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# MONASTERY

*HOLY LIVES—ii*

## ST AUGUSTINE

ST AUGUSTINE became Bishop of Hippo in 396. This was a fairly small town near Carthage in North Africa. It was a horrid period when the Roman Empire, long weakened by its own corruption, was being destroyed by barbarians who were building their own kingdoms out of its ruins. St Augustine was to share in the general horror when in 410 the Goths under Alaric sacked a Rome that had been secure for eight hundred years. But this was only a climax to a process of erosion that had been going on for over a century.

The Church had been granted toleration by the Emperor Constantine early in the fourth century, and while this had heralded a period of great development in the life of the Church it had also led, through the removal of the fear of persecution, to many quarrels and to the growth of many heresies. For instance, Augustine had to contend in North Africa with a schismatic Christian sect called the Donatists, who were at least as numerous and as active as the Catholics. Another foe were the Manichees, who believed in a double creative source of the world: a good spiritual power and an evil material power who fought in the world for the mastery. Such a theory, sounded attractive in the enveloping chaos. Most of those who belonged to what might today be called the Establishment were either pagan or agnostic, and they were wont to blame the misery of the times on the toleration granted to the Christians and to the consequent neglect of the pagan deities.

It was within such a world of decay and disorder that there emerged as a provincial bishop a creative genius, the power of whose mind and the attraction of whose personality is still felt as a great force to this day. We are able to watch the formation of this man in a way which is perhaps unique. When Augustine had been a bishop for a number of years he decided he would reveal to the world that was coming to praise and extol him, his terrible sinfulness and at the same time praise God for his mercy to him. The result was the first and perhaps the greatest autobiography, the *Confessions of St Augustine*. In it you feel immediate contact with the soul and the person of the saint as you re-live with him the first thirty years of his life when he sought happiness and fulfilment everywhere but in Christ, till he came to realise as he says, addressing Our Lord. 'Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee.'

Augustine was born of a pagan father and a Christian mother in



Tagaste in North Africa. He was a brilliant, but a wild and undisciplined youth. 'I stole from my parents' cellar and table, sometimes because I was gluttonous myself, sometimes to have something to give other boys in exchange for implements of play.' Again he says, 'I hated to be wrong, had a vigorous memory, was well trained in speech, delighted in friendship, shunned pain, meanness and ignorance.' With the onslaught of adolescence Augustine says, 'I burnt for all the satisfactions of hell, and I sank to the animal in a succession of dark lusts.'

He was educated first under a tutor at Tagaste, then at Madaura and finally at the University of Carthage. It is while here that the brilliant but wild Augustine reached the depths of his degradation. He was the member of a gang known as the Eversores, who seem to have been rather worse than the modern teddy boys and yet very similar to them. When he was eighteen he received his first conversion. He read a work, which is now lost, by Cicero called *Hortensius*. 'Suddenly all the vanity I had hoped in I saw as worthless, and with incredible intensity of desire I longed after immortal wisdom.' This intense desire to find the truth and to understand wisdom never left him, and his search for wisdom becomes the dominating theme of the next years. At the same time he remained a prey to his animal appetites. It was this fierce dualism in himself which led him now to join the Manichees, with their belief in the dual creators, the good and the evil, fighting for the mastery in the world, as Augustine felt they were fighting within himself.

While St Augustine is analysing his character and trying with complete honesty to describe his development and the sins he committed, he turns repeatedly back to Our Lord to whom his whole confession is made, and it is perhaps in these passages, of which the following is typical, that one can best feel the attractiveness of Augustine's personality. 'Who can unravel that complex twisted knottedness? It is unclean, I hate to think of it or look at it. I long for Thee, O Justice and Innocence, Joy and Beauty of the clear of sight; I long for Thee with unquenchable longing. There is sure repose in Thee and life untroubled. He that enters into Thee, enters into the joy of his Lord and will not fear and shall be well in Him who is the Best. I went away from Thee, my God; in my youth I strayed too far from Thy sustaining power, and I became to myself a waste land.'

Shortly after Augustine had completed his studies at Carthage he became a lecturer at the university in Rhetoric. His mother, Monica, would appear to have been lax in his early religious upbringing, but she had now for some time been horrified at her son's development. She turned passionately with prayers and penance and many tears to God to save him. Her husband was dead and she went to Carthage to try to influence her son. As St Augustine, slightly ruefully, puts it, 'For she loved to have me with her, as is the way of mothers, but far more than most mothers.'

As a teacher he began to draw men to him, and in his description of his happiness in the company of friends he shows another facet of his per-

sonality. 'All kinds of things rejoiced my soul in their company—to talk and laugh and do each other kindnesses; read pleasant books together, pass from lightest jest to talk of the deepest things and back again; differ without rancour, as a man might differ with himself; and when most rarely dissension arose, find our normal agreement all the sweeter for it . . . these and such like things, proceeding from our hearts as we gave affection and received it back, and shown by face, by voice, by the eyes, and a thousand other pleasing ways, kindled a flame which fused our very souls and of many, made us one.'

For nine years Augustine lectured at Carthage and all this time he remained a Manichee. In 383 he met Faustus, the leading Manichean bishop, and found to his dismay that this man could still none of the doubts of the sect, that had been growing in his mind. In the same year he sickened of Carthage and determined to make for Rome. He slipped away, without telling his mother, who had all these years been living at Carthage and praying to God with tears for her son's soul.

In Rome Augustine was infuriated by the dishonesty of his pupils who wouldn't pay their fees, and when the Professorship of Rhetoric at Milan became vacant he applied for the post and was appointed. At Milan the Bishop, Ambrose, was one of the most eloquent men of his day and Augustine went to listen to his preaching to study his technique. 'That man of God received me as a father, and as a bishop welcomed my coming. I came to love him, not at first as a teacher of the truth, which I had utterly despaired of finding in your Church, but for his kindness towards me.'

In the next two years Augustine gradually moved towards Catholicism. He shows wonderfully in the *Confessions* the gradual building up of the Christian truths in his mind. 'But with all these truths held safe and inviolably rooted in my mind, I was still on fire with the question whence comes evil. What were the agonies, what the anguish of my heart in labour, O my God.' It was through a study of the Neo-platonists that he came to understand the answer to the problem of evil. And then he discovered St Paul and he was a Christian by belief. 'By now I was quite certain; but I was still bound to earth and refused to take service in your Army; I feared to be freed of all the things that impeded me, as strongly as I ought to have feared the being impeded by them.' It was while he was in this agony of indecision that he was told the story of two officials who on hearing the life of St Anthony, the first hermit, decided then and there to leave their worldly career and follow Christ. As Augustine listened he was disgusted with himself who for a dozen years and more had been searching for wisdom and now having found it, had not the courage to embrace it. 'And you set me there before my own face that I might see how vile I was, how twisted and unclean and spotted and ulcerous.'

Augustine went out to the garden at the back of his lodgings, accompanied only by his great friend Alypius, sick at heart and in a torment,

begging God give him the strength to turn wholly to Him; but as ever he approached near to Him, Augustine was held back by temptations of the flesh. 'How long, how long shall I go on saying tomorrow and again tomorrow! Why not now, why not have an end to my uncleanness this very hour.' And as he prayed he heard a child's sing-song voice saying again and again: 'Take and read, take and read.' Interpreting the words as a divine command Augustine took up the Scriptures he had with him and read the passage he first set eyes on as he opened the book. 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envy, but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ and make not provision for the flesh in its concupiscences.' In that instant all uncertainty of will vanished away.

Monica had been with her son in Milan for over a year. She and a group of about ten of Augustine's intimate friends went with him to a country retreat for four months. There they studied their new-found Faith. Some of them, like Augustine, were to be baptised the following Easter. It was a period of idyllic happiness, probably the most serene of Augustine's life, and the atmosphere is reflected in the four dialogues, records of some of their discussions, written by Augustine during these months. Before this time Augustine had written one book. When, near the end of his life, he came to revise and to correct his writings, he listed no less than two hundred and thirty-two works, the fruit of his efforts to explain and to apply the Faith he had now gained.

Augustine was baptised with his friends by St Ambrose at Milan on Easter morning the 25 April 387. He was thirty-two years old. He then set out with his mother to return to North Africa. One evening, while waiting at Ostia for a ship, the mother and son sat by a window, 'she and I alone, in deep joy; and forgetting the things that were behind and looking forward to those that were before, we were discussing in the presence of Truth, which You are, what the eternal life of the saints could be like. . . . And while we were thus talking of His wisdom, and panting for it with all the effort of our heart, we did for one instant attain to touch it.' Within a week St Monica was dead. Thus did Christ unite mother and son for an instant in a foretaste of their heavenly happiness in Him, before separating them in this world.

Augustine studied for a year at Rome. It is not surprising, considering his years as a Manichee, that his first major work, largely written while at Rome, should have been a treatise on free will and the problem of evil. After Rome he returned to the family property at Tagaste. There he sold the land, gave the money to the poor, and founded a monastery in his old home. It was in 391 that Augustine was ordained priest and persuaded to go to Hippo, moving the monastery thither, to help the aged bishop. Thus it was that Augustine was in Hippo to begin his great work when the bishop died in 396 and Augustine succeeded him. He was then forty-one years old and he was to be bishop of Hippo for thirty-four years.

It is impossible to give any adequate idea of the almost unbelievable

contribution made by Augustine to the life of the Church during these years. All that can be done is to try to indicate something of his influence while mentioning some aspects of his work.

Probably as bishop he would have considered the instruction of his flock by preaching as his primary duty. Fortunately no less than 685 of his sermons, that we can be sure are authentic, have survived. This survival is due to their popularity, as normally Augustine did not himself have copies of his sermons written down. But wherever he preached (for he was often invited by other bishops to preach in their cathedrals) he was followed round by notaries or stenographers who made a living out of transcribing longhand copies of his sermons and selling them. This has its advantages for us, as they sometimes included asides which would certainly not have been embodied in his own copies, and which allow us to realise the vast crowds that must have gone to listen to him, also the capacity of these fifth-century Catholics for receiving the word of God, and their enthusiasm. For instance in the middle of one sermon that must have taken hours to deliver we find the words: 'Go out and take some refreshment, not for your spirits, as your spirits are I notice indefatigable: but go out and give some little refreshment to your bodies, the servants of your souls, so that they may continue to minister to you; and when you are refreshed, then come back to your real food.' It is seldom that a modern preacher would feel his hold over his hearers was so great that he could encourage them to go out, on the assumption they would return for more! There are frequent references to the great crowds, for example: 'I can see in what crowds you have come, and you can see how I am perspiring!' And these crowds were not only Catholics; Roman officials, pagan students to study his rhetoric, and schismatics were all drawn to them. And we know he moved them as there are frequent appeals to them to shout and to cheer less. Not that the text of his sermons have any of the atmosphere of a revivalist meeting; they are solid Christian doctrine. But there can be no doubt that he lived up to his own advice, 'A preacher is to handle his words that the truth may be made clear, may please, may move.'

The fall of Rome in 410 occasioned one of Augustine's greatest pieces of writing. Many blamed this catastrophe on the desertion of the ancient gods, and the line of argument seemed to have so much force, that Augustine decided to try to work out an interpretation of all history. As with so much else that he did, it was the first time a philosophy of history had been attempted, or as Professor Gilson puts it, 'For the first time . . . human reason dared to make a synthesis of universal history.' The result is a massive work in twenty-two books which took him, amidst his many preoccupations, fourteen years to write. Its central theme is that history is a tale of two cities, the City of God and the City of the Devil. 'Two loves made the two cities—the earthly or the love of self which leads to the contempt of God, and the heavenly, the love of God which leads to the contempt of self.' Of the City of God he says, 'the King is

Truth, the law is Love, and the duration is Eternity.' The City is as wide as humanity, since 'in all successive ages Christ is the same Son of God, is eternal with the Father, and the unchangeable Wisdom by whom universal nature was called into existence and by participation in whom every rational soul is made blessed'. Thus 'from the beginning of the human race whoever believed in Him and in any way knew Him and lived in a pious and just manner according to His precepts, was undoubtedly saved by Him in whatsoever time and place he may have lived.' These quotations may show something of the majestic sweep of his thought.

It is probably in his strictly theological writings that Augustine's influence has been greatest. As Karl Adam has said, 'There is scarcely a region of theology where he has not broken new ground, or at least set out the problems in the solution of which the centuries have toiled and are still toiling.' This theological thought he developed in books on the Trinity, on Nature and Grace, on the Church and in several outlines of Christian doctrine. But others were called forth by his desire to overcome and convince heretics. When he became bishop of Hippo, the Donatists were more powerful in Africa than the Catholics, and many Catholics were demoralised before the Donatist attacks. Augustine carried out a tireless campaign to change all this and to end the Donatist schism. He wrote many letters and books explaining their errors. He preached, wrote popular songs for his people to sing, and he even covered the outside of his churches with huge anti-Donatist placards. Finally he managed to organise a mammoth debate between two hundred and eighty-six Catholics and two hundred and seventy-nine Donatist bishops which went on for days and in which he took a leading part. All the time he was trying to get the Catholic view of the Mass, the Sacraments and the Church—the three principal points on which the Catholics and the Donatists differed—more fully understood. Twenty years after his becoming a bishop the Donatists had, to all intents and purposes, ceased to exist.

He understood the attraction of the Manichees only too well, and set out in a volume of thirty-three books to cover every detail of their teaching and to give the Catholic answer. He was able to persuade Fortunatus, the leading Manichee in Hippo, to take part with him in a public debate. It was conducted before a vast crowd, and with stenographers recording the proceedings. Poor Fortunatus fled after two days, never to return to Hippo. Against the Pelagians Augustine wrote some of his most profound work, seeking ever for that truth he tells us he already longed for in his youth. 'O Truth, Truth how did the inmost marrow of my soul sigh for thee even then.' As Papini has said, Augustine 'owes to the heretics some of his most profound thoughts and a part of his glory.'

As Augustine got older the threat from the barbarians approached nearer to his own North Africa. By the year 420 the Vandals, perhaps the most destructive of all the barbaric tribes, had conquered Spain. Then in

429 a horde of eight thousand Vandals under Genseric landed in Mauretania, and after devastating that region passed on to Numidia, the province in which Hippo is situated. The Vandals respected nothing and Possidius, the contemporary biographer of Augustine, tells us that Augustine 'passed the last sorrowful months of his old age seeing churches bereft of their priests and ministers, pious virgins and those who were vowed to chastity dispersed, some of these dying in torment or succumbing beneath cruel blows; others he saw losing the life of the soul, the body's purity, even their faith itself, and ending as the slaves of merciless masters.' Finally Hippo itself was laid siege to by the Vandals. Augustine, who had spent forty years building up the Church in North Africa, had to spend the last months of his life watching much of his work being destroyed. It was a suffering which drew him closer to his Master. In all his years of activity his deep mystical love of Christ has been the source of this activity. He had known that there are only two ultimates of knowledge for man, his own self and God. 'O Lord that I could know you; O that I could know myself.' And his knowledge of God had long before led to love. His only sadness was that his love of God had come so late. 'Late have I loved Thee, thou Beauty of ancient days, yet ever new! Too late have I loved Thee.' It was his love of God that had led to all his activity, and this love could not be destroyed. Indeed the apparent destruction of his work only made his death nearer to the Passion of the Saviour he loved.

Eleven days before he died Augustine asked that only his physician and those who brought his food should enter his room. He wished to be alone and spend his time in prayer. When he was forbidden by his physician to read so much, he had the penitential psalms copied out in large letters and hung on the wall opposite his bed. And so he died, to join St Monica in that heavenly bliss of which they had had a foretaste for an instant so many years before.

Shortly after his death the Vandals broke into and destroyed the city of Hippo. And they did in fact destroy with a horrid finality much of the Roman North African civilisation Augustine had been trying so hard to make Christian for the previous thirty-four years. But when in the centuries that were to come these barbarians were in their turn to be converted and new Christian nations were to arise out of the ashes of the Roman Empire, it was to Augustine that the best of the new minds were to turn. As Christopher Dawson has said of him, 'He was to a far greater degree than an emperor or barbarian war-lord, a maker of history and a builder of the bridge which was to lead from the old world to the new.' Even in the terms of this world Augustine was to share not only in the Passion but in the Resurrection of his Master.

*THE FACULTIES—ii*

## LES LANGUES VIVANTES

THE ENGLISH have always had a reputation for being abashed by foreign languages, and especially by French. There used to be, and to some extent still is, a general disinclination to go to the trouble of learning somebody else's language, and even some of those who value the knowledge will say that it is easy enough to pick it up when you get there.

Visits to the continent these days are a matter of small moment and the old lady who returned from her first visit to France and announced that the people must be very clever because even the children could speak French properly has long been mocked; yet she might possibly have argued her case, because the French do learn their language and learn how to use it properly. That it is the most important subject in the school curriculum in France may seem surprising to those who know how relatively slight is the importance attached to English in our own schools; but how else would one acquire the necessary knowledge of grammar and syntax, the logical arrangement and organisation of ideas: the rules which, far from rigid, give the language form, and the study and application which will afford it style and elegance?

Rather than fashion a precision instrument for the expression of their thoughts and ideas the English prefer, some to seek the assistance of Latin, others to express themselves either in a few confused, half-formulated phrases or a flood of enthusiasm which may have character and style but little else. With this in mind one asked an English master what he did with his boys by way of grammar and syntax, and understood him to say: 'Grammar! What is the use of doing grammar? They just talk and there you are.' An irresistible reminder of that shrewd and capable woman Isabella of Castile who, some five hundred years previously, when Nebrija presented his Grammar of the Spanish language, looked at it and asked: 'What is it for?'

What indeed is the use of studying grammar if you can live in a country for a year or two with no other object in view than casual conversation and the equipment necessary for supplying your daily needs? Some people struggle with book-learning for years without getting this far, so it is hardly surprising that they view the whole matter with considerable concern. But in either case what has been picked up will soon be forgotten when it is discontinued.

What has been studied must be fixed by steady application; but first let the study be thorough and the matter understood. The ability to understand varies with the individual and depends on acuteness of mind and the ability to concentrate, although not everybody is prepared to concede this point, and where there is a failure to understand some prefer to say that the matter has not been properly explained. Those



who understand readily are labelled intelligent, much to the annoyance of those not so labelled, in spite of the fact that a show of intelligence is generally considered poor taste, and what they have understood they are assumed to have learned; but in fact they are only holding the matter in their minds until such time as they take an examination when they put down on paper what they understand and promptly forget about it. They then find that they know little or nothing.

If a language has been learned it must, except in unusual cases, have become a habit of speech or thought, otherwise it will be useless; and a habit must be cultivated. Steady application of what has been understood will usually achieve this; but the application of grammatical and syntactical material which has been studied takes time, and those labelled intelligent are rushed into the examination with heads stuffed full of material of which they are longing to relieve themselves, the achievement being: 'Another "O" level on my certificate!' The less intelligent will take rather longer to understand and longer to apply what they have understood in order that it may become knowledge; this they are not prepared to do. They too wish to hasten to the examination to unburden themselves of what has often not even been understood. The craze for having 'another "O" level on my certificate' defeats the object both of study and of the examination.

The ideal method of applying what has been studied is to be in the country where the language is spoken and to be forced to use it all the time, yet some people who are fortunate enough to have this opportunity fail to make use of it. Since the ideal is rarely possible except for short periods at a time class-room substitutes are necessary, and when the vocabulary and point of grammar or syntax have been understood and memorised, a simple matter for some, an achievement for others, a variety of methods can be used to try to make them stick: straight-forward conversation, which is the most laborious of all, questions and answers on a text which has been studied, rapid exchange of sentences with slight grammatical variations, a number of word games, all taking a considerable amount of time if done properly. And once done they should be done again, even whilst dealing with new material—*dix fois la même chose jusqu'à ce que tout le monde la sache*.

One of the chief difficulties encountered when using this method is in the boys themselves, not in their intelligence but in their temperament and character: the embarrassment of having to make unusual noises in public, the vanity which does not take kindly to correction, the nervous giggle, the fear of being laughed at and similar inhibitions. They can be and usually are overcome but often at considerable cost of time.

To a reasonable pronunciation and intonation and a limited ability to use and comprehend the language must then be added the discipline of accurate written work which demands a sound knowledge of syntax and is one of the things which make languages a suitable subject for the school curriculum. This is a stage where one can rush ahead in too much of a

hurry, that is to say by going straight on to the translation of English into the foreign language, sometimes with a sigh of relief on account of the more academic quality of this sort of work. It is however necessary to spend some time at an intermediate stage, that of guided composition, making use of what has so far been achieved in order to learn how to commit to paper a consecutive piece of narrative, however simple, in correct language. As with translation into the language, so with translation from the language into English; there is a stage, which might be called guided comprehension, where comprehension of the passage is checked by questions in the foreign language to be answered in that language; this is sometimes ignored in favour of the more precise translation.

As a means of testing real knowledge, both of English and of the foreign language, translation, or prose composition, has no equal. For this reason it can be something of a snare, for the stress is rather on the word testing as distinct from acquiring, and too frequently the latter is assumed to be the main purpose. In spite of the axiom that the best way of learning to do something is to do it, experienced athletes will agree that the worst way of training for the hundred yards is to be constantly running a hundred yards. However, this translation device is much used during the course and it is as well to know that a great deal of knowledge can be acquired from intelligent correction of one's mistakes followed by making a fair copy and learning it by heart.

Learning by heart is a very vital part of the study of modern languages: the more richly the memory is stored with good idiomatic language in the form of connected passages—and particularly of prose passages—the more fluent and correct expression will be. The memorising of lists of words is tedious and of little value unless noted from one's own reading or exercises when they can often be associated with their context, or unless they are immediately used for conversation practice or some other exercise. The learning of poems or selected passages of prose or fair copies of translations will be more helpful as a means of acquiring knowledge and of training the memory, but the passages must be revised and not allowed to drift away on the breeze as soon as uttered. Building up a vocabulary in one's own language takes a long time because of the dilatory methods adopted; how much more important to be positive about it in a foreign language.

When a certain degree of fluency has been achieved in translation one can include in one's study the more advanced form of comprehension known as *explication de texte*. This may have been practised in a very limited form in the early stages and been carried on into comprehension exercises; now it must be worked up into a complete commentary on a passage of verse or prose, an exercise which demands a considerable intellectual effort. The method has been used with conspicuous success by the French for reaching a true understanding and appreciation of both language and literature, being applicable to the mother tongue and to all other languages. They believe that close intensive study must precede

rapid extensive reading. Not that a whole play or novel would be subjected to the explication process; the attention would be focused from time to time on several revealing and important passages and the explication would embrace every aspect of the passage—setting, theme, plan, main ideas and transitions, vocabulary and syntax, rhythm and harmony, figures of speech, and, if it is a poem, the versification. But literary commentary should not be only an analysis: '*Cette recherche passionnée de la vérité devient vite passionnante. . . . Dans leur tâche ardue, le maître et l'élève sont aidés par un instrument de premier ordre: l'analyse. Mais l'analyse n'est jamais qu'un moyen: elle doit ultérieurement conduire à la synthèse, à la découverte des rapports cachés qui est en définitive l'objet de toute connaissance.*' (F. Boillot).

As in the essay, one of the most important parts of a literary commentary is the conclusion, and it is here that the synthesis begins. The main points of the commentary are briefly summarised, and the explicateur looks at the piece as a whole and gives a genuinely personal appreciation of it. Finally the wider significance of the passage might be touched upon, possibly by a reference to the whole work or philosophy of the author, his contemporaries or successors.

When some of the rudiments of literary appreciation and criticism have been learned, extensive reading becomes more rewarding. The emphasis which has been laid on the necessity for close critical reading must not be taken to imply that wide general reading is not important. The difficulty usually lies in the lack of training in rapid reading in the language, a training which can be begun only in class and should be, but too rarely is, supplemented by reading on one's own. Reading in class should be practised regularly without any translation of what has been read, and it is better to read the same thing two or three times than to translate it. When one has acquired the habit of reading several pages at a time without stopping to translate there is considerably more chance of doing supplementary reading. To be able to read swiftly and absorb the important points of what one has read, then re-read and take in the detail is more valuable than to plough steadily through a piece of literature—and generally more amusing. Nothing is more enervating than to be constantly looking up the meaning of words and to be worrying out the translation of page after page so that the general impression is lost and only disconnected details remain. With the loss of the former will go all interest, and without this little can be achieved.

Interest in what has to be read is not automatic. A great effort has to be made to meet this work half-way. Nobody can expect to make the leap from childish tastes and a taste for reading matter thinly disguised as adult to purely adult literature in a matter of weeks, and expect positively to enjoy it. It is essential to make a personal contribution to life, and the revealing phrase: 'It is so boring', singles out those who are too timid or too selfish to make the effort.

It is always worth while making an effort. There is nothing to be lost

and much to be gained. What is picked up casually and at no cost is as soon dropped, and it is worth the trouble of fixing what has been studied so that it becomes habit, even if it takes time. Although many people are under the impression that they only want to learn to speak French, reading and writing are equally important and have far more value as training for the mind. Some will contend that learning by heart, which when all is said and done is the root of language, is not to be compared with training the powers of reasoning; but the essay in French and the *explication de texte* have considerable value in this sphere, and the study of the literature, history and art of a country, limited though it may be, is valuable for broadening the mind and improving the taste.

Taste in all things is a subject which gives scope for almost endless discussion but it seems reasonable to suppose that it must be developed somehow, so why not in an adult way? In the words of St Paul: '*Quand j'étais enfant, je parlais comme un enfant, je jugeais comme un enfant, je raisonnais comme un enfant; mais lorsque je suis devenu homme j'ai fait disparaître ce qui était de l'enfant.*'

If, then, one is fortunate enough to find oneself in the right circumstances for a suitable length of time, a good working knowledge of a language can be picked up without too much trouble, but for those who are not so lucky, that is to say the vast majority, a certain amount of book work is necessary, and for anyone who wishes to write with any degree of skill it is essential. The result of one's study will depend very much on the amount of concentration and effort put into it and the sense to take advantage of opportunities offered; but even those who successfully acquire a good knowledge of a language are frequently bedevilled by the lack of opportunity to use it, and although there are valuable mind-improving and cultural benefits to be had from the more advanced study of a language besides speaking it, they are less immediately obvious to those looking for results. It is only by constantly expressing oneself either in speech or in writing that fluency can be achieved; just as a pit pony condemned to live underground may lose the faculty of sight, so even the most zealous student may lose much of what he has gained if he lacks the desire to express himself.

MARK CARDWELL

## THE BENEDICTINES

NOW THAT Dom David Knowles has completed his magisterial survey in four volumes of the rise and decline of the religious orders of medieval England, it may be of some interest to draw attention to an earlier book of his published in 1929. In 112 pages, Dom David sets out to analyse the nature of the Benedictine institute and spirit. He does not aim to give a detailed history of Benedictine monasticism but to sketch its development through the centuries in so far as this throws light on the abiding principles

of Benedictine monachism, its powers of growth and adaptability and the dangers its ideal has to face in every age. The book is divided into seven chapters: the Rule, Benedictine developments through the centuries, Organisation, Work, Benedictine characteristics and the Benedictine spiritual life.

On a first reading, the *Rule* of St Benedict may seem to have the disconsolate aspect of a collection of by-laws, such as one finds pasted up on government buildings, and to give a picture of a community 'where corporal punishment was much in demand, where monks apostatised . . . and secreted personal belongings in their mattresses' (p. 34). But the study of the *Rule*, which only living it can properly impart, shows that its austerity is superficial to its inner spirit and life, and that therefore one cannot casually draw any comforting conclusions about the superiority of the modern monk over St Benedict's own brethren. *The Rule*, as Professor Knowles points out, has two aims and methods. 'It is half an enunciation of ideals and half a disciplinary code . . . and it is precisely this double strand that makes it unique' (p. 33). *The Rule* is shot through with the saint's profound humanity and understanding and its aim is to build up a common family life under the Abbot as the father of the monastery. 'The family spirit which is such a notable feature in every true form of Benedictine life is no development or adaptation of St Benedict's Rule. It is the teaching of the Rule itself.' The monk is wedded by his vows to the monastery of his profession and it is in this context that he has to use the *instrumenta artis spiritualis*.

The monastic life is a life dedicated to God through prayer in common, work in common, and through meditative reading or study. In consequence it is radically a self-supporting unit economically, socially and spiritually. These were the features of Benedictine monasticism which made it the providential agent for the re-building of Europe, for it synthesises those qualities of dynamic growth and stability so vital to any society, a synthesis the barbaric world, into which Benedictinism was born, sadly lacked. Cardinal Newman, in a famous passage, has described with sombre romanticism that cohesion of Europe's centrifugal elements around the islands of Benedictine sanity into the feudal and hieratic structure of medieval Europe.

It has always been one of the paradoxes of Benedictine monachism that although the individual monk 'leaves the world', the monastery he joins, by the very nature of its corporate structure and life, tends to become incarnate in the society of its age. The monastery, rather than the individual monk, has always been the Christian leaven in a pagan or secular society. This tension, and perennial adaptability to new circumstances, provides the *Rule* of St Benedict with its vitality and contemporaneity, but it also carries with it the danger that a monastery may lose sight of its goal of a life of Christian perfection in face of the human demands made upon it by society and by its own growing commitments to society.

And so, as Dom David shows, when the ideals of monastic perfection

St Benedict puts before his followers are becoming misted over, there is a tendency for reformers to demand a more or less full return to the observance of that other strand in the Rule, the disciplinary code, in the sincere conviction that observance of this must revitalise the other. The reforms of Cîteaux and St Bernard in the twelfth century, and of de Rancé, the thundering Abbot of La Trappe, in the seventeenth, were both inspired by these motives. The difficulty has always been to disentangle what is merely sixth-century etiquette and disciplinary regulations from what should be apt expressions of unchanging principles of asceticism.

The essentials of Benedictine life are simple to state: a life dedicated to God in which the monks live as a family, pray as a family and work as a family for the glory of God and the good of other men. To achieve this is not easy—in one sense every monastery in every age has to work out its own salvation and best approximation it can to the ideal of St Benedict. In this task it is assisted by the wisdom of centuries of Benedictine tradition and limited by the circumstances of the society it has to work in and upon. But it is because of these very reasons that Benedictine life has taken on a variety of forms and acquired a richness of human experience which is unique. Benedictine spirituality has reflected this. Its basic food is the prayer of choral meditation on the Word of God revealed to us in Scripture, and, though this has at times been almost overpowered by rubrical, pietistic or baroque accretions, it nonetheless lays a common foundation on which each individual's spiritual life can grow. There is no specific Benedictine spirituality (as there is no specific Benedictine Order) in the sense that there is a Carmelite or Jesuit spirituality, but rather it gradually absorbs into its traditions the fruits and experiences of the spiritual endeavours of all the members of Christ's Body.

Dom David's book does not romanticise the Benedictine *Rule*, nor does he cover up its failures over the centuries, but on his final page he summarises the ideal in words that cannot be bettered. 'Benedictine monachism presents an objective form of life, sane, strong, unchanging from year to year, a life of work and liturgical prayer which can be seen and heard, lived in conditions which aim at representing all that is best in the family life of Christianity, aided by all human courtesies, reverences and affections. It is nothing secret or esoteric, nor an impossibility, but an ordered form of ordinary life. . . . It is the Christian life writ large for all to see, with all the non-Christian elements removed that are normally interwoven with the devout life as lived in the world.'

DOM DOMINIC GAISFORD

## OUSPENSKY—A PERSONAL FOOTNOTE

PETER DEMIANOVICH OUSPENSKY was born in Moscow in 1878. Although as a student at the University at Moscow he specialised in the natural sciences and in psychology, he decided at graduation upon a career as a writer and journalist. His first book, *The Fourth Dimension*, published in 1909, placed him in the ranks of important writers on abstract mathematical theory. This was followed by *Tertium Organum* (1912), and *A New Model of the Universe* (1914). *Tertium Organum* was the first important work to deal with the New Mathematics and the Theory of Relativity from the standpoint of philosophy. His meeting with Gurdjieff in 1915 marked a turning point in his life. His interest from this time centred on the practical study of methods for the development of consciousness in man. It is to these that *In Search of the Miraculous* and *The Psychology of Man's Possible Evolution*, both published after his death in 1947, as well as *The Fourth Way* (1957), refer.

Ouspensky began to realise that the man he was meeting in cafés in Moscow was possessed of the kind of knowledge for which he, Ouspensky, had only recently been searching in India and Ceylon, but without success. They continued to meet for seven years until Revolution came to Russia and both men found themselves refugees in Constantinople. Ouspensky was invited to London. Gurdjieff failed to obtain a Home Office permit. He settled in Paris and Ouspensky in London, each holding meetings. It was by private invitation that people were allowed to attend Ouspensky's meetings.

Thus one evening I found myself in a house in Warwick Gardens. In the large ground floor room in which we met there was a blackboard, some forty straight-backed chairs, and a small table on which had been placed a bottle of water, a tumbler, an ashtray, a duster and some chalk. At the table sat Ouspensky, a thick-set man with close-cropped hair and thick spectacles, who might have been taken for a scientist, lawyer or a schoolmaster—but certainly not a mystic. He was difficult to understand at first, for although he had a very large English vocabulary, he spoke with a marked Russian accent. Listening to him, one felt that he had no desire to persuade one but that what he said was sincere, reliable and likely to be true.

The bare room, the blackboard, duster and chalks, Ouspensky and his methods in dealing with involved questions—often dismissing them as too long or useless—took me back to the schoolroom. I was associated with him for many months, and always and with everybody he was the same—a rather severe headmaster remaining distant from his pupils. He taught 'G's System', as he called it. He made free use of diagrams when teaching us. 'Man', he said, 'is asleep. In sleep he is born, in sleep he lives and in sleep he dies.' Ouspensky was not speaking as a poet or figuratively. He meant us to take his words literally and immediately went on to ex-



plain the meaning of the words he had used—the meaning in which they were to be understood. He always used short sentences emphasising significant phrases and significant words. Often he would repeat difficult and important statements in different words so that there could be no possible doubt as to his meaning.

Everything in 'G's System' was so closely connected with everything else that it was quite impossible to deal with anything in isolation. Hence there seemed to be no plan—no formal course—no completing one subject and passing on to the next—but a continual returning to what had been dealt with earlier in order to add some details he had previously omitted. Backwards and forwards repeatedly—for question or answer on a new subject would reveal some aspect of an old one which had not been thoroughly dealt with. Here was the genius treating difficult matters simply. Both Mathematician and Mystic—Ouspensky was certainly also a great teacher.

H.V.

### THE WANDERER

*This is the second of a series of Anglo-Saxon translations which Michael Alexander is making for The Minority Book Society.*

WHO LIVETH alone longeth for mercy,  
 Maker's mercy. Though traverse he must  
 tracts of sea, sick at heart,  
 trouble with oars ice-cold waters,  
 the ways of exile, Wierd is set fast.

Thus spoke such a 'grasshopper', old griefs in his mind,  
 cold slaughters, the death of dear kinsmen:  
 'Alone am I driven each day before daybreak  
 to give my cares utterance.  
 None are there now among the living  
 to whom I dare declare me thoroughly,  
 tell my heart's thought. Too truly I know  
 it is in a man no mean virtue  
 that he keep close his heart's chest  
 hold his thought-hoard, think as he may.

No weary mind may stand against Wierd  
 nor may a wrecked will work new hope;  
 wherefore, most often, those eager for fame  
 bind the dark mood fast in their breasts.

So I also must curb my mind,  
cut off from country, from kind far distant,  
by cares overworn, bind it in fetters;  
this since, long ago, the ground's shroud  
enwrapped my gold-friend; wretched I went thence  
winter-wearied, over the waves' bound;  
dreary I sought hall of a gold-giver,  
where far or near I might find  
him who in mead-hall might take heed of me,  
furnish comfort to a man friendless,  
win me with cheer.

He knows who makes trial  
how harsh and bitter is care for companion  
to him who hath few friends to shield him.  
Track ever taketh him, never torque of gold,  
not earthly glory, but cold heart's cave.  
He minds him of hall-men, of treasure-giving,  
how, in his youth, his gold-friend  
gave him to feast. Fallen all this joy.

He knows this who is forced to forgo his lord's  
his friend's councils, to lack them for long:  
oft sorrow and sleep, banded together,  
come to bind the lone outcast;  
it thinketh him then that he his lord  
claspeth and kisseth, and on knee layeth  
hand and head, as he had at otherwhiles,  
in days now gone, enjoyed the gift-stool.  
'Awakeneth after this friendless man,  
seeth before him fallow waves  
seabirds bathing, broading out feathers,  
snow, hail, frost falling.  
Then all the heavier his heart's wounds,  
sore for his loved lord. Sorrow is renewed.

Remembered kinsmen press through his mind;  
he singeth out gladly, scanneth them eagerly,  
men from the same hearth. They swim away.  
Sailor's ghosts bring not many  
known songs there. Care is renewed  
—in him who shall send forth too often  
over locked waves his weary spirit.

For that I may not think, throughout this world,  
why cloud cometh not on my mind  
when I think over all the life of earls,  
how at a stroke they have given up hall,  
impetuous warriors. So this island earth  
each of all days ageth and falleth.'

Therefore no man grows wise without he have  
his deal of winters. A wise man holds out;  
he is not too hot-hearted, nor too hasty in speech,  
nor too weak a warrior, not yet too rash,  
nor too greedy of goods, nor too meek, nor too glad,  
nor ever too eager to boast, ere he knows all.

A man shall forbear boastmaking  
till proven pride knoweth full well  
whither turneth the heart's intent.

A wise man may grasp how ghastly it shall be  
when all this world's wealth standeth waste,  
even as now, in many places, over the earth  
walls stand, wind-beaten,  
hung with hoar-frost; ruined habitations.  
The wine-halls crumble; their wielders lie  
bereft of bliss; the band all fallen  
proud by the wall; some war took off,  
carried on their course hence; one a bird bore  
over the high sea; one the hoar wolf  
dealt to death; one his drear-cheeked  
earl hid in an earth pit.

Shaper of men hath so spoilt this dwelling  
that human laughter is not heard here  
and idle stand these old giant-works.

A man who on these walls hath thought wisely,  
Who sounds deeply this dark life,  
wise in heart, will mind the far-off  
many slaughters; and this word he saith:

'Where is the horse? Where is the man? Where is the treasure-giver?  
Where are the houses of feasting? Where are the joys of hall?

Alas, bright cup! Alas, burnished warrior!  
 Alas, prince's pride! How that time has passed,  
 dark under night-helm, as though it had not been.

In the stead of stanch war-men standeth now  
 wall wondrous high, wrought with worm-shapes;  
 earls off-taken by force of ash spears,  
 thirsty weapons: the Wierd most glorious.

Storms break on the stone hillside,  
 ground bound by driving sleet  
 winter's wrath. Then wanness cometh,  
 nightshade spreadeth, sendeth from north  
 cruel hail to harry mankind.

In the earth-realm all is crossed:  
 Wierds' will changeth the world.

Here wealth is lent. Here friends are lent.  
 Here man is lent. Here kin is lent.

All this earth's frame shall stand empty.'

MICHAEL ALEXANDER

## REVIEWS

*Prayer. An Adventure in Living, by B. C. Butler, Abbot of Downside. (Darton, Longman and Todd, 1961).*

IF ANYONE would add to the vast library of books on prayer he must have something quite special to say. In the little book before us, the Abbot of Downside has a message not only for Catholics and Christians of other denominations, but for those who 'so far have given their allegiance to no religious tradition'; for 'ordinary unassuming busy folk, yet faced, as we all are, by the immeasurable mystery of existence and the need to take up some position in the face of that mystery.' It is a message which adult readers of the WORTH RECORD may take as intended for them, and only the most insensitive will fail to catch something of the sincerity and urgency with which it is given. 'My own conviction (writes the Abbot in his Foreword) is that . . . the great need of Western Man at the present day is for a recovery of the tradition and the widespread practice of prayer.' And again: ' . . . if we accept the message of tradition, we accept the truth that life is for the sake of the good life, and that the good life is the life of

the spirit. And we concede that the life of the spirit, in individuals and in society, burns in its purest essence in the life of prayer.'

Though the author disclaims all pretence at a study of the theory of prayer, aiming only at an introduction to its practice, he succeeds without any appearance of congestion in getting a great deal into less than a hundred and twenty pages. There is plenty of practical down-to-earth advice for those who are trying to fit into a busy life the regular practice of mental prayer. But perhaps the best part of the book will be found in those chapters which treat of the place of prayer in life as a whole. The last chapter, 'Life as Prayer', is particularly rewarding, and as the culmination of all that precedes it, rises at moments to a note of spontaneous eloquence.

There are two ways in which the book will be found to differ from most others on the subject of prayer. The first is the almost complete absence of the use of technical language. An example of this is the expression 'prayerful pondering' which the Abbot prefers to the term 'meditation' to describe a method of prayer common to beginners. The second is the lack of emphasis on the distinction between ordinary, non-contemplative prayer, made with the action, however simple, of the intellect and will with the help of the grace of the sacraments, etc., and contemplative prayer strictly speaking, that is passive infused prayer, made in the soul by the operation of the Holy Ghost. In fact both kinds of prayer are described at length, together with much sound advice as to the conduct of the soul experiencing them. Indeed the chapter called 'Crisis' deals specifically with problems arising out of the period of transition from one to the other. But nowhere, with the possible exception of the Appendix called 'Mystical Prayer' (a reprint of a Paper read at a Conference of the Clergy), does the Abbot suggest that the difference between the two prayers is one of kind, and not just one of degree. We believe this soft-pedalling on the part of the Abbot is deliberate, and if we are not mistaken as to its reason, it has our sympathy. How one fights shy of the very expression 'mystical prayer', the title of the Appendix, but not the Abbot's own choice! Nevertheless some knowledge of the theology underlying the difference between ordinary and contemplative prayer is surely most desirable as a means to a real understanding and fruitful practice of the same. That is not of course to deny that there have been many contemplatives who were ignorant of all but the first principles, but they were surely the exceptions. Commenting on the well-known dictum of the author of the *Imitation of Christ*: 'I had rather have compunction than know the definition thereof', the Abbot observes 'that it would be best of all to have compunction *and* to know its definition.' Self-consciousness in prayer is to be avoided at all costs; nevertheless those most likely to profit from this excellent book will do so, *ceteris paribus*, by an increased awareness rather than ignorance of the true nature of their prayer.

Most encouraging to the many struggling along the path of a prayer beset by distractions is what we may call the Abbot's doctrine of intention.

This is nothing new, but in practice it is very often undervalued. The Abbot insists, both in the chapter called 'Crisis' and in the Appendix, that deliberate distractions, far from spoiling prayer, do not even interrupt it. 'To want to pray is the heart of prayer. Without it no prayer is of much value. But provided we want to pray, we retain the essence of prayer even though all the expected concomitants of that desire appear to have deserted us. The true value of prayer is the reality of the intention to pray.' Nothing in this book has been better said, or more badly needed to be said, than that. The trouble with so many who get discouraged and who, alas, sometimes succumb to the temptation to give up their efforts to pray, is that they expect too much. They understand that prayer is the raising of the mind and heart to God, and so they judge it by success or failure as an intellectual exercise, or by their emotions or so-called sensible devotion. The Abbot is at pains to point out, following Père Grou's celebrated first chapter in his 'Manual for Interior Souls', in what true devotion consists. *Amare est velle bonum*, St Thomas teaches, and in nothing is this more important to remember than when we give ourselves to prayer.

A chapter on spiritual reading includes a short list of books on prayer, with comments on their relative value. This will be most useful, especially for beginners who may so easily be led astray by one or other of the all-too-many thoroughly bad books still in circulation. Yet another chapter deals with the question of spiritual direction.

Altogether the Abbot of Downside has given us a most handy little volume, and one which we venture to think many will want to keep by them for frequent reference. It will be valued in the first place for the clarity with which it sets forth the function of prayer in the life of the spirit, and in the second place for its encouragement of those whose lives, for example in the married state, might seem unlikely to provide circumstances propitious for the regular practice of prayer.

DOM ALBAN BROOKS

*The Last Rites*, by J.-C. Didier. Pp. 112. (Burns and Oates, 'Faith and Fact' series) 8s. 6d.

CANON DIDIER has given us a concise summary of the provision made by the Church for the Christian in face of sickness and death. We should never overlook the fact that sickness and death came into this world as consequences of sin; and that the alleviation and cure of sickness is thus a direct attack on the devil's work. Is enough made of this aspect of what we should, perhaps, think of as the medical vocation? The doctors, then, for bodily ills, and the priests for spiritual . . . but there is more to it than that. It should not be forgotten that body and soul are not independent of one another (*corpus quod corrumpitur aggravat animam*), and bodily and spiritual health can be interrelated. Of all this we can read in the present book, which falls into three parts: Man's Misery and God's Salvation, The Sacrament of the Sick, The Sacrament of Christian Death. Of these, by far the greatest amount of space is devoted to the middle section, on the

Sacrament commonly and misleadingly known as Extreme Unction, the Last Anointing. Misleadingly, because, as Canon Didier is at pains to make clear, the tendency to defer its administration to the last moment ignores the fact that this sacrament is ordained to the health not only of soul but of body as well. We all know that James 5, 14-5, is the text regularly cited, but it is as well to remember that it includes a reference to bodily healing. So does the *Rituale*. Even our Catechism tells us that this sacrament will 'restore health, if God sees it to be expedient.' It ought, then, 'to be given in such conditions that the intention of curing the illness may have a meaning apart from any prospect of a miraculous intervention on God's part.' (*Miracula non sunt multiplicanda.*) Canon Didier also makes it plain that the tendency to regard Anointing as a last sacrament is quite out of harmony with the outlook of the earliest Christian centuries.

If one may be permitted to digress into speculation, is it proper to ask whether in this 'common prejudice which turns the sacrament of the sick into the sacrament of the dying', we see a by no means isolated instance of a tendency to divorce religion and religious practice from reality?—the same that makes us so often gabble off as meaningless formulas words and phrases full of meaning—'fruit of thy womb Jesus', for example; 'the hour of our dethamen'; that makes us use on our altars bread that is as unbreadlike as can be without ceasing to be bread; that covers these same altars with imitation flowers and mechanical candles; that for so long caused Holy Communion to be regarded more as a reward for the virtuous than a present help for the Christian in his daily need? Be all that as it may, one finds none of it in 'Le Chrétien devant la Maladie et la Mort'. But why should such an excellent title have been rendered as 'The Last Rites', when the last rites occupy less than a third of the book?

DOM BENEDICT SANKEY

*The Way and the Mountain*, by Marco Pallis. (Peter Owen, 1960) 30s.

THE BOOK derives its title from that of its first chapter. 'The Way' here denotes the spiritual path of man and 'the Mountain' the goal and fulfilment of his spiritual aspirations. All subsequent chapters are variations on the same theme.

To assign the message with which the book is concerned to 'a school of thought' or 'philosophy' would be to err grossly against its spirit, because this would imply the idea of a purely human origin of the message. In the author's opinion, discursive reasoning along rigid conceptual lines—especially when combined with the deliberate exclusion of metaphysical data which is characteristic of modern schools—could not advance by one single inch the pilgrim whose progress the book discusses. This pilgrim needs *suprational* guidance and enlightenment. The author advises him to seek these spiritual advantages first and foremost through strict adherence to an authentic tradition. Tradition does not signify here a body of ancient customs, but a live setting which provides 'an effective com-



munication of principles of more-than-human origin, whether indirectly and at several removes, through use of forms that will have arisen by applying these principles to contingent needs, or else immediately, after an 'exhausting' of whatever makes for formal restriction of any kind, including the human individuality itself.' The seeker may find this effective communication with the more-than-human source of spiritual light in all revealed religions—including *inter alia* Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity and Islam—between which there is an essential concordance and a transcendent bond of unity, though in the world of appearances their messages differ to a large extent and could never be equated. The pilgrim, advancing through the means of grace which his tradition provides, learns that the precept of self-knowledge amounts to 'self-noughting', *i.e.* to a cognitive transcendence of all limits of self-hood, and that this transcendence is the key to all further knowledge and to sainthood. Gradually, the arduous path and the saintly figure ascending it disappear in lofty regions which no eye could reach and which no language could describe.

This much over-simplified version of Mr Pallis's allegory of the pilgrim's ascent provides but an incomplete idea of the scope, and none at all of the quality, of his book. Only those who have read the works of René Guénon, Ananda Coomarasvamy, and Frithjof Schuon (which Mr Pallis recommends warmly) may find themselves in familiar country and may guess that, in the hands of a skilful author, the theme will lend itself to many significant applications, digressions and asides. Others may derive a notion of the diversity and range of subjects, attitudes, and opinions on which the pilgrim's dilemmas (before he reaches the blissful state of non-duality) have a bearing, from a quotation of such chapter headings as 'The Active Life', 'On Crossing Religious Frontiers', 'On Soliciting and Imparting Spiritual Counsel', 'The Place of Compassion in Tibetan Spirituality', 'Sikkim Buddhism Today and Tomorrow', 'Do Clothes Make the Man?', 'The Dalai Lama', and 'The Tibetan Tradition—its Presiding Idea'.

These variations on the theme reveal also some of the author's individual preferences. He is evidently well versed in the Buddhist doctrine, and his special gift is the art of conveying the subtle and elusive notions of the East in a concise and clear style. He has, moreover, the advantage of having known Tibet, under the guidance of Tibetan teachers, in the years before the Communist invasion. All parts of the book that deal with things Tibetan appear to have a luminosity of their own, though Mr Pallis is by no means an uncritical observer of the Tibetan scene.

Readers of modern, humanistic outlook may not agree with Mr Pallis's concept of tradition, nor with his views on the part it has to play in spiritual progress, but none will deny that this unusual book is both informative and stimulating.

It is indeed an intelligent book—yet more relevant than the present reviewer's opinion would be that of a wise and experienced Christian missionary. Would he testify in favour of that fund of divine revelation

which, as Mr Pallis and his friends believe, is one and the same in all traditions? Would he perhaps, in the face of so pure and deep-rooted a spirituality as is described here, rather regard his task as nearly accomplished by others, though not Christians in name, than risk the life of a healthy spiritual tree by untimely experiments in grafting?

ANDREW BERTIE

### **Dom Urban Butler, R.I.P.**

DOM RICHARD URBAN BUTLER, son of the late General Sir William Butler, K.C.B., and Lady Butler, was born at Plymouth on March 15th, 1882. Educated at Ushaw College and St George's College, Weybridge, in 1902 he received the Benedictine habit for St Gregory's Downside at Belmont, then the Common Noviciate of the English Benedictine Congregation, and made his profession on September 4th, 1903. As a junior monk he taught for some years in the School at Downside and in 1910-11 he completed his theological studies at the Benedictine College of S. Anselmo in Rome, being ordained priest by Archbishop Cepetelli at the Lateran on April 15th, 1911. On returning to England he was sent to Mount St Benedict's, Gorey (a foundation in Ireland recently made from Downside), where he taught in the Priory School. During the first Great War he volunteered as an Army Chaplain, serving with the Grenadier Guards from 1916 until shortly after the Armistice. In 1922 he went to Rome again, this time as secretary to Cardinal Gasquet, President of the Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate, at S. Callisto. From 1924 Dom Urban worked for three years at St Begh's, Whitehaven, a parish served from Downside. He then returned to S. Callisto and the Vulgate Commission where he remained until Cardinal Gasquet's death in 1929. Back in England, he was appointed to another Downside parish, St John's Priory, Bath, and a few years later he became Chaplain to the Benedictine Dames of Stanbrook Abbey. At the outbreak of the second Great War he again volunteered for service and was attached to the R.A.F. In 1946 he was recalled to Downside where, four years later, he was appointed Subprior. In September 1954 he was sent to help the Community at Worth Priory, then still dependent on its Mother House, Downside. When Worth became an independent monastery, Dom Urban stayed on here until in March 1961 the state of his health made it advisable for him to go back to Downside. The change of air brought a temporary improvement in his condition, and he was able to keep the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood; but he never really recovered his strength and in the same year, on November 6th, after a short illness and having received all the last rites of the Church, he died a peaceful death. He is buried among the departed brethren of Downside in the monastic cemetery.

His father a soldier, his mother a painter, his aunt, Alice Meynell, a poet—it was not surprising that Dom Urban had soldier-instincts in the

blood and that what we mean by culture and urbane refinement was so much part and parcel of him. And just as his soldierly instincts found an outlet in the exacting duties of an Army Chaplain, so, amidst the many activities of a busy life, other gifts found expression in various ways; thus his aptitude for literary work showed itself in a series of valuable contributions to the *Catholic Encyclopaedia* and the *Downside Review*, while his ability as a preacher led to his being much in request for retreats and for sermons on special occasions, notably his Lenten Conferences at S. Silvestro in Rome and at St Patrick's, New York.

For Worth, where he lived for seven years continuously, he had a special affection which, needless to say, was fully reciprocated by us. Though never, I believe, officially on the Teaching Staff here, he was always ready to take individual boys for extra tuition in Latin or Italian, besides helping in our Worth Riding School—he loved horses, and rode well himself—as many a Worth boy will remember. Above all, his cultured mind, wide reading and varied experience together with his historical and artistic knowledge were always at our disposal. Tall, distinguished-looking, unfailing in courtesy, brilliant in conversation, scrupulous in his observance of religious duties, he will not be forgotten by those who knew him.

His life can be best summed up by the following quotation from the obituary notice of him given in *The Times*: 'First and foremost Dom Urban Butler was a priest and a monk who gave himself generously to the service of God and of his brethren'. *Requiescat in pace*.

DOM THOMAS SYMONS

## NEWS

Brothers David (F.B.) Carter, Nicholas (J.W.) McCullagh and Stephen (R.S.) Ortiger were clothed as Novices on Sunday, September 24th.

As we still have too small a church for all to use at the same time, the Sunday timetable has been rearranged. The normal usage is for the Preparatory School to go to a sung Mass at 8 a.m. and for the Upper School alone to attend the High Mass at 10.30. This has regrettably brought about, for the time being, a curtailment of the polyphonic masses and motets. The Community now sings Vespers at 5 p.m. and Compline at 6.30, followed by Benediction.

The Abbot of St Albans, the Right Reverend R. Sigebert Trafford, who was Prior of Worth from 1934 to 1938, and after his time here elected Abbot of Downside, during the last war, paid us a visit this autumn, and was made very welcome.

The Abbot Primate, RR DD Benno Gut, whose visit was announced in

the last number of the WORTH RECORD, came here on September 22nd to 24th. He was shown everything, and was also taken to visit Chichester and Arundel.

Two Junior professed monks and three novices have brought to completion many useful works in the old hydrangea garden, now more properly a Wild Garden. The principal one was the rediscovery and the restoration of the path round the north side of the pool at the lower end. Here, too, flowering shrubs and heather have been planted. We can look forward to blossom at all seasons. A new bridge has been thrown across to the small island. Now that this garden is no longer a wilderness we hope and expect that its beauty will be respected.

Dom Urban Butler, monk of Downside Abbey, who lived here for seven years, and only returned there last spring, died there in his eightieth year on November 6th. May he rest in peace!

# RESIDENT COMMUNITY

*Prior:* Very Rev. Dom Victor Farwell

Dom Maurice Bell, M.A. (Oxon.), <i>Subprior</i>	Dom Fabian Glencross, M.A. (Cantab.), <i>House Master of Chapman House</i>
Dom Thomas Symons, A.R.C.O., <i>Organist</i>	Dom Benedict Sankey, M.A. (Cantab.), <i>House Master of Austin House</i>
Dom Oliver Brayden, Ph.D., <i>Bursar</i>	Dom Charles Hallinan, B.A. (Cantab.), <i>Guest-Master</i>
Dom Alban Brooks, B.A. (Cantab.), <i>House Master of Butler House</i>	Dom Hugh O'Neill, M.B.E., M.A. (Oxon.), <i>Novice-Master</i>
Dom Jerome Tomlins	Dom Bernard Moss, B.A. (Cantab.)
Dom Bruno Grogan	Dom Dominic Gaisford, B.A. (Cantab.), <i>Head Master</i>
Dom Joseph Marshall	Dom Kevin Taggart, B.A. (Cantab.), <i>House Master of Gervase House</i>
Dom Edward Cruise, M.A. (Cantab.), <i>House Master of Ford House</i>	<i>Professed Monks not yet Priests:</i>
Dom Michael Smith, M.A. (Oxon.), <i>Scout Master</i>	Dom Bede Hill
Dom Peter Beazley, <i>Games Master and Physical Training</i>	Dom Richard Wilson
Dom Roger Bacon, <i>House Master of Tower House</i>	Dom Philip Gaisford, B.A. (Cantab.)
	Dom Andrew Brenninkmeyer

*Novices—Three*

# SCHOOL STAFF

P. G. Whigham	Miss A. Oxby
Lieut.-Colonel H. Vredenburg	Mrs M. F. A. Beard, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., <i>Piano</i>
J. A. B. Tucker, A.K.C.	Dr R. Matthews, M.A., M.B., B.Ch. (Cantab.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., <i>Medical Officer</i>
P. A. Lazarus, F.R.G.S.	Miss J. Edey, S.R.C.N., <i>Sister-in-Charge</i>
M. Cardwell, M.A. (Cantab.)	Miss A. Hollins, <i>Senior Matron</i>
J. F. Elton, M.A. (Oxon.)	Miss H. A. Sweetman, <i>Ford House Matron</i>
D. Cox, M.A. (Cantab.)	Miss P. Bryson, <i>Butler House Matron</i>
F. Fellows, B.Sc. (London)	Miss V. La Marche, <i>Austin House Matron</i>
A. W. N. Bertie, M.A. (Oxon.)	Mrs Loney, S.R.N., <i>Tower House Matron</i>
J. Buckley, D.F.C., L.R.S.M., <i>Director of Music</i>	Miss E. Barrett and Miss R. Buckley, <i>Assistant Matrons</i>
M. A. A. Blake, M.A. (Oxon.)	Mrs P. M. Napier Munn, <i>Secretary</i>
P. W. Freeland, B.Sc. (London)	Mrs E. Cowan, <i>Assistant Secretary</i>
J. H. Price, M.A. (Dublin)	
A. J. M. Renouf	
P. J. Westby, B.Sc. (Bristol)	
G. Wiltshire, <i>Cricket Coach and Assistant Gym. Instructor</i>	
Mrs J. K. M. Whigham, M.A. (St Andrews)	
Mrs M. Cox, B.A. (Cantab.)	

# UPPER SCHOOL

## SCHOOL OFFICIALS

### *House Prefects:*

(*Chapman*): R. P. BLIGH, J. J. C. P. MUSCAT, P. W. ESMONDE,  
A. T. S. CARR

(*Gervase*): T. S. DELANEY, S. N. WYNNE, M. V. ARIS, M. A.  
SHELMERDINE

*Captain of Colts*: A. F. D. DOHERTY

*Captain of Squash*: J. B. PONTIFEX

*Librarian*: J. F. K. LEE

*Masters of Ceremonies*: B. H. ELKINGTON and D. G. GREENLAND

*Thurifers*: S. N. PAYTON, J. B. HOYLE

*Acolytes*: S. P. GOODSIR-CULLEN, A. F. D. DOHERTY, A. F. R. BOYS,  
M. P. SETTER

## SALVETE

R. A. BARNICOT, C. A. BAYNE, M. I. M. BOYD,\* P. A. BURNS,\* T. J. P. CALNAN, T. E. CLARKE,\* C. N. COURT,\* A. DE LA FALAISE, J. M. P. DIXON,\* C. N. DOBSON,\* C. G. DUTTON, P. R. ELLETON, A. C. H. GEORGE, I. A. R. J. GREY, J. A. HATRY, A. P. HENDERSON, R. C. K. HOFF,\* N. KADAR,\* M. J. C. KING, R. M. MEASURES,\* F. MELLIAR-SMITH, P. M. MURRAY, R. D. MCKINNON CROFT, C. M. O'COCK, J. A. P. O'COCK, J. A. PAM,\* S. J. PORRITT, A. J. W. RENOUF, G. F. RITCHIE,\* K. R. ROSS, M. W. SCHOLL,\* R. A. SEELEY,\* M. A. SHERWIN, P. P. SYMONDS, R. R. VALLS,\* P. G. WEITZ, D. H. N. WINDLE, P. B. A. YOUNG.\*

\*These boys came up from the Preparatory School.

## WORK

### *G.C.E. Passes, July 1961, Ordinary Level:*

A. J. Aris, Eng. Lit., Hist.; M. V. Aris, Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Hist., French; D. C. M. Bell, Eng. Lit., Latin, French; D. A. R. Bell, Hist.; J. P. Best, Hist.; R. P. Bligh, Eng. Lit., Eng. Lang., French, Elem. Maths.; C. M. Bowlin, Eng. Lit., Hist.; C. F. Brutton, Hist.; A. T. S. Carr, Eng. Lit., Eng. Lang., Geog.; M. P. V. Charmant, Hist.; J. A. R. Chisholm, Hist., Elem. Maths.; M. A. Clarke, Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Elem. Maths.; P. Clegg, Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Elem. Maths.; G. B. Dancer, Eng. Lit., Latin, French, Elem. Maths.; T. S. Delaney, Eng. Lit., Elem. Maths.; J. M. Dibos, Hist.; P. B. Y. Dobson, Hist.; A. C. Edwards, Eng. Lit., Hist.; B. H. Elkington, Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit.; V. J. Ellis-Brown, Hist.;

P. W. Esmonde, Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit.; A. H. O. Fellowes, Eng. Lit., Hist., Geog.; C. J. Frederick, Eng. Lit.; B. M. Gilpin, Eng. Lit., Hist., Geog.; S. P. Goodsir-Cullen, Eng. Lit., Geog.; D. G. Greenland, Hist.; P. S. G. Haslam, Chem.; T. F. Hely, Hist.; A. D. Hornak, Hist., Elem. Maths.; J. B. Hoyle, Hist.; J. P. Jonas, Hist.; S. J. Kenny, Eng. Lit., Hist.; P. S. V. Knyvett, Hist.; J. F. K. Lee, Eng. Lit., French, Elem. Maths., Biol.; M. J. P. Lewen, French; J. M. Lewis, Hist.; T. P. Milmo, Hist.; J. J. C. P. Muscat, Eng. Lit., Elem. Maths.; J. D. McSweeney, Hist.; P. L. Nivelles, Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., French; F. M. Noel-Hudson, Hist.; G. G. O'Driscoll, Hist.; S. N. Payton, Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Greek, French, Elem. Maths.; J. R. P. Pontifex, Eng. Lit., Hist.; C. F. Ritchie, Hist.; C. J. Setter, Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit., Hist.; M. P. Setter, Hist.; M. F. Sharman, Hist.; M. A. Sheldermine, Eng. Lang., Eng. Lit.; S. G. Slaughter, Hist.; S. J. D. Urquhart, Eng. Lit., French; D. M. Veira, Hist.; P. J. Williams, Hist.; S. N. Wynne, Eng. Lit.

#### *December 1961, Ordinary Level*

A. J. Aris, Eng. Lang.; R. P. Bligh, Latin, Spanish, Chemistry, Physics; M. P. V. Charmant, Eng. Lit.; P. Clegg, Geog.; T. S. Delaney, Eng. Lang., Chemistry, Physics; A. C. Edwards, Eng. Lang., B. H. Elkington, French; P. W. Esmonde, Maths; A. H. O. Fellowes, Eng. Lang.; C. J. Frederick, Eng. Lang.; B. M. Gilpin, Maths, Spanish; P. S. G. Haslam, Maths, Eng. Lit.; J. F. K. Lee, Chemistry, Physics; M. J. P. Lewen, Eng. Lit.; J. J. C. P. Muscat, Eng. Lang., Physics; S. N. Payton, Latin, Spanish; J. R. P. Pontifex, Eng. Lang.; S. J. D. Urquhart, Maths, Eng. Lang.

### GAMES

THE COLTS FIFTEEN did not have an outstandingly good season, though the standard of play and the improvement in the play were better than the results suggest: Whitgift Colts, 2nd XV (A), 0-17; Hurstpierpoint (A), 0-11; Christ's Hospital Colts 2nd XV (H), 6-0; Brighton (A), 3-9; Oratory (A) 6-32; St George's (A) 3-14; Beaumont (A) 3-6; Old Preparatory School Boys (H) 3-10. The weakness is due almost entirely to the shortage of numbers; with the inevitable injuries (Lewin broke a collar bone in the first match, Doherty, the captain, a finger at the Oratory), the replacements came from the Junior Colts (one of whom was injured after three minutes' play). Such misfortunes inevitably hit one section of the team. The backs for one reason or another never really settled down; Doherty, the scrum half, never settled down with Knyvett, the fly half, and it soon became clear that Knyvett was neither effective in defence nor coming off in attack. In the Whitgift match, Lewen was switched in the middle of the game to take Knyvett's place, but was immediately hurt, and in the following match Fellowes, as fly-half, played a brave and useful game, but showed there was little chance of his developing fast enough to win this position. So to strengthen the backs, Hoyle and Barder were brought up from the Junior Colts. Barder's pass in the ordinary way is not perfect and he is



adept at 'in fighting', so he was made open side wing forward to save the fly-half and still make use of his best potentialities. Hoyle was made inside centre, where his kicking and speed could be used to the maximum advantage. At this point it was decided to have a New Deal with the Colts. The team had not chosen itself as had been expected, and the tackling and the spirit of the team were poor. In the ten days between the Christ's Hospital match and the Brighton match, new 'set pieces' were worked out and practised, and tackling began to be effective. It was a different team that went on to the field at Brighton College; it lost the match chiefly by over enthusiasm in front of its own posts, leading to penalty points against it. Failure to tackle by one of the wings led to an easy and depressing try; but the forwards, being pushed hard in the tight, hooked the ball consistently and showed they were equal to even the toughest opponents. The hooker, Delaney, was given his cap. The Oratory match that followed was by no means the flop the score suggests. Barder was played as fly-half fairly successfully, but the Captain, Doherty, was hurt; so the halves were not equal to their forwards, and the three-quarters, lying back too far and to a man shy of tackling, played one of their worst games of the season. The forwards again played a good game, frustrating well-organised forward rushes. The team taken to St George's, boosted with six Junior Colts, was about the strongest fielded in the term, except that two good forwards, the Hooker Delaney, and the 15-stone Lee, were missing owing to an exam. The halves were both Junior Colts and for the first time the forwards had backs they could rely on, and for the first time backs who tackled effectively and quickly. But the Junior Colts' hooker, Williams, was hurt and off the field in the first five minutes. Carr, hardly ever having hooked before, hooked for almost the rest of the game and considering he only had six forwards behind him, Lee not included, got more than his fair share of the ball. Four caps were given: Carr, Byrne, Hoyle and Gilpin. The popular Beaumont fixture was next. Beaumont had beaten the Oratory convincingly and what with the fine weather and changes on both wings, Dancer taking Pontifex's place for the sake of his tackling, A. C. Edwards taking Elkington's who was absent for an exam., it looked as though the game would be a walk-over. It was far from it. There was little finish in the backs, but luck might well have changed the result. An Old Preparatory School Boys' fixture ended the term with virtually the team's only home match. It showed the School just how good the Colts, the Colts' forwards especially, had been and Urquhart was awarded his cap.

DOM FABIAN GLENCROSS

THE JUNIOR COLTS' list of results, Won 1, Drawn 2, Lost 4, could have been more impressive if everyone had played with more determination. One has to make allowances for the fact that they lost two of their strongest players to the Colts XV after the first match, but the truth of the matter is that there were not many real rugger players amongst them.

The first match against Hurstpierpoint was lost, even with the help of Hoyle and Barder; but there was an atmosphere of lethargy about our play which seemed to remain for the rest of the season. The one good win was against Whitgift, when the side played really well as a team and everything seemed to go right. Then came Brighton who beat us well and truly, mainly because of some very good play by their backs. We should have beaten Epsom, because we were

leading until ten minutes from No Side; but the forwards slackened off and threw the game away. Although we led at half-time the Oratory were clearly the better side, and deserved their victory. The same may be said of Beaumont, although we did not have the luck of the bounce in the second half. Finally, in the absence of Williams, we gave a dispirited and disorganised display in the return Whitgift match.

Williams took over as Captain after Hoyle's departure, and he was the one forward who could always be relied upon to give of his best from start to finish of every game. I would say that he shows every sign of developing into a very good forward, and he set a wonderful example for the others; but it is impossible for one forward alone to win a match. The others were big and heavy, but far too temperamental. Carter made good use of his height in the line-out, but the two best were the wing forwards Ross and D. H. N. Windle, both new to the position. Windle was particularly effective, and has the advantage of having played on the wing.

We were lucky in having Dutton to replace Barder as scrum half, and he and the fly half Clegg between them were perhaps the rugger brains of the side. Although his service is sometimes slow, Dutton's tackling is excellent. Clegg shows real promise; he is fast: his kicking and handling are excellent; and he should do very well in the future.

The centres, Chisholm and O'Hanlon, were willing but clumsy, although each could be effective once an opening had been made for them. Lewis and Nauta on the wing sometimes looked very dangerous when they got the ball; but their chances of doing anything constructive were few. Boys at full back was safe, and served the team well. He is a neat player, but is rather slow at present.

The lesson which the boys should learn from the season's play is that if, in the future, each member of the team shows a real spirit of enthusiasm and determination, it will do a great deal to offset any lack of knowledge and skill.

RESULTS: Hurstpierpoint (A) L. 6-10; Whitgift J. C. 2nd XV (H) W. 16-0; Brighton (A) L. 0-15; Epsom (H) D. 6-6; Oratory (H) L. 8-18; Beaumont (A) L. 0-23; Whitgift J. C. 2nd XV (A) D. 6-6.

TEAM: Boys; Lewis,\* O'Hanlon, Chisholm, Nauta; Clegg,\* Dutton; Carter, Williams,\*† Jonas; d'Arcy, Veira; Ross, Hornak, D. M. N. Windle.  
\*Cap. †Captain.

DOM KEVIN TAGGART

THE JUNIOR XV played and lost 8 matches, scoring 25 points against 148. Yet, with the exception of the first game against Whitgift, matches were not without interest and the play of the smallest members of the team evoked the admiration of spectators by its dogged quality in defence. The forwards, who played with zest except in the Whitgift games, were the strongest part of the team and made a light, hardworking and mobile pack. They played particularly well against Hurstpierpoint and Beaumont and, in the second half, in the matches against Brighton and Epsom. The most consistent was Graham Ritchie; tough, fast and fearless who seldom gave less than his all. The other prop-forward, de la Falaise, had a knack of looking as fast as Ritchie and was often with the leaders in a forward rush. Hoff showed real promise as a hooker. The locks were Symonds and Grey. Symonds was the more consistent. He played some very good games and shows promise of making a rattling good

forward. Grey, who was the strongest forward, showed a deplorable tendency to give up when things were going badly. If he can overcome this weakness he should become very good. He did much useful work in the ruck and has a powerful place kick. Barnicot, on the blind side, won the esteem of the whole team by his relentless tackling and falling on the ball. Bayne, on the open side, led the forwards increasingly well but only showed what he could really do in the last 5 minutes of the last match of the season when we were 3 points down; then he played a storming, furious game and looked, for a moment, like a great forward. Measures deserves praise for turning himself into a scrum half with a good pass. He spent several evenings every week practising in the gym. Kadar, his partner at fly-half, was the only real footballer amongst the backs and played some magnificent games. In attack he was quick thinking and often did the unexpected—worked the blind side, dummied or kicked ahead or, alas, in our case often a dire necessity, worked the touch-line. In defence his covering was very good indeed. Of those who played outside him in the last match, all except Pam were slow and weighed little more than 6 stone. The two lightest weighed only 5 stone 10 lbs. Yet they learnt to tackle with determination and when their defence was penetrated at the end of the season it was seldom due to lack of courage or effort on their part. Boyd was the smallest of the centres but his tackling and falling were splendidly and unhesitatingly singleminded. J. A. P. O’Cock, the other centre, has the right temperament to make a good player but at present lacks speed and strength. Of George, who was new to the game, the same could be said. He was unfortunately injured after 10 minutes of play in the Epsom match and was sadly missed. Burns, who played in his place, gave a good account of himself in defence. Pam, on the right wing, is big, fastish and strong and has a useful hand-off. One hopes he will develop into a useful player. Murray, as full back, fielded and kicked well and once tackled quite brilliantly. As a group of boys they had personality and character and never let reverses get them down, and they were always pleasant to deal with. All of which reflects credit on Bayne their captain. Besides those already mentioned Calnan and Porritt played in several matches. The results were: Hurstpierpoint (A) 3-18, Whitgift Junior XV, 2nd (H) 3-14, Christ’s Hospital (H) 0-19, Brighton (A) 3-22, Cranleigh (H) 5-26, Epsom (H) 3-24, Beaumont (A) 5-19, Whitgift Junior XV, 2nd (A) 3-6.

DOM PETER BEAZLEY

A VISIT BY OLD BOYS of the Prep. School was paid us on Thursday, December 14th, and they played a game of rugger against a Worth side. An excellent game it was; hard fought and with one memorable try on each side. The Old Boys’ try was a classical one: a quick heel from the loose after a rush in the Worth 25 and then quickly to the outside centre, Reggie Hall, who scored in the corner. The Worth try was a scintillating one by Hoyle, from the half-way line. Dom Kevin started the movement and ran across the field. Hoyle realised what Dom Kevin was up to and crossed to take a pass on the inside. He then had three covering defenders to beat, kicked over their heads, booted ahead and touched down. The final score was: Old Boys 10—Worth 3. (Philip Bradstreet kicked both goals beautifully.)

After supper the Old Boys split up into groups. Ford had challenged five of them to table tennis and four to billiards matches. Three Upper School boys played squash against three Old Boys and six other Old Boys made up two

sides to play touch Rugby. The results were victories in all three squash games for the Old Boys, a draw in the touch Rugby—2 victories to the Old Boys, 2 victories to Worth. Ford won victories at both table tennis and billiards.

We owe Howard Rose a debt of gratitude for organising this visit and for picking such an outstandingly nice group to bring down. We hope that this visit will become an annual event. Those in the group were: Michael Agius, Philip Bradstreet, Peter Bullen, Jacques Cartier, Tom Cummins, Guy Dearman, Maurice Fitzgerald, John Henderson, Patrick Johnstone, Ivan Lintner, Tim McGouran, Rory McGouran, Michael Paterson, Nick Reade, Richard Rimmer, Howard Rose, Simon Rose, and John van den Bosch.

DOM PETER BEAZLEY

FENCING has made a most promising beginning at Worth, largely due to our good fortune in having as coach Professor W. Harmer Brown. As he is one of the foremost coaches in England, we are indeed grateful to him for all the trouble he has taken in launching the club here and seeing it through its first difficult months. As well as the coaching sessions, there have been two practices a week under Mr Renouf and Brother Philip. The boys made enough progress for it to be worthwhile holding a Novices' Championship on December 13th which was watched by the Headmaster and the Upper School. Professor Harmer Brown presided; the scorer was Campbell. Though time allowed for only three-quarters of the bouts to be fought, Wynne established a clear lead over Kadar and Dancer. Wynne already has the makings of a stylish fencer, parries and ripostes well and lunges fully; his success was well deserved. Kadar and Dancer fought fast and furiously; their technique is developing fast and augurs well for the future. Pollen, though eclipsed in the Championship, should prove a useful fencer next term. In general, the standard of fencing was creditable, though the judging was mediocre—a fault which only more experience can eliminate. Next term we start fencing in earnest, with matches against Lancing, Ardingly, Brighton and Broomham. A new development will be that boys wishing to make fencing a main game will be able to do so provided they are not already in a rugby team.

Equipment has been a problem. It is hoped that boys who fence regularly will buy their own; some have already done so. But the club has had to supply all the others with everything. In fact, what has happened is that the available funds have gone into buying foils and masks and a few jackets: the rest of the equipment will have to be bought gradually. Should parents have any unwanted weapons or jackets at home, no matter how old, they would be of the utmost value to the club. Though we are using only foils now, we will soon be on to sabres, and to épées not long after that, so all weapons will be welcome. Thanks are due to Mr Renouf for help in coaching, in spite of his many engagements elsewhere, and to Mr Bertie in establishing a useful Fencing Section in the Upper School library.

DOM PHILIP GAISFORD

SQUASH RACKETS among most of the Top People on the Ladder has been marked this term by a disparity between reasonably good stroke production and poor match results. The cause is infrequent play. Under the stress of a match elementary tactical principles are being forgotten, because they have not become second nature, which they should be. So a player forgets to move to

the centre of the court, to watch his opponent playing his stroke, to hit consistently to a length to the back corners; or, again because of lack of experience, a player is unnecessarily flummoxed by the ball coming at a nasty angle off the side wall or leaving his opponent's racket in an unexpected direction. Anticipation of and efficient reactions to situations such as these come gradually from constant play, and can be acquired in no other way.

Ardingly beat us 4-1 at Under 15 level. Clegg won 3-0; Greenland and Hoyle were defeated in 5-game rubbers, each of them looking in some ways a better player than his opponent. We should stand a good chance of beating Ardingly next term. Hurstpierpoint on the other hand were much too strong for us at under 15½, and won 5-0.

The under 14 group have a number of promising players. Outstanding among these is Kadar, who has achieved the feat of climbing to 5th place on the Ladder. Others are J. A. P. O'Cock, Bayne, Murray and Sherwin. It rests with them to see that promise becomes performance.

DOM HUGH O'NEILL

THE GOLF CLUB was inaugurated this term and the following officials were elected at a general meeting of members: Ross Captain, Payton Honorary Secretary, Delaney Honorary Treasurer, Bligh and Hoyle Committee Members, Chairman of the Committee Dom Peter, Senior Committee Member Mr G. Wiltshire. Dom Prior very kindly consented to become President and the Head Master vice-President and there are twenty-seven subscribing members. The authorities at Worth gave permission for a Golf Club to be started and for the ten-acre Laundry Field west of the main drive to be used as a golf links on the strict condition that no money was spent on golf from school funds. The Golf Club has been most generously supported by gifts. It already has seven sets of clubs to lend out, also a small stock of balls and tees. Anyone who has old clubs that are not being used or balls too shabby to do much with except throw away, can be sure that we could put them to good use and would greatly appreciate any gifts of this sort. Two generous donors gave cheques to a total of £25 and one gave a cup. We are fortunate in having Mr Ashby, the pro at Copthorne, to visit us once a week and coach members, free of charge. This has been financed by the Golf Foundation. A small group of members working under the direction of Mr Wiltshire have brought the greens into sufficient shape to use a putter on them. Grass on the rest of the links is kept down by sheep. The course is 6 holes long and not far short of 1,000 yards in length. At the 2nd and 3rd, drives of under 200 yards are penalised by a valley between the tee and the gentler slopes in front of the greens. At the short 4th and 6th the greens are perched on higher ground above a four-foot wall. The 5th is a blind dog-leg. Two matches have been played against Monks and Staff who call themselves the Ravens. Both matches have been drawn and the results were as follows: First Match—Ross beat Dom Kevin—One up. Br Philip beat Patton, 3 and 1. Bligh beat Mr Tucker, 3 and 2. Dom Peter beat Delaney, 3 and 1. The bogey for 6 holes, all owing 3 putts on each green, is 28. The best score by a boy is that of Ross, who went round in 24. Dom Kevin holds the record at 23.

DOM PETER BEAZLEY

**BOXING:** A new-boys' tournament was held to discover talent with a view to possible school matches and Inter-House Boxing next term. The results were as

follows: Paper-wt—Boyd beat Porritt; Fly-wt—J. A. P. O’Cock beat Burns; Bantam-wt—Sherwin beat Murray; Feather-wt—Kadar beat de la Falaise; Light-wt—Dutton beat D. H. Windle; Welter-wt—G. Ritchie beat McKinnon Croft; Middle-wt—Bayne beat Symonds; Lt-Heavy-wt—Ross beat Mc-Sweeney; Heavy-wt—Atkin beat Grey. The spirit with which boys fought was a noticeable improvement on last year. Boyd, Dutton, G. Ritchie, Bayne, Kadar and Ross all show promise; at least three of them might well become first class. On the last Wednesday of term Bayne, Dutton, G. Ritchie, Barder, Hoyle and Carter took part in an afternoon of combined training and boxing at Christ’s Hospital and gave a good account of themselves.

DOM PETER BEAZLEY

## FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

ON SUNDAY, November 5th, a small party of boys, sponsored by Dom Peter, took the day off to see an exhibition of ‘Masterpieces of the French Painting from the Buhrlé Collection’, at the National Gallery. It was the final day and we all thought it would indeed have been a pity to miss such a noteworthy exhibition.

The principal feature of this exhibition were the French Impressionists. It included such artists as Manet, Monet, Degas, Pissarro, Cézanne, Renoir, Gauguin, van Gogh and Lautrec. Most of us found them all equally appealing, with few for which we felt aversion, except perhaps Derain and Redon, whom some of us found too insipid, and Gauguin, whom we all found to be excessively gaudy and bold.

The pictures that impressed us most were Van Gogh’s ‘The Sower’, ‘In the Park of the Hospital of St Rémy’, ‘Self-Portrait’, Renoir’s ‘Harvest Time’, ‘Girls Putting Flowers in their Hair’, Manet’s ‘Suicide’, ‘Bordeaux—the harbour’, and all the works of Cézanne and Degas.

In both of Van Gogh’s first two pictures mentioned above, the artist has given up his striking colour effect but compensates for this by sinking himself more deeply into the dramatic reality of natural growth and decay. His ‘Self-portrait’ typifies his Impressionist style and is one of his finest works. There was a total of eight Van Gogh’s in the collection. All of Renoir’s works were fully appreciated. The typical, soft, harmonious colours of Renoir could not have been better illustrated than in the five of his works in the collection. Manet’s ‘Suicide’ brought forth its intended sordidity with clear meaning. His ‘Bordeaux—the harbour’ is utterly different in character and atmosphere and the bustle of commerce is captured most vividly. Cézanne proved to be the favourite of the collection with us. What interested us most was the way in which he could change his style from landscape to landscape and still retain a magnificent richness of colour. Some of his portraits are curiously reminiscent of Rembrandt, in particular ‘Boy in a Red Waistcoat’. The five works of Degas in the collection were also very satisfying and pleasing. A certain influence of Renoir could be detected in his ‘A Pas Battu’.

The works of the other Impressionist artists whose works were on view, including Pissarro, Lautrec, Monet, Sisley and Utrillo, although not among the most important of their kind, were most engrossing. The works of a few pre-Impressionist artists, such as Ingres, Corot, Delacroix and Courbet were on view. These, from which several of the later artists took inspiration and by whom they were greatly influenced, provided a suitable introduction for us to French Impressionism.

If I have any criticism of this exhibition, it is that the pictures were not hung well at all. The lighting was badly arranged, so that it rarely lit the pictures in the right way. Some of the finest pictures were hung in little shadowed corners with poor lighting and, owing to the crowds, we could not often get the best view. Yet, despite this technical hitch, the 'madding crowd' and the intense heat, the members of the party, namely, Dom Peter, Juan Dibos, Richard Wolf, Michael Aris, Angelo Hornak and Peter Jonas, fully enjoyed the outing.

M. V. ARIS

### THIS TERM'S FILMS—A REVIEW

TO WELCOME us back, we saw *Me and the Colonel*, the story of a Jew (Danny Kaye) with brains and a colonel (Kurt Jurgens). It was a very average production about the second war which did, even so, achieve some memorable moments of pathos. *The Caine Mutiny* was the first (and almost the last) colour film of the term. Centred on an American Navy ship during World War II, the plot revolved round a zany, near-mad captain and his naturally rebellious crew. The ensuing trial and conviction of two of the officers contributed suspense to a somewhat mediocre production. Spencer Tracy in *Edison, the Man* was an inspiring example to us all. It taught us that perseverance was a tremendous asset, and, as we saw, none of our inventions to do with electric light would have been possible without him. The Western is a symbol of America: a symbol which is mass-produced in Hollywood and one of which we are all sick to death. *High Noon* was, however, something of an exception. The Marshal (Gary Cooper), voluntarily stays to wait for four killers when his term of office is ended. Perhaps the only criticism could be that the film was too drawn out; otherwise, to my mind, this was a great film with a theme tune which still stays in my mind. The Parachute Regiment, World War II, Heroism—the usual ingredients went into *The Red Beret*, with Alan Ladd. It was a pedestrian film with nothing unusual in any way. *Yesterday's Enemy* was a tale of blood and guts with a tragic ending. In fact that was the only way the film, starring Stanley Baker, differed from most other war films. I am not trying to denigrate the excellent qualities of the men in these films; all I would say is that 'enough war films are as good as a feast'. (Admittedly, I am aware many in the School would disagree with me here.) Charlie Chaplin and Buster Keaton were

among those in a selection of comedy films called *When Comedy Was King*. Although the humour was slapstick, people did laugh easily then. Nowadays, laughter no longer flows so freely. I am sure that much modern tension would disappear if people laughed more. In fact I think the modern 'X' certificate cinema can learn a lot from these old silent, jumpy films. Any film with Jack Hawkins and Alec Guinness in it is almost bound to be good. A cardinal, arrested in a neo-communist state, is interrogated until his humility lets him down—but not before he has converted his interrogator. To me this was the most satisfying film of the term, providing more substantial enjoyment than any of the others. *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, 'a classic adventure film', did not seem so to me. It was no more than average; the actual camera shots were sweeping and it would have profited with colour. Gary Cooper and Guy Standing acted well, but Franchot Tone only succeeded, I'm sorry to say, in making us laugh. Perhaps one of the term's most *human* films was *The Red Badge of Courage*. This was a story, set in the Civil War, of a green recruit who, deserting once, returns again to the fray to make good. Otherwise the film was not particularly edifying and, like many American films, it leans too heavily on America's past history. (An American magazine proudly displayed 'Our Oldest Church', consecrated 1798! This seems to ring a little hollow to us.) The only documentary film of the term, *Serengeti Shall Not Die*, was a wonderful colour record of the attempt to count the number of animals in the Serengeti Plains in East Africa. Based on Nevil Shute's novel, *No Highway* was a tense, dramatic film. An eccentric scientist believes that the tail-piece of a new jet plane will fall off after a certain time. He finds himself in the plane after its time is up. James Stewart, Glynis Johns, and Marlene Dietrich took the leads in a well directed film. Unquestionably one of the best films of the term was *Dunkirk*. A gruesome, 135-minute-long film, it told of the courage and endurance of the British troops, and of the civilians who braved the Channel to rescue them from the jaws of Germany. John Mills acted extremely well, supported by Richard Attenborough and Bernard Lee. In conclusion I would say that, all in all, this term's selection was the best for a long while.

D. C. M. BELL

## WORTH CONCERT

ON SUNDAY, December 3rd the Upper School Orchestra gave a concert for the parents. The concert started with 'Allegro Moderato' by Dittersdorf, in which the whole orchestra took part. It was very well played, especially by the strings section. Then Trevor Leary and Robert Turp, both in the Prep School, played a duet: 'Spick and Span', by Ingram. Both players showed promise. Next, Paul Weitz played a 'cello solo: 'Gondoliera', by Squire. Unfortunately he was playing at the same level



as his audience which tended to muffle his tone; nevertheless he showed proficiency in handling his instrument.

The Worth Choir then sang the 'Gloria' from Byrd's 'Mass for Four Voices'. The very strong tenor section, notably Mr Price and Mr Freeland tended to overpower the other sections of the choir. Peter Campbell and Paul Weitz played a Sonata for flute and 'cello by Marcello, of which the second movement was undoubtedly the better. Alexander Abercrombie and Mr Buckley next played a piano duet: 'Scherzo and Valse', by Arensky. This, with the Toy Symphony, was perhaps one of the highlights of the concert; both playing with undoubted skill and expression.

Finally came the Toy Symphony by Haydn. The orchestra, having practised this with real determination, were well rewarded. In the brass, Alexander Nauta on the trumpet showed talent and promise. In the strings, both Michael and Anthony Aris were able to hold their own against Paul Weitz, Mr Elton, Mrs Weitz, Mrs Lucas and Miss Weitz. In the wind, both Christopher Frederick and Peter Campbell held the lead. Peter Knyvett, on the drums, had no competition. The brass section was augmented by two of Mr Bertie's Tibetan trumpets: one was 5 ft long, and the other was made from a human thighbone; both proved an attraction after the concert.

We owe our thanks to the members of the orchestra: J. E. Dibos (trombone), J. Best (trombone), A. T. S. Carr (trumpet), A. Nauta (trumpet), Mr Tucker (Tibetan trumpets), M. V. Aris (violin), A. J. Aris (violin), Mrs Lucas (violin), Mrs Weitz (violin), Miss Weitz (violin), Mr Elton (violin), Paul Weitz ('cello), A. Abercrombie ('cello and piano), C. Frederick (clarinet), N. Byrne (clarinet), P. Campbell (flute), M. Clarke (flute), P. Knyvett (drums), and to Mr Buckley for providing us with such a pleasant afternoon.

A. D. HORNAK

## THE SOCIETY OF ST PETER THE APOSTLE

WITH THE beginning of the school year the S.P.A. took on a new organisation. Instead of having a single block representing the whole school, Dom Charles decided to divide the society into three groups—first, second and third years—each having its own secretary from amongst the boys. This has proved very successful; for it gives a more precise and detailed vigour to the society.

Each division constitutes a separate body with an independent programme of meetings. But the society still has an overall characteristic: each group has the same aims: (1) To pray for the firm establishment of a Native Clergy in mission lands, and for its development; (2) to help provide pecuniary necessities.

There was one mass (or general) meeting this term. Mr Hugh Kay, assistant editor of the *Catholic Herald*, gave the society a first-hand report

on the vastly exaggerated Angolan situation, which he had himself been carefully studying on the spot.

A sure sign of the vigour of the S.P.A. is the good attendance given to the weekly voluntary Rosary. There is not merely a limited few that come week after week; but, as well, there is a large changeable assortment of boys. This goes to show that it is a far greater number, than actually attend on the day, that the Rosary affects. Thus it is by the Rosary that one may measure the sincerity of the members which has already imprinted itself as an indelible characteristic in the life of Worth.

P. W. ESMONDE

### L.O.C.K.

THE LEAGUE of Christ the King has flourished well this term and numbers have increased to over thirty. Enthusiasm for its activities has been generally well displayed. Nowadays, when schools are large and have to concentrate on intellectual success and organisational smoothness, it is important that boys should have channels such as L.O.C.K. for developing the personal side of their religion. In modern society it is all too tempting to get absorbed in one's work, whether it is for society or oneself, and to forget that peculiar and wayward instrument for living: one's own human personality under God—the only part of man which will survive the grave.

DOM ROGER BACON

### THE IV FORM SOCIETY

President: Dom Bernard Moss  
Treasurer: J. P. Jonas

Secretary: A. D. Hornak

THE FOLLOWING debates were held this term:

'This House approves of Schoolboys Smoking.' Lost 27-11.

'This House abhors boys reading comics after the age of thirteen.'  
Lost 22-6.

'This House believes that the Death Penalty ought to be abolished.'  
Carried 4-3.

'This House prefers the theatre to the cinema.' Carried 12-5.

On Sunday, October 29th, the Society held their own 'Eichmann Trial'. Counsel for Prosecution were P. Jonas, C. Frederick, C. Bayne, and D. Weitz. Counsel for Defence were S. Goodsir-Cullen, S. Payton, S. Redmayne, D. McKinnon-Croft. The prisoner (C. Brutton) was found guilty by 19-17 votes.

The Society also saw films on three Sunday evenings, *Scenes from American History*, *Le Mans 1955*, and *Horizon Below*. On Sunday, October

22nd, Mr Bertie showed the Society slide films taken on his recent visit to India, Sikkim and Buddhist monasteries on the Tibetan border. On Sunday, November 12th, Dom Bernard Orchard of Ealing Abbey School showed slides and talked of his travels in the Near East known as 'The Nile to Tiber Pilgrimage'. This was a particularly instructive talk and members were enthralled by the automatic German projector which Father Bernard brought with him. Lastly, Dom Maurice spoke on 'Secret Societies' in which he displayed a deep knowledge of Freemasonry. We are very grateful to all these speakers for giving of their time so unsparingly.

A. D. HORNAK

### ANGLING CLUB

President: Dom Dominic Gaisford

Secretary: R. P. Bligh

Vice-President and

Treasurer: N. Byrne

Chairman of Committee: Dom Edward Cruise

Committee: Mr G. Wiltshire

D. C. M. Bell

J. J. C. P. Muscat

REVIEWING THE past two terms we can say that the Club has certainly grown and prospered. We welcome six new members, and Mr Wiltshire, who has kindly taken members fishing on many occasions. The expedition on July 11th to the River Arun was a success, although unfortunately many members were unable to go. An appreciable number of fish have been caught, but the emphasis has been more on quantity than quality. The largest fish during the summer was a 2 lb. 3 oz. carp caught by J. Muscat. As the club is now nearly 30 strong, a committee has been formed during the Christmas Term to arrange the affairs of the Club. But undoubtedly the highlight of activities this term has been an address given to members by Mr S. Whetstone, Secretary of the Haywards Heath and District Angling Society, and the consequent obtaining of fishing rights for Balcombe Lake. The proposed punt to be built by members is now under way and is expected to be complete by the beginning of the Summer Term. Indeed there is every reason to look forward to a very successful season next year.

R. P. BLIGH

### ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY

THE SOCIETY held two meetings this term. In the first, Paul Weitz was elected as a member and the Society decided to get in touch with Hermonceaux Observatory to explore the possibilities of an expedition there. On November 1st we visited the Planetarium and were all fascinated and

captured by the wonderful way the building is designed. On November 17th we held a further meeting in which Paul Haslam gave a talk on the origins of the Earth. Plans are afoot for the purchase of a new telescope and we are hoping for two-weekly meetings next term.

D. C. M. BELL & G. B. DANCER

## NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

THE SOCIETY would like to welcome P. Freeland, Esq., head of the biology faculty, who has joined our Committee. The first meeting of the term was held on September 25th, in the theatre, where we were shown a collection of Himalayan butterflies by Br. Bede. After this boys were encouraged to join, as a result of which seven boys joined, bringing the total to thirty members.

The Society has met six times this term. Perhaps the most successful one was the Jackpot Competition. This was held on October 30th in the theatre. Each member who wished to speak could speak on any Natural History subject for four minutes at the cost of sixpence. When everybody had paid the Jackpot stood at 3s. 6d. This was won by Dickson, who spoke on the Minsmere Bird Sanctuary; second was Clegg, who spoke on Spiders, and third was Payton who spoke on Penguins.

In the following week Mr Freeland lectured to the Society on the subject of the Eel's Life Cycle, and he showed the members of the Society some excellent drawings which he had made of eels. The week after we were shown two films, one entitled 'On Safari', and the other 'Arctic Hunters'.

The Society also saw films about salt-mining, fossils, the living cell and the nature of the Universe, and also the film made by members of the Society last term. This was in colour and showed pictures of all the animals kept at Worth: pheasants, eels, hedgehogs, owls and rabbits. Although it only lasted four minutes it is a big step forward for the Society. We hope to add to it next summer.

B. H. ELKINGTON & S. N. PAYTON

## THE FORUM

THE OFFICIALS of this society for the coming year are unchanged. The society welcomed the Head Master and Dom Peter as honorary members. M. J. Aris gave a talk on Tibetan art, which he illustrated with slides and authentic Tibetan *objets d'art*. Dom Peter marked his membership of the society by talking on his impressions of Rome, during which he showed many pictures of paintings and buildings. Mr F. Fellows gave the first part of a paper on nuclear physics, and the society is looking forward to the

conclusion next term. The society would like to thank the speakers for their extremely interesting papers.

D. C. M. BELL

## AD PARNASSUM

THIS TERM one more society was added to the large number already flourishing at Worth. It was founded by Mr Peter Whigham; it numbers but six members and this figure is likely to remain stable for some time. At our first meeting we gave the society its name, 'Ad Parnassum', and established that its object was 'to put something back in the bank'—not to discuss works of art so much as to create them, whether in the medium of writing or painting or music. Admission to the society and the right to remain in it depend on the production of such a work each holidays.

During the term Benjamin Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was played, recorded from the original production at Aldeburgh. Mr Whigham's play *Call No Man King* was read at the third meeting, with Mr and Mrs Montfort Bebb and Mr and Mrs Whigham taking some of the parts. When played back on the tape, the reading proved very successful and amusing.

Remembering J. M. Synge's dictum that 'it is the timber of poetry that wears most surely, and there is no timber that has not strong roots among the clay and worms', the society went to see the Crazy Gang at the Victoria Palace and heard the last echo of the Edwardian Music Hall. The Gang's sheer professionalism made much of the West End theatre seem shoddily amateurish.

A friend of Mr Whigham's, Peter Russell, a publisher and a poet, came to our next meeting, and gave a most illuminating talk on poetic inspiration. He then read to us his latest poem *Visions and Dreams*, after which a short discussion was held on the poem.

Finally, the society ended the term with a visit to the famous Franco Zefferelli production of *Romeo and Juliet*, at the Essoldo Theatre in Brighton. This masterly and most moving production was a fitting end to the term's events.

G. B. DANCER

## BRIDGE CLUB

THIS CLUB opened on Saturday, September 23rd. The first bid was made by Grey, who opened '2 spades' on a three-card suit and a point count of eight. Fortunately his partner was altogether more cautious and responded '1 diamond'! We have come on a bit since then: Three down doubled

vulnerable is an expensive business, and soon the bidding became more circumspect. About a dozen boys passed a quiz paper and now enjoy 'B member' status. Their next step is to become category A members, and from there they should soon become competent to represent Worth in matches against other schools. The Bridge Club is very grateful indeed to Mr Cardwell, Mr Bertie and Miss Hollins, who gave of their time so generously to instruct and advise at the tables; and to Mrs Tucker for organising the refreshments.

JOHN TUCKER

## THE LIBRARY

Librarians: J. F. K. Lee, B. H. Elkington, D. C. M. Bell, C. J. Frederick

THE CLASSIFICATION of the Library is still continuing, according to the Dewey decimal system, and at the same time each book is being numbered, catalogued and having a book-card put into it, for the convenience of borrowers.

The Librarian would like to thank Fr C. D. S. Lloyd, Mrs Devas, Dom Maurice, Dom Thomas and Mr P. A. Lazarus for their kind and generous gifts of books, all of which are deeply appreciated, and also Mrs Cardwell and Miss Morley for their help in cataloguing. About a hundred more books have been bought this term, and new shelves have had to be put up to hold all the acquisitions. In the coming terms, the librarian hopes to develop the scientific section, to keep pace with the increased interest in the school in this subject.

J. F. K. LEE

## THE OUTWARD BOUND GROUP

AT THE beginning of the term a meeting was held as a result of which we started off with a membership of twenty. A new feature of the Group is that members themselves, rather than their sponsors, will take a more active part in the organisation of affairs, and to this end Nivelles and Williams were nominated to form two of a four-man Committee. Later on, Bligh and Slaughter were elected to join them.

Most Sundays have been occupied in the continuation of the building of the assault course in the woods. The lake has finally been made sufficiently water-tight to remain full however little rain we get, and one or two more obstacles have been erected. Another assault net is up—this time at an angle of about thirty degrees over the water, so that one crosses it *via* the corner ropes which suspend it. With the aid of a bulldozer, fortunately here on other work during the summer holidays, a partial island has been formed which we can complete ourselves. From this to the

bank the trunk of a fallen oak tree has been laid, and makes a challenging crossing over the water. Close to this a succession of vertical ropes affords another test.

We were fortunate enough, during the course of the term, to have Commander Waymouth down here to talk to the Group. He is Secretary of the British Schools Exploring Society, and spoke to us about the Society's annual expeditions. We also saw a film of the 1960 expedition to Iceland; one could not help noticing how much the toughness of the whole thing appealed to some, until we saw a tooth extraction being performed on a young lad sitting on an upturned box with no anaesthetic! We were very grateful to Commander Waymouth, and hope that his visit was the first of many.

It is intended that we ourselves shall make expeditions of one sort or another a regular feature of our activities here, and with this in mind, a minor one was arranged for two members, Nivelles and Slaughter, to be performed overnight. Having been given a map reference at which to camp, they departed after dark, set up camp for the night, and then left for a further destination to hear Mass, the next day being a Sunday. Here is their account:

'On Saturday, December 9th, 1961, two of our Committee members, Slaughter and Nivelles, set out at 8 p.m. to walk the odd six miles to Sidnye Farm near Cuckfield. After four stops they reached the farm *via* Balcombe at 10 p.m., where Mr Ponsford had so generously agreed to let them camp. Having unpacked, set up the tent, and had supper, they retired to their sleeping-bags at 1 p.m. Half-way through the night Slaughter was rudely awakened to find his sleeping bag sopping with water, where the rain had run onto the groundsheet. Nivelles had a waterproof sleeping-bag. After a rather sleepless night they arose at 7.5 a.m. on Sunday morning. Having packed they went to the farm where Mrs Ponsford very kindly gave them some breakfast. They then went to Mass at Cuckfield Hospital and after a long and tiring journey, with bruises and blisters, returned to Worth, arriving at 12 noon. In all they had done fourteen miles.

'Our thanks are due to the Ponsford family for having been so generous to us, and allowing us to camp on their farm.—P. NIVELLES.'

DOM BEDE FAIR-HILL

## PARAGRAPHS

IT HAS been with special pleasure that those who remember Mrs Napier Munn in the school office some years back have been looking forward to her return to a post that is truly one of the linch-pins of Worth as an organisation. She has brought with her to help her Mrs E. Cowan, who herself has been acquainted with Worth for a number of years.

We welcome to Worth Mr Freeland, Mr Price, Mr Renouf, Mr Westby and Miss A. Oxby who have come to teach here.

It is with considerable regret that we say good-bye to Miss Shirley Spottiswoode, who with her pottery kiln and weaving, as well as more ordinary artistic interests, has done so much to stimulate the sensibilities of the boys in both schools. We wish her every success in her new school.

We also say good-bye to Miss Mary Sweetman, Miss Luers, Mrs Auchinvole, Mrs Carter and Miss Martin, assuring them of our best wishes.

At the beginning of the third year the numbers in the Upper School have reached 119. The old Dayroom is now being used as the refectory, and the four quad. classrooms as dormitories. In addition there is a Prefect's room, and a room for the use of those boys who are doing 'A' level.

The conversion of the cellars was completed at the beginning of November. They have a total floor area of 2,000 square feet. A new entrance has been made where the old telephone kiosk used to be and the brightly coloured rooms comprise two rooms for the school shop, a music room and practice cubicles. The shop itself is enclosed by two shuttered counters. At present, hot and cold drinks can be bought, and it is hoped that more cooking machinery will be installed in the future. The scheme has proved both successful and worthwhile.

A new and apparently unpopular form of punishment introduced this term has been the Tuesday Parade. This might involve anything from extra physical training to the cleaning out of pig sties.

The Prefect system is now on a termly basis, with four boys from each House acting as House Prefects.

Mr and Mrs Buckley now have a new wooden house which was constructed by our own building staff. It is a most distinctive and attractive addition to the line of houses on the main road.

At the start of this term Mr and Mrs Renouf and their nine children moved into their new house, which is an adaptation from what used to be known as Austin Stables. The name which Mr Renouf chose for his new home is, appropriately, 'Coach House'.



# PREPARATORY SCHOOL

## SCHOOL OFFICIALS

*Head of the Preparatory School:* N. A. H. BALL.

*School Prefects:* P. H. M. WITHAM, G. G. R. KNOWLES, J. W. CHURCH,  
J. W. HAWKINS.

*Dormitory Prefects:*

(*Ford*): R. E. B. CROSS, S. H. GEARON, J. F. MURRAY.

(*Butler*): J. H. A. CONCANON, J. C. PAVRY, M. H. V. PHILLIPPS.

(*Austin*): J. M. N. AMBLER, C. R. NEELANDS.

(*Tower*): C. J. MARKES, C. A. MASON, M. D. TOMLINS.

*Captain of Rugby Football:* N. A. H. BALL.

*Captain of Squash:* C. J. GIVEN-WILSON.

*Librarian:* P. J. KAUFELER.

*Assistant Librarians:* J. A. VALLS, C. J. GIVEN-WILSON, T. T. BARTON, D. J.  
GLEESON.

*Masters of Ceremonies:* N. A. H. BALL and R. E. B. CROSS.

*Thurifers:* M. B. HIGGINS and R. B. HOYLE.

*Acolytes:* T. T. BARTON, G. G. R. KNOWLES, J. P. BLENKINSOPP and P. J.  
GREENLAND.

## SALVETE

H. F. BACON, J. R. BERRY, I. F. R. M. BOYD, G. ST J. O. BRAUND, L. J. BROWNE, R. M. COOKE, J. J. COUPER-EDWARDS, C. P. A. COX, R. J. CUDDON-LARGE, I. G. GLENDENNING, J. C. GORMAN, C. F. GRAHAM, C. HATRY, C. J. HUNT, E. F. K. HUTTON, D. J. KEAY, M. K. R. KILPATRICK, P. G. KITTOE, J. E. B. LEE, A. M. MCQUADE, J. G. A. NEELANDS, S. P. T. RENOUF, G. J. P. RENOUF, C. RIVLIN, S. H. SCOTT-BARRETT, J. D. SHELMERDINE, J. R. SHEPPARD-CAPURRO, C. N. P. STONOR, J. H. E. THIERRY, J. E. C. TYRWHITT, J. R. W. WATSON, W. R. S. WEBBER, M. D. WILSON.

## VALETE

C. J. BALL, J. W. CHURCH, P. A. de VILMORIN, S. F. GEARON, C. J. MARKES, P. J. A. MAYNARD, P. G. J. SCHICHT, P. H. M. WITHAM.

## WORK

*G.C.E. Passes, July 1961, Ordinary Level:*

T. A. Day, Elem. Maths.; G. A. Higgins, Elem. Maths.; L. P. Hirsh,

Latin, French, Elem. Maths.; P. R. J. Holberton, Latin, Elem. Maths.; K. W. Rose, Latin, French, Elem. Maths.; M. W. Scholl, Elem. Maths.; J. F. Sherry, Elem. Maths.; D. A. J. D. Stirling, Latin, Elem. Maths.; M. R. Whinney, Elem. Maths.; C. D. Yeo, Elem. Maths.

## GAMES

FIRST XV RUGGER has been below the usual standard this year, due chiefly to a death of natural talent. Ball alone remained with us from last year's team, and proved a great asset as Captain and pack leader. Under his influence and example the forwards did well in the tight, though nearly always outweighed, and Cross hooked well. The same cannot be said of the line-outs and loose, for throughout the term the pack has remained slow off the mark. Had they been able to remedy this they might have tipped the balance in our favour; clearly they must train much harder next term—a lesson for the coach. Much depended on them, for the backs were our great weakness and rarely constituted a threat. Ball realised this and went all out to make up for it, but no one else in the scrum could stand his pace—he is not fast on his feet but keeps going, and in a loose maul breaks loose most unexpectedly. Unfortunately when he did so there was rarely anyone backing him up. De Glas, when driving himself, played some good rugby mostly as wing forward on the blind; but both he and Ball cost us some penalty conversions by off-side infringements. Hawkins and P. J. M. Kaufeler made solid props, and Gearon played seriously at no. 8. Mould and Gleeson, two under-twelve boys, are to be congratulated on their fine efforts in the scrum, and they bolstered our staying power.

Murray failed to move the ball quickly enough at scrum-half, and will find himself in the scrum again. Given-Wilson returned to his accustomed position in this place and played usefully. He reacts quickly, especially under pressure, and is therefore at his best in defence, when he times his kicks well; but his pass is not always reliable. Phillips at fly-half can play very well, but he relies much on being on form, and when he is not he can torture his supporters on the touch-line. He has a useful acceleration in attack, but one never felt sure of him in defence. Milmo at inside centre is young and relatively inexperienced, and lacks the ingenuity to use his talents to the full. He will blossom next year. Knowles outside him tried, and we had hoped that his speed would help him to find the gaps, but though he ran in a most thrilling manner, he never seemed able to produce that final thrust for the break through. The left wing alone, Hoogewerf, had speed enough for the conventional wing try. He had a bad start over his tackling, as did most of the team, but improved and became quite safe by the end of the term. Brooke-Harte on the other wing played a brave game and could be relied upon to stop any attack within his reach; formerly a scrum player, he has not the speed ever to make a first-rate wing, but we needed at all costs bravery in the back line. Likewise removed from the scrum, M. B. Higgins retained his pack instincts, and usually managed to get into the thick of any attack by the backs. He caused much amusement for he has a fearsome hand-off and the momentum of a steamroller. But his keenness to join in attacks did cause anxiety about defence which was occasionally justified.

The backs, if they are to score at all frequently, must use their heads more;

for though quite capable of winging the ball promptly, they are constantly outrun. Cambridge have shown Oxford this season what outclassed backs can do with the judicious kick ahead; and such a thing as the unexpected pass inside should not be beyond us.

All these criticisms have of course been reflected in results. By poor tackling we lost to the Abbey (A) 0-16, St Benedict's (H) 0-12, and Hazlewood (A) 0-33. The latter stung the team in more ways than one, and the next match, against Douai (H), produced a 12-0 win. King's Junior School brought a strong team and we lost 3-16. We drew with Epsom (H) 3-3, due to one of our off-side infringements, and Gatehouse (H) were unlucky to give us a 25-3 win. In the circumstances the team did well to lose to Whitgift (H) by only 0-19 and to Wimbledon (H) 0-12.

Ball is to be congratulated on winning his cap, and De Glas and Cross for their colours.

DOM BEDE FAIR-HILL

THE UNDER TWELVE XV began the term with two easy victories over slow and heavy sides, The Abbey and St Benedict's Ealing. The ground was dry and firm and the backs made full use of every opportunity that they were given. However in the next match, against the Hazlewood 2nd XV, two faults, which later became very clear, first made their appearance—the forwards were very slow on to the loose ball and the defence was often flurried and weak. Admittedly they were an older and larger side and there were individuals in the Worth team, A. Boyd, Greenland, and Mathias, who could not have done more, but too often their efforts were wasted by being left without support. In the two matches against Christ's Hospital these two faults seemed to disappear and we were treated to excellent displays of fast and open rugby. The sides were very evenly matched but Worth won on both occasions because our backs were prepared to make for the goal-line and not the touch-line.

It was at about this time that Greenland came into his own as captain. He led the team with a quiet charm and unselfishness which was a pleasant contrast to the loud blusterings of so many other captains. Slowly, one by one, the other backs seemed to find their feet as well. B. O'Neill was inclined to be wild but he improved tremendously as the term went on. E. Marks and R. E. Church formed a very good partnership as half-backs and the fact that the wings were the top scorers throughout the term says a great deal for their reliability and unselfishness. However, having praised individuals one must admit that the next match against St John's Beaumont 1st XV was a disaster. Worth lost 22-0. Of course there were many excuses—the long journey, headaches, car sickness and, strangely enough, a properly taught team who could do scissors movements. But there was also evidence of wild passing, fumbling, and missed tackles. However, neither of these aspects is entirely fair. A. Boyd and Nolan were both ill and off games for that match and these two had proved themselves invaluable to the side throughout the term. Jeffries came into the team to play open-side wing forward for this match. He was a late starter but, during the term, improved more than anyone in the game.

The match against Whitgift was won 11-6 but there were signs of the old trouble and it was not a very convincing performance. However, this match and the one against Wimbledon were for Walton a triumph of grace over nature. His tackling and covering were excellent and having put on the new

man let us hope we see no more of the old. Of the other forwards mention must be made of McEwen and Sugar, who went quietly about their business, but more remarkable was the performance of Pawle and Mathias and, when they were playing, Mould and Gleeson. It was these who took the brunt of the rough and loose and yet still found the energy for individual bursts with the threequarters.

The record is eight matches played of which five were won. It is not brilliant but there is some very good individual talent which, given more experience, may well turn this year's under 12 XV into an exceptionally fine 1st XV next year.

BR. VINCENT BLACKIE

THE UNDER 11 XV played five matches and lost them all; but they were better than these results suggest. They lost the first match decisively, but the remaining four were so close that in each case the result might have gone the other way. After the first match the tackling reached a high standard; the forwards, with the ball at their feet, could be quite formidable, while the passing and handling of the backs was competent. The weakness of the side lay in their slowness of reaction and lack of imagination: practically their only method of attack was to pass the ball straight out to the wing. Although this is the obvious opening move, it is unlikely to achieve much by itself unless there is a very exceptional wing or an opening has been previously made. Those who did show any signs of originality were not always able to distinguish between a gap and a trap, while the blind side of the scrum, that most profitable avenue of attack, was almost entirely neglected. Thus in the match against Whitgift, although they spent almost the whole of the second half encamped on their opponents' twenty-five, they could score only once, when a defender's kick failed to find touch.

Of the forwards McGouran and P. A. de Vilморin were outstanding; the former for his constant aggression, the latter for his magnificent covering and tackling. Filose played with unspectacular intelligence; C. G. Higgins scampered about the field tackling everything within sight (he could even be seen looking at the referee longingly); while Wheeler, M. J. Sheppard-Caparro, Döry, Kane and C. Jacobs all pursued the ball with great gusto. Behind them T. J. Hunt, although slow at getting hold of the ball, sent out a long accurate pass. Lunn and A. C. Berry were the only ones among the backs who had the size and speed necessary to make a break-through, although Holcroft and Williams were two of the best tacklers in the side and were among the few people who could view the field as a whole and see the possibilities of intelligent positioning and backing-up. At full-back Maclure was shaky to begin with, but by the end of the term he had become quite reliable.

Besides those already mentioned Stewart, R. J. Kaufeler, Shelmerdine, Farrugia and Atkinson also played.

RESULTS: v. St Benedict's (H): Lost 0-21; v. Christ's Hospital (H): Lost 8-9 and (A) 6-8; v. Whitgift (H): Lost 3-6; v. Gate House (H) 2nd XV: Lost 6-13.

DOM JEROME TOMLINS

SQUASH RACKETS: We had only one match this term, against Ardingly, and lost it 1-4, Ambler winning his rubber at 5th string. Given-Wilson, the

captain, having played little recently, was out of touch, but nevertheless persisted in trying for low winners. At Squash one cannot afford to give points away: if one is hitting the tin, one must raise one's sights and play safe. Villaverde is a good tactician, but must try to get more wrist into his shots. Mooney played very well, but when on the verge of winning became excited and hit wildly. Hoogewerf, perhaps nervous, forgot to hit to the back corners, and presented his opponent with a stream of easy shots on the forehand.

The Under 12's are already showing in the squash court the energy and determination that distinguish them in other spheres, and are storming their way up the ladder to the peril of some of the existing team members. Among the promising players in this group are Mould, Greenland, Pawle, Markes, Jeffries and Church.

DOM HUGH O'NEILL

BOXING: Even though none of the eleven boys who visited Christ's Hospital on the last Wednesday of term had touched a glove since February they acquitted themselves well. Everyone had at least one three-round bout in the ring and some had two. This was no real match, just a friendly one with training beforehand and a large tea after. Murray, Phillips and Greenland gave displays of good boxing against not too strong opposition. St George, Semprini, Valls and Pavry were good against good opponents, St George boxing twice. De Glas's gallic temperament showed itself and he gave us all an amusing three minutes. Hoyle, Milmo and Barry O'Neill all showed great promise. We now look forward to the real thing next term.

PETER LAZARUS

## COMPETITION ENTRIES

*Form 1S—(12 to 13 years)*

### BECKET'S MURDER

'WHO OF those who eat of my bread will rid me of this turbulent priest?' Eyes flashing fire, teeth grinding in suppressed fury, temples swelling in uncovered wrath and embarrassment at this 'turbulent priest'. The fine features of this stern man's face become acute and ridged as his fury kindles, striking first a spark, then a flame, and now a roaring fire. His hand crashed down upon the solid oak table and the silver platters, rich goblets and all the many diverse kinds of food, leaped into the air at this sudden shock. He rose, kicked his large chair furiously, and stormed out of the room.

Fitz Urse looked at the file of startled, amazed, frightened faces before him. Their flabbergasted looks filled his breast with amusement. 'Well', he cried, 'who will come with me; I suppose that you're all too cowardly and unenterprising to obey your king whom you follow around like dogs at heel. Who will come with me?'

All the faces regarded him bleakly. Two men rose in consent to his proposal; all the other faces showed doubt, and little wish to answer the

bold, audacious knight who stood at the side of the dining table with his hand in a puddle of fine blood-red burgundy wine. A third rose and stepped towards him, but no more, only negative nods greeted his encouraging words.

'So be it', he said in a hushed tone, and turned and walked, accompanied by his three comrades, to the door. He then turned and observed the faces, lit up by the candle light, and with a haughty look he stepped from the low porch.

'Well', cried Fitz Urse, 'the time has come, here's the hare, come on you hounds, you've had your liquor.' The 'turbulent priest' stood proud and erect by the oaken pews. The brigands stood sulkily in the middle of the dimly lit mosaic floor. The Cathedral in which they were was absolutely silent, unmoving, perfectly quiet and still. Even Fitz Urse shivered and a shudder whipped down his spine.

'Get on with it', he growled venomously at the drunken brigands and cautiously, stealthily they approached the haughty figure. He stood erect before them at his full height and glared down at them. His austere clad figure did not flinch or move. His deeply set, brown eyes regarded them nonchalantly and a livid colour lightened his slim, handsome face. The wretched, drunken rogues, hired by Fitz Urse to do the 'bloody work', slowly approached, slinking stealthily along with drawn swords and bare cudgels. They were afraid of this overbearing, fearless man, but Fitz Urse resolved their doubts by dashing forward with an encouraging cry, drawn sword and recoiled arm, ready to strike the blow. Forward stepped the dauntless cross-bearer of the Archbishop and received the blow across the arm, the steel blade burying itself deep in the unfortunate man's limb. He recoiled with a smothered cry of agony and the magnificent, bejewelled cross fell to the paved floor with a resounding clash. All through the Cathedral the noise rang, even to the terrified monks, hiding in the dingy cloisters who cringed in the gloom and knew that their bishop was meeting his doom. Upon the fearless bishop the vagabonds leaped, beating him with their swords until he moved no more but lay still, across the floor, amid his murderers, amid his blood spilled with wine upon the floor.

Fitz Urse wrenched his sword blade from the shoulder of the unfortunate bishop. He lay sprawled upon the floor of the Cathedral which had once been his, bejewelled, beringed hands which, a little while before, had clawed for life in that desperate struggle, stretched across the paved floor. His right leg was doubled up to his chin from the knee-joint and his splendid figure, which lay beside the magnificent emblem of his office, in the glorious Cathedral of Canterbury, was ghastly to behold.

The brigands, Fitz Urse, and his three doubtful comrades, beheld the inert, lifeless figure before them and realising their misjudgement, and being touched by a great pity, they fell to their knees and shed bitter tears of remorse.

*Form 1A*

## WINTER

WINTER is a season,  
The coldest of all four,  
And in it comes Christmas,  
When we get gifts galore.

Winter is the season  
When Christ the King was born  
In a stable, at the town  
Of Bethlehem, at dawn.

Winter is the season  
When three wise men did come  
To see Christ Our Saviour,  
Who was Our Lady's Son.

Winter is the season  
When these wise men adored  
Jesus Christ Our Saviour,  
And gave Him gifts, Our Lord.

Winter is the season  
When we get gifts galore;  
And the best of all these gifts  
Is Christ, for evermore.

A. P. DILLON

*Form 2A—(11 to 12 years)*

## TACKLE LOW!

RUGGER MASTERS scream this, as we battle for the ball;  
With opponents thrice the size of us, and nearly twice as tall.  
I do not really know for sure, why they harangue us so,  
I think it is their motto, but I really do not know.  
I much prefer to tear a fellow's raiment from his limbs;  
It is a satisfaction that low tackling rarely brings.

There only are two brands of rugger player that I've met:  
The short and thin and wiry, and the hefty and thickset.  
The short and thin and wiry, tackle very low indeed,  
But the hefty ones just barge you, out to get the room *they* need.  
I expect there's lots of other ways of tackling, you know;  
But there's nothing quite so rotten as being told to tackle low.

M. J. BAYNHAM

*Form 3A—(10 to 11 years)*

## THE NORTH WIND

THE COLD North Wind

In winter comes

With its breezy wind

And its northerly cry,

It whistles and hustles

While the trees pass by,

It freezes the ponds

With an icy cry,

It freezes the fields

And all that comes by,

With its clouds and the misty sky.

The months of Winter

Soon fade away

And leave no sign

Of the winter passed by;

Now all the birds

Come flying back

To warmth and summer

In the sunny sky;

But I will not forget

The winter's cry,

Or the Northern wind—

Its ghostly sigh.

J. P. SHELMERDINE

*Form 3B*

## TALLY HO!

THE HUNT started at two o'clock. As the horses and hounds bounded across the open country, horns were blowing and men shouting. Suddenly, the first fox was seen. It started to make its way into the bracken, and the horses, closely followed by the excited pack, dashed after it, neighing as loudly as they could. The fox jumped over a stream. The horses came tearing up, and one of them stumbled heavily and fell in the water. Ten minutes later it gave a great sigh and died. The rider got up, shook the water off his coat and joined in the chase on foot. The fox ran as fast as his legs would carry him, but the hounds gained ground rapidly. The terrified animal dashed into some brambles, and the hounds were going at such a pace that they missed his hiding place and shot straight by. When the pack had finally passed, the fox came out and reversed his



tracks; by this time the hounds were somewhat confused. A rider at the rear saw the fox hurry by and shouted to the rest of the hunt. They turned and started to chase the exhausted animal again. The fox had not got very far ahead, when the hounds caught up. He tried to dodge the excited dogs; but they were too quick for him. Suddenly they dived; there was a yelp . . . it was all over.

H. ST. J. HOLCROFT

*Form 4A—(9 to 10 years)*

A CHRISTMAS POEM

DEAR JESUS, He was born  
A long, long time ago;  
He came to earth in a stable bare,  
And His Mother loved Him so.

The shepherds in the fields,  
An angel did they see.  
He told them, 'Go to Bethlehem;  
Dear Jesus lives for thee'.

The wise kings in the east,  
A bright star did they see;  
They followed it to Bethlehem,  
And bowed on bended knee.

King Herod did not like the news,  
And killed most babies born;  
But Jesus went to Egypt  
And missed that dreadful morn.

C. J. HUNT

THE SCHOOL PLAYS

THIS TERM two short plays were produced instead of the usual one. They were called, *Six Who Pass While The Lentils Boil*, and *Two Blind Men and a Donkey*. The first was acted largely by members of 2A, the latter by members of 1A and 1S. The story of the first was a fairy tale type. A Queen, who had committed a breach of etiquette by stepping on the ring toe of her great-aunt, fled into the house of a small boy, very effectively played by Barry O'Neill. While the Queen hid in his mother's room—his mother was away—a mime, a milk-maid, a blind man, a ballad-singer and last but not least a dreadful headsman, came into the house. The small boy successfully sent them away by giving them lentils

which he was cooking. The ballad-singer, played by Richard Church, had to sing two ballads and he did them very well. Eventually the boy was made a knight and given a castle for his services by the grateful Queen.

The other play had less of a story, but it was very well acted. Jerome Church, who was a donkey driver, played his part as a Somerset yokel very well. This play was a very good comedy, and all concerned deserved to be congratulated. The play was very well produced and all knew their parts. Barry O'Neill deserves special congratulations, as he had easily the longest part. The only thing that was not up to standard was the scenery. Although well painted it was rather dull, and was the same for both plays. In previous years we have had entirely different scenes for different acts.

P. J. WITHAM

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY

THE SOCIETY opened the term with a Brains Trust in the Ford Library. Twenty-five members had been picked this year, as more than usual had applied for membership. The Head Master was one of the brains. Then came the Eichmann Trial in which Eichmann was found innocent by 11 votes to 5. Then came a most enjoyable afternoon spent at Brighton watching the play *Teresa of Avila* by Hugh Ross Williamson. This was followed by a hearing of *Julius Caesar* and then of some poems spoken by the members. *Julius Caesar* was then continued, including his ghastly death, and then a very interesting play called *A Man for All Seasons* was read. It was about the life of Sir Thomas More and it was written by Robert Bolt. The main parts were read by Nicholas Ball and Shaun Gearon. After this the Subprior, Dom Maurice, gave the Society a most interesting, enjoyable and instructive lecture on Freemasonry. Also an Upper School boy, M. V. Aris, gave an illustrated talk on Tibetan Art. The slides were well taken, and he emphasised the point that everything in Tibetan Art was symbolic.

I should like to thank Dom Edward, Dom Fabian and Mr Whigham for arranging a most enjoyable term for the Society, and Mrs Whigham for her invaluable 'ferrying' to and fro, and her delicious snacks after every meeting in her house.

C. J. GIVEN-WILSON

### THE SACRISTY

AS THERE was a change in the times of High Mass and the Prep. School had to attend Sung Mass instead of High Mass the Sacristy had to be taught how to serve Sung Mass. This was easy for those who already knew how to serve High Mass, but for those who didn't, it was rather awkward as it is in some parts different from other Masses.

In the Prep. School there are ten boys who are in the Sacristy. There are two teams of four boys each and two younger boys who are torches and who normally only serve at Benediction. The dress of the Sacristy up to the present has been an alb which is called an Angel Suit. These so-called Angel Suits have now been changed to albs with detachable hoods. The angel suits always tended to get covered in dirt within a few days and had to be washed every couple of days. With these new albs the material does not seem to get so dirty. The new albs hang better and fit and altogether are a great success.

The serving on the altar is of a higher standard than in previous years and no one seems to make a mistake. This is of course due to the kind teaching of Dom Fabian and Brother Vincent, to whom all the Sacristy extend their sincere thanks.

N. A. H. BALL

### THE CHOIR

THIS has been a rather unsettling term. The rapid expansion of the school has necessitated the splitting of the choir at Mass on Sundays, and the redistribution of the school's accommodation has not made rehearsals easy. However, with the completion of the new music room in the cellar we can look forward to more normal conditions next term.

We are glad to welcome Mr Price and Mr Freeland to our ranks. J. W. Church has been leader of the choir this term. He is leaving us to go to Downside where we wish him every success.

Performances of interest during the term were the Byrd and Palestrina Masses in the church and the singing of hymns and a motet at the wedding of Lt. Bates and Miss Toome at Reigate.

JOHN BUCKLEY

### SCOUTS

THIS TERM there are now about ninety Scouts (including recruits) in the Troop, and, as usual, Dom Michael has been very busy trying to get the recruits through their Tenderfoot tests. With the help of Br Vincent he managed to enrol seventeen new Scouts at the end of the term. Moore has gained his First Class Badge, and is believed to be the youngest person in our Group ever to have achieved this. McEwen and Concanon won the 2nd Class Cadge, while Wheeler, Pavry, Moseley, Berry and McGouran have gained their Tenderfoot Ki-Ro Badge. Only two boys gained any Proficiency Badges—Trehern (French Linguist) and Sugar (Stamp Collector).

There have been the usual walks to Balcombe, Pease Pottage and the like, as well as the weekly lunches in the Scout woods. On December 8th, Dom Michael took seven young volunteers for a walk on the South Downs. They went by bus to Ditchling, and then climbed up to Ditchling Beacon

(813 ft) for a picnic lunch. The wind was icy as they made their way westwards along the ridge to the Clayton windmills, and then down to Hassocks Station where they took a train to Haywards Heath on their way home.

The Scout Hut is now nearly completed, and we are expecting to move in at the beginning of next term. It will be used for storing camp and other equipment, and there will be a sink there for washing up the equipment used on Sundays. If there is room, Dom Michael may have another office up there.

The plans for the Camp in the summer have already been made, and it has been decided that we are going to Switzerland as the guests of Dom Michael's friends, Herr and Frau Hegi. The competition for going with the Troop was so great that all the places have already been filled.

T. T. BARTON

### THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

IN ERROR, our article for the last issue of the WORTH RECORD was not forwarded to the Editor in time, and this meant that regrettably our sincere thanks to Mr Wylie for the presentation of a collection of Himalayan butterflies did not go on record. May we now express our thanks, and say that the delay is no indication of the measure of our gratitude.

This term the Society's activities have not been so apparent; there is some talk of a study of hibernation having been carried out, and one can only imagine that members have perhaps allowed themselves to be carried away by their subject. But they did surface sufficiently to listen with fascination to a talk by Mr Freeland on the Migration of Eels, and to see two films.

During the Summer term there was much activity. Wild rabbits were 'rescued' from their natural habitat and reared by a number of boys. Crispin Mason, with the aid of a bantam, successfully hatched a clutch of pheasant eggs and reared the youngsters to maturity. But interest centred chiefly on a tawny owl chick reared by James Pam. This creature, given to us when a few days old by Mrs Lysons, ate voraciously, slept much, and was not slow to give vent to its feelings on occasion; he caused us much amusement, and went home with Pam at the end of the term. We gather he remains there, semi-domesticated, to be fed from time to time by his well-wishers. Also of great interest was a family of hedgehogs, mother and two babies. The latter had not got their eyes open, and when the mother absconded, Crispin Mason took over her duties with an eye-dropper. They lived close to the hot pipes in the linen room of Ford House under the kindly eye of Miss Sweetman. Spiders have been kept by several boys with a certain amount of success. But the Bushbabies got just as much enjoyment from this—a spider makes a fine meal for some, and it was not long before they had learnt how to open the glass-fronted cases!

DOM BEDE FAIR-HILL

## STAMP CLUB LETTER

My dear young Philatelists,

The time has come when I should tell you more about my old friend and, for all I know, kinsman, Julius MocStooge. I am the only living person who knows certain details—I mean knows for *certain*—of his life, and it would be a tragedy if the secret were to perish with me.

MocStooge's papa, though poor, was of distinguished lineage, being descended from Grim, Viscount Candytuft, the son of Polyanthus, Thane of Worth and great-grandson of a certain Sir Ughtred de Crosse-patche (this sounds rather *uncertain*, but you know what I mean), heir presumptual to old Lord Turniptop. (Of course the MocStooges could go further back than this, but their more remote ancestors are hard to trace one by one in strict genealogical order owing to the fact that they went mostly by leaps and bounds.) His mamma also, the Lady Theodolinda, came of a noble House of credit and renown (I forget the name: *Fitz* or *Von* something or other, I fancy).

Our Julius—named after one of his Latin predecessors—was born years ago in a small, semi-detached villa (*Bellevue*) just outside the old walled hamlet of St Granary, in the uplands of Vulgaria; thus both he and his parents were by nationality Vulgarians (and held passports to that effect).

The boy went through the customary stages, exchanging the preliminary training of the nursery for Kindergarten, Dame's School and a sort of Preparatory Academy before being finally stuffed full of education in the Hard School where he went through The Mill and soon became Principal Boy. It was not clear when he quitted this exacting Establishment; but, bookworm though he was, his gifts were certainly not appreciated—so Julius informed me. Yet, leave he did; for traces of him are found at two of the older and most of the provincial Universities of his native land. All the evidence goes to show that he was then an Egregious Professor and was at least seventeen years of age.

Physically, the MocStooge was of majestic proportions, measuring some six feet from end to end and six from side to side, with an estimated circumference (or could it have been diameter?) of yet another six feet. His mental stature was developed on equally generous lines. He was prodigiously learned, though in a rather unusual sort of way; for while he could never make head or tail of the Gaelic or classical dialects, that top-secret code, Trigonometry, was an open book to him (it lay permanently on his bedside table, open at page one), and no-one could beat him at Monopoly or Paper Cricket. One of the subjects that baffled him most was French, in which he limited himself to such conversational gambits as 'Quelle est la matière?', 'La chandelle est sortie' and that old, old chestnut about the postilion being struck by lightning: this last he was unable to understand, never in all his life having been struck by lightning himself (he was just not made that way; as a man of science he would naturally have been electrocuted). Another difficulty was Italian, though he was

familiar with the expression 'Corpo di Bacco'. He was quite good at Spanish, having read 'The Adventures of Don Quixote' (illustrated).

Before going any further I must describe the MocStooge coat-of-arms: this is blazoned in the *Visitations of Vulgaria* (in the old heraldic jargon) as 'Quarterly one and three, on a chevron engrailed *vair* three stooks (stooges?) *rampageant* of the first, with a canton *gules* (almost the French for Julius) in the dexter chief: over all a very sinister-looking bend *bleuté* (a by no means improbable tincture in *Vulgaria*); two and four, per fesse *argent* and *azure* three theodolites (they look more like honeypots to me) counterchanged'. The family crest is given as 'on a bedrock (Edinburgh Rock?) *issuant* from an ocean *froissé* a Young Turkey *passé* (more or less) *enchante*'. The apt, canting motto is 'Homo bumptuosus . . .' (the dots are illegible). The whole 'achievement' is solidly supported by two buttresses *volant* proper, to at least one of which MocStooge pretended to a certain—dash that indecisive word!—prescriptive right. Mind you, Julius could prove both singular descent and gorgeous blazonry from old legal deeds and documents, all of them written in manuscript (his own: he wrote a beautiful Marion Richardson hand).

To return to our story: Professor MocStooge's academic duties soon began to grow irksome to him, there being, for all he could see, little money in pure, undiluted culture. Besides, he felt a growing urge to govern, to control the destinies of nations. The more he thought about politics the more his versatile mind became attracted to them. And when he heard of 'Africa for the African', 'Oceania for the Oceanian' and such-like slogans, it occurred to him that no-one, surely, had ever thought of claiming North America for the North American Indian; though his own researches had taught him that, whatever the Geography books say, Uncas, Chingachgook, Tamenumd, Tecumseh and the rest of them must be considered as the chief natural products of the northern Americas. This, evidently, was his cup of tea. He was already blood-brother to Sagota Pioca, hereditary Chief Sachem of the United McChoctaws and O'Cherokees: he would stand for the presidency of that noble and ancient confederacy which had once held sway from the head-waters of the Mississippi to those of the Mackenzie river.

He knew of course that to become top-man of any modern independency he must undergo the usual period of probation—a term in gaol—but he was ready to make the sacrifice. The only difficulty for one who, like himself, had hitherto kept well within at least the letter of the law, was how to get safely inside a prison cell—and out again—without actually committing a dangerous felony or otherwise blotting his nice copybook. True, he had done it before, but (wow!) it had been touch and go! Then, like a flash, it came to him that the whole thing—the gaol idea—might be done by proxy. All he had to do was to pay someone who had already committed a misdemeanour—there must be any number of such folk just waiting for the arrival of the local police—to assume his (MocStooge's) name, armorial bearings, genealogical tree and, if possible,

impressive appearance and, thus 'translated', go to that place of confinement which was already his in any case.

MocStooge spent several days parsing and analysing this complicated piece of English prose, made some useful contacts in the Underworld (to which he always had the *entrée*) and at last found the very man he wanted—a professional gaolbird—and laid before him his plan. Just as he was congratulating himself that success was his, two unforeseen difficulties cropped up. The man of his choice, a fine near-replica of MocStooge himself so far as outward appearances went, proved on closer acquaintance to be of an utterly ignoble and ungenerous habit. He demanded guarantees; above all he insisted on seeing the colour of my friend's money. In vain did Julius brandish before him cheque-books and bank notes to the tune of £990 10s. 6d. (he had the greatest difficulty in hanging on to that odd 10s. 6d., the mean-spirited creature would be satisfied with nothing less than payment according to what he called the Gold Standard, that is, coinage of the realm—*sobranje*, in this case. (Quaint, wasn't it? What would *you* have done under such awkward circumstances?) As for the man of iron, he simply sat down and had a good cry.

The second difficulty concerned his own temporary disappearance for the term of his substitute's sentence. This turned out to be a far simpler matter: my friend decided that he had only to retire to the champaginous air of his native uplands and there, giving up Edinburgh Rock and Turkish Delight, live entirely on Mountain Dew, and commune with Nature. With any luck, he would have to lead this idyllic kind of existentialism for no more than five or six years at the most. He only hoped that there would be no miscalculations and, above all, no entanglements in hanging matters; for, once hanged, even in *persona aliena*, he would never be able to hold up his head again—the ancient lineage and the proud coat-of-arms would be besmirched, dragged in the dust, disgraced for ever.

How the MocStooge finally carried out his plan—of course he first solved the financial problem—will, if I am spared, be related next time (in *The Adventure of the Three Golden Tortoises*, if I can remember it). Meanwhile, you may all have three guesses, and the guess that comes nearest to the mark will be adjudged the best. It will help if you collect and scrutinise as many stamps as possible; for your most promising clues will be found in the various British watermarks, the naive inscriptions on certain—that wretched word again!—Western Hemisphere Commemoratives and the face-values of early Barbados issues. Now don't say that I never write about stamps—I have forgotten more about philately than many of you will ever learn. As for the MocStooge, his collection of genuine forgeries and undetectable fakes . . . but I must not betray the secret of the Tortoises.

Your loving little  
DIOGENES PHILATELISTA

## LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE

Sir,

It is surprising how few years have gone by since the milestone of the Downside Entrance examination seemed to be my ultimate ambition. I knew nothing then of 'O' levels and 'A' levels, scholarships and awards, interviews and examinations far from home. While my friends and I were at the Preparatory School at Worth, if we ever thought of the future, and, with it, serious tactics of training for a position in life, the idea seemed so absurdly distant that we never gave it more than a passing thought.

The first step in the realisation of something further than school lay concretely in a public examination, the General Certificate of Education. Gradually the steps became clearer: the next goal, the University, had to be achieved. This involved two further steps, first being interviewed, and secondly taking an examination, both, for the first time, outside the protected atmosphere of 'alma mater'. Happily these bridges were crossed, and then Cambridge, another step in the journey, became reality.

Now the weather is colder, the terms are shorter, and the surroundings have changed. The protected life of school changed into the cold light of life at the University. Here, very little attempt is made to promote a brotherly attitude towards work among fellow-students and competition is high.

The keen sense of competition is sharpened by a transition in the method of teaching. The conventional class in school is made up of ten or twenty boys, studying under the intimate instruction of the teacher, but at the University this is replaced by the lecture: from fifty to five hundred undergraduates form the lecturer's audience. The undergraduate, therefore, rarely has the chance to question the lecturer on the substance of his lecture, and certainly is never able to do so at the moment when the query arises in his mind, in the course of the lecture. The fact that the lecture system is the only one possible, to allow for the numbers of undergraduates concerned, does not minimise the fact that it is, initially, a bewildering change for a person who meets the University system for the first time.

Here, also for the first time, the undergraduate is confronted with ideals and people from which he has been previously protected, at least partially, or of which he has been merely unaware. He sees differences in religious beliefs and patent atheism. For the first time he is face to face with a serious argument on the subject from someone his own age and academic level; he has to attempt to convince his adversary, and himself, of the strength of the beliefs which he holds. He meets also a wide variety of people from diverse countries and backgrounds, products often of a different type of education: these last, he learns, are no mean rivals.

The whole presents a 'milieu' for the undergraduate that is at the same time bizarre yet open, frightening yet enjoyable. In this atmosphere tinged with variety the primary purpose of the undergraduate is difficult:



work and the goal of the tripos examination can be deflected so easily in favour of the novelties of University life. It is an application of survival of the most aware and no one can afford the time, nor is willing, to encourage anyone who does not make the effort himself. There is no punitive system comparable to school: there is no question of beating or lines, for the undergraduate is expected to be able to fend and to choose for himself, between the career he has chosen, and the many, attractive, sidelines which University life offers.

The undergraduate is expected to use for himself the facilities which he has been offered and to work at the subject which he has chosen. The advantage of the University system lies in offering the perfect conditions for the undergraduate to 'work hard and play hard'. When relaxation comes, the multifarious nature of the undergraduates themselves is mirrored in the manifold nature of their extramural activities. There are societies and clubs for every activity: singing and swimming, fencing and climbing, acting and dancing and of course banning the bomb (to which half the walls of Cambridge bear witness). Cambridge in this way provides a strange mixture of relaxation and study to the casual observer: undergraduates devoting themselves to one side or the other or trying hard to steer a middle course.

Now therefore, when my years as a Preparatory School boy at Worth are starting to yield a product, it is with pride and gratitude that I call myself

Your Cambridge Correspondent,

PETER MITCHELL-HEGGS

## A CHRONICLE OF WORTH

### MICHAELMAS TERM 1961

- |            |  |
|------------|--|
| Sept. 19th | The coaches arrived from Three Bridges and all the boys were surprised to find that one of the clock tower chiming bells was not functioning properly.         |
| Sept. 20th | The Prep. School started classes at 10.20 a.m. after High Mass.  |
| Sept. 22nd | Games started for the whole school.  |
| Sept. 23rd | Dom Roger caught three wild cats and the next day the R.S.P.C.A. came and disposed of them.  |
| Sept. 24th | Some boys went down to Rat Island and caught some gypsies poaching. Three Worth Postulants were clothed as Novices and the Prep. School attended the ceremony. |
| Sept. 27th | Christopher Given-Wilson was appointed Captain of Squash.  |
| Sept. 30th | Nicholas Ball was appointed Captain of Rugger.   |
| Oct. 1st   | Dom Edward started to learn to roller-skate.   |
| Oct. 2nd   | Somebody broke his arm roller-skating.   |

- Oct. 3rd The water gauge went down to 4 ft and the school was in danger of losing its water supply.
- Oct. 7th The first round of the League Matches was played. Gold beat Silver 9-0, and Red beat Blue 9-6.
- Oct. 9th The gypsies left the school woods.
- Oct. 10th The pigs escaped and caused chaos on the farm.
- Oct. 11th The Literary Society went to Brighton to see *Teresa of Avila*.
- Oct. 14th The 1st XV lost 16-0 in an away match against the Abbey.
- Oct. 17th The new Scout hut was erected. The T.L. found it very cold.
- Oct. 26th The place-kicking cup was awarded to the Blue League.
- Oct. 30th The tower clock chiming went wrong again.
- Oct. 31st The 1st XV beat the Upper School Under-14 team 3-0.
- Nov. 1st To-day was a whole holiday for All Saints.
- Nov. 5th The second round League Matches were played. Red beat Gold 12-0; Blue beat Silver 36-0.
- Nov. 8th The 1st XV beat Downside Prep. School 12-0.
- Nov. 13th Four boys started taking the Common Entrance.
- Nov. 14th Both Chroniclers are in the infirmary!
- Nov. 16th The Common Entrance ended.
- Nov. 17th Mr Freeland, the Upper School Biology master, gave Ford House a lecture on 'Eels'.
- Nov. 18th The Natural History Society watched a film on 'Eskimos' which was most interesting.
- Nov. 19th The staff had a table tennis match with Ford House team. Ford House won by 30-1 games.
- Nov. 25th The 1st XV drew a match (3-3) with Epsom College. The Common Entrance results were published and all four candidates were accepted into Downside. Mrs Elton had her first child, a boy.
- Nov. 26th The Worth Squash Team lost a match against Ardingly by 4-1.
- Nov. 27th While the Ford House boys were making their beds, a cry of 'Fire! Fire!' could be heard coming from Miss Sweetman's linen room. Regretfully for the boys, it was only a minor fire, although smoke was belching from the doorway of the room.
- Nov. 28th Everybody congregated on the Ford fire escape to view the American satellite which was supposed to vanish at 6.13 p.m., but did not do so until 6.21 p.m.
- Dec. 3rd The school plays were acted for the parents who, afterwards, received tea and watched the concert.
- Dec. 6th To-day both the 1st XV and under 12 XV lost to Wimbledon College.

Dec. 8th	To-day was a whole holiday to celebrate the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and some of the younger boys made their First Holy Communion in Tower House chapel.
Dec. 9th	Internal examinations started, much to the regret of the whole Prep. School.
Dec. 11th	Exams, and subsequently horror, continued.
Dec. 12th	The end of the exams was received with relief but results, still worse, had to come yet. The 1st XV, Under 12 XV, and Under 10 XV watched the Oxford v. Cambridge match on the television.
Dec. 14th	The Upper School colts played a Downside team. Downside won 10-3.
Dec. 15th	To-day was a whole holiday as it was the last day of term.
Dec. 16th	The term came to an end and the boys rejoicingly went home.

C. A. MASON &  
C. J. GIVEN-WILSON

### *Ford House*

ROLLER SKATING was the great craze during the first half of the term. Sometimes as many as twenty skaters could be seen displaying very different degrees of proficiency at the same time in the Dutch Barn. Various games, including touch rugger on skates, quickly evolved their own local rules. It all looked, at a glance and from the outside, a bit dangerous, and there were seldom less than three or four boys picking themselves off the ground. On Sunday evenings anxious mothers were seen to avert their gaze from what looked like a battleground. But it was great fun and a wonderful way of working off surplus energy. The only casualty during the term, and he not a serious one, was a visiting prefect from another House.

One of the two bush babies unfortunately met with a fatal accident near the end of the summer holidays. It looked at first as if Tate, the survivor, might mope for Lyle, and the worst was feared when Tate disappeared soon after the beginning of term. It has to be admitted with some shame that he was eventually found living on terms of apparent friendship with the pigs. Since then he has seemed to forget Lyle and the pigs and to accept the friendship of Ford boys.

We now have our four dormitories near one another and near the wash house, all on the ground floor. This is a great convenience for all, including the House Master, anxious to encourage the boys not to hinder one another from going to sleep at night.

Last year we tried the experiment of having the Christmas Party in the form of a dinner. This had seemed to work so well it was repeated this year. But we have to thank the Housekeeper for what was virtually a

second party. A special meal was offered to the best and tidiest House Refectory of the term and we were awarded this.

### *Butler House*

Boys coming up to Butler House in September found that, owing to the growth of the Upper School, they numbered only thirty-five, accommodated in four dormitories adjoining each other on the top floor. It was soon found, however, that a smaller House had its advantages. One of them was the provision of a Hobbies-room, made possible by the removal of the Shop to smaller quarters. There was soon a waiting-list of those who wanted to weave scarves for Christmas presents, and the looms were never out of action.

A welcome innovation in the life of the House resulted from the quite fortuitous gift of a small electric heater. This was the institution of cocoa-parties at night. These were held in Dom Alban's room; for Prefects on Sundays, and each of the Dormitories in turn on Thursdays ('Whose turn to wash up?'). It is extraordinary how long washing up can take if you have to go to bed at the end of the operation! However, not much sleep was lost for a great deal of fun.

The usual end-of-term Christmas Party was a great success. The Refectory was beautifully decorated by the Matrons with the help of one or two boys, and the Housekeeper provided so much for the five pounds collected by the boys that we think she must have had some difficulty in balancing her accounts at the end of Term. We should like to take this opportunity of thanking her for this, and also for all the work she puts into the job of feeding us so well. Nor must we forget Luke, our Butler, who sees that we get it!

### *Austin House*

PERICLES and Melampus wish to take this opportunity of reassuring their many friends and well-wishers that they are still happily resident in Austin. True, Melampus is sometimes to be observed as far afield as the azaleas, but that is strictly on business—the Bird (classical variety) in Austin is much too large for him to tackle single-handed, so he prudently leaves him to the House Master to deal with; smaller specimens can be conveniently picked up elsewhere. The same may be said of the various mice in the House: there are two to be found in Thomas dormitory, where they are always as quiet as mice, especially with one in charge. Between us, it may be whispered that Melampus ought to be getting a medal from the tree people, in view of certain outdoor vermin that he has exterminated: indoors there's nothing to catch. We thought something was coming our way when the House Master's room began to be filled with a chirping sort of rattling noise; it sounded like any number of sparrows twittering away, punctuated by cries of 'Pung', 'Chow' and references to Dragons (apparently tame) and Rice Birds. Our oriental friends tell us that *Mah Jongg* (a noise we often hear) is the name given to sparrows in

the Sacred Middle Kingdom, but again, we didn't find anything worth catching, and the rice birds are only pictures on little tiles.

We still have our resting place on the Hobby Room window table, from which we watch 'Jason' trundling round the railway tracks. (Woe betide anyone, on two legs or four, who puts his paws on the railway table!) We did hear that he was going to get an engine called 'Nellie', but the shop didn't have one; so he bought a plain one (he said that saved someone's blushes) and painted it up and put 'Jason' on the side instead. The tram now has a sort of whisker on top that follows the wire, instead of the gadget that looked like a weak-kneed parallelogram (pantaloon? palaeograph?—no, *pantograph*); it turns round by itself at each end of the line.

Well, that's all the news we have for you. Now that the boys have gone, we can start looking out for pieces of paper (for the WORTH RECORD, of course), to put our sign-manual on. It's his own fault, really; he ought to put a little door mat by the cat-hole.

We offer congratulations to the following on their engagement:

- E. J. Bateman (1945-48) to Miss K. Petersen.
- R. Steuart-Fotheringham (1946-49) to Miss E. M. C. Lawther.
- R. H. Lethbridge (1943-47) to Miss D. D. Waite.
- I. Ortuzar (1942-46) to Señorita M. J. Matute.
- N. C. Thompson (1946-51) to Miss K. B. Gleadell.

And similar congratulations on their marriage to the following:

- 1945 E. V. F. Mercer (1933-35) to Miss P. Eccles.
- 1946 J. V. Taylor (1934-35) to Miss H. F. Graham.
- 1949 M. G. M. Locket (1933-37) to Miss Hibbering.
- 1952 J. G. Ronan (1935-39) to Miss W. M. Goolden.
- V. Wylie (1935-38) to Miss Anderson.
- 1954 J. A. Lee-Barber (1939-42) to Miss B. Peeke.
- 1956 B. H. Rogerson (1935-40) to Miss F. A. McClymont.
- 1957 J. M. Elles (1933-35) to Miss E. Gardiner.
- C. J. White (1940-44) to Miss R. Desages.
- 1959 M. E. Orme (1943-47) to Miss E. Bacon.
- M. J. R. Poole (1939-43) to Miss I. V. Jones.
- 1960 J. P. Clyne (Klein: 1942-45) to Miss M. Hodgson.
- T. J. Turnbull (1947-53) to Miss Rigby.
- 1961 M. J. Bateman (1945-47) to Miss R. Toomey.
- J. J. Bourne (1948-52) to Señorita E. E. Cortabarría.
- B. A. Donovan (1943-48) to Miss A. M. Irwin.
- The Hon. J. R. Drummond (1947-51) to Miss M. Gordon.
- A. J. Green (1945-47) to Miss D. McManus.
- E. G. Hallinan (1948-51) to Miss L. Hebblethwaite.
- J. M. Jenkins (1941-45) to Miss A. M. Tisdell.

F. A. S. Lesser (1943-47) to Miss S. M. Holmes.  
T. G. Meek (1940-45) to Miss E. M. Willis.  
D. M. K. Moriarty (1939-45) to Miss P. A. Batchelor.  
J. P. J. O'Donovan (1946-50) to Miss E. A. Martin.  
C. J. Proctor (1943-46) to Miss C. T. McCauley.  
J. B. Sainsbury (1938-42) to Miss C. Balfour.  
M. K. Taylor (1944-46) to Miss J. A. Farmer.  
M. D. White (1944-49) to Miss E. S. Brazier-Creagh.

The year of marriage not known:

C. L. A. Jerome (1947-49) to Miss K. M. Phillips.  
C. B. McHugh (1943-46) to Miss J. Kent.  
K. F. Rogerson (1937-42) to Miss K. Harvie.

E. A. Mannix, already announced, was married in 1959.

We congratulate Francis Boyd, Nicholas Channing, Paul Cox, Alexis de Noailles, Timothy Goldburn and Michael Wellesley-Wesley who made their First Holy Communion on Friday, 8th December, the Feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception.

After Mass, the boys and their families had breakfast together in the Main School.

The Strathallan Prize for the best contribution to the WORTH RECORD, in the Preparatory School section, for last term goes to R. R. Valls.

*Top in Form and Set were:*

	FORM SUBJECTS	LATIN AND GREEK	MATHEMATICS	FRENCH
IS	Given-Wilson	Given-Wilson	Abercrombie	Given-Wilson
IA	Mooney	Raby (Greek)	Rollo-Walker	Ball
IB	Hatry	Concanon	Ambler	Radcliffe
IC		Hatry	Fox	
		Renouf 1		
		O'Neill 1		
2A	Gleeson	Church 2	Leary	O'Neill 1
		(Greek)		
2Bi	Knebworth	Devas	Vella	Saunt
2Bii	Moseley	2c. Walton	McGrath	2c. Kelleher
		Scholl		
3A	Graham	Graham	Graham	de Vilmorin 1
		(Greek)		
3B	Meyler	Avis 2	Farrugia and Holcroft	Parkinson
4A	Thierry	Bacon	Bacon	de Vilmorin 2
4B	McQuade	Cantopher	McQuade	McQuade
5	Wilson	—	Tyrwhitt	Cuddon-Large

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