

# *The* **WORTH** RECORD



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No. 4.

EASTER TERM, 1947

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## From the Headmaster

I can only write of snow and ice, of measles and influenza; of ice-laden trees rattling in the breeze like old bones; of burst pipes and icicles many feet long; of ski and toboggan runs; and of red noses and healthy complexions. There is very little else to record. I was fortunate enough, on the first day of term, to tell the school that, although the sun was shining, we might yet have snow. The next day, January 23, it was indeed all snow—snow which has been frozen, beaten down, thawed at intervals, frozen again, and rejuvenated by fresh falls, until now it has been covering the ground for nearly fifty days without a break. Never was there so cold a winter! The Bursar dealt manfully with Jack Frost and a shortage of boiler fuel by feeding the hot water system with logs, felled during the Christmas holidays by four of the monks, with prophetic foresight. Outside it might be twenty or thirty degrees below freezing point; but inside it has always been warm. Many visitors have wanted to stay in this one warm spot on the Forest Ridges. Who was it who wrote that delicious parody

‘Winter is icumen in  
‘Lhoude singe tishu.’?

The “tishu” announced the first measles case on the first day, and the first influenza case in the second week. There was a time when there were eighty-two on the sick list at once. All the staff did splendid work in an overflowing Old House and four converted dormitories in the main-building, without any thought of rest or leisure, until at last the ‘flu flew out as rapidly as it had flown in, leaving behind a small handful of irritable appendices. Now at last too we can say that the school is as nearly as possible measle-proof until the next generation arrives in September.

Lent is nearly half over. Thoughts of Easter and the first buds and leaves are ever before us. The worst is over; and it was never a very bad “worst” at the worst of times. By the time you read this letter it will be Easter, and I wish you all the happiest of Easters, and a splendid holiday.

A.M.B.

# THE RUBY OF QUEBEC

by J. O. AFFLECK\*

It was a few days before the terrible battle of Quebec that I was invited to dinner with General Montcalm at his headquarters. Such an invitation held no surprise for me, as I was doctor to the General's family. I well remember that dinner party; all down the long mahogany table sets of silver candlesticks shone on the fragile wine-glasses, dishes of fruit and meat, and the blue and silver coats of some officers dining with him. After the meal was over the General dismissed the other guests and led me to a private room where, as we sat by a flickering fire, he told me why he had asked me to dine with him.

"You must know," he said, "that there is here, in the cellars of this house, a considerable fortune in gold and silver money. It was sent from France last winter for the soldiers' pay, and is to be given out in two months time. Now I have found out that the English plan is to try to take this city before winter and, if I am killed in the defence of my country, you will be in charge of that treasure. Once Quebec falls, New France is doomed to Saxon tyranny, and your duty will be to take the money to France as soon as possible. I am aware that I have given you no light obligation, but so high do I value your sound sense and good judgment that I do not hesitate to take you into my confidence."

We sat long over the dwindling fire, discussing current topics. And as I walked through the silent streets to my house, I wondered how soon I would be called upon to fulfill my promise. Overhead the round and cratered moon shed a pale, silver light on the city about me, but her visage was often covered by angry, scudding clouds. I gazed over the murky St Lawrence at the dark, blurred outlines of the forests and thought of those cursed Redcoats in the camp on the further shore. I prayed that they would never enter the fair city that lay sleeping around me, and imagined them pillaging and burning houses, desecrating churches, and committing atrocities on the inhabitants.

The battle of Quebec, familiar now to every ear, happened with a surprising suddenness. I awoke one morning to find the street below my window seething with a mob of exultant, red-coated English soldiery, who were going from house to house, pillaging and murdering as they went. Realizing the awful situation which had arisen, and my responsibility concerning the gold, which it was my duty to carry to France, I dressed hurriedly and, going by back streets and dark alley-ways, came

\* JAMES AFFLECK, born 25th December, 1933; entered Worth, September, 1945; title role, *Catherine Parr*, Christmas 1945; leading male, role, *Lady Precious Stream*, Lent, 1946; important parts, *Madame la Baronne*, Summer, 1946; Melchior and other important parts, *Christmas on the Common*, Christmas, 1946; School Prefect.

to the General's house. Everyone there was in a state of consternation. Pushing my way through sobbing domestics and white faced men-servants, I found my way to a small door by the kitchen hearth. Unlocking it with a special key the General had given me, I passed down several flights of gloomy steps and came out into a damp, low-beamed cellar. Lying on the flagstones were many iron-bound chests.

Thinking quickly, I turned to the startled steward who had followed me at my bidding. "Go quickly to one Jacob Solomons," I bade him, "he lives near the Seminary of St Sulpice. Tell him to meet me here as soon as possible, and bid him bring some of his choicest gems with him. And tell some of the servants to carry these boxes up to the dining-hall."

One hour later, I was seated at the head of a table covered with the chests from the cellar. Before me sat Solomons, a dark and swarthy Jew. We had just estimated the immense value of the contents of the coffers. "I have here," said Solomons, taking from his coat a flat, black case, "a gem which is nearly as valuable as the contents of those boxes. And here is the remainder in gold louis." And he took some gold pieces from an embroidered purse and laid them on the table next to the black case. I took the latter and, unlocking it, beheld a large, pear-shaped ruby of a wine-red hue lying on a bed of velvet. I had some knowledge of precious stones, my brother being a jeweller in Rouen, and, turning to the Jew, I said, "Are you satisfied with the transaction?" "Perfectly," he answered, with a bow. "Then I must leave you," I said, and gathering the money I thrust the case into my pocket and turned to go.

As I did so, I swung back, struck by a sudden thought. "How are you going to carry that gold through the town?" I asked. "Those English will be sure to intercept you." The Jew smiled craftily. "I have a plan of my own," he said softly. "I will take the liberty of borrowing some of the General's servants, also some of the sheets in this linen press." And I watched amazed while, under his able management, a half-dozen servants made up three large stretcher-like packages, with the money-chests covered and placed so as to represent bodies. "I trust this ruse will trick the guards," said the Jew smiling. "These," indicating the stretchers, "are my three cousins, who have just been killed outside the town. The only difference is that they have more gold on them now than at any time in their lives." And, turning with a bow, he headed the procession out of the house, assuming as he did so a sour and mournful expression.

The following days were very busy for me. I completed my preparations for leaving Quebec at last, and booked a berth on a boat going to Brest. But my chief difficulty was to find a hiding-place for the ruby. At length I hit on a good plan. I bought a light metal flask, such is



commonly carried by soldiers and, putting a little glue on the bottom, I laid the gem in it and, when the glue had done its work, I filled the flask with red wine. The disguise was perfect and I had every hope of deluding even the most able British customs-officer. By the time my ship was ready to sail, the authorities had already got wind that someone had a large amount of French money to smuggle out of the country and, greedy as ever, they determined to lay hands on it. The very day that I went on board, several officious Englishmen crudely made a thorough search of my belongings and even slashed the linings of my coat and waistcoat but, though they glanced suspiciously into my flask, they saw nothing to reward their efforts.

As the ship got under way and slipped from her berth like a bird from her nest, I felt, for the first time, a pang of regret at leaving my home and the fine city I had lived in for more than seventeen years. I watched the city, every gable and spire bathed in morning sunshine. I could see little black dots hurrying to and fro and knew them to be citizens going about their business whom I had seen every morning as I went to my patients. I remembered the afternoon when I had first gone to Quebec. The town was then a small settlement and only a few buildings now remained of that earlier time. There had just been a periodical attack by a wandering tribe of Sioux and the inhabitants were repairing the defences, putting away their arms, or burying the fallen, much, so it seemed to me, as the people had been doing for the last few days. And thus musing, the breeze quickened and the fair city was wafted from my view.

The voyage had proceeded for several days before the blow fell. One afternoon I came into my cabin, hot and thirsty from the deck above, and, taking the flask from the pocket in which it lay, I uncorked it and drank all the contents. And then suddenly I realized that something was missing. Glancing hastily at the bottom of the flask, I found to my horror that the gem had gone!

*(This story, which is in two parts, will be completed in the Summer Term number of The Worth Record).*

## WINTER

by J. G. WELLS\*

Looking at the pictures  
Looking at the snow,  
People are very sick of it,  
Wishing it would go.

\* JOHN WELLS, born 20th March, 1937; entered Worth, May, 1945; Choir.

Wait until it thaws again,  
A lot of people say,  
Wait until the harvest's near,  
Then we cut the hay.

Wait until the summer-time  
Then the blossom blooms,  
Then we see the ladies out  
Looking for their brooms.

## THE PENGUIN AND THE POLICEMAN

by N. C. HAYDON\*

Frank looked at his watch. "Only a quarter-of-an-hour till Closing Time," he said to himself. "I wonder if I can get in another."

"Of course you can!—Two doubles, please," said a penguin that was standing beside him, as if in answer to his thoughts.

"Well, thanks, sir. Indeed, I am not one to say no." Somehow Frank wasn't a bit surprised by the penguin's being there, but still . . .

"Excuse me, sir, but I don't think I've seen you here before, have I?"

"I come every Wednesday."

"Ah! that's the one day I don't. I stays at home and keeps the missus company for once." The drinks arrived. "Here's to you, sir!"

"Mud in your eye!"

"Well, sir, as you say it,—mud in your eye!"

"That's rather a good one, isn't it?"

"You mean it *was*, sir."

"*Was*? Oh! the drink! I'm talking about the expression "Mud in your eye". I picked it up at Oxford."

"Oxford?"

"Yes. The University."

"Oxford? Univers . . . ? I always thought penguins came from the North Pole, if you don't mind my saying so, sir."

"It's a bit unusual, isn't it? You see, my father wanted me to be well educated and when I was two years old he sent me to Oxford where I spent a year. I have just been home to fetch my younger brother."

"Oh!" Frank looked blankly at his empty glass.

"Same again, please," said the penguin.

Then Frank remembered that he was a policeman, even if he was off duty, and he said, "Excuse me, sir, but if you was *two* when you went to the University and you spent a year there, you'll be only three now?"

\*NICHOLAS HAYDON, born 8th September, 1934; came to Worth, Christmas Term, 1944.

"That's right."

"Well, then, I shall have to come on duty and arrest you, sir."

"Why?"

"Well, sir, it's like this. The Law says that no one under eighteen years old is allowed in a Public House."

"Ah, but your 'eighteen years' really means the age of maturity."

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir, but if you're only three, I shall have to arrest you, or at least turn you out."

"You don't see what I mean. When a human is eighteen years old he is grown up."

"I suppose he is, sir."

"Well, the same with penguins when they are three years old. As a matter of fact, when a penguin is three, he is about twenty-five by your standards."

"You're still only three years old, sir,—whatever you may say."

"But you must allow that one human year is the equivalent of about eight penguin years."

"Certainly, sir,—slush in your eye!"

"Slush?"

"Slush."

"Why?"

"Because it would get so dull if you said 'mud' every time." Frank put down his empty glass. He realized how silly it was to argue about the penguins' age. How stupid he had been not to see that one penguin year equalled ten human years,—or was it ten penguins equalled one human,—or was it eight—or eighty—?

"Same again," said the penguin to the barman, seeing Frank's glass. "Yes. I *did* say 'same again'."

"You were talking about a brother of yours, sir," said Frank, thinking to change the conversation.

The penguin blushed—all over. It was rather an extraordinary sight. The white bits of him became a lovely sort of salmon pink and his black back and wings went deep purple. Frank never really knew whether the penguins blushed when he started talking about his brother or whether he had blushed when he (Frank) had been drinking.

"What's the matter, sir?" he asked.

"Er—well—er—"

"Well, sir?"

The penguin took a deep breath and, sinking his voice to a whisper, he said, "You see, I don't like talking about it in public, but—my brother is very well educated, and on top of that he got lost when we disembarked yesterday and mixed with some dockers and—all the English he knows is some terrible language he picked up from them."

"Ah! Here's—"

"Snow in your eye, said the penguin cutting in, not wanting to be outdone by Frank.

"Snow?" said Frank. "I was going to say *slosh*."

"But that would have been so like 'slush', wouldn't it?"

"I suppose it would, sir, now I come to think of it."

"Well, anyway, here's to you."

Frank thought he heard the penguin say, in a stage whisper, "You can't come in here,—go away." When he looked up from his glass, he saw why. The penguin had been joined by his brother, so there were now two penguins, both blushing hard. The new arrival either blushed because he saw his brother blushing or because he had just been told that he couldn't come in. Where the elder penguin had before been purple, they were now both scarlet. The second penguin opened his beak as if to say something to Frank and his brother immediately opened his to say, "Shut up!"

"Time, Gentlemen, please!"

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At breakfast the next day, Frank told his wife what had happened, but she was very sceptical. "So that's what you do on a Sunday night when I have to mind baby,—go up to the local and drink until you see double red and pink penguins." Frank tried to argue but couldn't, his wife always got the better of him. And later on that morning, as he paced his beat—with a headache—he began to wonder if it *had* really happened or not.

## SOME PERSIFLAGE

by M. V. WORSTALL\*

At home the other day, I was greatly amused by my brother who sitting at the wireless, was periodically turning the wavelength switch between three different stations. From what I heard, I gathered that the first was a commentary on a cricket match, the second a recipe for a Christmas pudding, and the third a performance of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Intermixed, they sounded something like this :

*Cricket* : Well, here we are at the Oval today to see

*Recipe* : a large plum pudding with white sauce and

*Macbeth* : scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, witches' mummy, maw and gulf

\*MICHAEL WORSTALL, born 6th October, 1933; entered Worth, September, 1943; Captain of Blue League (Rugger) and Cap 1st. XV.; acted in *Obedient unto Death*, Lent, 1945; important parts in *Little King*, Christmas, 1945; *Lady Precious Stream*, Lent, 1946; *Madame la Baronne*, Summer, 1946; Leader of the Choir; Head of the School.



*Cricket* : and so Hammond is out for nought in the first ball of this  
*Recipe* : gorgeous pudding. It should not be missed by anyone who  
*Macbeth* : upon the next tree thou shalt hang alive, till  
*Cricket* : McCool has bowled very well for the last two or three  
*Recipe* : plums,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of sugar, 3oz. of butter and a little pinch of  
*Macbeth* : MacDuff, this noble passion, child of integrity, hath from my  
*Cricket* : leg stump. So that is the end of Edrich who scored 58  
*Recipe* : sultanas. Then stir well and when well mixed add sugar with  
*Macbeth* : Justice, verity, temperance, stableness, bounty, perseverance,  
 mercy,  
*Cricket* : and a good length ball there by Lindwall, the Australian  
*Recipe* : egg, and cook for two to two and a half hours. Serve with  
*Macbeth* : Malcolm, his uncle Siward and the good MacDuff  
*Cricket* : all appeared together for Compton but their  
*Recipe* : use is unbounded : perhaps even ten people could get a meal  
 from this excellent  
*Macbeth* : caldron go; In the poison'd entrails throw  
*Cricket* : a lovely catch. It was well worthy of Hassett.  
 At this moment, a new programme came on the air with a  
 crooner singing *Honey*.  
*Crooner* : Oh! you are my honeysuckle rose. You are so  
*Recipe* : spicy, because this spoils the effect of the almonds and also  
*Macbeth* : get some water and wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
 Why did you bring  
*Cricket* : a slow spinning ball from Lindwall and Ikin hits it for a  
*Crooner* : date at that ole man's gate and I'll love you with all my  
*Recipe* : patience is required to grind the necessary amount of  
*Macbeth* : grease that sweated from the murderer's gibbet throw into  
 the  
*Cricket* : fast ball by McCool to Ikin. The play here today has been  
*Recipe* : delicious. Well, housewives, that's all for this  
*Crooner* : time last night when you said in my ear  
*Macbeth* : The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon  
*Cricket* : will return listeners to the  
*Recipe* : dinner for your husbands. So, good-bye, until  
*Macbeth* : The actors will be broadcasting again tomorrow.



CHRISTMAS ON THE COMMON—Melchior, Bruno, Joey, Columba and Maria: five of the twenty-four parts taken by the five players.



CHRISTMAS ON THE COMMON—'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death'.

## D. C. CROSS\*

If the desks sat on the pupils  
If the pupils taught the master  
If the boys gave Matron medicine  
And if Matron stuck to plaster  
If the paper wrote on pencil  
If the pencil wrote in ink  
If the refectory ate the children,  
Then the master's eyes would blink,  
Then the boys would be obedient  
They wouldn't break a rule  
And there would be the ending  
Of a most enjoyable school.

## KEEPING A SPANIEL

by R. J. MELSOM\*

To keep a spaniel you begin with some nice easy things, like a nest of wild cats, or a lion or two, and having finished the elementary work, just try a basketful of poisonous cobras. A spaniel isn't half as bad as any of those and they're not good! Every Saturday morning you awake with a Life-is-grim, is-it-worth-living outlook. After searching the ditches and sewers of the neighbourhood for the best part of the morning I return and find him digging underneath the remains of my favourite rose-bush. Then I catch him three times and, bedraggled and covered with mud, I lock him in the vice of the garage bench. I may as well tell you that you don't bath a spaniel, you cover yourself with magnesia powder and the dog runs away down the garden. I take off my jacket and forget to remove my watch. Soon the air is full of powder, so is my watch. With wildly waving tail, he knocks over a pot of paint and removes his teeth from my sleeve to lick it up. At other times I try to develop his brain (if he has one) with the ball-bone-biscuit game. I say "Ball" and he immediately selects the bone (or the biscuit). Similarly, if I say "Bone", he takes the ball over to the rose-bed. Sometimes, inside the house I hear a crash of plates and my dog emerges in full (eight inch) stride with a mangled table-napkin in his mouth. I hit out at him and he drops whatever he is carrying and looks offended. Sometimes we play the ball game. You throw and he fetches. It doesn't work with my dog. You throw and you fetch! and he looks on with a kind of sneering contempt. That's a spaniel!

\*DENIS CROSS, born 13th May, 1938; entered Worth, September 1946.

\*ROGER MELSOM, born 9th January, 1935; entered Worth, Christmas Term, 1946.



# A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE

by M. W. O'CONNELL\*

Crash, thud, and then a scream as Mrs. Robinson fell down stairs. "Quick, Mummy's fallen down the stairs, I think she's hurt," yelled twelve-years old Mary to her three brothers, Michael, Peter and Richard Robinson, who were quarrelling in the drawing room.

They rushed out to find Mrs. Robinson lying at the bottom of the old oak stairs in the hall with Mary bending over.

Mary was looking rather serious.

"I think she's broken her leg," she said in a low voice, "What can we do? The nearest doctor lives five miles away and the nearest house is about four miles away, so as we have no telephone we cannot ring him up."

"Let's not worry about that yet, the best thing to do is to get Mummy comfortable and then worry," answered Peter.

"I don't think we will be able to carry her as we may hurt her. I will get some rugs and cushions so we can prop her up here," suggested Richard, or Dick, as he was called.

So the three boys ran and got a mattress and several blankets with a few cushions. When they had laid the mattress on the floor, Michael took Mrs. Robinson's head and Peter, Richard and Mary took her waist and hoisted her on to it and wrapped her up in blankets and rugs. She was still unconscious and was looking very pale.

"I'll go and get some water while you stay here", said Mary. running for a glass.

When she brought water, Richard had pulled back the blankets and was putting a towel under her head.

"One, two, three, go," said Peter, and Mary poured the water on her head. Mrs. Robinson came to for a moment. "My leg, my leg," she groaned, and then she fainted again.

"Oh, dear, what can we do?" said Mary despairingly. "Come into the lounge," said Michael, "and then we can talk it over." Just then there was a tremendous crash and the whole sky lit up for a moment.

"Golly, it would rain just when we want to go out," murmured Richard, "Any way, let's think of a plan," he said aloud.

"The only way to get there is by bicycle which is going to be a very difficult business because of the rain and wind," said Michael.

"Someone's got to stay behind to look after Mummy, anyway," said Peter, "Mary ought to, as she's the girl and knows most about first aid."

"All right, then. I suppose I'd better as I am not so good on a

\* MAURICE O'CONNELL, born 19th November, 1935; entered Worth, September, 1945; Choir; under eleven XV and under twelve XV.

bicycle and I would only hold you up," said Mary in a voice that sounded as if she didn't really want to stay.

"Well, come on, let's get our macintoshes," said Peter, "and then we can start."

When they were in their rain-coats they went to the back door, said "Good-bye" to Mary and then got out their bicycles. It was pelting with rain and the lightning flashed and thunder rumbled. It was seven o'clock and everything was dark but they had all got lamps on their bicycles.

It was difficult to ride because of the wind which nearly blew them off. "Gosh, it'll be a wonder if we ever reach the doctor's, alive," puffed Richard, but the thought of their mother cheered them on.

They had got about two miles away from home when suddenly a voice broke through the night. "Stick 'em up, I've got a gun here." At the same time there was a blinding flash of lightening. In front of them just round the bend stood a man with his back to them. In front of him was another man with his hands up.

"Quick, turn your lights off, he hasn't seen us," snapped Michael quietly. In a second they were all off and it was dark except for a torch the first man held.

"Sssh! Let's wheel our bikes into the hedge," whispered Peter. After all their bicycles were in the hedge, they went along the ditch moving quietly until they had reached within a yard or two of the crook (as they supposed he was) and then silently got onto the road. All this time the crook had been searching the other man's pockets, but when the boys crept up behind him, he was moving towards the car. Suddenly Peter sneezed. He was trying not to all the time, but he could not control it. The crook whipped round and fired. He missed and before he could fire again, they were all upon him and he dropped his gun. The other man leaped into action and, being a fairly strong man, knocked him unconscious with a straight right to the jaw.

"Well, thank you very much for the help, boys. We had better bundle him into my car," said the man as he and the boys lifted the crook up.

"By the way, sir, could you tell me your name?" asked Michael.

"Dr. Smith is my name," said he.

"Golly, what a piece of luck! Do you think you could come to my house as my mother fell down the stairs and I think she's broken her leg?"

"With pleasure, my boy. Jump in. You can keep the vagabond company," said the doctor, so in this way they travelled home.

The doctor found that Mrs. Robinson had only slightly fractured her leg, but would have to go to hospital.

## MURDER IN THE TOWER

Do you remember *The Young Visitors* by Daisy Ashford? Here is a story written in the same naive "tradishun"

by G. E. de DOMENICO\*

As Mr. Rayn walked along the streets of London, looking for accommodation, he had just arrived from Africa and did not know the shortage of houses as he walked down Hilery street he saw a newspaper boy he called out to the boy and gave him twopence and took a newspaper but all of a sudden it began to pore with rain, he rushed under a shelter and took out his newspaper from his pocket and looked through it for advertisements at last on the sixth page there were about ten advertisements he looked through them carefully but they were much to expensive but when he looked at the last advertisement it ran like this. CASTELLO TOWERS 10/- PER WK. ALL EXTRAS WILL BE GIVEN BY THE OWNER.

"Aha just what I want" said Mr Rayn, looking down to find the address he read it through and walked to the bus stop to the station, he had to wait more than an hour. He eventually caught the train to the cliff front. When he got into the carraige with a woman who looked about 20, they soon got into conversation with each other, the woman's name was Miss White. She asked him "where he was going". He told her that he was going to a place called St Ives near the sea in Cornwall. Mr Rayn said "what time do we get in at St Ive's" she told him that "they would get there at six o'clock in the morning and she was going too the place as well".

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr Rayn woke up with a sudden start Miss White was bending over him shaking him. "Whats the matter", said Mr Rayn. "We'r nearing St Ives" just at that moment they steamed into Little Birdsey "we get out know" said Miss White Mr Rayn clambered down from the carraige with Miss White's suitcase and his own. They just managed to catch the bus to St Ives.

\* \* \* \* \*

They had to walk to the sea front to the old castle. They walked down the drive together Mr Rayn noked at the great oak door with the noker the landlord came out grumbling, at that moment a dog came rushing up barking. The landlord said in a harsh voice "Whada' want ay." "We are looking for an accomodation" said Mr Rayn "Oh! I see wife and usband, suppose yer want a double bed" "er you dont' understand, you see we are not husband and wife" said Mr Rayn. "er

\* GERARD DE DOMENICO, born 29th November, 1936; entered Worth, May 1945; under eleven XV.

I see, come this way me lord ". He led them through dark and dusty passages " excuse me," said Mr Rayn " do we get our meals here " " yes " said the landlord promptly. " thank you " said Mr Rayn. " this is your room sir, and this is yours missy " said the landlord. " can we have towels and soap " " er O.K. sir."

There beds were made up and a lamp brought up.

Mr Rayn woke up late in the morning, he dressed quickly, and went down to breakfast. He asked the landlord to take him round the castle. The landlord said " er O.K. sir ill take yer ". After Breakfast, as they went round Mr Rayn noticed something suspicos, for he already new that the castle was haunted he went on and did not say anything about it to anybody.

After they had been round the castle and had lunch he went round to the place where he suspected something as he tapped on a stone, a hollow sound came. He pressed the stone and it suddenly slide back he went in and pushed the stone back into place. He went slowly down the steps he flashed his tource round that he had in his pocket all he could see was a long black passage, he went down the steps, to a door, he opened the door slowly and looked in, there was nobody in, all he could see was a lot of boxes. He went in he found an iron bar and split a box open, he looked in and he saw the box paked high with Rifles, and machines guns, revolvers, he went a bit further on and he found lots of bren guns, and uniforms of all kinds and sizes. Suddenly he heard footsteps and voices coming down the steps, he jumped on the boxes and hid between them. As the voices grue louder Mr Rayn peeped out, he saw the landlord, and a small white haird man, they were talking about the guns. Suddenly they stopped talking. The little man went out whose name appered to be Jhon Tomlins. The landlord followed him. After their footsteps had died down, Mr Rayn crept out of his hiding place and followed them, and he quietly slipped into his room.

\* \* \* \* \*

Suddenly there was a scream. Mr. Rayn was out of his room, in a flash, he saw the landlord come running up. Mr Rayn ran up to the tower where lay Miss White, face downwards with a knife in her back.

Mr Rayn went down on one knee and felt her pulse. " to late " said Mr Rayn " poor gal " said the landlord. " Go and ring the police " said Mr Rayn " O.K. sir " said the landlord, and he disapered. Mr Rayn drew an atomatic revolver from his pocket and went down the steps slowly to the panel in the wall, he slid the stone back and went in. Suddenly a voice barked out that Mr Rayn new only to well to be the landlords voice, and it said " alright Mr Rayn put yer hands up ". Suddenly tnere were footsteps from the tunnel and the small man Jhon Tomlins came up with a Tommy gun in his hand. " Hullo my friend ", said Tomlins " Bert ", said Tomlins " go down and collect some rope



to tie up my bonnie friend while I keep him covered". When the landlord had dissapered down the tunnel Mr Rayn spoke " I see the game now, you are really nazi spies keeping mechine guns and weapons".

\* \* \* \* \*

Suddenly a voice rapped out behind Tomlins and it said " drop that gun Tomlins your covered ", Tomlins spun round. That was all Mr Rayn needed he dived at Tomlins' legs and brought him down to earth which noked him out. Mr. Rayn changed cloths quickly and he piked the Tommy gun up, and just at that moment the nazi landlord come up with a coil of rope " O.K. Bert " said Mr Rayn disguysing his voice, to that of Tomlins. " Tie him up, he tried to get tough so I hit him, and there he is know ".

After the landlord hid tied up Mr Rayn spoke " stick em up ". The landlord spun round and found himself covered with a Tommy gun pointing at his heart. Suddenly the so-called landlord dived at his legs, but Mr Rayn was prepared for it, he jumped aside just in time to avoid hitting the earth. He looked down at the landlord. He was noked out.

Mr Rayn tied him up. And rung up the police he had to wait fifteen minits before the police came.

They took the nazi spies away and cleared away all the weapons and ammunition.

Afterwards the nazi spy Tomlins confessed that he had murdered Miss White because she had found out about them, and she was going to call the police.

## THE SUMERINE BACE

by B. McHUGH\*

Once upon a time, there was a secret bace and the men were named Jake and also Bill and John and they had a Suberine which they called moonlight and one day they went out in the sea and John was lost so Jake went up to see if he could find him but at first he could not find John then he saw a light at the end of the suberin and he heard someone calling for help help come quickly, and Jake called the others so they went creeping up to the light and who do you think it was well it was John he had a hole right through his arm then they saw it was a shark which was swimming in the water so then Jake the oldest had a harpoon so he fired and got the shark right through the side. Now Jake said "we have got to be getting back my lads because it is nerly night time so lets have supper." They had for supper eggs and there last bit of baken and Fride bread which was very tasty. Now they had got back home again and they never went out without asking there mother.

\* BYARD MCHUGH, born 1st February, 1937; entered Worth, September, 1944; Choir.

# THE THEATRE

## CHRISTMAS ON THE COMMON

The journey to Worth was memorable for its glorious uncertainty : I had been invited to the first production of the Worth Dramatic Society in its newly adapted theatre, but the trains were running several hours late owing to fog, and I was unable to leave Downside until the morning of the performance. Luck was in my way, for when I reached Turners Hill by 'bus from Three Bridges I found a parent who gave me a lift to the Priory so that I missed only two minutes of the performance. I knew not what the Play was to be : I had hoped and prayed for the traditional Worth Nativity Play, but feared that post-war Worth might have " gone modern " and staged pantomime or review instead. My joy was unbounded when I was handed a programme which bore the magic name of *Henri Ghéon* as the author of the Play. *Ghéon*, writer of perhaps the best life of any modern saint, *The Secret of St John Bosco*, died last year and *Father Martindale's* translation of his *Journey of the Three Kings* was performed at Worth in 1936, its first production in England, and again in 1938. I knew at once that the perfect play for the occasion had been found and knowing *Mr Mayer's* productions from the days of Worth's exile at Downside I had no fears about the Producer. *Father Thomas* was behind the scenes with his dulcitone as of old, and he had composed a carol for the occasion, as he did for *The Journey of the Three Kings*. The setting for *Christmas on the Common\** with the gypsies' caravan and their stage within a stage was simply and very artistically arranged. All this was glorious and promised a most enjoyable afternoon if only the players could prove worthy of theatre, play, producer, music and props.

The uncertainty was short-lived. Five boys played the parts of the gypsies : Old Melchior, *J. Affleck*; Old Colomba, *C. D. Harris*; Joey, their son, *N. Lash*; Maria, his wife, *G. M. Murphy*; and Bruno, their son, *R. Barton*. The gypsies proceed to act the Five Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary to illustrate Melchior's reading from the book he has inherited from his ancestor, King Melchior, and the actors proceed to carry their audience into the wonderful world of *Ghéon's* plays where the things of the spirit are far more real than the things of the body and the loveliness of human nature, even its shortcomings, is proven here again and again. These five players gripped their audience for several hours and between them took twenty-six parts. Their elocution was faultless; their actions were simple and natural; their sympathy with, and understanding of, each other was remarkable; their reverence for

\*Published under the title of *Christmas in the Market Place* by Messrs. Frederick Muller.

the theme was equalled by their ability to change the tempo quickly from humour to pathos, from the ridiculous to the sublime.

*N. Lash* was a most convincing Joey and his dynamic personality had a Gallic touch which kept the audience in a state of happy expectancy throughout the performance. As a Jew of the Advent one remembers particularly his shrewd commentary on a world without Christ: "When will the curse of it all end? The poor aren't happy, and the middling sort of people aren't happy, and the rich aren't happy, either . . . What good is there in being rich or poor . . . in starving on the roads, or drowning life away in an armchair? If there is nothing afterwards . . . nothing *final*?" At the end of each act Joey appeared to bring the audience back to reality with a bump: "Did you hear me prompt anyone? Oh, very little—hardly at all. The Holy Ghost prompted most of the time." It was impossible not to sympathize with his appeal to the audience before the presentation of the Visitation: "Hi! you in the corner . . . yes, you, sir! I know you don't mean to interrupt us when we are playing, but that grave-yard cough of yours is very distressing, you know. Try shoving a handkerchief in your mouth, will you? What's that? You haven't got a handkerchief, eh? You *have* got one? Fine! You don't mind my mentioning it, do you?" The way the players coped with the interruptions during the performance, especially the interruptions of the four-year old who kept on demanding where were the shepherd's "cheep" and the braying donkey and complained about the immobility of the caravan, was admirable. As Joseph, *Lash* showed that he was not merely the Playboy type of actor and got full value out of the soliloquy: "Lord, I am just a poor man. You have shown me that, I might say, in everything about me. Oh, I am not complaining! You say "Go" and I go! I go—I stay—I don't try to understand. I know that YOU are with me. You hold me by the hand . . . *in Your hand*. Don't be afraid—I obey you. I shall guard Your Son, take care of Him, and bring Him up well. He'll be a credit to You." This speech is characteristic of the author's subtle simplicity which was so skilfully interpreted by players and producer that the audience was in that constant state of happy recognition which brings tears of sympathy and smiles of "There go I" at the same time.

*J. Affleck* as Melchior was very impressive as the Narrator and his diction and statuesque dignity led one to imagine that here was indeed the venerable descendant of the Magus Melchior. As Simeon complaining about the giddiness of the Chosen People he was most impressive: "They are not worth much, I agree, and they have their deserts. If they wish to run round in circles, let them. You'd think they were going through life on a roundabout. As soon as they stop, they are bored—they have time to think and they are so scared of thinking of You! Oh, they suffer . . . they suffer, I assure You. They suffer from their ever-



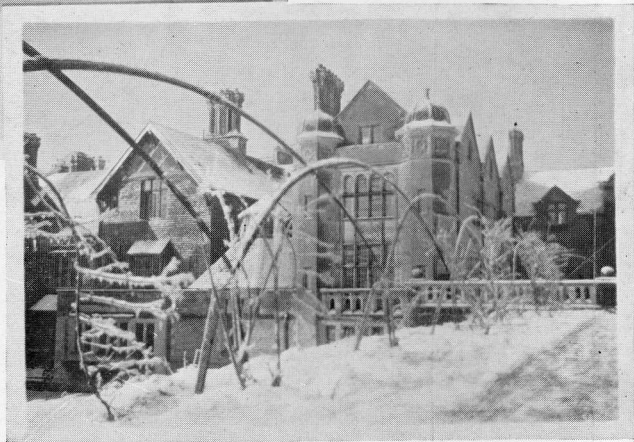
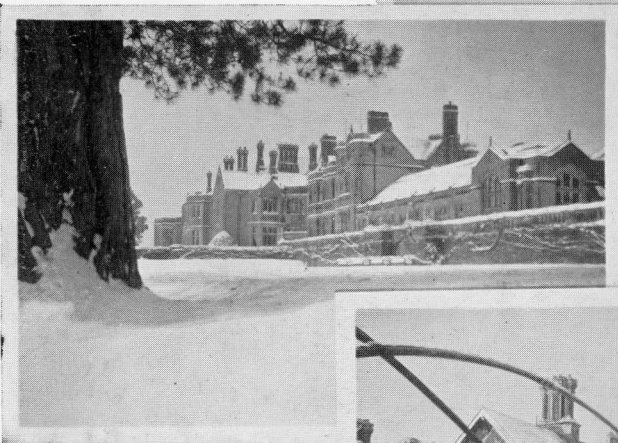
CHRISTMAS ON THE COMMON—*'Sweet Jesus! In flesh and blood! . . . St Columba, our patron saint, pray for us. . . .'*





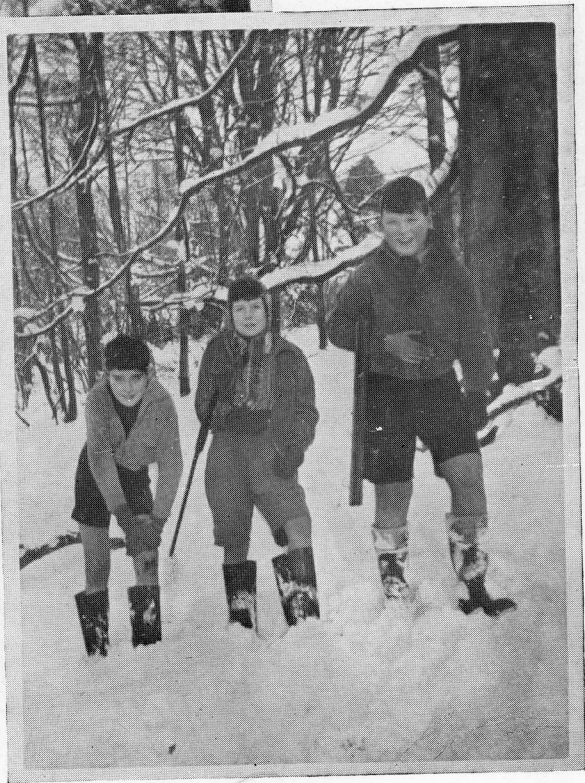
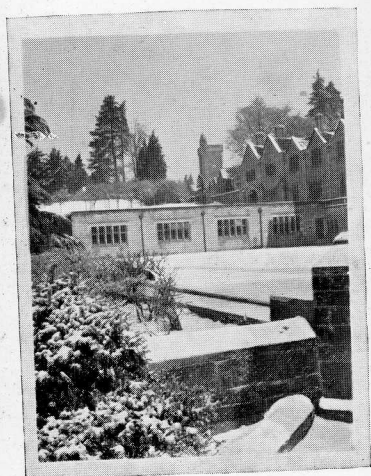
# WORTH

*O ye frost and cold  
O ye ice and snow,*



# WINTER

*Bless the Lord*





PROOF COPY  
HIGGINOLD  
EAST GRINSTEAD

FIRST XV

BACK ROW—Left to Right—Worstall, Antrobus, Birch, Vyryan, Albert, Williams.

MIDDLE ROW—Chignell, Lesser, Quin-Harkin, T. H. Norman, M. Bateman, Gaggero, Agnew. FRONT ROW—MacLachlan, Loraine, Green.

lasting whirling round in circles. What will they do when they see You? They will have to stop, to face You, to pray to You. Life goes by and they make nothing of it. God of Abraham, God of Jacob, pity them and pity Simeon." As Herod and the Doctor in the Temple one saw the fire and spirit which *Affleck* had concealed so skilfully as Melchior and Simeon that it was difficult to realize that here was the same boy. Several times during his performance the writer was reminded of the acting of the Pilate of the Passion Play at Oberammergau in 1934: this is indeed high praise.

"Our Patron, Saint Colomba, pray for us" was the theme which ran through the play and *C. D. Harris* is to be congratulated on the versatility of his playing which made him equally convincing as the Neighbour who was not expecting the Messiah—"You'll have to wait a long time for Him. *We* shan't see Him. But it doesn't worry me because I can't do anything about it";—a superb Roman lady who got involved in a census traffic jam with a flock of sheep at Bethlehem—"I shall not forget Bethlehem. What a hole! Disgusting roads! It took me the entire morning to find a decent room in the hotel and that had no bathroom. There is only one—reserved for Civil Servants, of course. How shall I get rid of this smell? It is all over me. I am soaked in it. I shall smell of sheep for the rest of my life!";—as St Elizabeth and Anna the Prophetess in which he gave restrained and unaffected performances in the best Worth acting tradition.

Of *G. M. Murphy's* acting one had heard so much from Worth boys at Downside that one expected much; nevertheless, one was not prepared for the sense of ease and serenity with which he seemed to live the difficult parts assigned to him: as Joey's wife who bade him sing to disperse the villagers he was quite convincing; but as Our Lady, in the scenes with Gabriel and St Elizabeth, he spoke his lines with such dignity and simplicity that a sense of security seemed to descend upon players and audience alike at his every appearance. I saw the play on two consecutive afternoons and I should have been ready to see it on fifteen, for it was a spiritual and aesthetic experience which I can liken only to the Passion Play at Oberammergau: the thanks for this are mainly due to *Mr Mayer* but then to *Murphy* and *Barton*.

"Yes, this is it!" says the Angel Gabriel when he finds Our Lady, "I nearly went in the wrong door. It's emotion." Every word spoken by this diminutive angel was heard by the audience and the self-discipline and control which went to the dynamic effect which he had upon his hearers must have been considerable. "Shall I warn her, or shall I take her by surprise? I might cough or sing. Hum, hum, hum. No, she does not hear. I will stand under the jasmine and play my flute and wait till she sees me." *Barton* was indeed, in his own words, a "super-angel—one of the more intelligent angels," for to play this part



convincingly he had to hold the stage alone for several long speeches and there seemed no effort and no hesitation in the manner of his doing so. As the Shepherd who coped so admirably with the Roman matron his performance will, I fancy, remain a treasured memory in the minds of his audience and, as The Holy Child with the Doctors, his solemn diction and sensitive interpretation of such lines as : " Did you not know that I must be about My Father's business?" and " I have no opinion of My own. I have nothing of My own ", were perhaps the finest things in the production.

" The greatest thing that anyone can do is to serve," says *Patrick Pearse*, the author of the first nativity play produced at Worth in 1933. The Worth Players served their School, their audience and their Producer well at the opening of their new theatre. Long may they continue to present the story of the Word becoming Flesh at Christmas and long may they give testimony to the fact that the Church is the mother of the Drama for " the theatre, which in much one might liken to a monastic rule, demands the subjection of all physical, mental and emotional elements to the requirements of art." *Prosperet opus!* For did not *Alice Meynell* write well in *Unto us a Son is Born* :

*And joy is young, and new all art,  
And He. too, Whom we have by heart.*

A.W.P.

## ALADDIN

On Shrove Tuesday the Junior House presented their most ambitious effort yet—a colossal, stupendous, breath-taking, all-singing, all-dancing, glorious Technicolour show on a scale that would have made even C. B. Cochrane think twice before undertaking its production; for not only did the performance last for over an hour and a half, but, as we have said, the action was interspersed with songs and dancing. It was, in fact, a real pantomime; and its production must have entailed the tremendous amount of hard work which that implies.

The story was Aladdin; an old theme, but one which always lends itself to fresh interpretation. This particular interpretation had—to our delight—the impress of the Junior House upon it: the whole atmosphere of the play was charged with the exuberance and spontaneity of that noble establishment.

The title part was played by *A. M. Monico*, who carried it off with the same engaging self-assurance that he displayed last summer in "Toad of Toad Hall". He bounced off and on the stage, completely undismayed by the presence of magicians and emperors, and his handling of those distinguished personages left us speechless with admiration. *J. F. Keogh*, as the Widow Twankey, was magnificent; he conveyed the atmosphere of Billingsgate so faithfully that one could



almost smell the fish. In contrast to her vulgar breeziness was the demure charm of the Princess (*P. Kemmis-Betty*). It is reported that even the most hard-boiled among the lay Masters staff left the play sighing softly to himself and with a far-off look in his eyes, having been completely captivated by her simple, unsophisticated grace.

The main characters were well supported by the rest of the cast, each of whom threw himself into his part with tremendous zest. We were particularly impressed by the costumes, and by the obvious amount of care and attention that had been paid to each individual. But from the point of production perhaps the most striking success was the appearances of the two genii or djinns. (We read the latter word in a book a few days ago, so it must be right). When Aladdin rubbed the Lamp the lights went out, there was a flash, and as if from nowhere there appeared on the stage a figure that might have stepped straight from the pages of the Arabian Nights.

It was unfortunate that the last few weeks before the play was produced should have coincided with epidemics of 'flu and measles, in which practically the whole of the cast was involved. Just a few more days of rehearsal with the whole cast would have eliminated one or two minor defects in co-ordination among the players and added a little more polish to the singing and dancing of the chorus. But taking into consideration these difficulties, together with the fact that at the last minute it was found impossible to use the school theatre, one can have nothing but admiration for the way in which Dom Brendan and the Junior House succeeded in staging this magnificent show. Well done, Junior House!

J.J.T.

## SPORTS REPORTS

### Rugger

#### 1st XV

Captain : T. Norman. Vice-Captain : J. Quin-Harkin.

The 1st XV had a very unlucky season. For the whole of it they were deprived of the services of two extremely promising members of last year's team, Wright and Tyszkiewicz. Both of these were backs, and all rugger players know that good backs are much more difficult to replace than forwards. Then Quin-Harkin, the scrum-leader, developed appendicitis after the second match and was out of the team for the rest of the term. Lastly the snow and ice of the Easter Term prevented us from showing what we could do with the whole of our best team playing together.

There is no way of telling what would have happened to our results if our whole team had been playing throughout the season. As it was, all our defeats, except one, were very close affairs, and were against sides which did very well indeed in their other matches. The one decisive defeat was in our first match against an older and heavier Beaumont side. The ground was heavy and the ball slippery, and our forwards were unable to force the ball through a stronger pack: they would have done better if they had given their outsides more chances to overcome the difficulty of holding a wet ball. We were only losing by six points to nil at half-time, but our forwards were so worn down by the end of the game that nine points were given away in the last ten minutes.

In the next match, against Wimbledon, the whole team showed greatly improved form. Loraine hooked well, MacLachlan served the ball well from the base of the scrum, and Norman started his line moving quickly. Several times Chignell and Vyvyan cut through in the centre brilliantly, but were just stopped a yard or two from the line. Then Norman came up like lightning to take a perfectly timed pass from MacLachlan, and he was over the line in a flash. We led by this try, which was not converted, until a quarter of an hour from the end. Then a try in the corner spurred on our opponents, who scored two more tries in quick succession, one of which was converted, and we could only reply with a try by Agnew near the corner-flag in the last minute of the game.

The next match, at Hillsbrow, was most unfortunate from our point of view. The whole team played remarkably well in the first half, and on three occasions crossed our opponents' line, but each time something went wrong—once Norman raced with the ball in his hands over the dead-ball line, which was much nearer the goal-line than he is used to find it. The Hillsbrow backs were good, and several times the left wing was brought down by Masterman with a fine covering tackle when he seemed to be right away. In the second half, we did not do so well, and a Hillsbrow centre snapped up a dropped pass and scored a try near the posts which was converted. A penalty goal in the last three minutes put the finishing touch to our discomfiture. And we were eagerly looking forward to the return match.

The next week we received a large and powerful team from St George's, Weybridge, and when they scored a forward try in the first three minutes, things looked very black for us. But very soon Norman scored a brilliant try after Worstall, now playing centre instead of wing, had made a lot of ground. Then Chignell, playing his first match as scrum-half, broke away on the blind side and sent in Birch near the corner. From then onwards, it was all Worth, apart from an occasional individual effort by a powerful Weybridge forward.

The following Saturday came the longed-for return match against Hillsbrow. And a keen match it was. From start to finish, however, Worth displayed superiority in every department of the game, except in the art of falling on the ball. The forwards excelled themselves, with Albert, Gaggero, and Lesser being outstanding. They monopolized the play in the first half, and for twenty minutes play was in our opponents' twenty-five. Birch went over in the corner from a blind-side breakaway by Chignell, but dropped the ball as he was tackled. Norman went over like a bullet from a brilliant interception, but the whistle had previously blown. The Hillsbrow forwards were rattled. From several penalty kicks, Norman kicked two beautiful goals. In the second half, play was a little more even, though Worth did most of the pressing. Worstall ran well to score one unconverted try. Hillsbrow replied with a forward rush try. Albert retaliated with a similar one for us, and Hillsbrow got one more try due to faulty falling on the ball behind the Worth scrum. It was a memorable match.

About the last match little must be said. On a waterlogged field proper rugby was impossible. Albert scored a try for Worth following a forward rush, and our opponents did the same—and turned it into a goal—in the last minute of the first half. In the second half, with two to three notable exceptions, the Worth team allowed itself to be overcome by the weather, and failing to produce their best form were deservedly beaten.

As in previous years, the forwards were the mainstay of the Worth team. Among a fast and fiery pack, Albert, Gaggero, and Lesser were ever to the fore in rushes: Masterman was very clever and robust in his covering off in defence: and in the end Agnew proved a powerful foiler of scrum-halves. The vital scrum-half position was eventually filled by Chignell, who became more experienced by the end of the season, though he was not good at falling on the ball in defence. Norman was outstanding as fly-half and captain, and his energy in getting his line moving and then running round to make the "extra man" was terrific. Vyvyan gave valuable support as five-eighth: he possesses a good eye for an opening, sells many a pretty dummy, and is a grand tackler.

Worstall, as wing and then centre-threequarter, had very unsafe hands at first, but this failing passed away as he grew more confident. Of the wings, Birch has the speed which the Worth outsiders have lacked for some years, but both he and Green need to develop a much greater rugby sense. Michael Bateman, brought from the pack to fill the position of full-back, was invaluable. His tackling was usually deadly, and he was safe in fielding the ball: his kicking was not always accurate, however, and once or twice he allowed himself to be hustled out of making the required angle for a good kick to touch.

This year's team was : M. Bateman; J. Birch, M. Worstall, A. Green; A. Vyvyan; T. Norman, M. Chignell; I. Albert, M. Loraine, J. Gaggero, J. Quin-Harkin, A. Lesser, R. Agnew, J. Antrobus, R. Masterman. S. MacLahlan played thrice, W. Williams four times, and K. Stirzaker once. 1st XV Caps were awarded to Quin-Harkin, Bateman Gaggero, Lesser, Chignell, and Agnew and 2nd XV Colours to Masterman, Albert, Vyvyan, Loraine, Worstall, Antrobus, Birch, MacLachlan, and Williams.

The results were :

v. Beaumont	Away	Lost	0—18
v. King's College J.S., Wimbledon	Away	Lost	6—11
v. Hillsbrow	Away	Lost	0—8
v. St George's, Weybridge	Home	Won	17—3
v. Hillsbrow	Home	Won	12—6
v. King's College J.S., Wimbledon	Home	Lost	3—14

B.M.S.

### Under 11 XV

Captain, G. Ortuzar.

All matches were won. This was good and yet the team was not altogether satisfactory. The forwards fought and ran with great dash but they were most reluctant to open out the game. Then, when the ball did come out to one of the halves or threes, there was far too little passing out, and far too much cutting back again in among the forwards. However, one can say, and this is of course a very important point, that the tackling of the team was excellent. Against this tackling it always looked difficult for our opponents to score.

Of the forwards, G. Ortuzar, R. Thompson, and J. Keogh were outstanding and were always to be found on top of the ball. M. O'Connell was an excellent hooker. C. Petre was a brave and fast scrum-half. When he learns to be quicker and more accurate with his passes he will be a very useful player behind the scrum. J. Norman as stand-off was the best member of the team outside the scrum. In speed he far outshone the other players and in consequence it was impossible for the others to back him up. This left him on his own. Nevertheless he could have opened up the game a good deal more than he did.

The team was : A. Mumford; P. Kemmis-Betty, M. Wilson, L. Ellison, A. Mankowski; J. Norman, C. Petre; G. Ortuzar, M. O'Connell, K. O'Kelly, G. de Domenico, R. Thompson, H. French, A. M. Monico, and J. Keogh.

# Results :

v. Abbey School	Home	Won	18—0
v. Christ's Hospital	Away	Won	9—6
v. Christ's Hospital	Home	Won	15—0

## Under 12 XV

Captain, J. Bateman.

This team played six matches, winning three, losing two, and drawing one. Several of the team also played in the Under 11 XV. The same faults and virtues which have been written about the Under 11 XV are true also of this team. In the three matches which were won, and in the one which was drawn, the ball rarely left the opposing "25" and yet the team seemed incapable of scoring. This was due to the reluctance, already mentioned, of the forwards to heel the ball. St John's, Beaumont, had a well merited victory in the opening match. The opening score was made by Worth and for a time things looked good. Then St John's got into their stride. When they got the ball out from the scrums the threes made good use of their opportunities, passing and running well. Our forwards had not yet developed the fighting spirit of later matches.

The first match against King's College, Wimbledon, was very exciting. However, although the score was a very close one (10—8), the Worth team deserved their victory as they did most of the attacking. In the home match against St George's, Weybridge, the best rugby of the season was seen. There was plenty of open playing and fine tackling by both sides. However, our old fault of kicking the ball over the goal-line to get it duly touched down was much in evidence. The return match against St George's was a draw. Melsom scored a very fine try. The St George's try came from a penalty kick, awarded for unfair tackling.

I should like to pass over in silence the return match against King's College, Wimbledon, but this would not be fair to our opponents who played a magnificent game. The conditions were appalling. Pools of water covered the ground, and with more rain coming down, our team seemed to pack up. But the Wimbledon team were nothing daunted by the icy water and played with tremendous courage and skill. They well deserved their great victory. The conditions for the match (home) against Christ's Hospital were not much better. Both sides fought bravely and we managed to secure a narrow victory.



The team was : C. Petre; R. Carson, L. Ellison, C. Thompson, R. Melsom; J. Norman, J. Willett; E. J. Bateman, P. Ball, M. O'Connell, A. M. Monico, B. Donovan, R. Thompson, G. Ortuzar, J. Keogh. R. Westlake, T. O'Flynn, and K. O'Kelly also played.

#### Results :

v. St John's, Beaumont	Away	Lost	3—12
v. King's College J.S., Wimbledon	Away	Won	10— 8
v. St George's, Weybridge	Home	Won	6— 3
v. St George's, Weybridge	Away	Drawn	3— 3
v. King's College J.S., Wimbledon	Home	Lost	0—21
v. Christ's Hospital	Home	Won	3— 0

J.B.L.

#### League Matches.

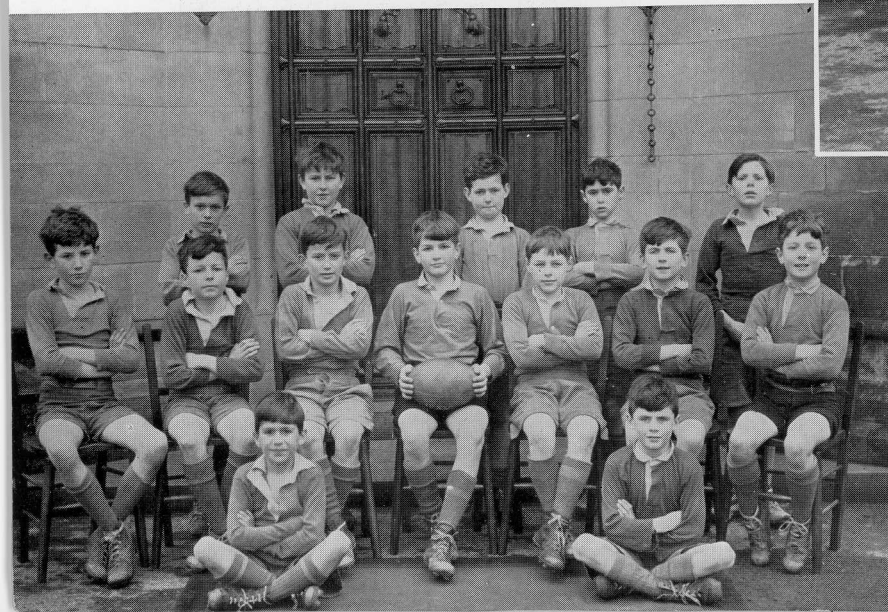
The leagues had very even first fifteens this year, and they gave the spectators two very interesting and keenly fought games. The Golds had a powerful threequarter line which included T. Norman, Vyvyan, J. Birch, Tyszkiewicz, and J. Norman, and in their pack they had the hefty Agnew and the fierce Lesser. Against this galaxy of stars the Blues could not produce a single 1st XV Cap, but their pack was as energetic and tireless as ever, led by the redoubtable Masterman ably supported by the ubiquitous Albert and the reliable Antrobus. A heavy ground favoured the Blues' forward tactics and prevented the dangerous Gold back division from getting properly into their stride. The Blues just won by 6 pts. to nil, Albert scoring both their tries.

The final produced some more open rugby, on a frosty ground, but it was chiefly a forward slogging contest. The Red pack, with the mountainous Gaggero, the strong Michael Bateman, well backed up by Charlesworth, the younger Bateman, and Ortuzar, proved the equal of the Blue pack. A desperate struggle, with no quarter asked or given, ended in a tense draw, John Bateman scoring a try from a breakaway from a line-out for the Reds, and Antrobus kicking a penalty goal for the Blues.

For the second year in succession the 2nd XV competition was won by the Blues. They had little difficulty in overcoming a strongish Red team in the final by 15 pts. to nil. Tries were scored for the Blues by Westlake (two), Hickman, Martin Monico, and O'Kelly.

B.M.S.

UNDER 12 XV—Back row, left to right: *Petre, Carson, C. J. Thompson, Donovan, Monico, Willett*. Middle row: *R. H. Thompson, Ortuzar, E. J. Bateman, J. W. Norman, Ball*. Front row: *O'Connell, Melsom*.



UNDER 11 XV—Back row, left to right: *A. J. Man-  
kowski, O'Kelly, French, de Domenico, Wilson*. Middle  
row: *Mumford, Petre, Thompson, Ortuzar, J. W.  
Norman, Monico, O'Connell*. Front row: *Kemmis-Betty,  
J. G. Wells*.



*Gold v. Blue*



*League Match*



*Blue League  
2nd XV  
Winners of Cup*

## WINTER SPORTS

The Arctic weather of the Easter Term put a stop to all normal outdoor activities at least until half-term. But in compensation we were able to enjoy the pastimes of the Swiss and Norwegians and the trappers in the far north of Canada. Rabbits, weasels, foxes and pheasants were tracked in the snow. The first named were shot by Dom James and his gang of gory gunmen, Westlake, Condon, and Lash, while Dom Michael and his Scouts hunted them with wooden clubs.

Ice-hockey, or rather hockey on the ice, was played on one of the Rock Garden ponds. It is said to be the fastest game in the world when skates are worn, but when skates are not worn it would seem to be the slowest—and perhaps the funniest. It was amazing to see the players staggering about the ice like Colonel Chinstrap returning from the "Jungle Arms". Many jokes were cracked by both players and spectators, but the biggest crack was made by Agnew who went through the ice up to his eyes. If any speed greater than 1.5 m.p.h. was attempted, there was serious danger of a skid and crash. Condon developed a record black eye in this way. Those who were lucky enough to have skates, such as Dom Oliver, Quin-Harkin, and Ball, were able to use them on the second of the Rock Garden ponds, and the pond below the cricket field, which was frozen all but solid.

Skiing was demonstrated by Dom Julian, and it was a great pity that we had only one pair of skis. The slopes here are admirable for skiing, but not really steep or long enough for successful tobogganing. If we had had more skis, boys experienced in this sport would have had a grand time. These include King, Wright, Mousin-Demetre, and Leigh-Smith, who at an early age won a silver medal for skiing in Switzerland. These, and most other people had to be content with tobogganing, on runs which were short indeed, but very sweet after a good track had been frozen into solid ice.

The most successful "toboggans" proved to be tin trays. Tyszkiewicz constructed a wizard tin-tray run under the cedar tree by classroom one. One of the monks was persuaded to try it. He was pushed off by willing hands in the sunshine of the bank above the tree, and descended into the gloom under the tree with terrifying speed. The tray shot straight at the tree's trunk: the monk shut his eyes and hoped for the best. A skillfully arranged bank of snow deftly turned the tray to the left at the last moment. The monk opened his eyes in relief, only to see a stone barrier looming up ahead of him. He shut his eyes again. The tray once more veered to the left (by means of another clever bank), rose into the air, and crash-landed into the quad where it slithered along



for several feet to come to a standstill among a crowd of cheering (or jeering?) onlookers. John Masefield, in his poem *Cargoes*, refers to "cheap" tin trays. This term, to us, they were worth their weight in gold—or even coal.

B. M. S.

## ST GREGORY'S GROUP OF SCOUTS

Once again a re-organization of the Cubs has had to be made. When Miss Gillingham was forced by illness to relinquish her command of the Cubs whilst we were at Downside, the G.S.M. looked round for someone to take her place. In the end Mr McCann very kindly agreed to take charge of the pack temporarily, until a permanent Cubmaster was discovered. Although he had had no experience of cubbing, Mr McCann entered into the Movement wholeheartedly and conscientiously and soon became an excellent Cubmaster. On October 27, 1946, the Assistant District Commissioner came over and presented him with his Warrant, which he richly deserved.

For more than a year, however, ill-health and scarcity of free time had made the many duties of a Cubmaster more and more difficult for Mr McCann, and he tendered his resignation to the G.S.M. in March of last year. At that time there seemed to be nobody able to take his place and so he consented to carry on a bit longer. But last term he had to leave the running of his pack almost completely to his Sixers: and Crouzet, John Wells and Barnett are to be congratulated on all they did for the Green pack. Now Dom Jerome will be Cubmaster of the junior Red pack, while Dom Brendan will run the amalgamated senior pack, Mr McCann will be in reserve. The St Gregory's Group owes him very many thanks for being responsible for the continued existence of the Cubs. And all those boys who have been cubs under him will ever look back with pleasure to the games which he organised for them in the fields, and to the meals he arranged in the woods.

### First St Gregory's Troop.

Since the beginning of this school year, the Troop has made great progress in many directions, and has had some varied activities. On the first Sunday of the Christmas Term we went out by patrols to find our

way through Worth Forest to a small lake across the Balcombe-Pound Hill road. All succeeded eventually in finding it, except the Wood-pigeons, and we lit a fire and had a lovely lunch, and even bathed—the weather being warm enough! At the end of October we went out on individual patrol expeditions and the Storks seemed to have the most interesting time. In November we had lunch in the Bluebell Wood, and some people passed their cooking test.

On December 8 more patrol expeditions were organized, but driving rain and a keen S.E. wind caused the authorities to cancel them at the last moment. We were very disappointed, as we were eager to go out, whatever the weather was like. The Woodpigeons, Peewits, Ravens, and Swans managed to slip out before they could be stopped, and the last two had a smashing time in the big barn by Hole Farm. In the Easter Term we began our activities with two marvellous tracking expeditions in the deep snow. We followed the trails of rabbits and pheasants, and twice found a rabbit hiding under the snow, while several times we got to within a few feet of pheasants before they flew off with much noise of voice and wings. On another occasion the G.S.M. found a rabbit being killed by a weasel, and drove the latter away. About half-term we had several afternoons of wood-cutting.

At the same time many Tests have been passed. The latest people to gain their 2nd Class Badge are Sec. Barton, and Scouts Charnaud, Dearlove, and Birch. Now more than half the Troop have their badge, and of the fourteen who are working for their 1st Class Badge, P.L.s Agnew, Ball, and MacLachlan have made most progress. Sec. Ritchie has won the Stamp Collector Proficiency Badge, and other scouts are hoping soon to win the Marksman, Master-at-Arms, and Rider Badges.

### **Second St Gregory's Troop.**

This Troop is developing slowly but extremely soundly. All the enrolled members, T.L. Charlesworth, P.L.s Vyvyan and Loraine, and Seconds R. Lethbridge and Hutton, gained their 2nd Class Badge last November. The two patrol leaders are doing 1st Class work now, and the tenderfoots are showing tremendous keenness. Of these, John Norman has passed most of his 2nd Class tests, and is working at 1st Class tests, before he is old enough to be enrolled! Maybe the Group will have its first Bushman's Thong, or even King's Scout, in the not too distant future.

B.M.S.

# EXAMINATIONS OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

R. St L. Gordon-Steward and E. J. Birch passed in Grade III :  
M. G. P. Chignell and F. A. Lesser in the Primary Grade.

In our last issue it was wrongly stated that M. G. P. Chignell had passed in the Primary Division. The name should have been that of K. G. Stirzaker.

To all the above we extend our congratulations.

## FIRST COMMUNIONS

*On the Feast of Corpus Christi, 1946 :—*

G. Abbott, Hope, Sibley, Aldington, M. Griffin, T. Griffin, de Bruxelles, N. de Salis, Mackenzie and Murray all made their First Communion.

*On December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception :—*

O'Meara, Moysey, Barclay, Maynard, D. J. Monico, C. J. Abbott, M. C. P. Galvin, and P. D.T. Galvin also made their First Communion.

## WORTH OLD BOYS

P. H. de Mun (1936-1939) is living at 37 rue Decamps, Paris 16, and is at the Sorbonne.

P. E. G. Hobbs (1933-1935) recently visited the School. He was an Armourer in the R.A.F. from 1941-1946 and is probably going to New Zealand. His address is, 142 Empire Court, Wembley Park.

In the Roll of Honour, printed in March 1946, there was a misprint. J. M. Maguire should actually be J. K. Maguire.

Midshipman M. H. Morris is now in the destroyer H.M.S. Stevenstone; R. Y. Birley in H.M.S. Howe and K. Rogerson in H.M.S. Liverpool.

Other visitors have included Clive Neely (1933-1935). He plays Rugger for Blackheath.

We congratulate Timothy Nesbitt-Dufort on his engagement to Miss B. S. Travis, announced in *The Times* of March 1.

## EXAMINATION RESULTS

at Downside in July 1946

Worth Boys' successes include (in the Higher Certificate) :

### *Group 1—Classical Studies :—*

R. Brandt, I. D. Chisholm, J. M. Peters (Distinction in Ancient History).

### *Group 2—Modern Studies :—*

M. F. Daly, C. J. de Salis, J. H. Gaisford, B. N. D. G. Kelly, M. J. Lowndes, J. B. Sainsbury, J. E. B. Wells, D. R. Wells.

### *Group 4 :—*

R. A. Plummer.

In the School Certificate :—

*Eight credits* : P. F. Bede-Cox, I. P. Kirkpatrick, J. Z. A. Krasnowiecki, J. MacLachlan, S. M. Wilson.

*Seven credits* : W. W. Jackson, I. M. Jessiman, C. J. White.

*Six credits* : M. W. Ashdowne, P. Lethbridge, A. B. A. Mears, E. L. S. Norfolk.

*Five credits* : C. G. J. Gaggero, C. M. Ley, M. J. Poole.

*Four credits* : J. K. Buckenham, M. J. Taggart.

*Two credits* : M. G. Motion, M. O'Flynn.

In the Oxford Locals :—

W. P. M. Affleck, A. J. Andrews, G. M. Craig-McFeely, Z. Jarzebinski, R. J. E. Kennedy, J. P. Klein, C. L. Mallet.

## THE STAMP CLUB\*

Are you a Philatelist, a mere Collector, or a Butterfly? (Think hard. Much depends on giving the right answer). The real test of the Philatelist is that he enjoys his collection and never tires of studying his stamps; of the mere Collector, that he is content to amass thousands of specimens at which he never glances a second time; of the Butterfly—but that is another story altogether. Of course the Philatelist does many things besides admiring his stamps: more than any other he carries out

\* President, N. L. Lash; Vice-President, D. R. Williams; Secretary, C. D. Harris.



that saying of the Chinese Philosopher—you know, of course, that gunpowder and postage stamps were invented centuries ago by the Chinese? —‘A place for everie stamp and everie stampe inne its place.’ On the other hand the mere Collector just fills up the pages of his album anyhow—hugger mugger—bang! While the Butterfly—but hush! So, boys and—if any sisterly eye roams over these wise pages—girls, remember what that same Philosopher wrote (though, of course in flowing, vermilion Chinese characters) on another occasion: ‘When you feel like mischief, go, gaze on your Stamporium. The effect will be wizard.’ Yes, Philatelists, you will find that it works like a charm; mere Collectors, even you may feel nobler for it; you, Butterflies—but enough! Goodbye. And don’t forget the little tongs—the tweezers, you know.

#### TRANSLATION FROM THE CHINESE

Your little paws were never meant to stick  
in stamps, nor little tongues were meant to lick  
them: use these lovely tweezers, child, instead;  
and water from the tap. (And so to bed).

Diogenes Philatelist.

### CHOIR AND MUSIC NOTES

The Carol Concert took place in the Day Room on December 12th. One never tires of Christmas Carols; year by year we hear them; each year there are some ‘new’ ones mingled with the old favourites that can never be dropped; always they have the same charm, the same power to turn our hearts to the Christmas mystery. We congratulate the Choir on their good and tuneful singing.

#### PROGRAMME

God rest you merry, gentlemen	.. .. .	<i>Traditional</i>
The Holly and the Ivy	.. .. .	” ”

#### CHOIR

Hail, babe, of God the very Son	..	<i>Arranged by G. R. Woodward</i>
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#### WORTH SINGERS

When Christ our Blessed Lord came on earth		<i>D. Thomas Symons</i>
The Lord at first had Adam made (a)	.. .. .	<i>Traditional</i>

#### CHOIR

The Lord at first had Adam made (b)	.. .. .	<i>Traditional</i>
Solo: He came all so still	.. .. .	<i>Music by M.F.B.</i>

K. O’KELLY

In dulci iubilo .. .. .	Setting by J. S. Bach
The noble stem of Jesse .. ..	Michael Praetorius (1609)
The Son of God is born for all .. ..	.. .. .
CHOIR AND WORTH SINGERS	
Come rock the cradle .. .. .	Baeumker (1642)
WORTH SINGERS	
The Magi from the East are we .. ..	D. Thomas Symons
Sweet Baby sleep, what ails my dear .. ..	.. .. .
CHOIR	
Coventry Carols .. .. .	Traditional
WORTH SINGERS	
As I in hoary winter's night .. ..	Words by Blessed Robert Southwell (1595)
The Virgin unspotted .. .. .	Traditional
CHOIR	
ADESTE FIDELES	

On December 16th, there was a Carol Service followed by Benediction. The following Carols were sung by the Choir: *The Noble Stem of Jesse*, *The Son of God is Born for All*, *This Gospel sang the Angels Bright*, and *The Virgin Unspotted*. The four lessons were read by N.L.A. Lash, J. O. Affleck, M. V. Worstall and the Headmaster.

On the 28th November, the British String Quartet paid us a visit. Here is their programme.

Dvorak Quartet in F Op 59

Schubert Variations Death and the Maiden

Sinigaglia Concert Study

Glazounow Novelletten 1 Interlude in the ancient style  
2 Oriental Dance

We thank the British String Quartet for a lovely Programme and splendid playing.

## INWARDS

*The following boys joined the School in January, 1947 :—*

C. L. A. Jerome and F. J. W. Wilson; and in February 13th,  
C. B. Thomas.

## OUTWARDS

*These boys left the School in December, 1946 :—*

R. St L. Gordon-Steward, D. J. C. Bennett, R. T. Masterman,  
and J. A. L. Abbott.

## REWARDS

*Prizes were won in the Michaelmas Term by :—*

J. O. Affleck (1A); J. A. Charlesworth (1B); F. A. Lesser (2A); R. G. B. Brown (2B); A. J. Martin (3A); ;I. F. Albert (3B); M. D. Kennedy (4A); R. Walker (4B); C. H. Petre (5A); P. H. Milmo (5B); and T. P. Griffin (6).

## UPWARDS

*School officials for the Christmas term are as follows :—*

*Head of the School* : M. V. Worstall.

*School Prefects*: A. J. Quin Harkin; J. G. Gaggero; G. M. H. Murphy; J. O. Affleck; T. H. Norman; C. D. Harris; M. G. Bateman; M. G. P. Chignell.

*Dormitory Prefects* : E. W. Ludlow; R. I. J. Agnew; N. L. A Lash; J. A. Charlesworth; P. J. O'Donoghue; C. A. Graham; J. N. Antrobus.

*Leader of the Choir* : M. V. Worstall.

*M. Cs.* : A. J. Quin-Harkin; G. M. H. Murphy.

*Thurifers* : J. O. Affleck; J. N. Antrobus.

*Acolytes* : E. W. Ludlow; I. A. Condon; D. R. W. Williams; S. MacLachlan.