1968). Qualified as a doctor this spring after obtaining a B.Sc. degree three years ago. Now M.B., B.S., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Has a pre-registration appointment at Guy's Hospital, London.

Derek BOWES (1941-1950). Features Editor with the Newark Advertiser. Address: 47 Easthorpe, Southwell, Notts. NG25 0HY.

J. Vernon COLHOUN (1950-1956). A solicitor in private practice at Bakewell, Derbyshire. Married with two children. A director of Derbyshire Naturalists Trust Ltd. Address: White House, Church Town, Darley Dale, Matlock.

Simon L. CARTER (1963-1973). One of the last boys to be taught in the old school building. Reading chemistry, geology and archaeology at Leicester University. Address: Villiers Hall, Manor Road, Leicester LE2 2LG.

John T. CLARKE (1942-1946). Evacuated to Southwell from Worthing during the second world war. Works at Rolls Royce. Married with two sons. Address: 4 Park Lane, Weston-on-Trent, Derby DE7 2BR.

Christopher COBB (1966-1973). At Cambourne School of Mines studying for a diploma in mining. Member of their Rag Committee.

John P. EGGLESTON (1962-1969). Working for Price Waterhouse Ltd. in Nottingham. Getting married this summer.

Joe GIBSON (1919-1923). Trained as a teacher at St. John's College, York. Taught at Gedling until 1932, headmaster in Nottingham from 1942 until retirement in 1970. Treasurer of Old Southwellian Society since 1946. Past-president. School governor. Address: 5 Eton Grove, Wollaton Park, Nottingham.

David C. HAYCOX (1962-1969). Now working for Eastern Computer Services Ltd., at Spalding as a programmer/analyst. Venture Scout leader of the school group. Interests include cricket and squash. Address: Tensing, Ancaster Drive, Sleaford.

John E. HAYCOX (1964-1969). With Lloyds Bank in Newark. Plays Rugby for Notts. Interested in cricket and squash.

Bernard JEWRY (1954-1960). Better known in the pop world as Alvin Stardust, under which name he has made hit records. Earlier appeared as Shane Fenton.

William LEEK (1918-1923). Appointed to Old Boys' committee in 1923 and, apart from the war years, active ever since. Trustee of the Friends of the school. Connected with Southwell Cricket Club since 1923. Address: 49 Ropewalk, Southwell.

Arthur LENNARD (1920-1925). Interests Rugby and cricket (although no longer an active one), swimming, walking and R.A.F. Association. Address: 140 Repton Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 7EL.

A. Eric LOUGHTON (1925-1929). Staff and administration clerk with British Rail. Address: Allenby Road, Southwell.

Eric W. LOUGHTON (1948-1953). Lecturer at North Notts College of Further Education. Address: 12 Woodland View, Southwell. Son Philip the third generation of Loughtons at the school. Now a chorister in the first form after being in the junior department.

John P. LOUGHTON (1960-1968). Former head boy. Trained at Northern Counties College, Institute of Education, part of the University of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Taught at King's School, Tynemouth, until becoming assistant housemaster at Hill House last September. Member of the school's maths department.

John Richard PALLISTER (1959-1967). Teaching diploma 1970 at King Alfred's College, Winchester. Assistant teacher, Walter D'Ayncourt Primary School, Farnsfield. Leader 1st Southwell Cubs. Address: 3 Vicars Court, Southwell.

Ian PALLISTER (1961-1970). R.A.F. university cadet. B.Sc. in aero-engineering at Southampton University 1973. Now at R.A.F. College, Cranwell.

Richard PARKER (1953-1959). Gained a Ph.D. at Manchester University. Now works for Shell oil company. Address: P.O. Box 81, Muscat, Sultanate of Oman, Arabian Gulf. Married with a son and daughter.

J. F. PEScott-DAY (1943-1950). Now lives at Jasmine Cottage, Kents Road, Wellswood, Torquay.

Rev. Peter B. PRITCHARD (1944-1948). First class honours degree in history at St. David's University College, Lampeter. Four years commissioned service as navigator in R.A.F. St. Catherine's, Oxford, and Ripon Hall, Oxford. 1964-1970 chaplain at Liverpool College, 1970 to date lecturer at C.F. Mott College of Education. Married with two daughters. Address: 7 The Vineries, Woolton, Liverpool L25 6EU.

S. W. PULFORD (1935-1942). Now deputy head of the school. Address: 10 Farthingate Close, Southwell.

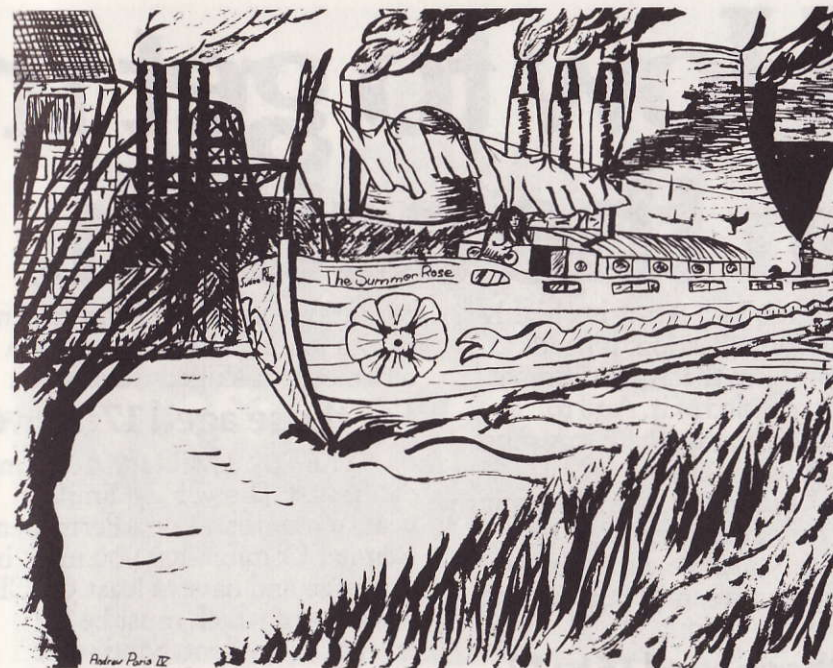
John A. READER (1957-1962). For eight years in R.A.F. as radar and wireless engineer. Served with the Queen's Flight. Now with The Financial Times as projects development manager. Had a first in Fleet Street with a unique photo-composing system. Amateur drama enthusiast, rowing crew coach. Address: 2 Sayer Milward Terrace Wallingford, Berkshire OX10 0HB.

W. B. SHARLEY (1918-1923). St. John's College, York, from 1924-1926. Now living in retirement at Wantage, Berkshire.

Edward SHUTT (1968-1973). Studying for a law degree at Trent Polytechnic.

Richard SMALLWOOD (1966-1973). On a sponsorship at Aston University. Member of the University entertainments committee.

Christopher STANLEY (1963-1973). At Aston University studying for a geology degree.



Monday is Washing Day

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For those aged 15 to 17.

Welbeck College (entry age between 15½ and 17 years 2 months). Two years' science sixth form training prior to entry to Sandhurst for Commission in one of the Technical Arms. To enter Welbeck you must be up to 'O' level (or equivalent) in Maths, a Science which includes Physics, and English Language. Chemistry and a foreign language are also desirable.

Army Scholarship. Two years' financial assistance to help you stay on at school. Once you pass 'A' levels, you're given an automatic place at Sandhurst.

Army Apprentices' Colleges.  Two or three years' technical,

educational and character training before joining an Army unit as a technician or skilled tradesman.

For those aged 17 or over.

The Royal Military Academy Sandhurst. (Lower age limit 17 years 9 months.) For a Permanent Regular Commission you must be under 20 and have at least 5 GCE passes, 2 of which must be 'A' level or equivalent. Sandhurst provides a year's further training with opportunities of taking a degree course at the Royal Military College of Science or other University.

Short Service Commission. For a 3-year Short Service Commission you must be under 26 and have at least 5 GCE 'O' levels or equivalent. At the end of a Short Service Commission, you can either return to a civilian career or apply for a Permanent Regular Commission.

University Cadetship. Financial assistance for selected candidates who can gain a place at a University.

If you would like more details about how you can get in on the action, please write to:

Colonel J. F. Baker Retd.
Schools Liaison Officer,
East Midlands, Bestwood Lodge,
Arnold, Nottinghamshire NG5 8NH



*The Victorious 2nd XV
The 1st XV (after the Tynemouth match)*



**1st SOUTHWELL SCOUTS
GROUP SUPPORTERS' ASSOCIATION**

Asks you please to make a note of the following dates

Saturday, September 14th

COFFEE EVENING

Far Corkhill Farm

(by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ashworth)

Saturday, November 2nd

BONFIRE EVENING

Saturday, December 7th

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

SCHOOL CLOTHING

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Further information from

MRS. RIDER
NORTH HOUSE, UPTON
or
MR. BANNISTER
at the School