

The **WORTH** RECORD



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The WORTH RECORD

No. 2.

SUMMER TERM, 1946

From The Headmaster.

This time I am not going to talk about the beauties of the Sussex countryside: my theme is to be mainly about people. I have been having a lot of interesting letters from old Worth boys all over the world. For example, from H.M.S. *Vengeance*, comes one from Birley, who left us in July, 1941. He is a Midshipman and has had five months in Java. One of his duties was to take over an internment camp holding 2,500 women and children, with twelve seamen to help him. He appears to have had five large American cars with Japanese chauffeurs at his disposal. Another letter comes from Proctor, announcing his arrival at Fremantle on his way to New Zealand. He had attended King Neptune's court for the second time in his life, done a lot of swimming in the ship's swimming bath and had water-melons for breakfast every day. Baily writes from Eaton Hall, telling of the return of the Royal Naval College to Dartmouth in September: this will mean better opportunities for sailing. Gowlland joined him in May, and has already settled down well. He has sent a very full account of the Cadet's day and the general impression here is that they have a really good time.

Very interesting are the letters which I have received from two parents who were at Fatima in Portugal on May 13th this year. One writes that she is sure that the message from Fatima is one for the whole world. She went and talked to the old parents of Jacinta and Francisco, who live in the direst poverty a mile or so away. They showed not a shadow of self-consciousness, not the slightest sign of vanity nor of interest in money nor of false piety—just peasant simplicity and faith in the events of 1917. The other parent tells how he was there among the 700,000 on that day, May 13th, when there were 120,000 Holy Communions. He helped to carry the sick from the hospital to their place in the open below the steps of the Church. In front of him was a young girl of twenty-one, who looked as if she might die at any moment. She was suffering from consumption and had had six operations and was unconscious. At the end of the High Mass the Cardinal Legate came down carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and began blessing the sick. The girl was the second to be blessed. As he passed on she rose up to a sitting position and started to speak, telling those around

her that she was well. Three-quarters of an hour later she was walking about and talking cheerfully. Her colour had returned and she appeared to be in perfect health, although she had been ill for five years and unable to walk properly for the last two. All pain had gone, and her paralysed left arm was now perfectly normal. Of course, the doctors have yet to pronounce on this case before it can be counted as an official miracle, but the facts as recorded could hardly be more astounding.

The world is in very poor shape to-day and the message of Fatima is one that very much concerns the conversion of Russia and the end of communism. That message has now been re-echoed by the Holy Father. He reminds me too of a postcard from Michael Morris, written on the top of the dome of St. Peter's, Rome. He was enthralled by his first visit to the capital of Christendom. He is, like Birley, a midshipman.

I had the great privilege of officiating at the wedding of J. R. Flaxman (Worth 1933—1936) and Miss Evelyn Bunbury, who taught the boys in Form 6 at Downside in the early part of the war and has since been at St. Mary's, Ascot. On behalf of the school I should like to congratulate the Reverend Mother of this convent and school, where so many Worth boys' sisters have been and are being educated, on her Golden Jubilee, celebrated on June 29th. Speaking of weddings, Captain V. J. Taylor, M.C. (Worth 1934—1935) was married on June 20th to Miss Heather Graham, sister of G. E. Graham (Worth 1934—6) and C. A. Graham, who is now at the school. G. E. Graham is himself to be married before very long.

The school is a hive of activity, almost an ant-hill. Over and above the every-day tasks one sees boys riding, boys shooting, boys in the carpenter's shop, boys at the pianos and boys with their violins, boys in the Swizzelery, boys flying kites, boys on every kind of work and recreation. Each house lives its own life within its own walls, and yet the spirit of the school as a whole is no less keen. Even the dreadful weather has failed entirely to damp our spirits, and the rat-hunt and the circus with which the stay-at-homes celebrated the Victory holiday will be remembered by all who took part in them. All the same, cricket has suffered greatly from the wet and, one day, in despair a whole game took to football instead.

I send all my good wishes to Worth boys and old Worth boys whether they are still at Downside or have gone out into the wide world, to those who are beginning their careers in the Navy, in fact, to everyone at home and abroad. I ask them all to write and tell us about themselves and their doings. May Our Lady of Worth bring them to the goal of their desires. Valeté.

Maurice Bell

THE DIRTY OLD TRAMP STEAMER

by A. J. WELLS* and CHRISTOPHER HOLIGAN

I had just got my commission and was Second Mate of a tramp steamer. I had hoped for something better, at least, better than a tramp steamer, but luck and the times were against me and I had to be pleased with what I got, going round the world picking up chance cargoes. The ship was called *The Limpet* (just why, I did not know at the time), had a displacement of some 6,000 tons and a top speed of eleven knots. Nothing unusual, just a dirty old tramp, on her way down the west coast of Africa.

The crew was a mixed crowd, varying from dagoes to dock-side Cockneys, a dirty unpleasant lot with few exceptions. The captain and officers were hard-bitten, tough, rough men with many grouses against man and few thanks, and I, being scarcely more than a youngster, was looked down upon by the other officers and was held in little respect by the men. But I soon made friends with the exceptions and earned respect among those about me.

Setting out from London, we had headed down the European coasts to the Canary Islands where, at Tenerife, we had set our coal cargo ashore. Then south to the Cape Verde Islands, almost due west to Bathurst in Gambia, south again to Bissau, in Portugese Guinea, and from there to Freetown, where we had refuelled and collected a mixed cargo. From Freetown we had followed the coast all the way, picking up cargoes of ivory, oils, nuts and coconuts from the Ivory Coast and Gold Coast ports. Round Cape Palmas, in the extreme south-east of Liberia, to Wappu, Rocktown and Grand Bassam on the Ivory Coast, Cape Three Points in Ashanti, to Assini, Axim and Cape Coast Castle on the Gold Coast. And from Cape Coast we set sail to make the 650 mile voyage south-east to Annobon, a Spanish island 200 miles west of Cape Lopez. It was on this voyage, 300 miles from Annobon, that the trouble started.

The wind had been freshening for some time from the west and all the old salts were shaking their heads, saying, "Ay, 'e might well rub 'is 'ands together and make 'ay out of it, while the going's good, but just ye wait, just ye wait." We waited, hour after hour, watching the clouds mount up in the western sky, while the captain just sent the ship scudding merrily on, heedless of all warnings. He knew, as well as everyone, that we ought to have been hove-to hours ago, but he just went, keeping to that wretched schedule, not caring a damn about the lives of those below him.

By 4 p.m., the sky above us was becoming overcast with broken, copper-coloured clouds, bright yellow at the edges. The wind had

* ANTHONY JOHN WELLS, born 21st May, 1934; entered Worth, October, 1944.

dropped to nothing and the sea was as still as a pond, glassy surfaced. The heat was terrific, overwhelming, making it impossible to walk about or move without dripping with sweat. I could feel it standing out all over my face and running down and dripping off my chin and nose, like rain. And all the time that feeling of expectancy, of waiting, hung about us like a veil, hushing into silence. Still nothing happened, the heat got worse, the sea stiller, and the clouds mounted overhead until the light was blotted out—and we plodded along at a steady seven knots. The order to fasten everything down in readiness for the oncoming storm had been given and carried out, and there was nothing else we could do. By 6 p.m., it was dark, by 6.30, pitch and, by 7, we got our first warning. At once "all hands" was ordered, every soul aboard strung to his highest pitch.

Quick relief was brought to our strained nerves when a flash of lightning darted through the air, though death by drowning stared at us, eye to eye. Flash followed flash, the wind sprang to gale force in three minutes and the seas piled up on the starboard quarter, continually breaking inboard, running along the rail, sweeping anyone, who had not clung on tight, with them. We were continually knocked down and for a few moments confusion reigned, the huge breakers threatening to smash in the starboard bulwarks before we could bring *The Limpet* round to the seas. We attempted this, the captain giving orders to secure the hatch coamings, which had been loosened by the last sweep. Every able man of us jumped to the hatches—or, rather, crawled to them, for the wind was so great as to make it impossible to walk or run. I went to the forward hatch, there to be crushed to the deck by the next wave. Picking myself up, I got to work with the others, lashing, belaying, securing; until my hands were cut to ribbons, bruised and bleeding. Two men were ordered aft to help at the wheel. I went as one of them. There, in the wheel-house, I could see everything. The seas were monstrous, towering feet above the vessel and threatening to break her every time she wallowed into a trough between two of them. The wind was blowing hurricane force, tearing down the wireless aerial, ripping through masts and derricks, whistling past the bridge and seeming likely to tear both masts and derricks from the decks, to hurl them hundreds of feet into the air. But we paid terribly for swinging round head to wind. The masts and derricks were shattered like bamboo canes and spars and arms crashed all over the deck, killing the First Mate and two men and carrying away the fore-castle. The poop was the next to go. First the sea rolled aft and stove in the front in a shower of splintered steel, then another followed, taking the whole wrecked affair away and leaving the twisted ends of the bulkheads and other supports to account for its presence. Everybody watched the hatch covers worriedly, at least, those who could spare a moment to watch, for the others were busy securing them, but they held. Meanwhile, in the wheel-house we were having a great fight

to bring the ship round. The aid of a fourth man was called for and at last we brought her head to the wind. She struggled like a demon but we held her there, hanging on to the wheel relentlessly. For all this, the sea still swept over the bows and the remains of the forecastle but caused a minimum of damage.

We were lucky still to have the midships structure and we thanked Heaven that the engines still kept running. Once they stopped, the ship would roll into the trough of the seas and quickly disappear with all hands. As it was, the engines kept on giving us a headway of about two knots. But, despite the headway, the whole vessel pitched and rolled, showing her forefoot one minute and her propellers the next. A great strain was caused on the engines when the propellers were out of the water, for although the governor shut down the steam when this happened there was a moment or so when the engines tried to keep pace with the difference of pressure.

We kept on like this for two or three hours, in growing danger of the bulkheads giving way, gradually losing headway until after two hours we were down to one knot. The storm showed no sign of abating, the breakers being just as big as before and still rolling over the decks from for'ard, gradually battering down over our one funnel. Suddenly, the ship shuddered from stem to stern and visibly listed to port. Immediately, the wheel became erratic, struggling to get free and to have its own way, but we gripped it with strong hands and hauled it over to compensate for the drift to starboard. By that time, the news had got to the bridge that one of the forward port bulkheads had gone and that the whole lot were likely to go at any minute. Men were just going below to give the extra shoring when a shaft of lightning struck us abaft the bridge and withered the funnel. As a result of this the engines stopped and within two minutes *The Limpet* was in the trough of the seas. She rolled from side to side, burying her rails in the raging waters and tearing away her remaining coamings. It looked like the end, with everything flattened on the decks below and even the bridge structure giving way. The whole vessel was likely to bury herself below the next mountain of hurtling sea, never to appear again.

With the suddenness of its breaking, the storm began to abate and within half-an-hour it had subsided. By midnight it had passed and the miracle of it all was that our little world was still floating, with a list to port, no masts or derricks, poop or forecastle, funnel or wireless, but still with the cargo, which had shifted so much as to pronounce our list, and with damaged engines. The engines were soon repaired however and we set off south-east once again at a speed of two knots.

Three days later, a shattered ship limped into the harbour of Annobon, with a list to port and flattened decks, the midships structure, only, standing. It was a miracle that she had weathered the storm,

but she had and, what's more, she still carried her cargo. The pilot nursed her up the harbour and she tied up against the quay, a mere shadow of the ship that had left Cape Coast Castle. Four weeks later, she was towed to Cape Town for extensive repairs.

At last I knew why she was called *The Limpet*. Nothing unusual, just a dirty old tramp steamer.

MR. WALL or O'GRADY STREET'S LAW

by M. A. GOLDFINCH*

In that great country, "The Emerald Isle,"
There's a Court of—well, a little fame,
Run by a chap called Mr. Wall—
A stupid man (with appropriate name).
In the Police Court before Mr. Wall,
Jane Murphy summoned Mary Lee
For makin' mummy of her stall,
And gross assault *and* battery.
"Yer Worship, Sorr!" commenced Jane,
"In Thomas Street I keep me stall,
"For twenty years without a stain—"
"What do ye sell?" said Mr. Wall.
"ROTTEN FISH!" yelled Mary Lee,
"Ye couldn't stand the smell at all.
"Me daughter's just complained to me—"
"Put it in salt," said Mr. Wall.
"'Tis yerself that's a liar, Mary Lee—
"It's just come in from Dublin's Stall!
"Me son took it from off the train—"
"And why yer son?" said Mr. Wall.
Then out it burst, the Irish rage.
"Ye fatuous fool—yer ravin' mad!
"Me son helps me in me old age.
"Put Mary in jail, —I'm waxing bad!"
"Using such language in Court, that's bad,"
Said Mr. Wall, all cool and calm,
"I've taken all that I have had
"With patience, —now ye'll come to harm.
"In fact, two weeks in our small jail,
"And I will bet that ye'll cool down.
"Well, Mary Lee, you are on bail,
"And now let's close, —I'm goin' to town!"

* MICHAEL GOLDFINCH, born 26th June, 1933; entered Worth, January, 1942; acted in *Lady Precious Stream*, Lent, 1946.

RUGGER REFLECTIONS

R. C. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW

(Rugby Football Correspondent of *The Observer*.)

Because he wrote of "muddled oafs and flannelled fools," Rudyard Kipling, perhaps the most wilfully misunderstood of all great authors, is generally written off as a games-hater. He was nothing of the kind. Only a muddled oaf or flannelled fool would think so. What he did hate, when he was a boy at the Services College, Westward Ho!, was the stupidity of worshipping games above all other exercises of man, and the snobbery of thinking that in no other way but games-playing should a young gentleman and future officer be passing the time between 2 and 4 p.m.

I have started like this because Rugger, magnificent game though it is, can be, and often is, spoilt by snobbery and stupidity. Of the snobbery, which is an almost unknown failing among the very young, I will say little. But, when you come to play man's Rugger, you will be able to help. Like this. Try to spread Rugger among those who have never had the chance to know what a grand game it is. Also, and at the same time, don't join in with those Rugger players, and they are many, who look down on Soccer because "it is not quite the thing, you know." At the moment, you will find this advice rather boring. Never mind. Just keep it under your cap for future reference.

This narrowness, or exclusiveness, this proud exalting of one game far above all others, is never found among athletes from the Dominions. Near the beginning of this summer, when watching Oxford playing cricket against India in the Parks, one of the loveliest of grounds, I met C. K. Saxton, captain of the New Zealand "Kiwi" Rugger team during the past winter in Britain. He, and a few of his fellow-players, were there chiefly to watch Martin Donnelly, also of New Zealand, one of the finest batsmen in cricket today. Nothing odd in that, you will say. No; but what struck me was the keen interest and questions of those New Zealand Rugger players who had never, as they themselves said, had the chance to watch cricket of this class. Their minds were appreciative of novelty; alert, fresh; and I realized whence came the *intelligence* which they had shown in the playing of their Rugger. Many critics and followers of Rugger last season liked to excuse the defeats of those who failed against the Kiwis by saying: "Oh, yes; very fine, very fine indeed; but you must remember that these New Zealanders have been doing nothing else but practise with each other for months." But, surely, these critics forgot that all the practice in the world is of little use without ideas. In our own Rugger at home, we are not very good at ideas. We are fonder of tradition. "The old ways," we like to say, "are good enough for us." And, when the Kiwis or All Blacks or South Africans

give us a good hiding, we are apt to fall back, I am afraid, on that last comfort of the well beaten—"It's only a game."

Here is just one example of the difference between the Kiwis and nearly all their opponents. When a Kiwi player, whether forward, half, five-eighth, or three-quarter, got away with the ball, he was nearly always backed up by at least *two* other players, and, when he was tackled, he did not, as the England players so often did, just release the ball as if it were a poisonous snake, but he let it down, almost placed it, like a precious egg, in such a way that the man backing him up on either side had the best possible chance of continuing the movement. Why, then, you will say, can't our players do the same thing? They can; but they don't. Which seems ridiculous; but it's true.

In the match at Cardiff between Wales and the Kiwis, it seemed that Wales might bring off a remarkable victory. The try that turned the issue in the Kiwi's favour was scored by Sherratt, the right wing threequarter. I noticed that nearly all the critics, and also those disappointed spectators whose opinion came my way after the match, said that this try was simply "given away" by the Welsh full-back. Poor fellow! He had played a wonderful game, catching surely, kicking a fine length and tackling like an octopus. Then, when trying, under pressure, to find the left touch-line with his left foot from near the centre of the field and his own "25," he slightly "topped" the ball, which flew fast and low to Sherratt, and Sherratt, a tall dark man with a raking long stride, was away like a strong east wind. What nobody said was that Sherratt was in the exact spot to catch such a kick. Luck? Not likely. Wits, again.

So, then, when you have mastered the foundations of the game, and that won't be for some years yet, don't be satisfied with Things as They Are. "As things have been, they remain," is the sluggard's creed. The English, as a race, distrust intelligence. If this were a political speech, instead of a short and imperfect article on Rugger, I would say that this distrust has already cost the country dear. Never mind what the Rugger die-hards say, there is always room for novelty and ideas in the game. Tradition without intelligence is just a corpse.

Two of the greatest Rugger forwards I ever saw were men of learning and scholarship: Geoffrey Conway and Leo Price, both of whom played forward for England. Conway, from Fettes in Edinburgh, was perhaps the most finished and polished front- or second-row forward of the last twenty-five years. He had uncanny control of the dribbled ball, and though a bare 12 stone in weight, he held his own in the mauls with the toughest forwards in the international game. At Cambridge, he won a Double First Class in his Classical Examinations, the highest honour available to him.

Leo Price was a back-row forward, and a mathematical scholar of our College at Oxford, Corpus Christi. Tall, strong, and fast,

he had a swerve that the most brilliant centre three-quarter might have envied, and hands like pots of glue! It was he that scored the famous try against Wales at Twickenham. It was, I think, in 1924 or 1925; I have not the book of reference by me. But this is how it was: England kicked off, against a strongish wind. The ball had hardly come down into the hands of a Welsh player when Price, following up at speed, tore it from his hands and, swerving past two or three dazed opponents, drop-kicked at goal. The ball fell just short; and here luck came in, how richly deserved! The ball bounced vertically; Price, again following up, gathered it and scored by the posts. All this, in the first 20 seconds of the match. The second England score was in a dropped goal by A. M. Smallwood when running flat out at left wing three-quarter. Both he and Price were then schoolmasters at Uppingham. England won, 7—3.

Yes; there's something to be said for brain.



The towers belonging to Mosques are called Minuets.

Abraham's first wife was Aïda. (*Worth Howlers*)

RUSTY! The Story of a Fox

by N. C. A. DICKINSON*

*Poor Rusty! He was the quickest of the cubs, but—
he was not quite quick enough. . . .*

A sharp bark rang out across the field, then another, and then a fiendish yell. From the hole in the bottom of the old oak tree appeared an old dog fox; he was vexed by the noise and went off to see who was the cause of all the disturbance, thinking to himself, "How dare anyone come into my domain? Just at the time my wife needs most rest and when she is due to have cubs at any moment."

He soon picked up the scent and found that two young foxes were courting a vixen. He went back to the den where his wife lay sleeping. In the gloom, he could just discern four small shapes lying beside her. He knew that she would be getting hungry now and off he went again at a brisk trot. He knew his objective: it was Farmer Jackson's cherished cockerel.

Now, Farmer Jackson kept his old collie, Rover, in the chicken-run, but he made one great mistake,—he always gave the dog a heavy meal, and now, as the fox jumped on the wall and ran along it, he could hear the dog's deep breathing.

He hopped down and crept past the dog and his luck was with him. The cockerel was at the far end. He had already taken the precaution on former expeditions of making a hole in the other end of the chicken-house and the wire netting beyond. The cock had its back turned to him and he seized it by the head and killed it outright before it had time to squawk. Not another fowl batted an eyelid and all was quiet as he crept out of the hen-run and made his way home.

When he arrived, his wife met him and, between them, they made short work of the cockerel.

Three weeks later, the cubs had grown considerably. Already, the old fox was going to the pond to get them frogs and other delicacies. Rusty, the youngest, was by far the strongest and the wisest. Whenever his father brought food, he would jostle all the others out of the way and get the lion's share. Or, when the old fox wanted to test their scenting powers and would leave the frogs outside to let the cubs sniff him all over, almost immediately Rusty would catch the scent and would follow it back to the frogs. Before the others arrived, he would have eaten them.

Then came cubbing! The very mention of the word sent shivers down Rusty's spine. At last, he was out foraging for frogs in the ditch when he heard the dread twang of the horn and the baying of the

* NIGEL DICKINSON, born 30th November, 1932; entered Worth September, 1943; acted in *Lady Precious Stream*, Lent, 1946.

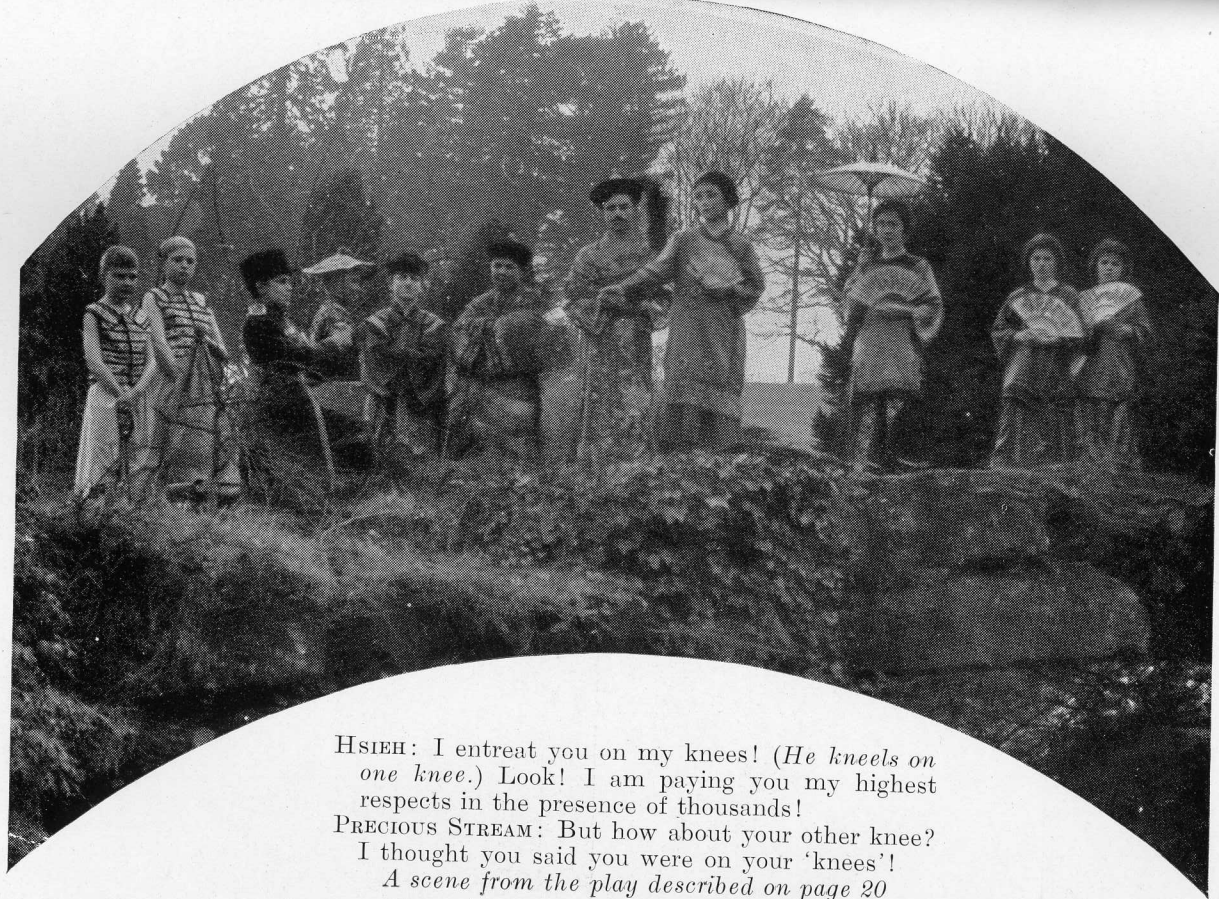
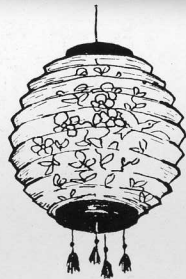


Hockey: the 1st XI

From left to right, back row: M. Collins, T. Norman, D. Bennett, M. Bateman; middle row: H. Wilson, I. Ortuzar, J. Jowett (captain), G. Thompson, D. Gordon - Steward; front row: M. Chignell, R. d'Udekem d'Acoz

(below) After the match described on page 29: the Worth team with its Ascot opponents





HSIEH: I entreat you on my knees! (*He kneels on one knee.*) Look! I am paying you my highest respects in the presence of thousands!

PRECIOUS STREAM: But how about your other knee? I thought you said you were on your 'knees'!

A scene from the play described on page 20

hounds on his scent! Looking back, he saw the leader, a great black-and-tan hound, called Dragon, jump the fence and come loping across the field towards him. Dragon had not seen him for he was too busy with his nose to the ground.

Like a flash, Rusty dived into the ditch, swam down it and scrambled through the hedge at the corner. Then down a rabbit hole beyond. Dragon was soon on his track. Rusty stayed about five yards down and listened to the whinings and scrapings of the hound, growing in volume every minute as he was joined by other hounds. He waited and rested until he heard the sound of a spade striking earth, which meant that the terrier man was digging down to get at him.

"Time to be moving," thought Rusty and he slipped along the tunnel. He came out of a hole at the other side of a clump of stinging nettles, none too soon either, for as he emerged a little border terrier came round the nettles and caught a glimpse of the fleeing fox.

Immediately the dog barked for all he was worth, and a minute later the hounds were in full cry with Dragon in the van, baying like a bloodhound on the tracks of a criminal.

Rusty tried many dodges that day, running through an old sewer and through a herd of cows, but the hounds were cunning and they always found the track again. Rusty was very tired and many times he tried to find sanctuary in rabbit warrens, but all were inhabited and the occupants drove him out with angry stares that made him shiver.

At last, he could bear it no longer and he took rest behind a stunted oak. No sooner had he fallen panting to the earth, than he was seized in the flanks by a creature of enormous strength. Looking round, he saw that it was a hound. In running away from one pack, he had run into another, and now he was to meet with a painful and bloody death.

CONTRAST

The thunder of guns, the roar of planes,
(*Searchlights sweep the sky again.*)
Sound sharply through the frosty night.
Man has brought this death and pain.

In Gethsemane He prayed alone.
(*Only the rustling of the trees*)
His voice was kind and gentle as He prayed,
As it were the whispering of the breeze.

J. B. V. GRAYSON

BURNT STUB

by N. L. A. LASH*

Burnt Stub is more than a name. This historical mansion was once inhabited by Queen Elizabeth. Years later, Oliver Cromwell *burnt* it down to a mere *stub*, hence its present name. The present building is of picturesque red brick, and covered with ivy. All around it lie Chessington Zoo and Circus. This is a fine place for holiday-makers, as it affords plenty of entertainment and amusement. On Ascension Day last, a large party of boys went to Hampton Court to "revel in the beauties of Cardinal Wolsey's palace." On the same bus, there went a few boys who, under the pretence of visiting historic "Burnt Stub," made a tour of Chessington Zoo.

The first thing we visited was the Saurus Crane, which "saur-us" before we "saur-it." It hissed, and then retreated, as if being attacked by some venomous animal. The parrots greeted our entering by a chorus of "Hello" and various other exclamations of joy. Opposite these colourful gentlemen, there were two chimpanzees. One of these was chewing a piece of straw; the other was hanging upside down eating battery wire. An onlooker remarked that it "probably saw better that way." (I do not know which was the more deluded). On the outside of this house sat a large baboon, looking rather like a demented dog.

We then went on the model railway, which made a complete tour of the grounds. I sat on the very back, clinging on desperately to prevent myself from being hurled into space.

The king of beasts reclined in state, yawning superciliously at the passers-by. Opposite him, strange though it may seem, was a leopard, sharing its cage with a large fox-terrier. Overlooking these animals at a distance was a tigress, pacing her cage.

Then there was a pond, on which Bumper-boat trips could be had for one shilling. We went in two boats. One member of the party, in order to show how hard he could splash with the paddle, nearly drowned our boatload and drenched everyone in the pond.

One much-admired animal was the polar bear, who dived into his pond for a hunk of meat. When he got out, he shook himself very hard, which thoroughly wetted anyone within range. We then retired to have lunch, which we ate in luxurious comfort under a spreading chestnut tree. We decided that we would risk our lives on a perilous trip in the Ghost Train. As we stood in the queue, the faces of those who came out were not exactly encouraging. We faced the horror, however, and survived it. But it certainly was worthy of repute as a terror-chamber. At every corner, you were met either by a jiggering

* NICHOLAS LASH, born 6th April, 1934; entered Worth, January, 1945; important parts in *Blood and Thunder*, Summer, 1945 and *Lady Precious Stream*, Lent, 1946.

skeleton or a ghou! Indeed, at one bend in the track a hand rose from a coffin.

To calm our minds, we visited the brown bears. One of these animals had a tin tray. He would shove this out under the bars, a bun would be dropped in, and he would retain the tray and sample the tasty morsel. There were also two honey-bears, which looked as if they needed attention.

The circus was magnificent. At one point, two huge elephants came into the ring and sat down on stools. A table, covered with a table-cloth, was then put before them. They threw the cloth away and sat back. A tray, with eatables on it, was then placed on the table. The eatables having been devoured, the tray was thrown away. Among the items on the programme were six magnificent Arab stallions.

Chessington Zoo contains one of the best amusement parks in southern England. There are giant slides, big wheels, merry-go-rounds, and several other things. A large ostrich walked sedately up and down its enclosure, preening its feathers. A babble arose from the monkey-house as we approached it. The cause of the din was a Mona monkey, which snatched an onion from a little Capuchin monkey half its size. (As a matter of fact, the little Capuchin was already crying from the effects of the onion.) As it is notorious that Llamas spit, we kept a safe distance from two magnificent specimens which were placidly chewing grass in their enclosure.

The next place that attracted our attention was the Pets' Corner. Amongst the "pets," there was a large elephant. We had tea in the middle of the Corner. Our guests (self-invited) at tea were two kid goats, three bantams, and a large calf. One of the goats distinguished itself by jumping on to the table. We saved a few biscuits for the Jumbo which seemed to enjoy them immensely. One of the party stroked Jumbo's trunk affectionately. A castle surrounded by several houses was called Guineaville. A small and definitely New-Guinea pig advanced timidly on the castle. But lo! out of the portcullis ran a large black guinea-pig, doubtless a member of the Black Watch, and chased the invader away. The New-Guinea-pig scuttled down the road, and ran into the Guinea Arms.

We then bade a reluctant farewell to Burnt Stub and all its inhabitants, large and small, which had provided us with a long day's joyful entertainment.

The first five books of the Old Testament are called the Paraclete. The villain at the Black Hole of Calcutta was Sir Roger Darlan. At Pentecost the Holy Ghost came down and inspired the Aposles (*sic*) when they were having supper in the form of tongues of flame.

(*Worth Howlers*)

DOTTY DITTIES

The Editor invites readers of The Worth Record to submit new Dotty Ditties. Dotty Ditties may relate the activities and eccentricities of purely fictitious characters or, if it is preferred and the laws against libel are not contravened, the activities and eccentricities of your fellows. Dotty Ditties must be original, they must have point, and they must come in braces—that is, in pairs.

There was a young lady of Quetta,
Who had such a lovely red setter,
She said to him, " Bill,
" I feel terribly ill
" So eat me and make me feel better! "

There was an old man of Cologne
Who let out a terrible grogne,
He said, " It's that pill
" That makes me feel ill
All in my occupied zogne."

J. Jebb.

There was an old lady of Tyre
Who had a passion for rolling in mire.
When coated with dirt,
She put on her skirt
And went off with young Hezekiah.

There was a young man of Red Hill,
Who was feeling extremely ill.
He retired to his bed
With a pain in his head
And died without making a Will.

S. MacLachlan.

There was an old man of Mahratta
Who, through eating, grew fatter and fatter.
At last, with a yell,
He cried, " I'm not well!
" There's much too much food on my platter! "

There was an old man of the Gulf of Carpentaria
Who contracted the horrible disease of malaria.
Poor unfortunate fellow
His face grew all yellow——
And so did his ears and that area.

J. Lethbridge.

MISSION

by J. O. AFFLECK*

Under the spreading branches of an evergreen oak, there sat an aged Dominican friar. Around his feet there clustered a number of young novices, who had but lately donned the black and white habit. And now the heat of the day was over, their work was done and they were come together to hear this old priest tell of some of his adventures in America.

"What shall it be today, my children?" asked the old man. "What tale shall I tell of our trials and hardships in the jungles?"

"Tell us of the great mission you made in 1561," suggested one young novice.

"Then let it be," replied the missionary, and began thus, "Well I remember the year 1561. The summer had been one of the hottest recorded; the ground was scorched and brown, and not a blade of any green thing was to be seen. It was then that the Superior of our Priory sent a petition to the Master General to ask if some of his priests could sail to convert the heathen in South America. The petition was granted with some little delay, and I was allowed to go with the chosen ones.

"We started out for the sea coast immediately, and travelled by night and day, so great was our eagerness, and fear of losing a ship. When we arrived at the port, we found a ship on the point of sailing to Cartagena, which is, as you know, one of the biggest towns in the whole of the new world. After bargaining with the captain of the vessel over the price he would charge to take us, we collected together our altar stones, statues and crosses, and embarked on the ship with all speed.

"We set sail almost immediately and ran before a fair breeze until we had almost reached our destination, and then our good luck deserted us. For days we were becalmed in the middle of a glass-like sea, with the sun beating down on us with terrible intensity.

"But why should I weary you with details of our voyage? Let it suffice to say that we arrived at Cartagena, beaten by the elements, and exhausted in body, but with light hearts and thankful minds.

"Now it had been decided on the voyage that we would try to sail up the river which flows out a little distance from the city. We accordingly found an Indian guide, and started to march to the river mouth. Our way was mainly along by the sands by the sea, but sometimes we had to cut our way through dense jungles, which were filled with every sort of wild life. A myriad butterflies danced before

* JAMES AFFLECK, born 25th December, 1933; entered Worth, September, 1945; 2nd XV, 1945; Gold League, 1st XV, 1946; played title role, *Catherine Parr*, Christmas, 1945; leading male role *Lady Precious Stream*, Lent, 1946.

us, and at night the different colours of the firefly glittered in the still air. In the branches of the trees were innumerable monkeys, and long-tailed parrots of different hues squawked and gabbled, deafening us with their noise.

"When we arrived at the river, we found a small settlement there, and we were able to procure two large boats and an Indian guide. Now that we had come to our destination, we were all eagerness to be off and, at length, our stores complete, we started on our long voyage. For the first few weeks all went well, and we managed to keep to the central stream, where the current and wind helped us considerably. But after a little while disaster came upon us.

"One morning, as we awoke from a sleep made agonising by the bites of gnats, we found that our guide had deserted us. When we were assured of this, we held a council. In it, we decided to go on as best we could. After this, my memories are very vague. I remember a pool full of alligators, and our frantic efforts to save ourselves. The next memory I have is of a native clearing, and some poor, naked savages looking down upon us in a kind of half pity. It seems, however, that my companions managed to get another guide, and that at last we reached Lima, in Peru. But while this was happening, I was lying in the bottom of the canoe, with a terrible fever racking my body.

"While in Lima, I slowly recovered, and at last I managed to get up and see the city. Soon, however, I was recalled to this Priory, and I came back at once. After that journey, I made many others, but none was quite so glorious and, at the same time, so disappointing, as that first one."

As the old priest finished speaking, the sun sank behind the hills and the chill night air blew upon their faces. "Let us go to bed," said he, and together they walked towards the Priory, thinking of the glory of God.

SQUIRRELS

By C. McHUGH

One day when I was walking,
A'walking in a wood,
I heard some squirrels talking
As quickly as they could.
I listened for a long time
And saw them up a tree.
They were such pretty little things
And played so happily,
But when they saw me coming,
They skipped up and away,
Off to find another ground
Where they could play all day.

SQUADRON Z.

by G. THOMPSON*

This story is of the Battle of Britain, when it was at its height between 1940 and 1941. It concerns Squadron Z, one of Britain's few aerodromes on the East Coast.

It was a perfect day in May. Some Spitfires were revving up on the tarmac and the pilots were waiting nearby. Suddenly the loud-speaker began to blare out its long expected news.

"Massed formation of Dornier 217's and Junkers 88's with escorting Me. 109's. Course E.S.E. bearing 54° N. 2° E. Good luck, boys."

The pilots rushed for their planes and the Squadron leader, Gerry Carson, taxied on to the runway. He took off with a roar and was closely followed by S flight. F and L flights followed in quick succession. The planes, ten in all, assumed a "V" formation and soon were little dots in the cloudless sky.

F/Lt. Dick Pearson, leader of F flight, scanned the glaring sky with begoggled eyes but could see no signs of the enemy. Suddenly he heard the Squadron leader's voice through his inter-com. "There they are. A bit to the right and about two thousand feet below us."

Dick looked in the given direction. Yes, there they were, about fifty of them and in two layers, with the fighters on top.

The Squadron leader started to go down and the rest of the squadron followed.

As he went down, Dick felt his head pressed back against his shock pad. The enemy planes floated nearer and nearer, like gold-fish swimming in a bowl of light-blue water. A Me. 109 was coming up to meet him and, as it drew into his sights, Dick pressed the firing button on his joystick. His plane shuddered slightly as he zoomed up in a steep loop and, as he pulled out, he saw the Me. blow up.

Suddenly he was conscious of the plane bucking like a horse and of a searing pain which shot through his leg like a white-hot spear. As he whipped round in a right-hand turn, he saw his assailant. It was a blue-nosed Me. 109F, one of the new type, and he realized that he was up against a crack Nazi pilot. Blue Nose's first burst had severed some of his rudder wires and in consequence the rudder was almost useless.

As Blue Nose came in for the final blow, Dick felt a sudden spasm of anger surge through him. He jerked swiftly at the rudder and by some freak of acrobatics found himself on his opponent's

* GILBERT THOMPSON, born 20th November, 1932; entered Worth, September, 1941; School Prefect; Vice-Captain, Boxing; School Gym Team; 1st XV colours; 1st Hockey XI colours; 2nd XI cricket cap; acted in *Room at the Inn*, Christmas, 1944, *Obedient unto Death*, Lent, 1945, and *The King's Servant*, Christmas, 1945.

tail. He took his chance and emptied his guns into the plane, which simply flew into pieces before his astonished eyes.

The pain in his leg returned afresh and he felt dizzy and weak. He looked down and saw that his flying tunic was a mass of blood. "He probably got me with his first burst," thought Dick.

Suddenly a Spitfire appeared and he recognised it as the Squadron leader's. "He must have come to find me," he thought, "and to show me the way back . . ."

* * * *

The next thing he realized he was in a cosy bed. A nurse was bending over him and was pouring some fiery liquid down his throat.

"Thanks," he muttered—and fell asleep.

THE EAGLE

by J. B. V. GRAYSON*

The eagle looks down from his crag,
his wings gleam richest brown and gold,
he sits and blinks in all his glory
as did his ancestors of old.

His black eyes gleaming in the sun,
he looks upon the tiny world below,
he sees the paths that lead up to the mountains
and the rivers with their never ceasing flow.

He sees the birds and hears them singing,
he sees the men who come and go,
he sees the open prairies, grass and moorlands
and watches all that moves below.

Of all these things he takes no notice,
but sits above, alone, or flies away,
for soon the dusk will be approaching,
when he must hunt and find his prey.

Ad litteras etiam animos applicamus = We have often helped our friends to the shore.

Iam quattuor annos bellum contra Germanos gessimus = While our prudent armies fight against the Germans.

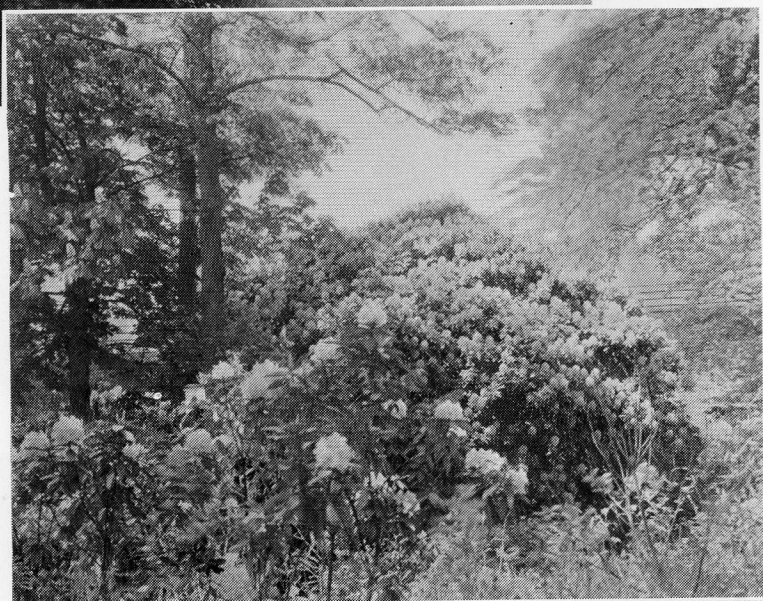
The Barbarians who destroyed the Roman Empire were Huns, Moths and Angels.

Ils font un pique-nique = They have a black pig. (*Worth Howlers*)

* JEREMY GRAYSON, born 30th January, 1933; entered Worth, May, 1945; acted in *The King's Servant*, Christmas, 1945 and *Lady Precious Stream*, Lent, 1946.

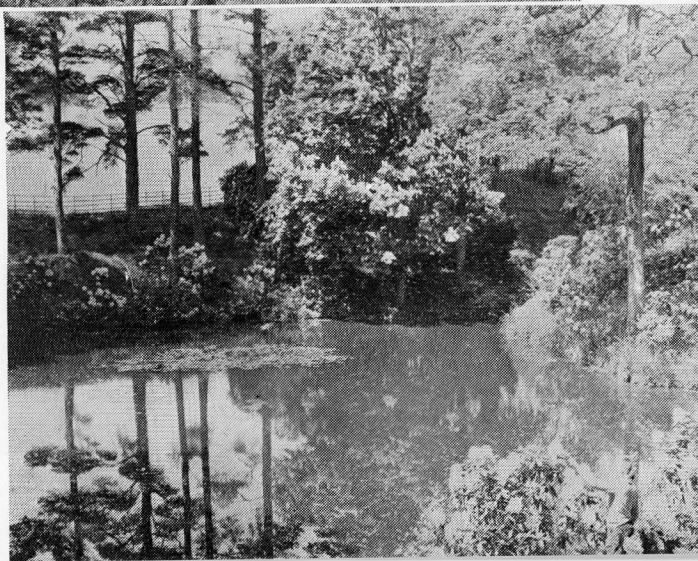


SUMMER
AT
WORTH

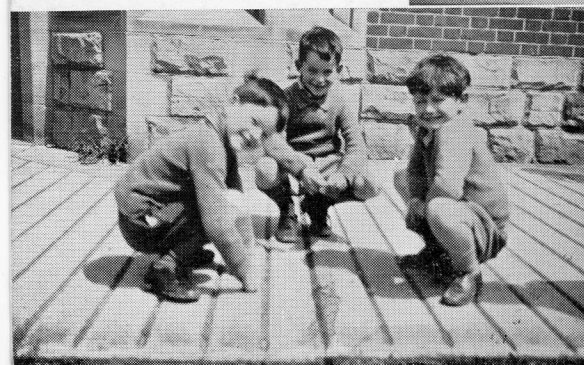


And because the Breath
of Flowers is farre
Sweeter in the Aire
(where it comes and
goes like the Warbling
of Musick) . . . there-
fore you are to set
whole Allies of them, to
have the Pleasure when
you walke or tread.

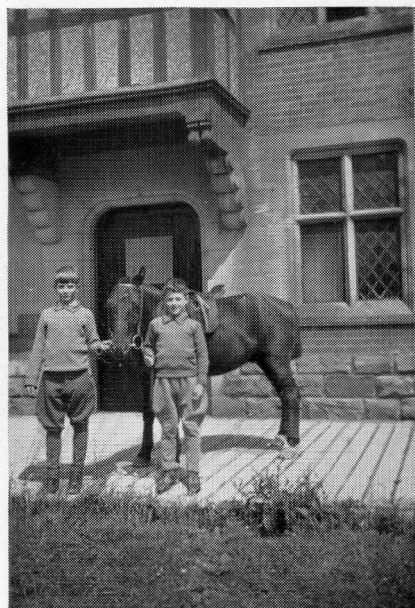
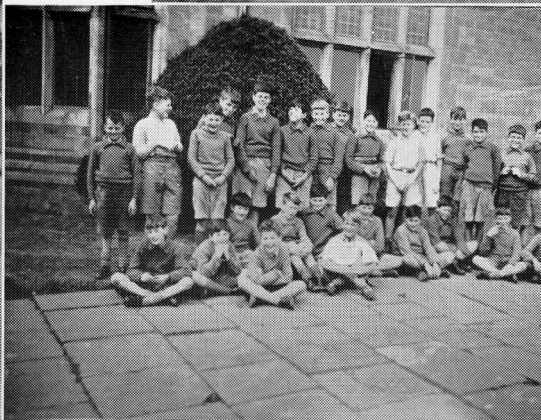
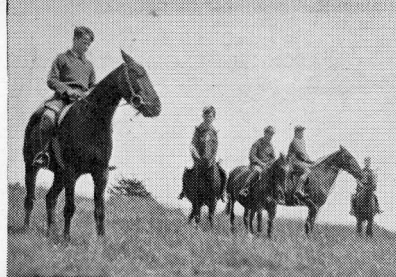
Bacon (of Gardens)



FAMILY

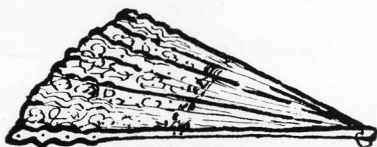


ALBUM



PRECIOUS STREAM: The marriage is to be arranged by the will of Heaven, and we mortals have to abide by this arrangement. (*She raises the embroidered ball.*) Now! Catch the ball! (*Amid loud shrieks she throws it to the corner where Hsieh is standing.*)

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R. I. P.

Jeremy Michael Cameron Harvey was only eighteen when he died. It was a road accident, and he was found lying there near his motor-bicycle on an April day this year.

Jeremy Harvey came to Worth in May, 1936, and lived his life there until he went on to Downside School in 1941. I can see him now when he arrived, somewhat impish, and yet with a wise and kindly feeling behind his inscrutable face, suddenly breaking into a charming smile. He was a boy of forceful character and it was often a contest of wills between him and another. He was the only son of a father who led the famous dash round the German flank at the Mareth line, and a mother whose energies have been thrown into social service during the war. They both wanted him to grow into the man he became at the end, a young man of fine ideals. When he reached the stature of manhood it pleased Almighty God to take him out of this world. Like the Chevalier Bayard he was *sans peur et sans reproche*.

A. M. B.

RIDING STABLES

One fine morning towards the end of May, four large and impressive looking horse-boxes arrived at the School. On opening the doors, six fiery steeds were led down the gangway and taken into the stables which had been prepared for them. The Worth Riding School, a long-dreamed-of project, was now open. Mr. Liley, our groom, who has had over thirty years experience in teaching the art of managing a horse, took complete control of the situation and told me that he considered they were the best horses he had seen since his Cavalry days.

In a very short time after their arrival, the Headmaster had a timetable arranged for fifty-four boys to have their lessons twice a week. A beginners' course was chosen at once and now, at almost any time of the day, one can see a cavalcade of boys, headed by the groom, making its way round this course in a wonderful array of jodhpurs, riding breeches, and knickerbockers of every colour and description. Very good progress has been made by all the boys and it is hoped that before long many happy hours will be spent riding round our extensive grounds, which are ideal for the purpose. We look forward to the day when we shall be able to run our own Derby, and—who knows? Possibly even a Grand National.

We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our deep gratitude to Mr. Storey, who has a son at the School, for his kindness in giving us his expert advice and for choosing the horses which have turned out to be so successful.

It is hoped that many more boys will join our school of riding so that they, too, will be able to share in the fun and gain the valuable experience of managing horses.

G. V. F.

THE THEATRE

Lady Precious Stream, by S. I. Hsiung, adapted by C. H. Mayer.

The Cast

His Excellency Wang Yun, the Prime Minister	..	H. Hawksley
Madam Wang, his wife	J. F. Phipp
Su, the Dragon General	M. V. Worstall
Wei, the Tiger General	R. A. B. Gowlland
Golden Stream	S. MacLachlan
Silver Stream	C. D. Harris
Precious Stream	G. M. H. Murphy
Her Maids	G. J. Willett and N. C. Dickinson
Hsieh Ping-Kuei	J. O. Affleck
Suitors	A. J. Quin-Harkin, R. Gordon-Steward, C. E. de Bruxelles, and P. C. Prickett.
Driver	R. T. Masterman
Executioner	R. A. P. King
Messenger	J. L. Storey
Property Men	J. B. Grayson and M. A. Hogan
Attendants	T. Norman and G. D. Purnell
Soldiers, Voices, etc.	R. Gordon-Steward, M. A. Goldfinch, A. J. Quin-Harkin, C. E. de Bruxelles
Hon. Reader and Prompter	N. L. Lash

A Chinese play, acted in the Chinese manner, was an ambitious undertaking for young boys. Its length alone, even with inevitable cuts and adaptations, was a formidable tax on the memory. Moreover, everything depended on speaking and acting; for, apart from handsome *décor* and costume, there was none of the usual aids to stage-craft. For realism, we had convention; for fact, we had illusion. Thus a chair might do duty for tree or rock or what-not. The same stage, practically unchanged, had to represent a garden, a cave, a royal court; it was bounded mainly by menagerie lions; no curtain, no scenery, no scene-shifting. Everything was made clear to the audience by the Hon. Reader, a costumed member of the cast who occupied a special seat on the stage throughout. One last illusion: the whole play is supposed to be in Chinese throughout—a difficulty more apparent than real.

As *Lady Precious Stream* may not be known to all, it is worth

while telling here the charming story of the high-born Chinese maiden who married a beggar for love, and thus became a queen.

Act 1. Wang Yun, Prime Minister to the Emperor of China, and his wife, Madam Chen, are still childless after twenty years of married life—childless, that is, in the Oriental sense; for they have three daughters, Golden Stream, married to the great Dragon General, Su; Silver Stream, married to the great Tiger General, Wei, perhaps the most handsome man in China, certainly the villain of the piece; and Precious Stream. Wang now wishes to arrange for the marriage of his third daughter. New Year's Day with snow in prospect gives him an opportunity of settling the matter by means of a feast and family gathering—ostensibly to enjoy the snow, actually to persuade Precious Stream to accept a suitor. The members of the family now enter, introducing themselves severally to the audience; and Wang announces a feast in honour of the snow.

One important episode follows: Wang orders the attendants to move a chair—that is, a rock—to a place where it may serve as a table. The rock will not budge. The Tiger General refuses an invitation to try his strength: the rock is not heavy enough for him. So the gardener Hsieh Ping-Kuei, once a beggar and a juggler, is asked in. He introduces himself to the audience and at once proceeds to move the chair—I mean, rock—carry it thrice round the stage and place it in the required position. (Astonishment—indrawing of breath, fan-play, uplifted hands). Our first impression of villain and hero.

While the feast is served, the invisible property men scatter paper snow from a balcony, with charming effect. Then Wang comes to the point: Precious Stream must choose a husband from among a number of approved suitors. She refuses, despite generous advice from all ("Follow dear father's judgment," says Silver Stream in silken feline tones). Precious Stream asks her father if the suitors are all equally rich and handsome. Wang falls into the trap and hastens to assure her that they are. "Then," says she, "it would be unfair to the others to choose one." Wang is completely floored: for a moment there is a dreadful hush. Then hubbub ensues. "You have outwitted your father, dear," says Madam Wang with, I think, some satisfaction; Golden Stream is frankly admiring, Silver Stream more spiteful than ever. Wang tries bluster: he insists that Precious Stream shall make a decision by her next birthday, in a month's time. But Precious Stream retorts that if the cleverest man in China (Wang bridles and looks pleased) cannot say which suitor is preferable, how can she, a stupid girl, make a choice? But Wang is not Prime Minister for nothing. With all the authority of an Oriental parent, he now decrees that there shall be built in the garden a pavilion from the balcony of which, on her birthday, Precious Stream shall throw down upon the assembled suitors an embroidered ball, and that the suitor

who catches the ball shall gain her hand in marriage. Responsibility for the choice is thus cast upon heaven; Wang withdraws and the party breaks up, Wei being hurried away by his wife with more haste than dignity, in spite of Precious Stream's innocent invitation to move a rock heavy enough for his vaunted strength.

Precious Stream, left alone, strides (until "she" remembers the rules of Chinese deportment) up and down the stage, racking her brains for a plan. Suddenly, she remembers the man who had dealt with the reluctant rock and sends for him. Shyly, cleverly, she worms out of Hsieh Ping-Kuei the admission that the only married members of his family are his parents: he himself is at her service. She tells him about the throwing of the ball and asks if he understands riddles: "If you look far for a suitable husband," she begins. "He is a thousand miles away," he answers readily, knowing the ancient formula. "And if you look near . . ." she goes on. "He is beside you," he cuts in, quick to see the point. In short, Hsieh Ping-Kuei promises to be in the garden on the appointed day and to catch the embroidered ball.

All this time—though nobody has seen it, owing to the rules of the Chinese Play—the pavilion has been in position; so the scene can go straight on to the events of the Great Day, explanations being furnished as usual by the Hon. Reader. Four suitors—they represent all the eligible young men of the district—appear below the balcony of the pavilion, singing the praises of Precious Stream in rhymed couplets. Presently Precious Stream is seen looking down from the balcony. Her tragic state of mind is intensified because she cannot see Hsieh Ping-Kuei among the suitors. To gain time, she makes the suitors swear to abide by the result of the throw. At last, she espies Hsieh, half-concealed in a corner of the garden and she throws the ball in his direction. The suitors' efforts to catch it are in vain. Hsieh comes forward: he has the ball and will not surrender it. Bound by their oath, they congratulate Precious Stream courteously and Hsieh with bad grace. Wang runs in excitedly among the suitors, calling for his new son-in-law. Hsieh Ping-Kuei answers the call. The will of heaven is too much for the Prime Minister and he collapses into the ready arms of the invisible property men who lay him in a graceful attitude on the ground. Madam and the family are summoned to deal with the crisis. But Wang soon comes to himself again: vows that he will take the matter out of the hands of heaven: storms at his favourite daughter: hurls the suitors, rhymed couplets and all, out of the place. Madam tries to pour oil on troubled waters ("You are only making matters worse, dear!") with words of calm reason. Surely Hsieh can be bought off. Wei at once steps into the breach but the gardener rejects his "handsome offer" with spirit. "Don't bully my husband: bully him back, my dear," squeaks Wei's enraged spouse. Wang offers a far larger sum. But Hsieh cannot be bought

off : he will relinquish his rights at a word from Precious Stream only. She, however, is as spirited as he : to her family, she is worth at most a thousand taels, and she will never give up the one person to whom she is above all price.

Wang has had more than enough : he explodes. His daughter may marry a beggar, but she will be a beggar herself, too : he will not give her a farthing. She corrects her father : "Not a beggar married to a beggar," she says, "but a working girl to a worker." She ignores Silver Stream's sarcastic remarks about spoiling her beautiful clothes by work and, screened by the family, removes her outer finery. Clothed now in a plain, dark gown she faces her father who shouts angrily that she will soon be glad enough to return and eat humble pie. She declares that she will never return home unless she becomes rich and successful; and she challenges him to a wager on it. Father and daughter therefore clap hands thrice in the approved Chinese style. A wager of this sort is final—at least in China. A wail of dismay arises ("Oh, it can't be helped now!"). Wang will have nothing more to do with his daughter now, but Madam, Golden Stream and Su bid her a courteous adieu. Wei's attempts to be patronising are cut short by Precious Stream's expressed desire to slap his beautiful face—being a woman, even she can harbour a certain amount of proper spite in her bosom. The act closes on our two lovers vowing the usual vows.

Act 2. Precious Stream and Hsieh Ping-Kuei are now married and the stage represents the front of a sort of cave : their dwelling-place. Precious Stream is within doors and presently Hsieh enters on horseback—hobby-horseback : Chinese style. He has news but finds some difficulty in breaking it. He is now an officer in the army; but—how shall he say the worst? He has recourse to the riddle style. He is off to the wars in . . . "a hundred years?" she asks, for she too knows the formula : or perhaps . . . "in a day?" she gasps, "My heaven! Today!" And they are only just married. He tells her not to worry : Su and Wei are the commanders-in-chief, Su at the front, Wei behind at the base. Wei will supply all her needs. Voices now call for Hsieh : he must leave. But Precious Stream must see him mount his steed; go with him part of the way; accompany him to the camp. The voices call again, urgently. Frantically she seizes the reins of his horse : he draws his sword, severs the reins and gallops away. Precious Stream is left alone. Through tears and sobs can be heard her despairing cry, "Oh, he is gone!"

Nine months pass, so the Hon. Reader tells the audience, and she hears that her husband has fallen in battle. Wei sends no more supplies, and she is reduced to the direst straits of poverty and want. Madam hastens to her daughter's side. Her entry introduces us to the Chinese stage coach—two poles with flags suspended from them on

which wheels are painted : all fearfully and wonderfully made : the poles are held horizontally by attendants : Madam and her maids walk between them. Precious Stream hardly knows how to face her mother ; but the two are soon in each other's arms. Madam insists on entering the dingy cave. She is horrified and begs Precious Stream to return home, but she is reminded of the wager. At last, the mother succeeds in persuading her daughter to enter the carriage. But this is only a stratagem on the part of Precious Stream. No sooner has the carriage begun to move than she gets out, runs to the cave, enters it and bars the door. Then, with tears streaming down her face, she begs forgiveness and announces her intention of remaining there.

Act 3. Eighteen years are supposed to have elapsed. A shout is heard, "Look out, a horse is coming,"—aye, and with a rider on its back, and the rider is Hsieh Ping-Kuei. Three times round the stage, and then a halt not far from the cave. Hsieh dismounts, and there before him is his wife. The formulae are gone through, riddles and all. He recognizes her and soon realizes that she loves him still. But it takes a long time, harsh words and stern tests—one of which brings him to the edge of things : indeed, almost over the invisible boundary between stage and auditorium—before she will allow him into the cave. Then he tells her how Wei tried to have him murdered ; how he himself went from one military success to another. She on her part tells him of Wei's refusal to provide the promised support. Hsieh now has to visit the Prime Minister : he hastens to say that this is pure condescension on his part. (Surprise). He suggests the possibility of Wang's driving his horse for him. (Astonishment). After all, he never said that he, Hsieh Ping-Kuei, was *not* a king. (Yes, a real riddle, quite outside the formulae.) He is actually King of the Western Regions. (Ecstasy). Yet Precious Stream can hardly believe her ears. But when she sees the royal seal, she kneels before him. His turn now to use harsh words and tests, but he is no match for her and the mock battle ends with His Majesty's announcement that Precious Stream is to be crowned Queen of the Western Regions. They pinch each other to make sure that they are not dreaming : so happy are they.

Act 4. Next morning is the Prime Minister's sixtieth birthday. It is the garden scene again. Wang is wearied with the stream of visitors. To the bottomless pit with them ; that is, to the seats of honour, for a Chinese is always courteous (after all, *toujours la politesse* is only a translation from the Chinese). When, however, Precious Stream is announced, he is quite overcome. He longs to embrace his favourite daughter, but pride forbids ; he treats her coldly and she soon retires. Enter the two Generals, followed by Madam and the three daughter Streams. A feast is served and Wang broaches the subject of a second husband for the supposedly widowed Precious

Stream. Naturally she cannot be persuaded: even Wei's musical voice does not impress her and he retires baffled. His wife tries and fails after having to listen to a fearfully lifelike description of her husband. Mutual recrimination follows and Precious Stream retires. The question comes up whether Hsieh Ping-Kuei may not be alive after all. Wei denies the possibility—has he not seen the three portions into which Hsieh was cut? Did he not stamp on them thrice? (Applause from his wife: "Better to have him alive," say Su and Golden Stream sadly.)

Precious Stream returns with Hsieh Ping-Kuei: Wei's eyes are popping out of his head: he can only mutter, "Better to have him dead," over and over again. But the others know that Hsieh is no ghost. Wei, ably supported by his shrewish wife, tries to bluff it all out. But the game is up. Trumpets. Enter a herald who reads a proclamation from the Emperor ordering the Prime Minister to welcome His Majesty Hsieh Ping-Kuei on the morrow and to bring Wei under arrest to the Court. Wei prostrates himself before the King, is kicked contemptuously aside, and crawls off the stage on all fours ("I am a dead man!") followed by his wife who is as good as a widow already.

The Stage now represents a royal court. Trumpets. Enter Hsieh and his queen with courtiers and attendants. Wei is brought in, pinioned. His abject confession avails him nothing: he is condemned to be beheaded. His wife rushes on, begs the executioner to wait, and pleads for the horrid wretch, her husband. Useless: she has to retire. The executioner gets ready. But Silver Stream is not dismayed: she re-appears, dragging Wang after her. But the King has no time to waste on Prime Ministers, and Wang, unused to such treatment, faints away in the correct manner. Silver Stream plays her last card—Madam Wang—and again interrupts the executioner. Madam succeeds in getting Wei's punishment commuted to four hundred—no, forty lashes. The executioner dashes his sword on the ground, furious: balked of his pleasure. Wei calls out that he would rather die than be beaten. No one heeds him. The attendants administer the strokes with incredible gusto, shouting out the score while the victim yells for mercy. Wei then has to thank their Majesties for their clemency and is allowed to crawl to a place near his wife who gives him scant sympathy ("This will keep you from being naughty for a long time.") The story is over and the play ends with everyone kow-towing to the King and Queen of the Western Regions. Hsieh and Precious Stream are left alone. "You gave your heart to a beggar: I shall always beg for that," says the King. And she answers, "Then I shall be the happiest Queen in all the world."

It was a notable success. Perhaps the greatest success that the Worth Dramatic Society has registered so far. For the first

two acts, the pace was moderate; then, in the third act, things began to hum; the fourth act fairly raced to the climax. The lines were excellently spoken—not a word, I think was lost; and the actors absolutely threw themselves into their parts. The pompous Wang, his sensible consort, the villainous Wei, the shrewish Silver Stream, the amiable Su and his wife, the faithful and high-spirited hero and heroine—all were admirably presented. The minor parts, too, were really good: attendants (notably in the punishment scene), property men, maids, suitors, soldiers, messenger, executioner, and, last but by no means least, the dignified and clear-voiced Hon. Reader and Prompter.

Performance was in the Day Room which, with its gallery and recess, made an excellent Chinese Theatre. That the audience was delighted was abundantly clear. We must therefore record their gratitude and thank Mr Mayer, producer, adapter and trainer; the players for their response to his efforts; Mr Bright for most of the *décor*—including some cherry blossom which, says rumour, he begged, borrowed or stole, after incredible adventures, Susan (not a member of the cast) having devoured his first edition—and for the stage management; Madame and Miss Chlumecky for invaluable help of all kinds, make-up, dressing, and (Miss Chlumecky) some of the *décor*; Mrs Masterman and Mrs Farwell for some lovely Chinese costumes; Dom Thomas for music chosen from the works of de Séverac, Glière, Goossens, and Symons; the Swizzelry Staff and others.

T. S.

No evaluation of dramatic instinct and talent in the School would be complete without a mention, however brief, of the plays produced, acted and (in the case of the younger boys) written by the Junior and Tower Houses, and which charmed their audiences by their sincerity and artless simplicity. It would be quite wrong to compare either of these plays with the more sophisticated *Lady Precious Stream*, played by older boys who received every possible encouragement. Without help of any kind, and with no costumes or scenery, the Junior and Tower Houses organized and produced their plays for the sheer love of acting. Their own enjoyment was so evident in their unselfconscious performances that it was rapidly communicated to the audiences and itself became the chief source of enjoyment.

Such keenness and, occasionally, the quality of the acting gives one to hope that the boys will retain their enthusiasm and that the Worth Dramatic Society will be able to draw upon this talent in the near future. Encouragement is also to be found in the existence of the Worth Puppet Theatre which is entirely run by boys and which has presented several amusing and clever plays in the past few terms.

C. H. M.

Trumpets! Enter Hsieh and his Queen
with courtiers and attendants. Thus
reaches its triumphant climax the
story of the high-born Chinese maiden
who married a beggar





The Cross Country Teams

From left to right, back row: P. Chalk, L. Kelly, R. Gordon-Steward, R. Thompson, A. J. Quin-Harkin, J. Norman, J. Willett, M. Bateman, E. Bateman; middle row: M. Worstall, D. Gordon-Steward, R. Gowlland, G. Thompson, J. Jowett, A. Vyyyan, I. Ortuzar, M. Chignell, P. Mac Donnell; front row: R. Masterman, D. Williams, P. Dolan, J. Barclay, G. Ortuzar, J. Charlesworth

(below) D. Gordon-Steward repeats his former success



SPORTS REPORTS

Rugger

On March 9th, the snow having cleared away sufficiently at Horsham, the under-11 XV went to Christ's Hospital for a match. Worth had won by 6 pts to 3 when the two teams met in the Christmas term and in the Lent term another very close game took place between them. The result was a draw, 3 pts all. Vyvyan scored for Worth in the first half, and almost on time Christ's Hospital equalized after some exciting play under the Worth goal-posts. For Worth, Vyvyan was always a powerful runner, and only good tackling prevented him from scoring several times. He was not too well backed up, however, by the other backs who found the slippery ball difficult to hold. Albert led his forwards as well as ever, but at times the Worth pack was inclined to be sluggish, and some of the forwards were slow at making up their minds what to do next.

The team was: J. Bateman, C. Thompson, J. Norman, A. Vyvyan, R. Carson (captain), M. O'Hagan, S. MacLachlan, I. Albert, M. Loraine, G. Ortuzar, M. O'Connell, K. O'Kelly, J. Keogh, R. Thompson, A. Monico.

* * * *

About a fortnight after the Christ's Hospital match, the under-11 XV, strengthened by Quin-Harkin, Lesser and Wright, received a visit from the Abbey School 1st XV. The latter were both large and fast, and although the younger Worth team played with great spirit, they eventually lost by 27 pts to 3. Our try was a typical Vyvyan effort—this promising three-quarter crashing his way through the opposing defence.

* * * *

On March 30th, the 2nd XV had their only match of the season. They had been crying out for matches, and jumped at the suggestion that they should go away to take on the Abbey School 1st XV. They found the size of the latter too much for them, however, and returned home beaten by 27 pts to nil. The team was: M. Bateman (captain), M. Hogan, M. Chignell, M. Worstall, H. Hawksley, A. Vyvyan, J. Storey; P. MacDonnell, J. Affleck, J. Antrobus, J. Barclay, P. Dolan, R. Masterman, J. Charlesworth, I. Albert.

* * * *

The 1st XV League matches were unfortunately spoilt by illness. The Golds possessed more of the 1st XV than the other Leagues, being especially powerful behind the scrum—they had five of the seven 1st XV backs. The Reds, on the other hand, had the 1st XV captain and vice-captain. The Blues had to be content with two of the School forwards. The match between the full Gold and Red teams would have been very interesting; but on the day the two teams met, neither Collins nor I. Ortuzar were able to play.

In the first match the seemingly moderate Blue side played magnificently against the powerful Golds. D. Gordon-Steward led his team from the scrum-half position with the energy of ten men, and his forwards, inspired by the dashing O'Connor, mastered the Gold pack. H. Wilson scored a good try for the Golds in the first half, and Quin-Harkin scrambled another in the second half, before Antrobus snatched one for the Blues. That was all the scoring. In the final, the Red team, denuded of all its stars by illness, was easily overcome by the Golds, who won by over 30 pts to nil.

At the end of term, a 2nd XV League competition was played for the first time in the history of Worth. In the first match, the Blues met the Golds. The latter had in their team the redoubtable Vyvyan, and were expecting to win. However, after he had opened the scoring for the Golds, he was well looked after by Bruce, Chalk, and MacLachlan, who had been specially detailed for this job, and he did not score again. Bruce, on the other hand, slipped through the enemy defence twice, and so the Blues won by 6 pts to 3. In the final, the Blues, playing with great fire, were much too good for the Reds, and won by no less than 52 pts to nil. Those who seemed to be scoring most tries were Bruce, Westlake (a forward who used his brain as well as his mighty weight), and MacLachlan, the captain.

* * * *

Our record of our last rugger season would not be complete if we made no mention of the visit to Twickenham on March 16th. Those boys who had been awarded their League caps, and one or two other good rugger players, went with Dom Michael, Dom Victor, and Dom Brendan to see England play Scotland. This match will always live in the memories of all who saw it. Scotland led 8—0 at half-time, and gave promise of winning by 20 pts. They had thoroughly mastered the English attack. Then, early in the second half, came Heaton's magnificent penalty goal from near our touch-line. We added to the big crowd's mighty roar, which from that moment to the end of the match never died down as thrill followed thrill. The English team seemed like men who had woken from a deep sleep. They drew level by means of another stupendous kick whereby Heaton converted Scott's clever try. Then came Hall's cool dropped goal, and England led by 4 pts. The Scots were now rattled, but with several fierce counter attacks they came within an ace of scoring. Once they were forced into touch two feet from the English line, but a tearing breakaway by the English forwards took the ball straightway back to the Scotch twenty-five. Then almost on time that great Scottish full-back, Geddes, just missed scoring with a drop-kick from the half-way line. Our hearts almost stopped as we watched the ball sailing straight and high towards the posts—but it fell just under the bar. England had won a historic match.

Hockey. Captain : J. Jowett.

On March 4th, the older boys were due to change over from Rugger to Hockey. We had not played this game for some years, and Jowett and H. Wilson were the only ones who were known to have played any real hockey before. Round these two, therefore, a team had to be built. Snow and sodden fields prevented any game being played on grass until a week before the first match, and the only grass we had for practice was the bumpy and muddy rugger-field. We had some small games of hockey in the quad. which gave very useful knowledge of stick work but very little knowledge of the positioning and tactics which are required on a full field.

Accordingly, we went to Tunbridge Wells on March 20th prepared to be beaten by 10 goals to nil in our first match, against Rose Hill School. But just the opposite happened. Our team played together on a smooth field as if they had been playing for much longer than only a week. The three inside forwards combined beautifully with extremely short passes, and cut their way through the opposing defence time and time again. Inexperience led to many of these movements being spoilt by someone getting offside, but we eventually ran up a score of 17 goals. On the rare occasions that the other side attacked, Ortuzar, a fine centre half, and Jowett, at right half, were more than a match for them, and soon they came up to score goals for themselves. Bennett, at left half, also scooped the ball unexpectedly into the goal at one time.

This was good practice for our next match three days later, against an under-14 team at St. Mary's Convent, Ascot. We knew that the girls would be much more experienced than the Worth boys, having played the game for many terms, and would be eager to demonstrate their superiority at this game over the boys. We all expected a very keen and close game—and we were not mistaken! Play moved from one end of the field to the other at great speed, the Ascot wings knowing what to do with the ball, and the Worth wings also having more to do than they had in their first match. The only goal in the first half was scored when Wilson hit in a ball which had rebounded off the Ascot goalkeeper's pads.

The Ascot centre-forward, who played throughout with great determination, began the second half with a fierce rush, and it needed a hefty first-time clearance by M. Bateman to relieve the situation. Then once more some even and fluctuating play was seen, but gradually Thompson became more and more dangerous as he raced up the centre of the field with the ball close to his stick. Several times he was in the circle by himself with only the goalkeeper to beat, but each time his shot was partly stopped by a desperate tackle from behind by the Ascot captain, who, playing at back, was probably the best player on the field. Eventually, Thompson managed to get in a shot before she could get at him in time, and he scored a goal which settled the issue of an

extremely exciting match. The Ascot team was certainly more experienced than Worth, knowing all about correct positioning, speed in getting to the ball, and stick work. At times the Worth half-backs were all at sea, and Collins was seen to be wandering among them, helping in defence. But the Ascot forwards were not good at finishing: their attacks often petered out when the ball neared the circle. Thompson, however, was always a menace when he was within reach of the circle, and only hard tackling by the Ascot backs and some fine saves by the goalkeeper kept him, and Wilson, from scoring more often. Gordon-Steward did some useful things at times, but was often too eager and got offside.

The Worth team certainly learned a lot from their opponents and put their knowledge into action in the only other match of the term. But before we come to this, we must record our heartfelt thanks to the Reverend Mother and everyone at St. Mary's for giving us such a memorable day on March 23rd. We all enjoyed our visit there immensely, and we very much hope to receive an Ascot team at Worth next year for a return match.

Rose Hill School could not play their return match here at Worth on March 27th, so in their place a scratch XI was composed of the 2nd XI strengthened by such mighty warriors as Dom James, Dom Victor and Dom Jerome. In a hard match in which no quarter was given or asked on either side, the 1st XI won by 8 goals to 3. Wilson, who played inside-left instead of inside-right, showed what a fine hockey player he is and scored seven of his side's eight goals.

Thus the first hockey season for many years ended extremely successfully, with all three matches won and with 27 goals scored by us with only 3 against. Colours were awarded to J. Jowett, G. Thompson, I. Ortuzar, H. Wilson, and D. Gordon-Steward.

The team was: M. Chignell; M. Bateman, R. d'Udekem d'Acoz; J. Jowett, I. Ortuzar, D. Bennett; M. Collins, D. Gordon-Steward, G. Thompson, H. Wilson, and T. Norman. Douglas and MacDonnell also played once.

Cross Country.

The inter-League Cross Country race took place on March 31st, over a distance of about two miles. The new course is an admirable one in many ways, as it is sufficiently long to spread out the runners and yet not too exacting. Again, a long portion of it is visible from the terraces, which form a fine grandstand for the spectators. In fact, the latter can watch the runners for the last half-mile of the race, as they come across the fields from the road by the East Lodge.

As we had expected from his fine performance of the last two years, David Gordon-Steward (Blue) came in first, and Chignell (Red) was second. Then came Worstall (Blue) and Jowett (Gold), followed by Gowlland (Blue). But although the Blues had three out of the first five to finish, a solid body of Golds coming in sixth made the Cup

more or less certain for their League. In the end the Golds won the Cup with 70 points, the Blues being second with 95, and the Reds third with 128. One very pleasing feature of the race was the complete absence of a "tail." All the "field" arrived close on one another's heels.

The teams and the order of their arrival, were :—

<i>Blue.</i>		<i>Gold.</i>		<i>Red.</i>	
D. Gordon-Steward	1	Jowett	4	Chignell	2
Worstell	3	Vyvyan	6	I. Ortuzar	11
Gowlland	5	Quin-Harkin	6	MacDonnell	13
Kelly	10	G. Thompson	6	M. Bateman	17
Chalk	15	J. Norman	6	E. Bateman	18
R. Gordon-Steward	19	R. Thompson	12	G. Ortuzar	21
Williams	19	Dolan	14	Willett	22
Masterman	23	Barclay	16	Charlesworth	24

Cricket. Captain : D. Gordon-Steward. Vice-Captain : I. Ortuzar.

The cricket season began with a multitude of difficulties. Neither of the two fields was really ready for play, and there was no other grass suitable for practice in the nets. For some time the lower games had to be content with playing rounders instead of cricket, and even the 1st game had not much cricket before the first two matches were played on May 18th.

On that day, the 1st XI played Ardingly at Worth, and the 2nd XI went to play at Ardingly. Both matches were lost, the 1st XI losing by 30 runs, the 2nd XI by still more. At Worth the visitors batted first and, playing carefully, made 80 runs. Gordon-Steward's bowling was fast but very inaccurate, and he only took one wicket. Collins kept a very good length and took two wickets for 13 runs. But Douglas was the most successful bowler, dismissing four batsmen for only 6 runs. As a matter of fact, only one of the Ardingly batsmen made more than 8 runs—but he, the captain, made 48. Worth began their innings confidently, Chignell hitting out in a very carefree manner (eventually to make 20 runs), and Douglas also, after an awkward first over. Soon, however, Douglas ran himself out, Collins patted his second ball into the hands of silly mid-off, and Gordon-Steward was caught after making a beautiful straight drive under the bowler to the boundary. When Thompson and Ortuzar were quickly out, the tail failed to wag, and we were all out for 50 runs.

Since then rain has reigned supreme, and very few games, and no matches at all, have been played. Some time, we hope, the weather will allow us some more matches. Then Gordon-Steward will be able to swing the ball as he did last year, and make some more straight drives to the boundary. Ortuzar will make many delightful cover drives. Collins will rival the others at batting, bowling, and fielding. Thompson will knock down the stumps by his throws in from cover

point. And Chignell will bat and keep wicket in his own inimitable way.

The team up to the present has been : D. Gordon-Steward, I. Ortuzar, M. Chignell, A. Douglas, G. Thompson, M. Collins, T. Norman, M. O'Connor, C. Graham, J. Jowett, and M. Bateman.

Boxing.

Captain : D. Gordon-Steward. Vice-Captain : G. Thompson.

Ten days after the beginning of the Summer Term, we had a return boxing match with Wimbledon College. All our best boxers were well and fit, and we were in great hopes of avenging our defeat of last term, in spite of the match being at Wimbledon.

Our hopes early received a severe shaking. Richard Thompson, though attacking throughout his bout, met a boxer in Woodcock who defended well and made some telling counter-attacks. The judges disagreed in their verdict, and the referee decided the contest in favour of Woodcock. Then Petre, in his first real contest in a ring, boxed in a very commendable way, but he, too, was beaten on the referee's casting vote. Monico was our next representative, but he failed to produce his form of last term, and he allowed himself to be rattled by an aggressive but wild boxer.

Kingsbury then boxed magnificently to record the first Worth victory. He has improved considerably since last term, and has developed a greater liveliness to accompany his boxing ability. Next came David Gordon-Steward, whom we were expecting to win quite easily. Well, he lashed out as fiercely as ever, and often had his opponent badly shaken. Had he followed up on these occasions, he would probably have won. However, he allowed Halloran to recover each time, and to attack in his turn with some very telling blows. Amid a tense silence, Halloran was declared the winner. After five contests we were four down. Things were looking bad.

But the Worth team was by no means beaten yet. The rest of our boxers set about their uphill task with great determination and, although some of them were in the ring for the first time, with great coolness and spirit. Quin-Harkin put up a much better performance than on his last appearance, and won comfortably. Gilbert Thompson beat his previous opponent, C. Van Loey de Looz, attacking from the start with cleverness and power. Thompson has developed into a very polished boxer. Jowett then fulfilled his promise of last term, and in a hard fight showed a dogged determination as well as skill to win an exciting encounter.

Vyvyan then boxed with tremendous confidence against a boy who was six months older than he, and won his first contest in a ring. MacDonnell followed with the best performance we have yet seen him produce. His opponent was experienced, and tried hard to subdue him, but MacDonnell gave out more than he received, and was announced the winner. Worth now led Wimbledon by six bouts to four.

The next encounter, between Inaki Ortuzar and Faulkner, was a wild one. Both boxers rushed at one another continually and swung their punches rather inaccurately. The referee warned them that if they continued to do this, they would be very likely to knock their heads together. The fight went on a little more calmly for a short time—and then what had been forecast happened. The boxers rushed together again and suddenly the Wimbledon boy stopped, clasp- ing his head. He could not go on, and so Ortuzar was awarded the contest. In the last bout P. Dolan met G. Smith, who had stopped Westlake in the first round in our last match. He stood up very well to a boy a year older and several inches taller than himself, and was congratulated on his pluck. But Smith was an easy winner.

Thus, in the end, Worth succeeded in avenging their defeat of last term by winning their return match by seven contests to five. Without exception, the contests were fought with great spirit on both sides, and while the Wimbledon boys seemed a little fitter than the Worth boys, the latter appeared to have just that little extra skill and thrust which turns a close contest into a victory.

B. M. S.

SCOUTS

Since the last edition of *The Worth Record*, tremendous advances have been made by all branches of St. Gregory's Group of Scouts. Many 2nd Class Badges have been gained, Proficiency Badges won, Cub First and Second Stars tests completed and Cub Proficiency Badges earned. Many whole days, too, have been spent in the open, so that the standard of Scouting has been considerably raised. All of which is very encouraging, and gives promise of much greater things in the future.

The First Troop.

Because of illness, the Acting District Commissioner was unable to pay us a visit in the Lent term after all. But we had the honour of being inspected by a famous "personage" who wore the uniform of a full Admiral of the Royal Navy—and a grisly black beard. After taking the salute at the March Past of the Troop, he watched the patrols compete in a knotting race.

On Sunday, May 26th, the new Commissioner for our District (Mr. N. Fuller) and his A. D. C. (Mr. S. Jarvie) came along to visit the Group. They arrived in time to see the First Troop parade after High Mass and disperse for their morning's activities. Then a short visit was paid on the Second Troop who were cooking their lunch by their H.Q., and on the Green Cub Pack, who were "warming up" with an energetic game of football. The Commissioners inspected the Second Troop's bridge on their way down to meet the Purple Pack of Cubs, who were cooking a meal in their delightful wood.

After lunch, the G. S. M. took the Commissioners down to the woods by Hole Farm, the Troop stalking them as they went. After an address by Mr. Fuller, the Troop had a very enjoyable and (to the spectators) amusing time overcoming the hazards of a string trail while blindfolded, the trail at one time leading across a small stream. During this game, the County Secretary (Mr. Bothamley) arrived to pay us a visit, and he afterwards spoke to the Troop and stayed to tea. All our visitors said they had enjoyed their visit very much and, in a letter to us, Mr. Fuller wrote, "It was all most interesting—and a lot of it most instructive."

The Troop had certainly made very creditable efforts to make themselves more ready for their inspection. Tenderfoot knowledge had been revised. P. L. O'Connor and Q. M. Ludlow had passed their 2nd Class Tests, as had P. L. H. Hawksley last term. Patrol Leaders G. Thompson, J. Jowett, and R. Gordon-Steward and Scout D. Gordon-Steward had won their Master-at-Arms Proficiency Badge last term. And since May 26th, Sec. MacLachlan has won his 2nd Class Badge, although he was enrolled only last term. He has also been awarded the Entertainer Proficiency Badge, as have P. L. Hawksley and Scout Affleck, while Patrol Leaders Jowett and Thompson, and Scouts Quin-Harkin and Chignell have won the Athlete Badge, and Sec. Douglas the Master-at-Arms. Other people are working hard for the Athlete, Cyclist, Horseman, and Marksman Badges.

At the Whitsun week-end, the G.S.M. held a camp for eighteen of the scouts who were left at Worth after the Victory Day exodus had taken place. The camp site was on the north site of the rugby fields, and was a very convenient and pleasant one. The Bursar very kindly gave us all we needed in the way of food, and wood and water were at hand in great quantities. The only thing we did not have to our liking was the weather. This was terrible. We went into camp after tea on the Friday night and had a camp fire before going to bed. After a cold night, Saturday was very, very wet.

But the scouts did not mind at all. Going about bare-footed and at times bare-backed, they made "fire-throwers" out of empty tins, and kept on the move all day so that they kept warm. The "fire-throwers" were used in the evening for a Victory display. The G.S.M. by this time had gone to bed with a slight chill, and Commissioner Dom Kevin, who was camping nearby, took charge of the camp until Dom Michael was able to return at mid-day on Sunday. To everyone's sorrow, the camp ended on Sunday evening.

In view of the fact that only five of the eighteen campers had been to a camp before, this week-end was a great success. The difficulties caused by the foul weather and leaky tents were overcome with ease and happiness, and very useful experience was gained by all. As one camper said to the G.S.M.: "We *do* learn a lot at Camp, don't we, Sir?"

The Second Troop.

Under the inspiring leadership of Dom Oliver, the Second Troop has now got well under way. Its bridge is still successfully bearing many big weights in spite of some sabotage carried out by visiting scouts.

John Barclay is now Troop Leader and has passed all his 2nd Class Tests. P. L. Goldfinch has won his 2nd Class Badge and the Missioner Proficiency Badge, while Scouts Collins and Vyvyan have gained the Athlete Badge, and Collins the Master-at-Arms Badge in addition.

The younger members of the Troop are showing an admirable keenness and spirit, and are well on their way towards their 2nd Class Badges. The older members, too, have made surprising advances in this direction. Collins attended the G.S.M.'s. weekend camp at Whitsun, and several members of the Troop hope to go to the Group camp at the end of term.

B. M. S.

WOLF CUBS

Purple Pack.

The purple Pack has been very active this term. It now numbers twenty-eight cubs ; this means that the Sixes are over-strength.

In May, the District and Assistant District Commissioners paid a visit to the pack. Their visit, which was a very friendly and informal one, was much appreciated.

Lovely Cottage, the pack den in the woods, is now nearly complete. A flag post has been erected beside it. The National flag is flown when the pack is in residence. The four Sixes are also well on with the building of their own dens.

A new indoor headquarters has been acquired. It is situated near the Tower House. It is well furnished with cupboards, chairs and a stove. It is hoped that before the end of the term the pack will have had a short camp.

Congratulations to the following for having obtained their 2nd Stars : J. W. Norman, A. J. Watty, C. Thompson, A. Mumford, M. A. Wilson, R. G. B. Brown, and M. L. O'Hagan ; and to the following for getting their 1st Stars : M. A. Wilson, H. G. Davies, M. V. Lambert, C. E. Bellord, G. de Domenico, L. A. Ellison, R. G. B. Brown, G. Ortuzar, J. W. Norman, A. Mumford, P. J. Foley, A. J. Watty, P. C. Birch. Many Proficiency Badges have been obtained. Sixers, C. Thompson (head sixer), M. A. Wilson, M. V. Lambert, M. L. O'Hagan. Seconds, G. Ortuzar, A. Mumford, J. W. Norman, A. J. Watty.

B. L.

Green Pack.

The Green Pack this term has become again a very young pack since our leading wolves have gone up to the Scouts where they continue to show and develop that spirit of loyalty and sense of cheerful brotherhood which characterised them as Wolf Cubs. We wish them long and happy days in the great Land of Scouting.

In the Pack, their places have been taken by younger brothers who also show great promise. Monico, as senior sixer, has worked hard to rally the new cubs to the call of Akela. In this devoted task, he has been ably supported by Keogh and O'Kelly and all our new old wolves. After a period of trial and perseverance, seven recruits will be solemnly enrolled in the Parade Circle and invested with our uniform on the feast of Corpus Christi.

Unquestionably, the greatest event of the term has been the visit of the District Commissioner with his Assistant on May 26th, in token of which signal honour we proudly hoisted our flag.

Greater efforts than ever before were made in Star Work. Four 1st Stars were gained in as many days while a host of 2nd Stars is well on its way. Proficiency Badges are being richly earned every other day. One Cub has ten of these. Never has Akela seen so much grim and purposeful skipping, hopping and jumping. Tying intricate knots and dabbling in the mysteries of First Aid and Hygiene have become major ambitions, while the vigorous enthusiasm for folding clothes and brushing boots would gladden the hearts of the Board of Trade.

But as always, the happy-go-lucky games, the camp-fire and the alfresco lunch are the choicest expression of Cub life. It would be untrue to say that the weather has been a faithful ally—but our spirits have not been damped. Nor are our dens pre-fabricated. Recently we invited our brothers of the Purple Pack to a feast in the woods and the thrill of ghostly yarns told over glowing embers.

The Green Pack, under its sixers and seconds, is united in purpose and devotion to the Call of the Leader, for has not each of us made the Solemn Promise?

AKELA

RIVERS

In valleys steep and valleys sheer
Flow winding waters, swift and clear,
They flow onwards to their end,
Down to the sea their waters wend.
On flow the pretty streams
To a sea which shines and gleams :
The sea so mysterious,
So beautiful, so glorious.

J. F. Phipps

INWARDS

The following boys joined the School in May, 1946 :—

G. J. S. Abbott; C. J. Abbott; M. P. Callender; T. W. G. Chetwynd; D. C. Cross; B. P. de Salis; N. G. de Salis; N. G. Dolan; P. E. J. Focke; D. R. Hawkins; C. J. Hope; M. Mackenzie; M. T. R. St J. Maguire; J. A. Murray; C. W. Roome; D. C. Shaw; N. T. Sibley; N. C. Thompson; L. H. W. Williams. *On June 4th, 1946 :* C. A. Charnaud.

OUTWARDS

C. J. O. Monro, *to Downside*; J. P. Walsh, *to Downside*; O. A. Brass, *to Brazil*; C. J. M. Proctor, *to New Zealand*; R. A. B. Gowlland, *to Royal Naval College*.

REWARDS

Prizes were won in the Lent term by R. A. B. Gowlland (1A); M. V. Worstall (1B); G. D. Purnell (2A); F. M. de Salis (2B); R. G. B. Brown (3A); E. J. Bateman (3B); A. Mumford (4A); M. B. Loraine (4B); A. J. Martin (5A); P. M. Davies (5B); S. G. Green-Armytage (6).

UPWARDS

School officials for the Summer term are as follows :—

Head of the School : R. P. Grantham-Hill.

School Prefects : H. A. V. Wilson; C. J. D. Gordon-Steward; M. V. O. O'Connor; M. C. Collins; P. T. MacDonnell; G. R. Thompson; J. A. H. Jowett; I. Ortuzar; H. D. B. Hawksley.

Dormitory Prefects : Quin-Harkin; R. Gordon-Steward; Worstall; Douglas; Bennett; Kelly.

Captain of Cricket : C. J. D. Gordon-Steward.

Vice-Captain : I. Ortuzar.

Captain of Boxing : C. J. D. Gordon-Steward.

Vice-Captain : G. R. Thompson.

Captain of Squash Racquets : C. J. D. Gordon-Steward.

Captain of the Gymnasium : H. A. V. Wilson.

Vice-Captain : M. C. Collins.

Librarian : H. D. B. Hawksley.

Assistant Librarians : Worstall; R. Gordon-Steward; Grayson; B. Hawksley; Goldfinch; Prickett.

Sacristy: M.Cs. : L. C. K. Kelly and J. A. H. Jowett.

Thurifers : H. A. V. Wilson and H. D. B. Hawksley.

Acolytes : M. C. Collins, I. Ortuzar, R. T. Masterman, and A. J. Quin-Harkin.

IF THE CAP FITS

I come down dah wid my hat caved in,
Doodah! doodah!

I go back home wid a pocket full of tin,
Oh! doodah day! *Camptown Races.*

There was a young man of Devizes,
Whose ears were of two different sizes;

The one that was small
Was no use at all,
But the other won several prizes. *Attr. to Mgr. Ronald Knox.*

Oh, some are fond of Spanish wine, and some are fond of French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench.
John Masefield, Captain Stratton's Fancy.

O welcome . . . white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings. *John Milton, Comus.*
With a short uneasy Motion.

S. T. Coleridge, The Ancient Mariner.

From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty Wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up!

William Cowper, The Garden.

. . . th' unwieldy elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis. *John Milton, Paradise Lost.*

There is a tavern in the town,
And there my Dearlove sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me. *There is a Tavern in the Town.*

The birch, most shy and lady-like of trees.

James Russell Lowell, An Indian-summer Reverie.

The Saxon is not like us Normans. His manners are not so polite.
Rudyard Kipling, Norman and Saxon.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
Shakespeare, King Lear.

Classroom 2—With antique pillars Massy proof. . . .
And Storied windows richly dight. . . .

John Milton, Il Penseroso.

What thing is love for (well I wot) love is a thing.
It is a *Prick*, it is a sting,
It is a pretty, pretty thing. *George Peele, The Hunting of Cupid.*

Form 4a

The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt Green, and blue and White.

S. T. Coleridge, The Ancient Mariner.

As the last Bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face.
W. M. Thackeray, The Newcomes.