

The **WORTH** RECORD



CONTENTS

	page
Letters: <i>From the Right Reverend the Abbot of Downside</i>	1
<i>From the Headmaster</i>	1
Remembrance of Things Past. 1. <i>Worth at Downside,</i>	2
1939-1945	
2. <i>Worth Priory,</i>	
<i>April - June, 1944</i>	5
Poem: <i>The Call of the Pack</i> , by J. B. V. Grayson	7
Cricket, by Patsy Hendren	8
Poem: <i>A Fragment</i> , by E. J. Birch	11
Poems: <i>The Past and The Inn</i> , by A. M. Monico	12
Story: <i>The Man Who Went Too Far</i> , by C. Harris	12
Article: <i>Consentrashun</i>	14
Story: <i>The Target is Tokio</i> , by G. R. Thompson	16
Story: <i>The Cathedral</i> , by J. O. Affieck	17
Article: <i>The Magic of Melody</i> , by L. C. K. Kelly	18
<i>Rewards, Outwards and Inwards</i>	19
Sports Reports. <i>Rugger</i>	20
<i>Gym and Boxing</i>	22
<i>Scouts</i>	24
<i>Wolf Cubs</i>	26
<i>The Swizzelry</i>	28
<i>The Theatre</i>	29
Music. <i>Musical Appreciation</i>	33
<i>Worth Percussion Band</i>	34
<i>Carol Concert</i>	36
<i>From Euston to Aberdeen</i>	36
<i>Denis Kay</i>	38
<i>Worth and the War</i>	39
<i>If the Cap Fits</i>	Inside Back Cover

The WORTH RECORD

No. 1.

LENT TERM, 1946

From the Right Reverend the Abbot of Downside

Downside Abbey,
Stratton-on-the-Fosse,
Nr. Bath.

It gives me great pleasure to send my best wishes to all who have been concerned in producing this first number of *The Worth Record*, and I should like to congratulate them on the excellent result which I am sure will be appreciated by all who read it.

I have every confidence *The Worth Record* will maintain, in the future, the standard and output of this first number and will thus be a powerful means of keeping alive the interest and affection of all those who have had the good fortune of spending the first years of their school life in the beautiful surroundings of Worth Preparatory School.

R. S. Trapp
—
abbot.

From The Headmaster

March, 1946.

It was at Christmas, 1940, that the first News Letter was sent out to boys at home and abroad, and the reason for it lay in our desire to keep in touch with those particularly who had gone abroad during the Summer. Now that the war is over I am more than glad to be able to hurry on the production of *The Worth Record*. We are determined to have plenty of illustrations, more and more as time goes on, together with contributions from the School in increasing quantities and the record of our activities in work and games. *The Worth Record* will show readers who do not know the School what a wonderful place it is, and it will, I hope, breathe something of the spirit which is to be found there.

MAURICE BELL, O. S. B.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

1. Worth at Downside 1939-1945

It was decided during the Summer of 1939 that the School should be moved to Downside if war broke out. We therefore re-assembled in September at Downside in the new wing which had only been completed a few days before.

That term was not a very happy one, for most of the boys regretted the old days at Worth and found it difficult to settle down. By the Summer Term they had all adapted themselves to their new surroundings. The first month of that term saw the fall of France and Dunkirk, and then on Midsummer night four bombs were dropped at Radstock. It was not long before the raids on Bristol and the Midlands began, and many times during the last four weeks the School had to rise and go down to the ground floor where they slept on mattresses on the floor of the boot-lockers and the senior changing-room. This was fun at first; but the game soon palled.

When the School came back in September, 1940, the upstairs dormitory had become the Day Room, while the ground floor Day Room together with the room which was later Fr Victor's and the long passage outside had been converted into sleeping quarters by perching three rows of beds on top of each other by means of steel scaffolding. It seemed as safe as it could be. During the following Spring the senior boys made and painted enough flags of the Allies to place one in each steel upright, and the shelter-dormitories looked gay. Night after night the bombers went over, but after the new sleeping quarters were begun no one gave them a thought.

There were only three or four exciting moments: one was provided by a stick of four bombs during the last class of the day. Another was the day when the Luftwaffe was routed in daylight over Bristol: while the School stayed on the ground floor, their elders watched a series of running fights overhead. Then there was the night when a German bomber hummed over the roof looking like a comet, and finally crashed a mile away, shedding fragments everywhere. Finally there were the two nights of the attack on Bath which shook the Quad. until the windows rattled. There was only one evening during the whole of the Blitz when all boys had to come down to the ground floor before bed time

owing to the great numbers of bombers continually flying over towards Bristol. How little we suffered! And yet the terrible accident of May 15th, 1943, when nine boys lost their lives in an air crash was a great disaster, even if it displayed the fortitude of all the boys at Downside, young and old.

The news letters are a mine of information, a sheaf of memories. For example there is the War Savings Association which was established in May, 1940, passed the £1,000 mark in the Summer Term of 1942, and the £2,000 mark in that of 1944. The final total collected, and a great deal of it was in shillings and pence, was £2,063 14s. 10d.

One searches the pages for names for a record of Honours. Among them are J. M. Peters and P. Lethbridge with £80 scholarships to Downside; P. S. Kennedy, R. Brandt, J. Sweet, R. A. B. Gowlland and R. J. Kennedy with £60 scholarships; P. Taggart, J. Wigmore and S. Parker with £40 exhibitions; R. Y. Birley, M. H. Morris and K. F. Rogerson entering the Royal Naval College. That is the record of exceptional brains during the war years; but it is not all, for the record of marks gained in the Common Entrance to Public Schools by Worth boys more often than not showed a slightly higher average than that of other schools.

Turning to brawn, which is the athletic supplement to brains, consider the Rugby football record of the war years:—

			<i>Won</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Lost</i>
Michaelmas, 1940	2	—	2
Michaelmas, 1941	4	—	3
Michaelmas, 1942	1	1	5
Michaelmas, 1943	7	—	—
Lent, 1944	3	—	—
Michaelmas, 1944	4	—	2

The great unbeaten season of September, 1943, to March, 1944, deserves to be remembered for a XV which was as good as any that ever was produced by a preparatory school. It is to Dom Victor Farwell that the credit is due for this successful side.

Cricket has been poor throughout the war, owing to the lack of instructors, nets, bats and balls. There was a great improvement in 1945. Here are the details:—

	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>
1941	2	3	1
1942	2	—	1
1943	1	3	—
1944	3	3	1
1945	6	2	1

It must be our aim now to bring the cricket up to the standard of the rugger and produce an unbeaten side. Dom Michael Smith began the work in 1945 and now in 1946 we have great hope for the future.

With the Lent term 1941 hockey passed out of the games programme: there were not enough hockey-sticks; but in March 1943 the first cross-country run took place. These are the results of the three runs held to date:—

1943.—Won by the Gold League. Winner: J. Taggart.

1944.—Won by the Gold League. Winner: J. Taggart.

1945.—Won by the Red League. Winner: D. Gordon-Steward.

The Scout Troop has kept going well during the war years. At one time it had a band and Gregory the Goat used to march ceremonially in front. After the first danger of invasion was over, the annual camp was restarted in July, 1942, after three years. This camp, like those of 1943 and 1944, was held on a site at College Wood, one mile from Downside. The last camp in 1945 was at Bonham on a delightful site close to the lake. The Deputy Chief Scout, Sir Percy Everett, visited Downside and inspected the troop in the early part of the war. Apart from attendance at the War Memorial as a troop the only other big event was Queen Mary's visit in May, 1944, when Scouts and Cubs paraded on the lawn in front of the Worth block to see her pin the Cornwell decoration on to Richard Kingsbury's jersey for showing great fortitude when he was severely injured in the air crash of May, 1943.

Before Dom Wulstan became Junior House Master he continued to produce plays such as *The Three Kings* in the Autumn Term of 1940, and *Pyramus and Thisbe* in the Summer of 1942. There was then a long gap for lack of a producer until December, 1944, when Mr. Christopher Mayer produced scenes from *Alice in Wonderland* and his own delightful play, *Room at the Inn*. In March, 1945, he produced his *Obedient unto Death*, an ambitious and successful Passion Play, and in June, 1945, a school mystery entitled *Blood and Thunder*. We can now say that the School Dramatic Society is in a flourishing condition. During the long interval when there were no plays there was a whole series of plays written and produced by the boys themselves, the most successful of which was S. Parker's production of his own version of *Toad of Toad Hall*.

Music has flourished ever since Mrs. Harvey gave the School a radiogram in 1940. Nearly every Wednesday evening there

has been a radio or gramophone concert listened to attentively by any number of boys from a dozen to forty—dress: pyjamas and dressing-gowns—sole illumination: the fire. There has also been a percussion band; but this did not succeed for a variety of reasons which do not now apply. Fr. Thomas and Fr. Alphege successively trained the choir and produced excellent concerts. At the end of our time two concerts entirely produced by the School without outside artistes were very successful. Nearly all the old traditional songs are known to that generation.

What more shall I say? It is all a hotch-potch of memories: the swings, games in the wood, long excursions on whole holidays, sitting in the sun outside the matron's room, occasional films in the gymnasium, sunny evening bathes in the Petre, visits to Bath and Wells, meals in the Guest House and Pontifical Mass in the Abbey Church—all these things bring back happy memories of the six years at Downside. Now we are back at Worth let us count our blessings and thank God that we had Downside to return to and were not evacuated to some small country house miles from anywhere. Downside is our Mother House, and when we turned to her in trouble she took us home and looked after us until the war was over. For her guardianship and for our return—*DEO GRATIAS*.
A.M.B.

2. Worth Priory

APRIL—JUNE, 1944.

"D" Day was drawing closer. We knew that before then we should have to leave our location in Yorkshire and proceed south to concentrate for the invasion. One day at the beginning of April we were ordered to move to Sussex to a place called Worth Priory. Very few of us had ever heard of it. As we had to leave in a week's time, an advance party was immediately sent off to get the place ready and I myself came down here a day before the main body. On my arrival that evening I wandered through the empty hall and found the few officers already established congregated in the Prior's room which had been converted into a bar. We dined in the Senior Refectory and used the Monks' Refectory as our "Ante Room"—the room where we could sit and read the papers, etc. The following evening the main body arrived. The noise of the vehicles in the drives and the moving of furniture into the house lasted far into the night. (I am sure Father Aidan must have had a sleepless night). Of all these much the most important were the strong boxes

containing the secret plans of the invasion. They had been brought down from Yorkshire under armed escort and on arrival were deposited in the present Classroom 5 and the Staff Common Room. After that the passage outside was always guarded by a military policeman, and only those armed with special passes were allowed in. Later the planning rooms spread to the Abbot's rooms and then upstairs to the rooms above. We were here about seven weeks altogether and during that time we had to guard our plans very carefully indeed as any leakage would have ruined the success of the invasion. We were afraid we might be attacked by German parachutists and so were forced to take every precaution. Our Defence Troops lived for the most part in the Tower House and out of them we had a picket of one officer and thirty soldiers sleeping in the Hall at night. As everyone had to sleep on the floor no one used to enjoy doing this. Naturally all outside doors were closely guarded and we had a system of alarms, gongs, etc., which incidentally was not really such a good arrangement as the present bell would have been. The chapel remained open all the time and Mass was said daily by our own Chaplain and Father Aidan Trafford who lived in the North Lodge, so the Catholics on the Headquarters were very fortunate. The Sacristy and passages leading to it were "out of bounds" to us so we could only get from the main building to the Junior House by going outside. The Tower House besides housing the Defence Company had in it the Orderly Room, Quartermaster's Stores, etc., and we held dances and shows up there from time to time.

Our most famous visitor during the period was General Eisenhower, who came to speak to the troops of 8 Corps on May 25th, 1944. The Corps consisted of three Divisions: the Guards' Armoured Division, the 11th Armoured Division, and the 15th Scottish Division, and 8 Corps troops including several independent Brigades and the 2nd Household Cavalry, who followed Corps Headquarters into this House for a short time. Representatives of all these came to Worth Priory that day and were lined up on the cricket field. The Supreme Commander arrived in a beautiful car, but he brought a far smaller entourage with him than "Monty" would have brought. After he had spoken to the troops, he walked up to the House and had tea in the present Monks' Refectory.

Most of the rooms in the House were used as offices, the few officers who slept here used the present "Clausura." The Chief Signal Officer—a Brigadier—had Father Victor's room. My office was the present Junior Changing Room. Quite often Father Julian, who was one of our chaplains then, used to look in and

say: "I am trying to find something I lost in 1939. I can't think what has happened to it."

We left the day after "D" Day, bound for Portsmouth and the Continent, and we all wondered how many of us would ever see Worth again. One person has, anyhow. When I came here again two months ago, Father Maurice took me all round the House. I said at the end: "You have shown me every room except the one used by the General." He said: "We are going there now." It was his own room.

R. H. T.

THE CALL OF THE PARK

By J. B. V. GRAYSON.

In countries large, where towns are small,
Where great grey rivers flow,
The timber-wolves howl in the Fall
As to the hunt they go.

The hunt is on, the scent is found,
The wolves a'howling go,
The prey leaps nimbly o'er the ground
Across the snowy floe.

He leaps the river, skirts its shelf,
To find himself pursued,
Then wheels round to defend himself
The centre of the feud.

The wolves draw back, now him they've found,
Their long white fangs bared well,
With gleaming eyes, they circle round
Upon the snowy fell.

The deer is weak'ning. One last hope!
He leaps a small ravine:
The wolves chase hard. Across they lope,
For fresh meat ever keen.

The deer escapes. The hunt is done.
The wolves return to pack.
The deer, triumphant, feels he's won
And slowly wanders back.

CRICKET

By Patsy Hendren

To write an article about cricket seems to me about as difficult as to write a short paragraph about the history, manners and customs of the English. There's such a lot to say. And, at the same time, it's so much a part of me that I don't exactly know how to say any of it. Bit of a corker, isn't it?

Let's begin by asking ourselves what distinguishes cricket from other ball-games. Oh, no, I don't mean merely that we have two sets of wickets, a bat, a hard ball, a pitch with bowling and batting creases marked across it, eleven a side, two umpires, one at the wicket bowler's end, and one at square leg.

That's just the bare bones of it. The first distinguishing thing is that cricket is at the same time strenuous, spirited and leisurely. Even when you're all out at cricket, you keep your wool on. An old member of the M.C.C. once said to me: "Patsy, the thing I like about cricket is its urbanity." I rather think that's what I mean.

Akin to this, perhaps springing from it, is the sportsmanship of cricket. Foreigners and our own fairly-bright-young-people may laugh at us saying of a shady practice, "It isn't cricket." But whenever I hear the old watchword (or, if you like, catchword) I thrill with pride at this tremendous compliment to the English game.

And it is a fact that cricket has always been played, on county grounds and village greens, as though it were a contest between Christian gentlemen—as it usually is, though the gentlemen may be clerks, ostlers or blacksmiths.

In what other game would the following incident have been possible? In a county match, the batting side had just a chance of beating the clock, and the fielding side had a good chance of making a draw of it if they took a fair average time in going to

the wicket. What happened? The next batsman to go in stayed in front of the pavilion with his pads on, bat in hand, and as soon as the wicket fell *he ran to the wicket*. So the batting side won. Glory be, that's cricket.

I won't over-stress the opportunities for quiet heroism—as for instance, F. S. Jackson making a century versus the Aussies with a broken wrist, since we all know that at footer, both codes, men have carried on regardless of injuries till the final pip-pip. And Austin once won a match for England at lawn-tennis, and then almost fainted.

But there's another sort of heroism, even quieter, which we take for granted, and which is peculiar to cricket. There are men whose only use to a side is that they are fairly good in the field. And that, mind you, is a very great use. But they'll play cheerfully week after week, save tons of runs in a non-spectacular way, never get a catch worth talking about, remain entirely unnoticed, and also remain full of zest, enjoying every moment of the game.

Of course, we need the century-makers and the bowlers with a bag full of wickets. But cricket is cricket, the king of the games, because of the rabbits. God bless the rabbits, say I!

From all this there springs something which, I am told by those who know (but beer's my beverage), is very like what they call the "bouquet" of a fine wine. Yes, the bouquet of cricket. When I want to feel luxurious, I recall Lords on a sunny day, but with a few flecks of cloud now and then just to temper it. Not piping hot, you know, as so often "down under." No, a blissful summer day in the English style. I see the bowler running up to the crease, the ball fly, I hear the sharp click of the bat on the ball . . . and then I'm lost in the rhythmic rush of the field, and in that high exhilaration I'm caught up . . . until . . . oh, well, that's where words fail me. But there's sunlight and the fleck of cloud and the smell of cut turf, and the flick of the air in it. Something happens abruptly. And then we settle down again to the old blissful routine under the sun.

That's gorgeous. Yet the real test of cricket is when the outfield's slippery and so's the ball, and perhaps there's a slight drizzle falling; the sky's grey, too, and you're chilly in your flannels, and if that rare chance comes your way, will the wet ball stick? Take it from me, chaps, cricket is just as fine then as ever it is under the cloud-flecked sun.

One proof of the fineness of cricket, if extra proof is needed, is that such fine things have been written about it, far finer than

have been written of any other game. Look at the poems! You should try to turn up the poems of which I can quote you only a few bits, my memory for such things being a butterfingers. Take:

"When Lords is alive with applause, love,
When the telegraph figures are three,
Oh, ask anybody the cause, love!
It's W. G."

Or again that ode to the Yorker:

"Thou wast not meant to play,
Infernal ball,
The batsman's bat plays over thee—
Too late!
He hears the rattle of his stumps,
His fall
Is greeted by the howling
Of the gate."

Or Norman Gale's joyous:

"I bowled three curates once
With three consecutive balls . . ."

Why, one poet, Wilson (and I think it was George) made his name for his cricketing poems: the best, I think, was called something like "An Invitation to Lords." And our own Francis Thompson wrote a great poem in praise of Lancashire C.C.C., which G. K. Chesterton used to quote, but I can't.

In the prose way, there's a whole scrumptious book by Hugh de Selincourt all about a village cricket match. I rather think it's called: "The Cricket Match." And there's a great little book called "Out of the Glare," all about one innings—published by Chambers. Frankly I can't recommend the Dingley Dell match in "Pickwick Papers," for that very great man Charles Dickens didn't know much about cricket. But, once you begin the hunt, you'll find lots of fine descriptions of cricket in English books. And, oh, of course, you mustn't miss what Old Nyren wrote about the great Hambledon Club nor "The Cricket Field," by a clergyman named Pycroft. As a matter of fact, the Roman collar has never been any bar to cricket, and you'll find fine players on both sides of the great divide.

I'm not going to give you any advice on how to play, for I'm sure that the coaching you get is better than I could give you, since coaching is such an individual affair and must be varied from boy to boy.

Nor am I much of a hand at giving advice in other ways,

having always had a hard enough job to mind my own P's and Q's. But I can tell you what I set before myself. First and foremost, to obey the captain, not, I'm afraid, from any high moral motive, but simply because only through obedience can you get any fun. For the same reason, I strove to think first and last and all the time only of the side. And, honestly, I can say, now that it's long all over, that I never did think of my confounded average: I played to stay in, or get 'em quick and get out, just as the captain told me. There was never any need to tell myself to play all out. Of course, you only get any fun when you do, and it's an insult to cricket not to. But then the fever was in my blood, and I could no more have slackened at cricket than at . . . a comparison fails me.

I didn't have to remind myself that, while you must never frivol at cricket, you must never forget that, though it's the greatest of games, it *is* a game. For, you see, for good or ill, cricket has been my work. So I must leave you to work that out.

This is a jazz age, and for some young people cricket may seem too slow. Don't *you* think that! Don't fall victims to hustle! All the big things are done in serenity. And one of the big things about cricket is that, however het up it may make you, you can still stay serene.

PATSY HENDREN played cricket for Middlesex for thirty years—from 1907 to 1937. In 1,298 innings he was “not out” 166 times. His runs, during the period, reached the amazing total of 57,592; his highest score was 301, not out; his average was 50.87. For ten consecutive seasons he scored over 2,000 runs, while in 1928 his average reached 70.44. For Middlesex he scored 119 centuries; for M.C.C., 29; for England v. Australia, 3; for England v. S. Africa, 2; for England v. W. Indies, 2; for Players v. Gentlemen, 5. Twenty-three times he ran up scores of 200 or more, and four times he made two separate centuries in one match. In eighty-three test matches he scored 3,525 runs and was “not out” nine times.

The ship was tossing in sea and spray,

Where was its cargo, where its crew?

Nobody but the birds could say—

Nothing but the wreckage knew. E. J. BIRCH.

THE PAST

Ages and ages ago
Many men on horseback rode.
Through wood and over hills
They galloped.
Over hill and dale,
They trampled, ages and ages ago.

THE INN

There was once an old Inn,
Jug and Bottle, Jug and Bottle,
Men went to the Inn
For old stories to hear:
Men came from the Inn,
Disheartened, disheartened.
So I won't go to the Inn,
Never fear!

A. M. MONICO.

THE MAN WHO WENT TOO FAR

By C. Harris.

*A shriek of despair . . . and then he
vanished. For ever? Did he, too,
join the unseen guardians of that
lonely, empty house?*

It was a hot, thundery day. The sky was overcast with clouds. In a biggish town, a man was wandering aimlessly. He turned into a back street, then strolled idly down an alley. He saw a small shop at the side of the pavement. Its stones were crumbling and the timbers over the doors and windows were blackened with age. Almost without meaning to, he entered it. The door creaked as it swung slowly open, revealing a musty, cobwebby room, with a counter, thick with dust, upon which piles of mildewed old clothes lay in hopeless confusion. A large spider appeared for a moment, then took shelter in a battered top hat. A scuffling of rats came from behind the panels, but save for this a heavy silence lay like a weight on the house.

Suddenly the silence was shattered by the man's voice.

"Anyone there?" he called.

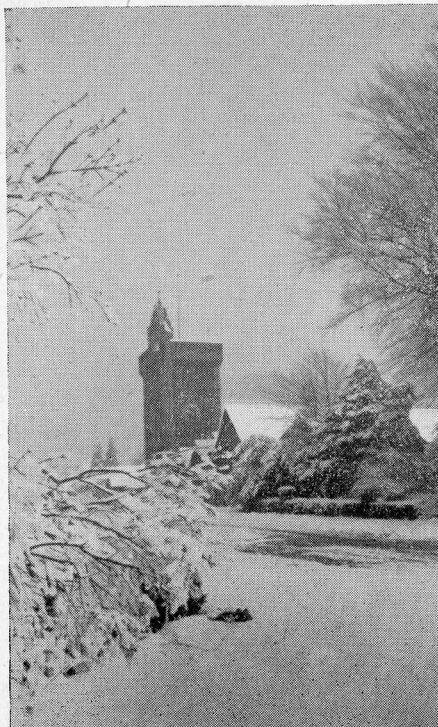
As the echoes of his voice died away, the silence surged back with redoubled intensity.

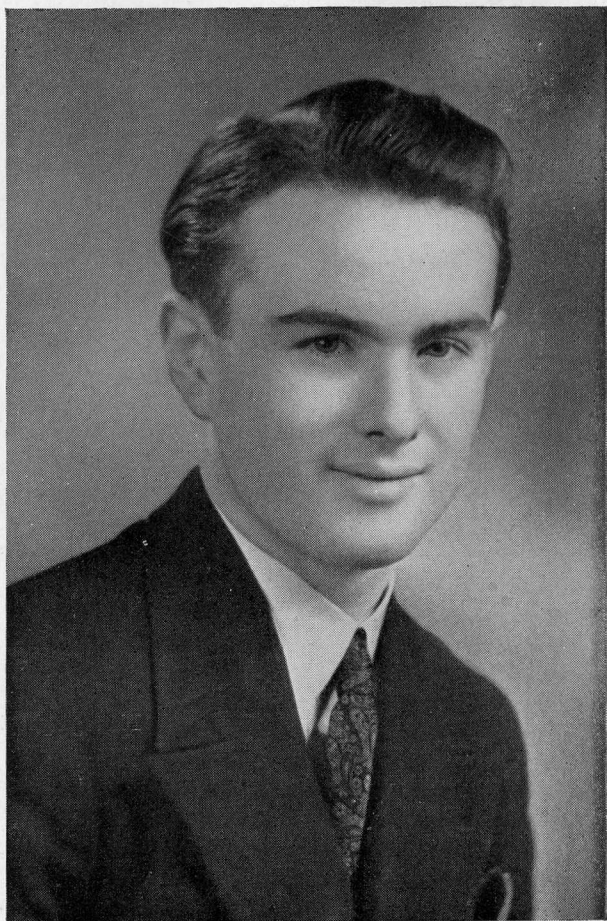
"Drat it!" The man took a step forward, hesitated, then strode towards a door, which he had not previously noticed, on the far side, then down two steps into a long passage; and from



*The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?*

Photographs by Dom Michael Smith





DENIS KAY

A tribute to him will be found on page 38

that moment onward, he had an extraordinary feeling of being in another world.

* * * *

As he walked, clouds of dust rose round his feet. The passage ended abruptly. Before him was another door, which he opened, carefully leaving it ajar behind him. He took two strides, then there came a loud creak. He whipped round just in time to see the door slowly shut. He rushed to it and attempted to wrench it open, but failed. His heart sank. Was he to perish miserably here? His eyes roamed round the walls. They alighted on yet another door. He took a step or two, then hesitated. Suppose this should also close, "and the last error be worse than the first"? His jaw set. He advanced slowly and, holding the door tightly, he cautiously looked round. A passage! He stepped into it, letting go the door, which shut with a thud. At this, he felt the blood drain from his face. But he kept his head and began to walk briskly in the direction from which he imagined he had come.

* * * *

Then he heard the voice.

"Hello," it said.

The man turned, shaking with fear, and saw, to his utter astonishment, a young man.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed the man, "Does this house belong to you?"

"Yes," said the young man, "it does."

"Then perhaps you will be able to show me the way out of the place."

"Certainly. But first come in here, sit down, and tell me how you came to be here, and what has happened."

The man obeyed. As he told him of the mysterious doors, the stranger's face grew grave.

"Yes, the place is definitely haunted," he remarked. "There's a story attached. Like to hear it?"

"Certainly."

"Right. There was, not many years ago, a young man living here. He had just married. One day his wife disappeared. Then, a few days later, her body was found in a cellar. She had fallen through a trap-door . . ."

"And ever since she has haunted the place, I suppose?"

"No, wait a moment, I haven't finished yet. The young man, driven out of his mind by grief, hanged himself."

"What was his name?" asked the visitor.

"Paul Richard Braithwaite."

* * * *

"Talking of names," asked the visitor, "what's yours? I hope I'm not being inquisitive."

"Well, er—umm, oh, all right . . ."

* * * *

Suddenly the man was seized by a horrible fear, he hardly knew of what. He wanted to shriek out, "Don't!" but he was unable to speak. He could only sit and wait.

His host went on. "I'll tell you, it's—Paul Richard Braithwaite!"

The visitor leapt to his feet with a cry, fled through the door, and down the passage . . .

There was a crash which echoed and re-echoed through the empty house. He flung up his arms, too late to prevent himself from falling to his death in a cellar.

An awful, cackling laugh floated down the passage, then . . . silence.

We understand that the author of this intresting articull (sorry, we mean, "interesting article") is a son of the distinguished Professor, Dr M. A. Goldfinch, whose scholarly inabilities were the glory of Worth twenty years or so ago, in the Snoring Forties.

CONSENTRASHUN

Since the editor arsked me larst weak to rite an essay for *The Worth Record* I have been thinking and thinking of sumthing to rite about.

I reely don't no why he arsked *me* becorse Im not very good at riteing essays though I am a very good speler. I carnt tell you my name becorse its got to be kept a secrit but the worry of this essay has made me trembel like a *Jelley*. Well, the important thing in riteing an essay is to chuse a subject and stick to it, one ear to the grownd, one eye on the ball and noze to the grindestone as you mite say,—or you mite not! Of corse I could repete that essay that I rote 2 terms ago on weather it is possible to give a niger a black eye. But when I arsked Mr Jerumee Grayson wich is an old boy now teeching in this scool about this colerfull kwesshtun, he said "It all depends on what you meen by *niger*" and his chest sweld with pride at this wity remark as he thort of Dr Toad of the Drains Bust. He also said that the Head Marster wood like to see it so he gave it to Dom Worstall. It was a wizzard essay all the same and it was cadish

of Dom Worstall who gave me three, and of corse blushed vilet afterwards.

Were was I? O, yes, thinking of what to put in the essay. I must consentrashun! Yes, thats it, consentrashun wich reminds me of the consentrashun camps wich they had twentee years ago in 1945 when the Brittish were fighting the Ammericans under a geek corld Adolff Hitler. Torking of those camps I must do sumthing next term about the scool meels. When I menshuned this to Mr Gowlland who was anuther old boy here he said that there shoold be less work between meels to ade ones digeshun—and fewer sluggs in the cabige, lovely grub, lovely grub!

Mr Gowlland is a very intresting person to tork to. He nose tons about histry. We were only torking the other day of General Franko wich used to be a spagnish onyon and his dorter Qween Victoria wich used to wear a bath bun. He said that he had seen his gost but I think he sore spirits.

We were menshuning grub a few minits ago. And grub reminds me of meels. They (the marsters) have been and gone and made a new rool. Weve got to have our hands inspeckted now! I say! Its a bit thik. Id like to make a speach at the inspeckshun, arfter all we are suposed to have free speach in this cuntry. Id say "Gentelmen of the Scool," (lowd aplorse) "why have we, we boys in this free cuntry, to wosh our hands? We were cleen when we came back from home" (lowder aplorse). I cleer my throte and just as Im about to make the big say Dom Worstall will proberbly come along and say, "Come on! Whats all this? All of you go to my room." Wosh indeed! Its a crool shame!

Why carnt we get—Rost Beef? Yorksheer Pud? Rost Spuds? Green Pees? Aperle Sorse? Cristmas Pud—and all thats good? Golly, potry!

Cristmas Pud!

And all thats good!

Shall I rite potry? But no! I dont eckspect that arfter I gave the editer that pome about my arnt Iserbeller's operashun he woodernt give me a "Thank you" for sum of my potry. But I bet its as good as Alfred Teniscort's!

Egg wich is a boy here doesnt like potry eether. Egg has got a varst head—about as big as an egg wich an ostridge lays! (With, may I say, about as much in it as arfter the baby has been demobd from the egg!) But if he sore mine he'd like potry for ever arfter. Wich reminds me of the book, "For ever Ammber". Mr Grayson when inspeckting my hands the other day said that they were "For ever Ammber"; I must bash him up!

As I was saying, or was I? my farther was horified with my scool report. It said I was rarthier dence and my pater thort

this a bit thik. Espeshelly arfter he had given all those sweet coopons to the marsters.

But golly! Dont say a word about this or sumbody else may be getting a bad report.

Now for a finel effert. As I said, consentrashun is—— But thats were I came in. And perhaps were the editor passes out!

*Everyone enjoys stories about the R.A.F.
Here is an exciting one written by*

G. R. THOMPSON

THE TARGET IS TOKIO

"The Target is Tokio." Those words echoed in Bob Lestrade's head, over and over again. They were spoken by the Briefing Officer just before Lestrade left the carrier.

In company with nineteen others, he had volunteered to raid Tokio. Only four planes were taking part in the operation. They were Mitchells, and were roaring over the sea, twelve feet or so above the surface. The four pilots were picked men, and so were the crews.

"Land dead ahead," Bob heard the front-gunner say over the inter-com.

"Okay, I can see it."

He could see it clearly now. He was almost over it, so he turned a little to port. There ahead of him lay Tokio harbour. Then came the factories and power plants. But he did not take notice of these. He was too busy dodging flak.

Suddenly the plane rocked violently as a shell burst near, and he saw his objective, a very large armament works.

"Try to hold her steady," came the bomb-aimer's voice. "Left, left, steady, all right! I'm on. Bombs gone."

"Now to get back," thought Bob. His machine rocked again, very violently this time, as the armament works went up in a sheet of flame. The other boys were doing their stuff too, mainly blasting the Jap battleships and dock-yards.

The turret-gunner's voice came over the inter-com, quite calmly.

"Three Zeros coming in at 6 o'clock."

The machine trembled slightly as the gunner fired, but Bob did not heed it, for far over Tokio harbour he saw his best friend's plane plunge into the sea.

His thoughts were rudely shattered by the Jap gunners. One of the Zero fighters had been brought down by Bob's turret gun-

ner and the others had sheered off. They were showing their anger by giving his plane everything they had.

But Bob only laughed as he climbed higher, for he had seen his friend come down safely by parachute.

THE CATHEDRAL

By J. O. Affleck.

"To the greater Glory of God." That thought inspired the builders of the Middle Ages. In our time, their legacy of beauty is threatened with destruction. What will replace it? Have we the same inspiration?

The air was heavy with dust thrown up by countless labourers dragging huge stones for the new cathedral through the streets of Rheims. On the other side of the square were the workshops of the glaziers who had been employed to make the windows for the cathedral. One of these, a man called Jean, was working on the huge rose window. He had just cooled the figure of the Virgin and was joining it to the rest of the window with strips of lead.

"Ah, Jean, I see you have nearly finished the rose window, eh?"

The person who addressed Jean was a burly man, with the sign of the Guild of Masons and Sculptors on his rough jerkin.

"Yes, my friend, I have nearly finished. In about five days, it will be ready to be hauled into position. And I see you have started on your figures of the Apostles for the West Front?"

"Yes. Some stone has just arrived."

And so the work went on, very slowly, for most mediæval cathedrals took years, sometimes centuries, to build, and Rheims was no exception.

Slowly the centuries went by, until the twentieth came. And the cloud of war hung heavily over the world.

* * * *

The German advance had been successful for some time now, trampling over the fair cornfields and through the prosperous cities of northern France. At last, the British and French armies halted the Germans near the Marne. During the following years, the Germans advanced to within shelling distance of Rheims, and entrenched themselves.

* * * *

The day was cold and bleak and from the top of one of the twin towers of Rheims cathedral a solitary man was gazing over the desolate countryside, once prosperous with the famous champagne grape, but now pitted with shellholes and ruined farmsteads.

"I must be getting home," he said to himself, when a low rumble, followed by a whine, caught his ear. Simultaneously, the shell exploded, flinging up a cloud of dust.

"Hullo," thought the man, "the Germans have started shelling," and he hurried off. Day after day the bombardment continued, until the cathedral was half ruined and the square in front of it was covered with broken stones.

* * * *

The little parish church of N. D. des Anges was unusually crowded, for a famous Franciscan friar had come to preach on the reconstruction of the cathedral.

"And now, my brethren, I beseech you to give generously for this noble cause. Were you to see the cathedral, half ruined, but still magnificent in ruin, I am sure you would not hesitate to give!"

* * * *

The work of rebuilding went slowly forward, some money coming from the Government, but most of it from public subscription. At last, one fine spring morning, the cathedral of Rheims was reopened to the people. The square was gay with the clothes of the peasants who had flocked from miles around to witness the ceremony. In the centre, on a platform, stood the Archbishop of Rheims, his beautiful crozier in his hand.

Slowly a procession formed; first the priests, then the choirboys, singing, then the Archbishop, then the monks, and then the people. The procession wound round the square, up through the main doors and down the nave, the people breaking off and going to the benches, until the Archbishop was before the altar, and the choirboys in their pews. Then, slowly, the *Te Deum* was sung, until it seemed as if the roof would burst.

* * * *

The cathedrals of the middle ages were built at a time when everyone, from prince to pauper, believed in one religion. Thus, everyone wanted to glorify God, and in what better way could it be done than by building magnificent cathedrals? The spirit of wickedness tried to destroy God's work—but, in the end, beauty triumphed!

THE MAGIC OF MELODY

BY L. C. K. KELLY

Every week the large, oak-panelled day-room holds a mixed and interested audience of senior boys—the informal class for the purpose of learning to appreciate music. Then it is that we hear about great men, about Haydn and Bach and Schumann. We listen (more or less critically) to their works, and we are told about

the circumstances of their lives—Beethoven's deafness, Mozart's poverty, the misfortunes of Chopin.

Mozart was the first composer to be discussed. We were enchanted by these lovely, delicate melodies, as fragile as Sèvres porcelain, and sparkling joyfully like a summer stream; the beautiful minuets that always remind one of powder-puffs, gold lace, and the XVIIIth century. Then we were introduced to the grand eloquence of Beethoven, thundering out his full fiery temper in majestic symphony, or breathing forth serene triumph over his afflictions in immortal sounds which he himself could not hear, those unforgettable Andantes and Adagios never to be surpassed.

Grieg came next, not so great as Mozart or Beethoven, but still master in his own inimitable style. He worked in miniature, singing always of the sunny fjords and azure skies of his beloved Norway—the delightful lyrical pieces, the beautiful *volkslieder* and the ever-appealing Piano Concerto.

And so it goes on, each interesting point being fully demonstrated to us on the grand piano or on the radiogram. We enjoy it twice as much because we are really learning something as we listen to some of the most ravishing music in the world.

REWARDS

Prizes were won in the Michaelmas term by R. A. B. Gowl-land (Form 1: Latin: French: Catechism and Mathematics); N. C. Haydon (Catechism); A. C. Edwards (Form 1B); G. D. Purnell (Form 2A); P. J. Dolan (Form 2B); E. J. Birch (Form 3A); J. M. Antrobus (Form 3B); A. Mumford (Form 4A); A. J. Wells (Form 4B); A. J. Watty and A. J. Martin (Form 5A); P. M. Davies (Form 5B); J. F. Coward (Form 6); J. O. Affleck and M. V. Worstall (Beginners' Prizes for Greek).

OUTWARDS

The following boys left the School at the end of the Michaelmas term:—

P. A. Baily, Head of School, Form 1, Choir; A. M. D. Gannon; F. P. G. Gannon; M. J. P. McCarthy; A. R. Pilkington.

INWARDS

The following new boys arrived:—

N. R. Aldington; G. de Bruxelles; The Hon. J. E. Drummond; M. G. Griffin; T. P. Griffin; R. E. K. Hutton.

* * * *

The Head of the School this term is R. P. Grantham-Hill. The prefects are H. A. V. Wilson, C. J. D. Gordon-Steward, R.

A. B. Gowlland, M. V. O'Connor, M. C. Collins, P. T. MacDonnell, G. R. Thompson, and J. A. H. Jowett.

We sincerely congratulate J. Trafford (1933-1938) on winning the Sword of Honour at Sandhurst last autumn.

SPORT REPORTS

Rugger

As usual, rugger has been played this season with tremendous keenness, even when the weather and the grounds have not been all that they might have been. This Term began with frost-bound fields, and these were immediately succeeded by quagmires. But, in spite of all, much excellent rugger has been displayed in all the games, and by all the teams which we have fielded. There is a wealth of talent throughout the School, which gives great promise for the future.

The First XV were well up to average, and in Collins (captain and scrum-half) and Iñaki Ortuzar (vice-captain and scrum-leader) we have two players who may be said to rank with the best footballers whom Worth has produced. They kept the team together admirably and the more tough the opposition was, the more toughness they inspired into their own fifteen. In this respect, they were ably backed up by David Gordon-Steward, a wing-forward who was always harrying the opposing three-quarters, and O'Connor who was often the leader in loose forward rushes. The other forwards played very well at times, but sometimes lacked fire and cohesion.

As stand-off half, Gilbert Thompson was a fast and powerful runner, but he was inclined to spoil his attacks by trying to cut through too close to the scrum, which usually meant that he was smothered before he could pass on the ball. Jowett, at centre, made some good bull-like charges, and Norman, the other centre, was elusive and backed up his partners well. But the wings lacked the speed which is really required to finish off an effective attack, and only against one team did we manage to score more than ten points in a match.

In fact, at first sight, the score-sheet up to the present does not make very good reading. We have played nine matches, won three, drawn one, and lost five, scoring 53 points against our opponents' 109. But if our readers had seen the size of the two teams who were responsible for 68 of the points scored against us, they would understand that the score-sheet is very misleading. Only one school of our own age has scored more than ten points against us in a match, and this happened when four of our team

(the captain and the whole of the front row of the scrum) were unable to play.

The usual team was: Tyszkiewicz; Wright, T. Norman, Jowett, H. Wilson; G. Thompson, Collins (captain); Douglas, Lesser, de Bruxelles, O'Connor, Quin-Harkin, D. Gordon-Steward, I. Ortuzar (vice-captain) and Gowlland. All except the full-back have their Second XV colours, as also have Gaggero and Chignell, who have played for the First XV with distinction. Ortuzar was awarded his First XV Cap last Season, and Collins, Gordon-Steward, Thompson and Norman received theirs this Season.

First XV Results.

- v. Douai School Junior XV, away, lost 0—36.
- v. King's College, Wimbledon, away, drawn 6—6.
- v. King's College, Wimbledon, home, lost, 3—9.
- v. Wimbledon College, home, won, 3—0.
- v. Beaumont College Junior XV, home, won, 24—0.
- v. Reigate Grammar School, home, lost, 0—32.
- v. Downside Junior House, home, lost, 0—9.
- v. Beaumont College Junior XV, away, won, 14—0.
- v. Hillsbrow, home, lost, 3—17.

* * * *

The Second XV have been unfortunate in not being able to find any opponents. They are a keen and lively lot, and it is hoped that they will be able to show their worth at least once before the Season ends. Besides Gaggero and Chignell, Masterman, d'Acoz and M. Bateman have played for the First XV and have been given their League Caps.

* * * *

An under-12 XV was composed which did not include the five boys who were not yet twelve years old but who were members of the First XV. This team went to Beaumont to play against a similarly aged team of St. John's boys. After leading at half-time by 9 points to nil, they won as they liked by 34 points to nil. Michael Bateman (captain) proved a forceful stand-off half who made the way for many tries, and Chignell, at centre, proved much too fast and elusive for the opposition. Worstall was another three-quarter who showed his would-be tacklers a clean pair of heels. The forwards, among whom Masterman and Agnew were frequently prominent, did all that was required of them, but did not often heel the ball in the second half.

The team was: O'Flynn; Antrobus, Worstall, Chignell, O'Donoghue; M. Bateman, Williams; Agnew, Affleck, Stern,

Charlesworth, Ball, Murphy, Masterman, Chalk. Antrobus was later awarded his League Cap.

* * * *

Meanwhile an under-11 XV has been making ever increasing progress, and plays extremely good football for its age. Last Term, it overcame Christ's Hospital after a tough struggle by 6 points to 3, and later beat Wimbledon College by 24 points to nil. Albert proved a dashing leader of an aggressive pack, and later played with distinction for the First XV in one match. He was awarded his League Cap, as later was Loraine, who is a forward who does not spare himself or his opponents. John Bateman and Gaizka Ortuzar are the other two forwards who put in an immense amount of work. The burly Vyvyan and the nimble O'Hagan are the best of the backs, who were well supplied with the ball by MacLachlan at scrum-half.

The team was: O'Flynn; C. Thompson, Carson, captain, Vyvyan, Willett; O'Hagan, MacLachlan; Albert, O'Connell, J. Bateman, G. Ortuzar, O'Kelly, Keogh, Loraine, Monico. J. Norman also played as full-back.

M. S.

Gym and Boxing

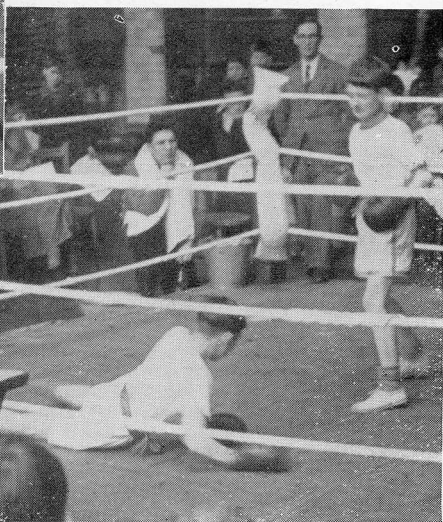
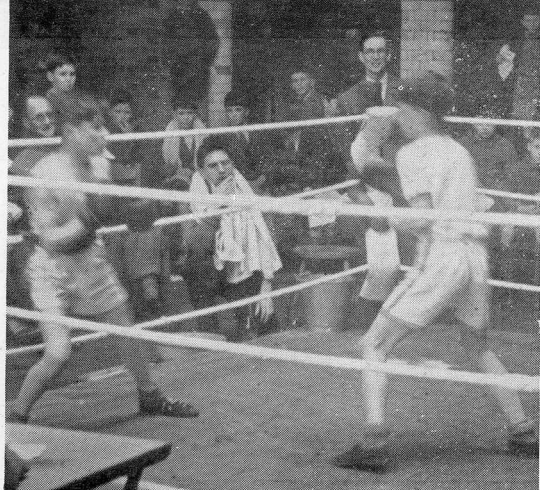
Since C.S.M. J. E. Wallis (late A.P.T.C.) arrived in the middle of the Christmas Term, a very great improvement has been seen in the physical fitness of the School. We have yet to give a demonstration of our progress in gymnastics—we hope to do so in the near future—but during this Lent Term we have had two grand programmes of boxing. In view of the fact that this is the first term in which boys have been seriously trained for boxing, Sergeant Wallis is to be warmly congratulated on the high standard to which he has already raised our boxers. The latter, of which there are many, have entered wholeheartedly into their training, and with only a little more experience should be capable of beating any team of their own age.

On Sunday, February 17th, we had a boxing tournament amongst ourselves. Not only was much boxing skill shown by the contestants, but also a fine spirit. More than once the referee asked a competitor if he was all right (because he was showing some signs of a battering), and on receiving an affirmative answer let the bout go on. Often a boy who was clearly being beaten soundly had the pluck to go on and "take some more."

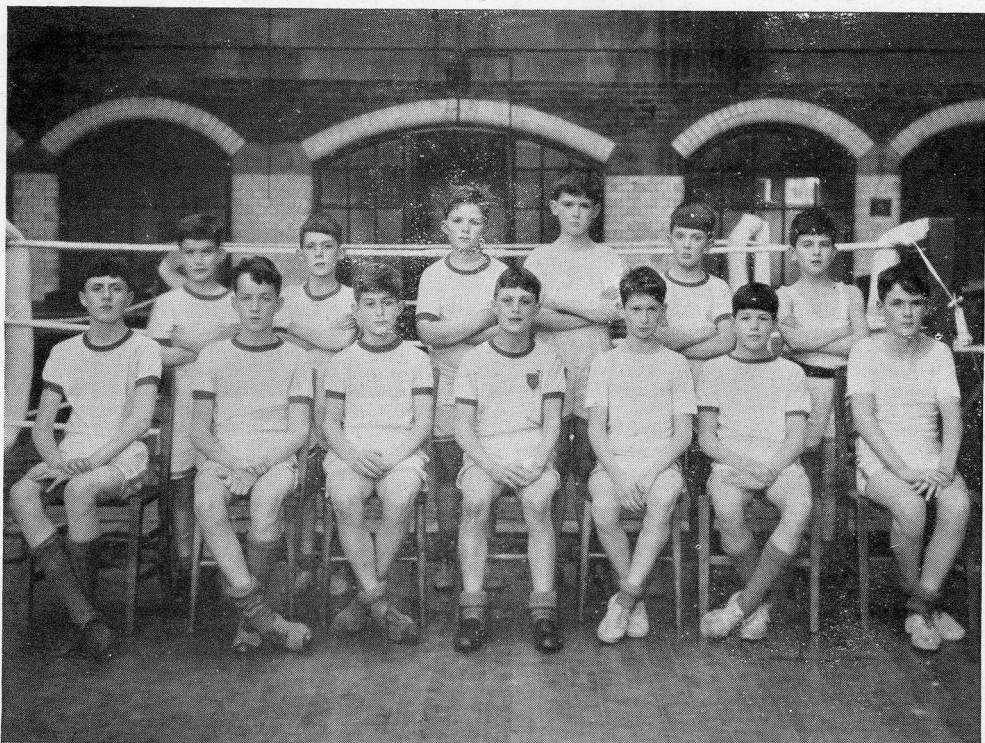
Good examples of this were given by the two outstanding contests of the afternoon. In the first, Gilbert Thompson met John Barclay. Both can hit hard, and both know how to use a straight left. Both took some heavy blows, but Thompson

Worth v Wimbledon College

Two exciting contests. Left, David Gordon-Steward wins his bout and, below, R. Kingsbury floors his opponent



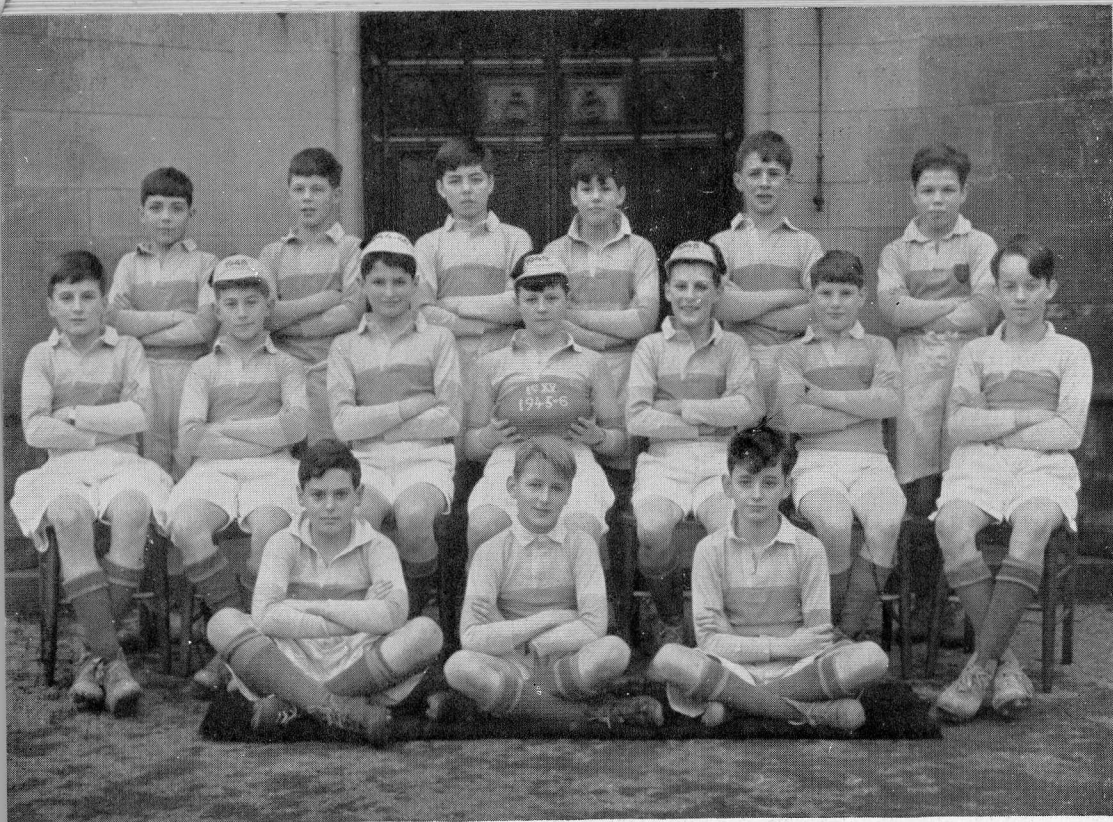
Below, the Worth Team: Left to right, front row: H. Hawksley, C. de Bruxelles, G. Thompson, D. Gordon-Steward (captain), R. Kingsbury, A. J. Quin-Harkin, P. J. Dolan; back row: R. Thompson, R. Gordon-Steward, R. N. Westlake, M. J. Bateman, E. J. Bateman, A. M. Monico



2nd. XV.

*From left to right, back row: P. H. Chalk,
J. A. Charlesworth, R. J. Agnew, J. O.
Affleck, G. M. Murphy; middle row, D. R.
Williams, M. G. Chignell, M. V. Worstall
M. J. Bateman (captain), R. T. Master-
man, J. M. Antrobus, D. J. Stern; front
row: T. O'Flynn, P. J. O'Donoghue*





1st. XV

From left to right, back row: F. A. Lesser, M. V. O'Connor, J. A. Foxcett, A. J. Quinn-Harkin, H. A. Wilson, R. A. B. Gowlland; middle row: A. H. Douglas, G. Thompson, I. Ortuzar, M. C. Collins (captain), D. Gordon-Steward, T. Norman, C. E. de Bruxelles; front row: J. G. Gaggero, Z. Tyszkiewicz, E. A. D. Wright

Catherine: No Tudor could
ever listen to reason!

*A scene from Maurice Bar-
ing's amusing play, Catherine
Parr. The title role was play-
ed by J. O. Affleck, Henry
VIII by R. A. B. Gzelland,
the Page by R. Gordon-Stew-
ard. A description of the play
will be found on page 30*



proved the more persistently aggressive boxer, and followed up his left with a powerful right. Barclay was game, but Thompson gradually gained the upper hand and the referee stopped the bout in his favour in the last round. In the other encounter, Iñaki Ortuzar and Charles de Bruxelles had a battle royal. The latter looked the better boxer, and had a strong and straight left. This gave the attacking Ortuzar many blows, but he pressed home his attacks and, on getting to close quarters, dealt out heavy punishment. He never let his opponent settle down, and had him so beaten during the last round that the bout was stopped. De Bruxelles held out to the end, but may have been handicapped by a damaged hand.

Here is a list of the contests, the winner in each case being named first:—

Dolan v. H. Hawksley; Westlake v. Agnew; Tyszkiewicz v. Bennett; G. Thompson v. Barclay; Kingsbury v. J. Bateman; Chignell v. Ratcliffe; R. Thompson v. Carson; R. Gordon-Steward v. Chalk; Monico v. Green-Armytage; J. Wells v. A. Mankowski; MacDonnell v. Plowden-Wardlaw; Quin-Harkin v. Ball; Stirzaker v. Orme; I. Ortuzar v. C. de Bruxelles.

Half-way through the tournament, a demonstration of boxing rules and technique was given by three men who have had much experience in this kind of thing. Major F. H. Trevett (N.L.P.R.C.), who has lately been Commandant at the London District School of Physical Training, acted as commentator, and the demonstrators were C.S.M. J. E. Wallis (N.L.P.R.C.) and S.S.I. H. Jennings (A.P.T.C.). The demonstration was both instructive and entertaining (especially when we were shown what must *not* be done in boxing), and we warmly thank these three men for giving it to us.

On the following Saturday we had our first boxing contest against another school—Wimbledon College. The latter was a much more experienced team than ours and, especially in the three heaviest weights, older and stronger. Each team had won five bouts before the first of the contests in the heaviest weights began. But it was soon clear that none of our heavy boys could hope to beat his opponent, and so Wimbledon won by eight matches to five.

Dolan distinguished himself by standing up to a much stronger opponent for a full three rounds, and by not flinching under a heavy battering. But the two bouts which pleased the Worth supporters most were the ones in which Gilbert Thompson dealt with his opponent as he had on the previous Sunday, and in which our captain, David Gordon-Steward, fought mag-

nificantly to overcome a boy larger than himself. He was in difficulties once or twice against the ropes, but each time covered up skilfully and took a storm of blows on his gloves and arms, so that his opponent wasted his energy and did not gain a single point. Then, when he withdrew, Gordon-Steward leapt out to attack with the litheness and ferocity of a tiger.

Almost everyone of the Worth team showed a fine spirit, and if we had not had three of our best boxers in the Old House at the time, we should probably have overcome all odds and won.

The boys who boxed for Worth (the names of those who won their bouts being given in italics) were R. Gordon-Steward, *A. M. Monico*, *R. Thompson*, E. J. Bateman, R. Kingsbury, *D. Gordon-Steward*, *G. Thompson*, *A. J. Quin-Harkin*, M. J. Bateman, C. de Bruxelles, R. M. Westlake, P. J. Dolan, and H. Hawksley.

Finally, we should like to thank all those who contributed to the success of both occasions by acting as officials. M. S.

SCOUTS

The Scouts and Cubs returned to Worth last September with high hopes. Now once again would we be able to flourish in really congenial surroundings. In our own grounds we have plenty of woods, streams and glens, so that we should have ample opportunities for making great progress in all sorts of scouting knowledge, besides enjoying some really wild games without getting on other people's nerves by getting on their property and messing it up. Moreover, we should have a fine Headquarters all to ourselves which only had to be suitably decorated and then we could use it for troop meetings when it was wet, for patrol meetings at all times, and for storing our equipment in safety and comfort. In fact, the dawn of a marvellous new era in the history of the St. Gregory's Group of Scouts seemed about to begin.

For one reason and another, this dawn has been very slow in breaking. It has taken much longer to settle down at Worth after our absence of six years than had been anticipated. Again, not nearly so much progress has been made as was hoped in technical scouting knowledge, or, to give it a rather unpleasantly sounding name, "test work."

But after all, the tests are not the whole of scouting! One of the chief parts of scouting, getting out into the open air and doing adventurous things, we have been able to carry out quite a lot, even when the weather has not been too kind. We began the Christmas term by exploring our own woods and streams.

Then we had an expedition in rainy weather to Worth church—we had to make our way by Patrols through Worth Forest to the village church, which is a lovely old Saxon one. The Scout Master and Troop Leader arrived first, closely followed (through someone's garden) by the Storks, and then the Woodpigeons and Ravens (who also had crashed through someone else's back gardens).

This term we began with a grand day of Scouting. The morning was spent in a variety of activities—rehearsing a march past, drilling by whistle blasts and signals, identifying trees, decoding a message at speed. And in the afternoon we had a marvellously successful stalking game. The G.S.M. and the Gym Instructor were walking round the estate to survey a possible cross-country course for the end of term. The troop had to stalk them, working by patrols. It was not until we were half-way round the estate, when some of us became a little careless, that C.S.M.I. Wallis realised that he was being followed. An exciting moment occurred when the G.S.M. and his companion slightly retraced their steps: the Woodpigeons had to dive into a hollow only five yards from where they walked past.

So it may be seen that although we are not as efficient scouts as we might be, we are certainly acting in the true spirit of scouting. We get out into the open as often as we can, and we are having many very happy adventures. The surroundings of Worth are wonderful, and when the spring and summer weather arrives, we should have a marvellous time. We are building patrol huts at present, and hope to use them for the Scout Lunch when the Acting District Commissioner visits us on February 27th. The dawn of a new era in the history of St Gregory's may be slow in breaking, but break it will, and the sound of its breaking will spread far and wide, and the heavens will ring with many sounds, of the crackle of a wood-fire, of the spontaneous singing which comes from unfeigned joy, of axe on wood, and of the strumming of an old banjo.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the retirement from his position as Group Scoutmaster of St Gregory's of Dom Victor. When he became Bursar, he found that so much and so important work fell to his lot, that he had to give up other work which he had been carrying on happily and successfully for so long. One of these works was the management of the Scouts.

Early in 1938 Dom Victor began to be a Scoutmaster with St. Gregory's Troop, and he took over complete control of it during the difficult period of the evacuation to Downside. He was responsible for the Troop overcoming many difficulties and even

increasing in numbers—he added the Swan patrol to the Troop, and, for a short time, the Owls. The troop increased in efficiency under Dom Victor's direction, and three highly successful camps were held near College Wood from 1942 to 1944. Then, last year, took place what was probably the best camp that we have ever had, at Bonham, in Wiltshire. When one realises the difficulties of getting sufficient food rations and transport under war conditions, the success of all these war-time camps is a very high tribute to Dom Victor's well-known powers of organisation. He also left the Troop finances and equipment in a very satisfactory condition when he handed over his charge to his successor, so that he may be said to have helped many scouts in the past to have a very happy time, and has already contributed to the happiness of our present and future scouts.

His successor as G.S.M. is Dom Michael, who was appointed on November 1st. He has been A.S.M. of St. Gregory's since 1942, and is the first Scouter of the troop to gain the Wood Badge. We wish him as much success as Dom Victor attained. He has as his assistant Dom Joseph, who has been A.S.M. since 1940, and who hopes to complete his Wood Badge course this year.

Lately we have also seen two other big events in the history of St. Gregory's Group. First of all Dom Oliver has made a comeback to Scouting. It was he who originally founded the first troop, on September 30th, 1934. Well, on November 18th last, a second St. Gregory's Troop was begun with Dom Oliver as its first Scoutmaster. The first troop provided the first two patrol leaders and seconds—Gowlland and Charlesworth of the Panthers, and Goldfinch and Barclay of the Lions. This second troop have their headquarters in a hut near the swimming bath, and among their activities they have built a bridge over a pond to an island in the middle thereof. We shall have more news of them later.

The second big event was the founding of a second Cub Pack. Mr. McCann had become Cubmaster of the Green Pack at Downside, when Miss Gillingham had to retire on account of ill health. When we came back to Worth so many boys wanted to become cubs that Dom Brendan agreed to begin a new Pack. Thus the Purple Pack came into existence. M. S.

Wolf Cubs

PURPLE PACK.—The pack numbered four sixes. The sixers were E. J. Birch, J. Willett, C. Thompson and M. O'Hagan. Headquarters have been established in a secret spot which must not be revealed to the readers of *The Worth Record*. A hut is

being built. With the return of fine weather, building activities will be resumed and it is hoped that the hut will soon be ready. A palisade will then be built round to keep out marauders, such as scouts and cubs from other packs.

A feature of the pack's activities has been the preparing, and eating, of dinner in the open. Story-telling round the camp fire has been much enjoyed. R. J. Barton has been much in demand as a story teller.

Congratulations to S. MacLachlan, J. Willett, C. Thompson, M. O'Hagan, and E. J. Birch on winning their first star.

B. L.

GREEN PACK. The Wolf Cubs have settled down well in their new forest at Paddockhurst. The three Sixers have gone from strength to strength as can be seen from the excellent progress made in Star Work and especially in the growing spirit of happy co-operation and loyalty to the Pack which is so evident in our Games. The Cub's chief duty is to play the game and our Cubs are playing it well. The achievement of this success is due in large measure to the energetic and pioneering spirit of our Sixers—J. Lethbridge (Senior Sixer), R. Lethbridge and King. These have been ably supported by their Seconds, and indeed the response made by the entire Pack to the Call of Akela has been most impressive.

To date we have six first-star Cubs, and it is our ambition to have the whole Pack win this distinction by the end of the present Term. Good progress is being achieved in work for Proficiency Badges. Recent activities have included several exciting exercises in tracking, a paperchase (in which we inevitably followed for a quarter of a mile a paper trail laid by the Purple Pack the previous Sunday), an Observation Walk (in which all sorts of hidden phenomena were revealed), and a savoury meal cooked over the wood-fire one Sunday afternoon in December. New Cubs were enrolled on the feasts of Christ the King and the Immaculate Conception.

On Sunday, February 3rd, the Pack was honoured by a visit from Dom Michael, the Group Scoutmaster. As this report goes to press, we are preparing to welcome the District Commissioner on February 24th.

The Pack has taken full advantage of the splendid opportunities for Cubbing which the Sussex countryside offers. The woods around the School have proved a fine setting for the Sixers' dens. These exhibit the most cunning and astonishing architectural features. Amidst the tall trees and the cool glades and

with very little effort the Cubs have created the romantic atmosphere of Sherwood Forest, the Indian jungle and the western prairies (as the occasion has demanded). Even the rugged pitch (besides serving its normal purpose) has been the scene of doughty deeds of piracy on the shark-infested seas!

We have certainly enjoyed ourselves and look forward to long summer days of happy hunting. Each member of the Pack has done his best. Can a Wolf Cub do more? AKELA.

THE SWIZZELRY

No survey of school activities would be complete without some reference to that hub of commercial enterprise which has been so inappropriately nicknamed the Swizzelry. For it is a universal port of call, reminiscent of the glamorous East, through which an endless buzzing throng passes, lingering or lodging at will from break of day to set of sun and often far beyond.

The shelves of this glorified cupboard groan with merchandise and livestock worthy of the most colourful bazaars of Samarkand or of old Baghdad. It is an almost daily occurrence to behold vast caravans arriving at its rickety door, laden with rare silks and costly fabrics, with bales of cedarwood and sandalwood, with porphyrean jars of utility ink, with torches that put Aladdin's lamp into the darkest shadow, with apes and ivory and cheap tin trays. The unfortunate purveyor of these bounties of more than oriental splendour is assisted (if that is *le mot juste*) by a tribe of minions.

Prices fluctuate in magnificent disregard of Board of Trade regulations or even common commercial morality, and such modest profits as may accrue (after each assistant has been suitably bribed not to return for a few days) are devoted to treating the Chief Merchant Prince for a variety of nervous disorders. Perhaps the condition to which he is reduced at the end of an ordinary school day may account for the striking mural decorations (in glorious technicolour) with which the walls of this emporium are from time to time adorned.

Recently, in an endeavour to extend the capacity of the establishment, and to erect a more formidable barricade between the staff and the insatiable customers, a sort of zareba was set up by the minions themselves. The scene after ten minutes' work gave the impression that an absentminded physics master had been experimenting with a new kind of atomic energy which he was quite unable to control. The "improvements" seriously

disturbed the bats which frequent the upper shelves of the Swizzelzy, but they soon found a new refuge in the head of the Director of Swindling, the existing occupants of which gladly made way for the twittering evacuees. To be asked by twenty boys at once for six nibs at three varying prices, whether a two-penny halfpenny stamp will go as far as Scotland, what is the price of a fourpenny pencil, why he doesn't sell buns, could he mind their Scout hats, why doesn't utility glue stick, is there anything new in, and so on, requires a capacity for concentration and mental arithmetic worthy of an Astronomer Royal, and a degree of patience, charity and indeed sanctity, of which a Cardinal might well be proud. In point of fact the Swizzelzy staff possess none of these attributes in great measure, but they succeed in conveying to their public that the customer is not always right, while living up to their motto of "Swindles with a Smile."

E. G. R. B.

THE THEATRE

Three Plays

Few things can give greater pleasure than plays acted by children. One would willingly forgo much in exchange for the spontaneity and direct simplicity of young actors: be content with what money cannot buy—those natural histrionic gifts, not so very rare among boys of Preparatory School age, which under wise guidance and good training can more than offset many a material disadvantage. My own experience is that where there is no lack of *matériel*, stage appliances, costume, lighting, scenery and so forth, the things that matter most—diction, for instance—tend to be neglected: I speak only of Preparatory School productions. Such a reversal of values is not unnatural: the showy, the easy thing can easily distract a small boy from the arduous, the solid. And so, in Preparatory Schools, I would ask for the most Shakespearean of stages; and this because I believe that a certain austerity and economy of resources will of necessity lead to a far greater concentration on the arts of movement and, above all, of diction. Judging from the three plays produced last Term, there would seem to be no doubt that the *Worth Dramatic Society* has been taught and encouraged to put first things first. Hence their success and our enjoyment.

1. *Catherine Parr*, by Maurice Baring.—King Henry VIII (*R. B. Goulland*) and Queen Catherine Parr (*J. O. Affleck*) are at the breakfast table. After a preliminary tiff as to the proper way to boil an egg, Henry and Catherine indulge in a passage

of arms concerning the colour of Alexander the Great's horse: white, according to the King's latest poem which he had just de-claimed, black ("jet black") according to Catherine. Henry spouts Greek in support of his contention, Catherine quotes her father; both are confident that "everybody" is on their side. A heated quarrel soon develops and is brought to a climax by the enraged Henry sending a page (*R. St. L. Gordon-Steward*) with orders to tell the Lieutenant of the Tower to prepare for the "ex-Queen's" execution and, by the way, to ask the famous Dr. Butt's opinion on the colour of Bucephalus. The page returns to announce that the Lieutenant cannot be found and that, according to the learned doctor, the King is perfectly right. When Catherine has ended her reproaches and asks leave to withdraw in order to prepare for death, Henry suddenly bursts out laughing and tells her that all is a joke. She is not amused—Queens rarely are—but they leave the stage arm in arm to the strains of Elizabethan music and Catherine has the last word—of course.

All very witty and, to the audience, working up to the verge of tragedy until the last moment. The actors, beautifully costumed and made-up, spoke, looked and acted up to their parts splendidly: from start to finish there was no flagging.

2. *Little King*, by Christopher Mayer.—This play deals with the period when "Jesus Christ was twelve years old." There is no particular "plot": action and conversation are focussed on the gracious Person of One Who, even as a boy, must have been the centre of attraction and the object of a wondering, half-understanding love. And so we see Mary (*C. D. Harris*), at the age of eight or so, already learning to sit at the feet of Jesus; Martha (*S. MacLachlan*), a year older, busied about many things ("I am just making His tea") on His account; Lazarus (*P. A. Kemmis-Betty*), as a tiny little boy, absolutely devoted to Him; James (*P. J. O'Donoghue*) and John (*A. J. H. Mankowski*) his loyal boy-subjects; Miriam (*G. M. Murphy*), sharing to the full in the mysterious attraction felt by the children for the Holy Boy and His Blessed Mother; Salome (*M. V. Worstall*), less responsive: but then she is preoccupied with her own little boys and their marvellous futures. Judas (*R. A. P. King*), an older boy, who stands apart from the rest: self-centred, having, jealous.

The setting is simple: the interior of a room—any room, it might be, in any house. The costume is of the period. Without the slightest want of reverence, the language is that of the present day, natural and unmarred by archaisms—by "thou" or "thee," or by the "yea, yea," "nay, nay," "methinks" or "forsooth" so dear to some.

It is Lazarus' birthday. His mother, Miriam, is sewing; he is playing with toy chariots and Roman soldiers; Mary is reading. Lazarus *will* interrupt, and has to be checked from time to time. At last, Mary abandons her reading and begins to tell a story of her own invention in which Jesus is the hero. She means to keep her baby brother quiet, but he knows and loves the story too well not to take the words out of her mouth more than once. Mary has just reached exasperation point when Salome arrives with her two sons, James and John. The story is dropped and, although Salome is mainly interested in the wonderful behaviour of her little boys, the conversation soon turns on the Boy Jesus. Presently Martha trips in, all flushed and floury from baking a cake for Jesus—a *terrific* secret, but already let out by Mary—and a word from her sets them all discussing the terrible adventure in Jerusalem when for three days Jesus was lost (*"that huge city . . . the traffic . . . the crowds . . . the awful danger"*). They recall with awe and admiration the way in which He spoke with the Doctors in the Temple: all except Judas who belittles the whole thing and thinks that he would have done as well himself. Lazarus then explains their favourite game—"silly, soppy game," Judas calls it—in which Jesus is to be elected "king." Presently the children run off to play: all except Martha who is getting tea ready. Mary is supposed to help her but pleads her love for Jesus (*"I love Him as much as you do,"* says Martha, injured), and obtains permission to be with Him for a short time. She does not return; and the two mothers, watching the game from the window, see her absorbed in Jesus . . . Somehow the game does not go according to plan. Jesus refuses the royal crown and chooses instead the crown of thorns . . . Wonderingly, Miriam and Salome discuss the Child; and to Miriam there comes suddenly the strange feeling that He is marked out for some high and special destiny. She faces the audience and strives to express in broken sentences her dim understanding of the truth about Him.

A play very moving in its simplicity and reverence. Well-chosen characters; easy and natural movement; beautifully clear enunciation. Where all did so well, there is no need to select any one actor for special praise. Each can take pride and pleasure in the fact that his name appears on the programme of one of the most charming and attractive plays of its kind that I have ever seen.

3. *The King's Servant*, by Christopher Mayer.—The third play might be styled a scenic prelude to the death of St. Thomas

a Becket; for it does not deal with the actual martyrdom, but gives expression mainly to the feelings, aspirations and determination of the great Archbishop: his yearnings to give his life for his Lord and for the charge committed to him, his prophetic confidence in the triumph of good, his unbending purpose against which the fears of his friends and the threats and insults of Henry's knights were as nothing.

H. B. D. Hawksley played the part of the Archbishop with admirable dignity, clarity and restraint. P. A. Baily, M. V. O'Connor, J. B. Grayson and C. E. de Bruxelles, in real Benedictine habits, were excellent as members of the Canterbury Community—alarmed for their own and Thomas' safety and pleading with him to save himself and them. The four knights, C. J. Gordon-Steward, G. R. Thompson, J. L. Storey and A. J. Quin-Harkin, magnificently armed and surcoated, bullied, threatened and blustered in most realistic fashion. In one or two places, perhaps, the speaking might have been improved by a quieter tone of voice and a slower, more careful enunciation of each syllable. But, taken as a whole, the diction was good; while the anxiety of the monks together with the brutality of the knights was just right and served to set in high relief the central character. In short, a grand historical example was brought home to us convincingly by the actors. A most successful play.

* * * *

Grateful thanks are due to the *Worth Dramatic Society*, to Mr. Mayer, manager, producer and author of two of the plays, and to his staff of able helpers—among them Mrs. Farwell and Miss Chlumecky in the Green Room, and Mr. Bright on the stage—through whose untiring efforts such fine results were obtained in all departments. We also thank the Choir for their carols ("The Holly and the Ivy" and "Puer Natus in Bethlehem"), beautifully sung at the close of the performance; Dom Thomas Symons for providing incidental music; and the devoted team of boys who three times conveyed his precious Dulcitone safely to and from St. Anne's Hall.

Two performances were given to packed and delighted audiences—that famous theatre-goer, Grock, was in the stalls of course—at St. Anne's, which, if not the ideal theatre, nevertheless turned out, through skilful management, to be a "marvellous convenient place" for the purpose.

T. S.

Junior House Play

At the end of the term the Junior House gave two performances of a play called "The night of His coming" by Florens Roche. This was staged and produced by the boys themselves



*Thomas: Not all the swords in England drawn against
me will force me from obedience to my God.*

*A scene from The King's Servant, which is described on
the opposite page*



*The cast of Little King, the play described on page 30.
From left to right, Mary, Judas Iscariot, Martha, Miriam, Lazarus, John, Salome, and James*

with the support of Dom Brendan. No one who saw it could fail to be impressed by the reverence and dignity which all the boys put into it, and it was a real pleasure to be present. The cast was as follows: Mary: S. MacLachlan; Joseph: K. M. O'Kelly; Simon: J. Norman; Reuben: G. J. Willett; Daniel: M. O'Connell; Peter: J. Lethbridge; Ruth: M. L. O'Hagan; David: E. J. Bateman; Angels: M. Leeming and A. Vyvyan; Herald: R. Lethbridge; John: T. O'Flynn; Martha: C. Thompson.

A.M.B.

MUSIC

Musical Appreciation

The whole purpose of this weekly class is to introduce the boys of the senior forms to the world of music; that is, to acquaint them with the musical ideas, spirit and age of the outstanding composers as expressed in the classical and romantic repertoire, to teach them Musical Form, and to equip their minds with the pre-requisite qualifications for the proper judgment of a musical composition and indeed any work of art. The experiment, which was entered upon with optimism and in the knowledge that boys are notoriously candid in their views, has amply justified itself.

The first term was introductory. On the very threshold of the world of beautiful sound, the boys were confronted with Mozart and Beethoven. With the help of the grand piano and the radiogram the simplicity, innocence and sheer delight of the former master was contrasted effectively with the solemn, fiery splendour of the latter. The "Jupiter," the Piano Sonatas and the "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" were enjoyed along with the Pastoral Symphony, the Sonata Pathétique, the Emperor Concerto and the impressive grandeur of the Choral Ninth. With these we were entranced by the sweet melodies of the Norwegian singer, Edvard Grieg. Few biographical details were given. We preferred to discover the men in their music. A short written examination before Christmas revealed just how much had been accomplished. Humour, of course, was not lacking, from the boy who wrote that "Beethoven was not a very good man but was an excellent Catholic" to the boy who stated that "Mozart was perfectly happy and did not have many other worries"! But the message had indeed gone through.

That was the first step. This term we have gone still further in the great adventure. The opening meetings were devoted to the enjoyment of Tschaikovsky. Here we may mention the rapturous reception of the Casse-Noisette Suite and the stirring opening theme of the Piano Concerto in B flat minor. But our

effort has been to experience something more than a mere general and somewhat vague sensation of physical pleasure in listening. Rather do we seek to capture the soul of the music, to follow the development and interplay of themes and ideas, to understand the significance of harmony, to imbue ourselves with the atmosphere of the particular work being heard and, in short, to make sense of the musical language, and consequently to enjoy to the full the absolute beauty and profound loveliness of the most spiritual of all the arts.

Without the help of the alert mind the ear can no more hear than the eye can see. The Musical Appreciation Class has had wonderful audiences since its inception. No experience can be more moving than seeing the response given to music by young boys grouped around the piano. Their applause is sincere, their tribute is a noble one, and their criticism is invaluable because they have no prejudices. The satisfaction of having revealed with success the glory of sound is indeed a reward a hundredfold.

What of the future? It is intended to trace the development of musical thought during the last four hundred years, to show how the music of one age evolves from that of a previous age, to illustrate how a Wagner pre-supposes a Mozart, how a Schumann pre-supposes a Bach. The British contribution will not be ignored, from Purcell to Vaughan Williams and Walton. The problem of Jazz, which has already been touched on, will come up again for fuller consideration. And all this is to be illustrated by copious examples. The music will speak for itself.

Prospects are indeed gratifying and we are sincerely confident of attaining that high purpose which we mentioned at the beginning, of initiating our boys into the profound mysteries and the eternal song of the Virgin Art—the *Ars Divina*, since

“ They only sing who are struck dumb by God.”

H. McC.

Worth Percussion Band

The Percussion Band was formed towards the close of the Winter Term. Membership is voluntary; rehearsals are held weekly. Although some knowledge of music is a decided advantage, such is not essential as all necessary points are dealt with as they arise. The innovation was hailed with marked enthusiasm, so much so that there was difficulty in selecting the thirty performers. Strict orchestral discipline was enforced from the beginning, and as a direct result progress has been truly remarkable. From the outset several points were insisted on to dispel any possible doubts as to the nature and purpose of percussion music.

A Percussion Band is *not* an organised effort to make as much noise as possible.

A Percussion Band is *not* an elaborate toy. The instruments used are real orchestral instruments.

A Percussion Band provides excellent training in the development of rhythm-sense and time-value. This knowledge is indispensable to musicians. That is why we expect all boys with any kind of leaning towards music to be members of the band.

A Percussion Band (by the very nature of the instruments) inculcates the principles of and the necessity for self-restraint and alertness. Like all other musical ensembles it encourages self-responsibility and self-reliance on the part of each performer, for he is taught to realise that his individual part is of tremendous importance for the welfare of the entire group. Hence he learns the value of loyal co-operation with others towards the fulfilment of a worthy purpose.

The Percussion Band means hard work and perseverance but the resultant unity and harmony is ample compensation for the initial effort.

Above all that there is the unique pleasure which the player derives from his work. What a world of difference between listening to a musical composition and actually contributing musically to its presentation! No one will deny the joyous thrill inherent in clashing cymbals, tinkling triangles and rolling drums.

The Percussion Band is in its infancy, but everything augurs well for its future progress. In the near future we hope to have the conductor's baton in the hands of a boy, the sustaining piano-playing carried out by a boy and the whole management of music and instruments and even policy the responsibility of a committee of boys. Circumstances at present more than justify our optimism.

The Percussion Band already forms a considerable factor in the musical life at Worth. Some day, the proper desires stimulated by these early beginnings, we will have not only a full string orchestra but also small select combinations of flutes and recorders. That is our high and noble ambition. The Percussion Band began with a grand flourish. We have embarked on a mighty symphony whose themes are pregnant with possibilities.

H. McC.

Congratulations to E. J. Birch and R. Gordon-Steward, who passed Grade I (Piano) in the examination set by The Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, London, last June. Their certificates were presented to them this term. G.G.

CAROL CONCERT

*A Babe is born in Bethlehem:
Great joyaunce for Hierusalem.*

XVth. Cent. Carol.

The now traditional Carol Concert was given by the monks and the School choir in the exquisite setting provided by the rich dark panelling, open fireplace and lofty carved ceiling of the Day-Room on a dusky December afternoon. A most ambitious programme was attempted and brilliantly achieved by the singers.

The perfect Christmas atmosphere was created by the opening Piano interlude "The Shepherds danced before the Crib" set to the old English folk-melody "Gathering Peascods" and played by Dom Thomas Symons. The choir began with "God rest you merry, gentlemen"—one of the few English modal carols. Two other traditional carols followed, "The Virgin Unspotted" and "The Lord at first had Adam made".

The next group was unaccompanied part-singing by the Worth Singers—Dom Thomas, Dom Maurice and Dom Oliver. This consisted of three old carols from the Köln Gesangbüch (1625)—the well-known Coventry Carol, "Hail Babe, of God the very son" and "Come, rock the cradle".

The third selection was four-part singing by the monks and the choir. Here we had two melodies by Michael Pretorius (1609), "The Noble Stem of Jesse" and "The Son of God is born for all", and Bach's lovely setting of "In Dulci Jubilo".

We were now entranced by K. O'Kelly's singing of the mediæval carol "He came all so still".

The Concert closed with a group of popular Carols sung in unison—the ever-appealing "Holly and the Ivy" and two of Dom Thomas Symons' beautiful carols—"The Magi from the East" and his setting of Blessed Robert Southwell's words "As I in hoary winter's night". Everyone took part in the joyful singing of the "Adeste Fideles".

The singers were trained by Dom Thomas Symons and Dom Maurice. Many of the arrangements were by Dom Thomas. We are exceedingly grateful to him, to the Headmaster and to the choir for a most impressive musical performance and we can say without hesitation that they more than succeeded in their idea—which was to bring home to us the joy, peace, and goodwill of the Christmas Message.

H. McC.

FROM EUSTON TO ABERDEEN

Last term it was decided to start a Model Railway Club. During the holidays I went to Bassett-Lowke, the famous Model

Engineers in London, and bought many rails both straight and curved, with points where necessary. The rails are of brass, run on wooden sleepers, and are most realistic. The railway has been set up round the walls of the rifle range, and makes a brave sight. The Club idea is strictly enforced, the boys lending rolling stock which is used in common. We already have about a dozen engines, some coaches and trucks for various purposes. A boy may become a member by paying 3s. 6d., the price of one rail, or by the loan of an engine or truck, or any other part of a railway. Our line runs through fifty yards of rather interesting country, is mounted on trestle tables, and will be considerably extended in the future. We have at present five stations: Euston, Crewe, Newcastle, Edinburgh and Aberdeen. A long tunnel has to be negotiated outside Crewe, and a terrifying suspension bridge spans a gap when the train leaves Edinburgh. Among our engines are four gallant expresses, a Royal Nelson, a G.W.R. and two L.M.S. Small but hardy little tank engines do noble work retrieving stray trucks or hurrying with the key (keys are hard to obtain) from Euston to Aberdeen in order to enable the Scotch Express to return to London. One of our small hack engines, a little green one known as "Puffing Billie," has developed a diabolical sense of humour. She kicks her heels in the air as she passes over points, and will, for no apparent reason while running forward, shudder slightly and switch herself into reverse. She did this once whilst acting as pilot engine to the Scotch Express!

In addition to our family of clockwork engines we have two steamers, both strong pullers. They make a grand show puffing round the track.

Our chief officers were elected by vote, Masterman the District Superintendent, Walsh and Grantham-Hill as the Chief Engineers in charge of electrical devices. They have fixed up an ingenious system of red and green lights at various points along the line. Each station has its station master and crew, and the tunnel its gangers. The Club functions most evenings under my supervision, the line being most effectively lit by candles. The juniors have the use of the Club on Mondays and Thursdays, during the afternoon, and work the points under the supervision of a senior boy. Our latest acquisition is a junkshop where marble slabs for platforms, bits of iron and wood for superstructures, and many other things may be obtained. The shop is under the care of Lovelace, who tends his wares with the pride of an art collector.

The membership of the Club is over 60, and given any encouragement, will increase rapidly. Here we are at the terminus. All change!

G. R. M.

DENIS KAY

The sudden death of Denis Kay at the end of the Christmas holidays on January 18th was a hard blow not only to his parents and sister but to all his friends at Worth, Downside and Ealing.

Last summer he had a serious operation for the removal of a tumour in his leg above the knee, but few guessed the seriousness of his condition. Owing to the need for receiving special ray treatment at a hospital in London, he could not return to Downside but came instead to St. Benedict's, Ealing, and boarded there during the Christmas Term, sharing a room with Eric Thomas, one of his best friends. Although he was unable to take any active part in the life of the School, Denis made friends with everyone he met and all those who lived with him during that Term remarked frequently how charming he was, and how easy to live with. Early in the New Year he went into hospital and had his right leg amputated and it was the shock of this amputation which brought about his sudden death in the early hours of Friday, January 18th.

Until his unfortunate operation, Denis had had a most successful athletic career and looked like making a name for himself as a wing forward in the Downside Fifteen and more especially as a pole-vaulter of outstanding promise. In 1942, he set up a high jump record for Worth with a jump of 4ft. 5½ins. He was in the Worth Rugger First XV in 1942, and was awarded his Cap, playing wing forward. He was also a member of the Scout Troop and attended Camp in 1942.

Denis entered Smythe House in September, 1942, and was soon conspicuous in the House Rugger XV and in the Athletic Sports. He got his Cap in the Junior Colts from which he went straight to the First XV, and was awarded his colours in the 1944 season. If he had been able to play last Term, he would undoubtedly have been one of the outstanding players in the School XV, but it was probably his skill as a pole-vaulter that attracted the most attention. He had a magnificent physique and was one of the finest gymnasts the School has seen and he made full use of his qualities to establish a new School record in the pole vault last year. He had been most ably coached by Fr Peter Beazley, and at one time it looked as if he would make his mark in national competition but, alas, this was not to be.

It is, however, not possible to get a good idea of Denis from a mere catalogue of his athletic achievements. He was a very gentle, shy and unassuming person and his lovable character

always attracted good friends. One could not help noticing his beautiful manners which were the outward expression of a truly honourable and courteous nature. At the same time, he was a typical modern boy in his love of beauty, colour and gaiety. His religion, too, was very deep and sincere and in one of his last conversations before he left school he made it clear to the writer that his religion was the most important thing in his life. His early death, while still on the threshold of manhood, has been an irreparable loss not only to his family but also to all his friends at Downside and elsewhere. Our sole comfort, and it is no mean one, is that, while he lived, he lived nobly and happily and that, in dying, he passed swiftly and painlessly into Eternity.

J. B. O.

A portrait of Denis Kay faces page 13.

WORTH AND THE WAR

THE ROYAL NAVY.

BARTON, Peter Leslie, 1934-1938. Midshipman.

BEATTIE, Denis Justin, 1933-1934. Leading Seaman, R.N.V.R.

BEATTIE, Ian, 1934-1937. Sub-Lieutenant.

BIRLEY, Richard, 1936-1941. Midshipman.

DAVIDSON, Anthony Joseph, 1934-1935. Lieutenant. Killed in action.

DE TRAFFORD, Dermot, 1934-1937. Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R.

DU BOULAY, Gerald Alexander, 1934-1939. Ordinary Seaman, R.N.V.R.

HANBURY, Peter Francis Gerard, 1933-1936. Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R.

JORDAN, Peter Anthony, 1935-1937. Sub-Lieutenant, Royal Indian Navy.

LITTLEJOHN, Claude, 1933-1936. Lieutenant (E.).

MORRIS, Michael, 1936-1941. Midshipman.

PIGOT, David Richard, 1933-1936. Sub-Lieutenant (E.), R.N.V.R.

RANKIN, John Richard Harboard, 1936-1937. Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R.

ROGERSON, Keith Frank, 1937-1942. Cadet.

TAWSE, Gerald James Gordon, 1933-1935. Lieutenant (E.).

THE ARMY.

AGIUS, Peter Joseph, 1934-1935. Craftsman, R.E.M.E.

ATKINSON, John Francis, 1934-1938. Lieutenant, Irish Guards.

AXWORTHY, Robin Henry Trevanes, 1933-1936. Lieutenant, Royal Artillery.

BARNES, Brian Arthur Stenson, 1936-1939. Lieutenant, Irish Guards.

BRANDT, Robert, 1933-1938. Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.

CANNICOTT, Stanley MacCormick, 1933-1934. Captain, M.C., Croix-de-Guerre, Royal Artillery.

CURRY, Anthony Bernard, 1934-1938. Lieutenant, Royal Scots Fusiliers.

DALY, Jusin Louis England, 1934-1938. Lieutenant, Irish Guards.

DAVID, Christopher John Markham, 1934-1938. Cadet, Rifle Brigade.

DE CANDAMO, Anthony Manuel, 1934-1938. Cadet, Sherwood Foresters.

DEMPSTER, Ronald Edward, 1933-1936. Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.

COMERFORD, Edward A., 1933-1936. Australian Imperial Forces.

DICKIE, George Frederick, 1937-1939. Lieutenant, Sherwood Foresters.

ELLES, John Malcolm, 1933-1935. Gunner, Royal Artillery.

EMANUEL, David John, 1938-1941. Private, Sherwood Foresters.

FAIRLIE, Francis Ian, 1936-1938. Lieutenant, Rifle Brigade.

FERGUSON, Claude Raymond, 1933-1936. Lieutenant, Royal Artillery.

FFRENCH-MULLEN, Timothy FitzGerald, 1935-1939. Lieutenant, Irish Guards.

FILMER-SANKEY, Patrick Hugh, 1936-1938. Lieutenant, Irish Guards.

FLAXMAN, James Raymond, 1933-1936. Lieutenant, Indian Army.

FODEN-PATTINSON, Peter Lawrence, 1934-1938. Lieutenant, Irish Guards.

GAISFORD, Mark Michael Gerard, 1933-1938. Lieutenant, Irish Guards.

GEERING, John Philip, 1934-1940. Cadet, the Buffs.

GOODE, Edward William, 1934-1939. Cadet, Royal Armoured Corps. Killed on Service.

GRAHAM, George Edward Lindsay, 1934-1936. Lieutenant, Royal Artillery.

HALLINAN, John Cavan, 1935-1938. Lieutenant, Guides Cavalry, Indian Army.

HALLINAN, Lawrence Pyers, 1936-1940. Rifleman, Rifle Brigade.

HARRISON, Peter Donald, 1939-1940. Trooper, Royal Armoured Corps.

HARVEY, Jeremy Michael Cameron, 1936-1941. Trooper, Royal Armoured Corps.

HUGGINS, Patrick Henry, 1932-1936. Lieutenant, Irish Guards.

HOBSON-MATTHEWS, John Berkeley, 1939-1941. Gunner, Royal Artillery.

HOGAN, Barry John Somerville, 1934-1938. Cadet, Indian Army.

HOLLOWAY, John Augustus, 1935-1938. Lieutenant, Rifle Brigade.

HOOD, Robin Adrian, 1937-1938. Lance Corporal, Royal Horse Guards.

HUFFMAN, Percival Knox, 1935-1939. Lieutenant, King's Royal Rifle Corps.

HULL, John Folliott Charles, 1936-1939. Gunner, Royal Artillery.

HUTTON, George Michael, 1936-1939. Private, Commandos.

KEANE, Gerald Francis Geoffrey, 1933-1938. Cadet, Rifle Brigade.

KEENE, Charles Michael, 1937-1939. Cadet, Indian Army.

KOCH, Bernard Henry, 1933-1934. Lieutenant, The Buffs.

LOCKET, Michael George Mark, 1933-1937. Lieutenant, Special Airborne Services.

MACASKIE, James Stuart Lechmere, 1936-1938. Lieutenant, Irish Guards.

MADELEY, Robert Yorke, 1933-1935. Lieutenant, Indian Army.

MAGUIRE, John Kevin, 1933-1936. Lieutenant, Irish Guards. Killed in Action.

MANNIX, Edward Alexander, 1933-1937. Private, Queen's Royal Regiment.

MARTYN, Denys Selwyn, 1935-1939. Lieutenant, Coldstream Guards.

MASON, Francis Charles William, 1933-1937. Lieutenant, Rifle Brigade. Killed in Action.

MATTHEWS, Timothy Romer, 1936-1941. Private, Royal Engineers.

NESBITT-DUFORT, Timothy, 1933-1937. Lieutenant, Coldstream Guards.

O'DRISCOLL, Patrick David, 1935-1938. Special Airborne Services.

OGDEN, Edward Michael, 1935-1939. Cadet, Royal Armoured Corps.

PARSONS, George Alexander, 1933-1935. Captain, M.C., Somerset Light Infantry (Commandos). Killed in Action.

PICKARD, Donald George, 1933-1934. Captain, Irish Guards.

PIGOT, Edward Walter, 1937-1941. Cadet, Indian Army.

POLLOCK, John Alexander Russell, 1934-1939. Lieutenant, Irish Guards.

PONTIFEX, David More, 1933-1936. Captain, Rifle Brigade.

RADCLIFFE, David Edward Joseph, 1933-1935. Captain, Irish Guards.

REYNOLDS, David James, 1933-1937. Lieutenant, 1st Derbyshire Yeomanry, Royal Armoured Corps.

ROGERSON, Barry Hugh, 1935-1940. Cadet, Irish Guards.

SCOTT-GATTY, David Comyn, 1934-1940. Cadet, Irish Guards.

SHERIDAN, Roderick Gerald, 1933-1934. Lieutenant, Coldstream Guards.

SMITH, Robert Wyville, 1933-1934. Captain, Gordon Highlanders.

STAFFORD-NORTHCOTE, Henry James, 1934-1936. Lieutenant, Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry.

STARKIE, Derek Patrick Valentine, 1937-1938. Lieutenant, 12th Royal Lancers, Royal Armoured Corps.

STONOR, Henry Anthony, 1935-1940. Lieutenant, Welsh Guards.

TAWSE, Andrew John Kirk, 1934-1937. Corporal, Royal Armoured Corps.

TAYLOR, Vivian John, 1934-1935. Captain, M.C., Irish Guards.

TRAFFORD, Joseph, 1933-1938. Guardsman, Irish Guards.

VAUGHAN, Edmund Bernard Mallet, 1933-1934. Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards.

VAUGHAN, Michael John, 1935-1939. Lieutenant, Coldstream Guards.

WALLIS, Thomas John Garner, 1933-1936. Captain, Rifle Brigade.

WALLIS, Christmas, 1933-1936. Cadet, Indian Army.

WELLESLEY-COLLEY, Peter William, 1934-1937. Lieutenant, Irish Guards.

WHEATLEY, Denis Anthony, 1935-1937. Lieutenant, Irish Guards.

WHIGHAM, Bernard Roy, 1934-1937. Lieutenant, Rifle Brigade.

WORRALL, Anthony Charles, 1933-1934. Captain, M.C., Devonshire Regiment.

WYLIE, Verner Allen, 1935-1938. Lieutenant, Guides Cavalry, Indian Army.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE,

R.A.A.F. and R.C.A.F.

ATKINSON, Thomas Stephen, 1933-1935. Flying Officer.

CAILLARD, Hugh Anthony, 1934-1940. Aircraftman.

CORNEY, Anthony John, 1934-1938. Flight-Lieutenant. Killed on Active Service.

CUDDON, Antony Brian, 1933-1934. Flight-Lieutenant. Missing.

DICKINSON, Anthony Langstaffe, 1933-1935. Pilot Officer, D.F.C. Prisoner of War.

HANBURY, Stephen Nigel, 1934-1936. Aircraftman.

HARDING-KLIMANEK, Reginald, 1934-1937. Flight-Sergeant. Missing.

HORTON, Peter Kenneth, 1933-1934. Pilot Officer. Killed on Active Service.

LEEMING, Roger Miles, 1937-1939. Aircraftman.

LOEWENTHAL, Geoffrey Daniel Patrick, 1934-1935. Pilot Officer.

McAULEY, Francis Alfred Conway, 1934-1935. Flight-Sergeant, R.C.A.F. Killed in Action.

McAULEY, William, 1934-1936. Pilot Officer, R.C.A.F.

McGILLOWAY, Robert John Duncan, 1937-1938. Cadet.

MATHIAS, Charles Algernon, 1933-1935. Flight-Lieutenant.

STEELE, Michael William, 1933-1934. Flight Sergeant. Killed in Action.

WALLIS, Aubrey Frederick, 1936-1939. Cadet.

WHITLOCK, Brian Mark, 1933-1936. Flight Lieutenant.

WORRALL, Piers Arthur, 1933-1934. Flight-Lieutenant. Killed in Action.

ROLL OF HONOUR

THE ROYAL NAVY.

Lieut. A. J. Davidson. Killed in Action. H.M.S. "Maharatta," March, 1944.

THE ARMY.

Cadet E. W. Goode, Royal Armoured Corps. Killed on Service, June 16th, 1945.

Lieut. J. M. Maguire, Irish Guards. Killed in Action, August 4th, 1944.

Lieut. F. C. W. Mason, Rifle Brigade. Killed in Action, April 3rd, 1945.

Capt. G. A. Parsons, M.C., Somerset Light Infantry (Commandos), October 9th, 1944.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.

Flight-Lieut. A. J. Corney. Killed on Active Service, April, 1945.

Pilot Officer P. K. Horton. Killed on Active Service, June 11th, 1944.

Flight-Sgt. F. A. C. McAuley, R.C.A.F. Killed in Action, September, 1942.

Flight-Sgt. M. W. B. Steele. Killed in Action, June 22nd, 1944.

Flight-Lieut. P. A. Worrall. Killed in Action, June, 1942.

MISSING.

Flight-Lieut. A. B. Cuddon, Royal Air Force.

Flight-Sgt. R. Harding-Klimanek, Royal Air Force.

IF THE CAP FITS...

Do these quotations apply to anyone YOU know?

? Out, vile jelly! (*Shakespeare, King Lear*).

? Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek

As naturally as pigs squeak:

That Latin was no more difficile,

Than to a black-bird 'tis to whistle. (*Butler, Hudibras*).

? Good my mouse of virtue, answer me. (*Shakespeare, Twelfth Night*).

? The strain of man's bred out

Into baboon and monkey. (*Shakespeare, Timon of Athens*).

? "Ah!" said Mamma, "I knew he'd come

To naughty little Suck-a-Thumb." (*Hoffman, The Little Suck-a-Thumb*).

? Studios let me sit,

And hold high converse with the mighty dead. (*Thomson, Winter*).

? I only know two sorts of boys. Mealy boys and beef-faced boys. (*Dickens, Oliver Twist*).

? "It's very provoking," Humpty Dumpty said after a long silence, "to be called an egg—very!" (*Lewis Carroll, Alice through the Looking-Glass*).

? The Frog is justly sensitive.

To epithets like these. (*Hilaire Belloc, The Frog*).

? Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?

I frightened a little mouse under the chair. (*Nursery Rhyme*).

? Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:

Some that will evermore peep through their eyes

And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper. (*Shakespeare, Merchant of Venice*).

? There were present the Picininnies, and the Joblilies, and the Garyalies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top . . . (*Samuel Foote, Harry and Lucy Concluded*).

? "Ha! Ha!" said the duck, laughing. (*Kipling, The Brushwood boy*).

? Some trust in chariots, and some in horses. (*Psalm XIX*).

? Where's George? Gone to Lyonch. (*Advertisement for Lyons' lunches*).

? Old Man Kangaroo first, Yellow-Dog Dingo behind. (*Kipling, Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo*).

? Thy graceful air and heavenly mug . . . (*Marjorie Fleming*).

? Well said, old Mole! canst work i' the earth so fast? (*Shakespeare, Hamlet*).

? He was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. (*Shakespeare, King Henry IV, Part II*).

THE TEACHING STAFF

MARCH, 1946.

Dom Maurice Bell, M.A. (Oxon). Headmaster.
Dom Victor Farwell (Second Master).
Dom Oliver Braydon, Ph.D. (Rome).
Dom Thomas Symons, A.R.C.O.
Dom Brendan Lavery, D.D. (Rome). M.A. (Cantab.)
Dom Julian Stonor, M.A. (Cantab.)
Dom James Arrowsmith-Lorkin.
Dom Joseph Marshall.
Dom Michael Smith, M.A. (Oxon).
Dom Jerome Tomlins.
G. R. Mills, Esq. (Christ Church, Oxford).
C. H. Mayer, Esq. (McGill University). (Editor).
H. McCann, Esq., M.A. (Glas.).
E. G. R. Bright, Esq.
R. H. Tibbits, Esq., M.A. (Oxon).
M. J. Dolan, Esq., 1st Arts. N.U.I.
C. S. M. I. J. E. Wallis, N.L.P.R.C. (Physical Training).
Miss G. Garnaud.
Miss J. H. Herrick.
Miss E. Chlumsky.
Miss A. M. Wolf (Froebel Cert.)
R. Matthews, Esq., M.A., M.B., B.Ch. (Cantab.) M.R.C.S.,
L.R.C.P. (Medical Officer).
Miss M. O'Regan, S.R.C.N. (Matron).
Miss J. Edey, S.R.C.N. (Infirmary sister).
Miss S. Berrett (Tower House Nurse).
Mr W. J. Gittins (Secretary).