

The WORTH RECORD



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The WORTH RECORD

No. 5.

SUMMER TERM, 1947

From the Headmaster

It was a nice summer while it lasted, the one we had in May; and now that we have relapsed into the rainy season there is something at least to look back on. Every generation grows up with the firm conviction that June, July and August are summer months in England. After long dreary years of summers made up of grey skies and drifting cloud, of rain and drizzle, of saturated trees and sodden fields, we still hope against hope in May, when the skies are blue and clear, that a real summer is coming again. Once every few years it does do its best to warm and enliven us and give us fruit and corn and hay for the winter, and yet the promise of long hot days is so seldom fulfilled. Never were good fine summers needed more than now, when the simple things of life are short and the larder is half empty. We pray that Almighty God may give us this year a good and overflowing harvest and the turn of the tide.

These are my thoughts this Midsummer Night: but I am glad that you who are young and live happily in the present are not worried by long tables of figures showing the cold spells of the weather records of your father's young days. You at Worth are busy from May to July with so many different things that, even when it rains all day, it only means a change of occupation. The weeping skies drive you in from cricket in the Quad, to organize a game of chain-he in the halls and the Day Room. Some find solace in making model aeroplanes and others in chess or reading. It is a remarkable fact that you never or hardly ever complain about the weather, except when it is too hot to sleep: in other words, you are not dependent on the sun or the rain. Life can be happy or nearly happy all the time if we are happy inside ourselves.

It seems to me that a lot of our happiness at Worth must come, all the same, from our surroundings. Andrew Marvell, who lived in the seventeenth century says:

‘Thrice happy he who, not mistook,
Hath read in Nature’s mystic book.’

and it is true that, the more we go out into the woods here, and the more we learn to love the Sussex scene, the greater is our contentment. Some of my most vivid memories of those days before this last war are of evenings lying in the bracken when

‘ . . . all the air a solemn stillness holds,
‘ Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
‘ And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.’

(Gray).

Someone once said that happiness consists in great activity in pleasant surroundings. Is this true of us? Another writer discovered that it was nearly always a rebound from hard work. Think this over: there may be some truth in it. ‘The cause of most discontents is *rust*, says Francis Brett Young; ‘rusty hands, rusty minds. Make what you can, be it symphonies or pullovers, epics or mince-pies—and sweet content will be yours.’ Make what you can, and keep your hands from rusting. Keep your mind busy and that too will bring happiness. ‘The truly happy man is surely the man whose work is his play, and his play merely recreation’ (Inge). And so we get to the truth that our lives at school, if well and honestly lived, will bring the greatest happiness in all our days.

The term has been eventful in many ways. A record number of Scholarships and Exhibitions to Downside has been won. The future looks good too. There are others who should do well in the years to come. Then again Cricket has at last taken a new lease of life. It has not always been very good among the Worth boys; but this year great keenness has been shown and all the members of the first Eleven can do their part in winning matches. I always dislike a *team* with one or two star players and the rest nowhere. This year there is no tail, since each one can be relied upon to make some sort of score. All the way through the school I notice a growth of keenness which makes next year full of promise, thanks to the monks who coach, and to Mr. Clutton and Mr. Mills who take the 1st Eleven and the Under 12 Eleven respectively. Mr. Clutton is an Old Gregorian, and we take this opportunity of extending to him a printed welcome in every way as sincere as the one the school has given him already. Mr. C. H. Mayer is now in Montreal, and I am afraid his family affairs will not allow him to return. I want to record my regret, and the regret of you all that he has had to leave us, for he never would have done so if it had not been his duty to go back to Canada. His work for the Dramatic Society and for the Worth Record will not be forgotten. I am very sorry to say that his sight is failing and that he will have to be very careful of his eyes.

The largest number of boys ever to sit for the Entrance Examination to Downside sat for two days in the Day Room, at the end of June,

under the genial eye of Mr. W. E. Campbell. It is probable that forty-six boys will be going there in September, and to them too we give our good wishes.

The Prize Day on Sunday, July 13th, marks a return to something like pre-war standards, with the Relay Races, the Tug of war, the Physical Training Display, Scenes from "The Rivals," Tea, Benediction and Speeches taking up most of the day. Mr. Johnson, by the way, has taken over the Dramatic Society, and produces his first play here on this occasion.

The Theatre has proved itself to be a good place for the cinema. In the autumn term we may expect to see many good film shows there. You will notice that a film critic has appeared for the first time in this number, and next year we shall hope to make this a regular feature of the *Worth Record*.

The holidays are upon us once again. Next September there will be very many new faces and we shall miss an equal number. Those who find themselves at Downside next term can rest assured that they will not be forgotten, and that their doings in work and games will be eagerly discussed here at Worth. I hope that they will all return from time to time to breathe the air of the Weald and to look out again over the tree-tops to the distant grey line of the South Downs.

With my good wishes to you all,

MAURICE BELL.

THE RUBY OF QUEBEC (*Conclusion*)

by J. O. AFFLECK*

For a moment I stared, unbelievably, into the flask. Then, with a gasp of surprise, I sat down abruptly and tried desperately to collect my wits. Had anyone known about the ruby, and if so, who had taken it? Had I mislaid it myself? Turning the flask over in my hands I realized with a shock that it was not my own. Glancing hastily at the back I made out the letters 'AR' scrawled there. And suddenly I remembered that the steward, who brought my meals, and attended generally on me, was called Alexandre Renoir.

Towards 11 o'clock that night I opened my cabin door quietly and, dressed only in a shirt and breeches, made my way to the steward's cabin. I had been thinking deeply all the evening, and had come to the conclusion that Renoir, while tidying my cabin, had left a flask

* 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; Scenes from *The Rivals*, Summer 1947; School Prefect.

belonging to him beside my own, which was probably on a table at that time, and had taken it with him in mistake for his own when he left. If so, I could only hope that he had not yet discovered the ruby at the bottom of my flask.

Keeping well to the shadow, I passed within a few feet of the dozing helmsman and came at length to Renoir's cabin. I opened the door inch by inch and, slipping inside, could just make out a sleeping figure swinging gently in a hammock slung between two beams. With every nerve tensed I tiptoed silently across the room. Suddenly I stopped, for there, on a table close to the hammock, was my flask. Eagerly I reached for my prize, but even as I did so the floor-board on which I was treading creaked loudly, and the sleeper mumbled something and moved restlessly. Without thinking of the consequences, I snatched the flask, putting Renoir's in its place, and raced for the door. I heard something of a shout, but, not daring to look back, sped silently across the deserted deck. As soon as I reached my cabin I locked the door and, opening the flask, I poured out the remaining wine, of which about half had been drunk. There, to my delight, I saw the ruby, sparkling in the moonlight, and still firmly embedded in the bottom of the flask. Then, with a glad heart, I put the bottle under my pillow and tumbled into bed.

The next morning I did not rise until after 10, and when I came on deck the captain said "We're in for a spell of bad weather." I scanned the heavens thoughtfully, for the last thing in the world that I wanted, especially after last night's adventure, was any delay in the passage of the ruby between Quebec and Paris. But any further reflections of this nature were cut short by a brilliant flash of lightning, followed by a peal of crashing thunder and such torrential rain as I have rarely seen since. As I ran toward the shelter of my cabin the deck presented a scene of terrible chaos; the captain vainly trying to make his voice heard above the roar of the seas as they swept on to the deck, the crew clinging to anything firm and stationary, while the sails, unattended, fluttered high above our heads, or fell deep into the raging, angry billows, according as the ship rose and fell.

The next week was one of utter misery for me. The ship driven entirely off her course, was so badly battered that she could hardly ride the pounding waves. Everything in my cabin was soaked, and, as there was nothing wherewith to make a fire, I was forced to rise and sleep in everlasting dampness. Even the food was cold and wet, and the galley had long ago been swept away. And so naturally enough I caught a chill, which laid me in bed until we reached the shore, about 30 days after the great storm had begun. The land which we came to was rocky and bare of any vegetation, and when we landed for water and provisions we found the natives semi-civilized, and speaking some bar-

orous tongue called Gaelic. These people live in the crudest of mud shelters, the only decent building being the church (for they appear to have been Catholics before the English killed their priest and burnt the church). For their living they fish in rude boats, and fish seems to form their staple diet. They seem, however, to be content with their lot, and, in spite of their universal poverty and ignorance, and the diseases which strike them from time to time, live their lives with a certain pride which none can take from them.

After we had stayed several days in this country, which the sailors call Ireland, we set off on the last lap of our journey. Keeping out of sight of the coast, which was occupied by the English, we came by slow stages to Rouen. How good it was to see French soil again, and to hear the church bells pealing out to call the good burghers to church. As soon as I got off the ship I hired a coach to take me to Paris, and from thence to the Louvre, where the King was. I received an audience at once, and, after I had given His Majesty an account of my adventures, he desired me to receive a small country estate in Normandy, as a token of the country's debt to my services. There, am I now, retired from the world and all its troubles, and there I shall be until I die.

THE HUNT

by I. F. ALBERT*

As I was walking down the street,
I saw some Huntsmen at a meet,
And standing about and all around,
Were the hunting dogs, the Hounds.

The Leader's horn with a loud 'poop' sounded,
With hounds and all away they bounded,
Over the fields and away they went,
With the hounds hot on the fox's scent.

The Huntsmen cried, Tally Ho! Tally Ho!
And away went the horses all over the show,
Till at last they caught and killed the fox,
And shut up its brush in a little box.

Back home went the Hunters for their evening meals,
With all the Hounds hot on their heels,
And that is the end of this lovely day,
With a beautiful Hunt in the middle of May.

* IAN ALBERT, born 24th June, 1935; entered Worth, Sept. 1943; First XV Rugger; Boxing Champion 'welter' weight.

LITTLE TOM MOSS: (*a nice story*)

by P. D. T. GALVIN*

Tom was a verry bolde boy, and he lived in India. One day as he was on a walk, he saw a nice big jungle, and went into it the first anamal he met was the Tiger, and a frendly one to. Could you give me a ride, he said. Yes said the tiger, he jumps on the tigeres back. Off they Went into deep woulds and at last they came to a harber with ships in it. He got on one, and went away the captin was furiees. No one nows where he is gone to.

THE GASOMETER'S GHOST

by C. D. HARRIS†

Once upon a time there was a gasometer. It was a pleasant charactered gasometer, never out of temper, never making the housewives feel ashamed of themselves by showing them that they had used too much.

On the whole, the people of Slushton were satisfied with their gasometer. They knew its familiar cylindrical shape, with attendant chimneys, grey against the morning sky, and how it made them think of breakfast; and how when it showed black and tall against the redness of sunset, they knew that, with luck, a good supper awaited them in their humble homes.

But one day all was changed : a new alderman joined the Slushton town council at an election. This was, in itself, revolutionary enough for the mayor and council had held office for ages, and nobody had stopped them; but when this new figure started to proclaim that some things needed changing, there was a feeling of discontent for the citizens of Slushton were satisfied with their sleepy way of life, and had no wish to change it.

But the main thing that the new councillor said needed changing was the gasometer! He proposed that it should be pulled down, removed and obliterated from the face of the earth, and that instead a vast, ultra-modern electric power-house should be erected.

At first there was an outcry, but, finding it easier to agree than argue, the mayor and his colleagues gave in to their more energetic companion. So the project was launched. The old gasometer was pulled down, and work started on the power-station. But when the

* PATRICK GALVIN, born 20th March, 1939; entered Worth, September, 1946.

† CHRISTOPHER HARRIS, born 12th February, 1934; entered Worth, May, 1942; important parts in *Little King*, Christmas, 1945; *Lady Precious Stream*, Lent, 1946; *Christmas on the Common*, Christmas, 1946; *Scenes from The Rivals*, Summer, 1947; School Prefect.

gasometer had been demolished queer things began happening in Slushton: a milk-man on his early morning rounds, while passing the site of the power-house to-be, was frightened nearly to death by seeing the tall, familiar shape of the old gasometer looming through the mist; he pulled his horse over so far that the unfortunate animal rolled over, and with a crash that echoed far and wide, five hundred bottles of milk smashed on the tarmac road.

Nor was that all, for old "Methuselah" Hopkins, reclining on the bench outside the "Pig and Whistle" with a mug of beer swore that he saw the gasometer floating gaily above the chimneys; and Alderman Juggins, the founder of the power-house scheme, drove his car into a blank wall, in the firm belief that he was being chased by it.

At first, these hallucinations were attributed to drink; but when an open-air meeting of a temperance society broke up and fled because they thought that they had seen the gasometer's ghost coming towards them at high speed, five feet off the ground, people began to wonder whether or not it had been a good thing to destroy their oldest landmark. In the Public Bar of the "Pig and Whistle" the local sages discussed the ethics of the case, while the mayor and council managed to prove conclusively that there could not possibly be such a thing as the ghost of a gasometer, and then went to sleep again.

However, in spite of all interruptions, work on the new power-station went forward, and at last the great day of its opening arrived. The mayor, in his civic robes, surrounded by his councillors, drove in state to the vast pretentious structure with a sixpenny bottle of lemonade, with a champagne label on it, tucked under his arm. Arrived at his destination, he mounted the steps of the platform, before the eyes of most of the citizens of Slushton, cleared his throat and began:

"Citizens of the borough of Slushton; It is with feelings of the greatest emotion stirring beneath my gold chain, that I am able to declare this noble—"

And then it happened! A flash of lightning from the cloudless sky, and with a noise like a thousand million cats all screeching at once, the gasometer's ghost, with red hot coke pouring from it, swooped from the sky. The power-station caught fire in an instant.

Then the mayor, sheltering under a wheelbarrow containing brussels sprouts, received an ultimatum from the gasometer; "Let me back, or I will destroy your town," it boomed, and its voice sounded like ten express trains all racing together.

The mayor, sheltering under his wheelbarrow, had no choice but to agree, and with a roar of triumph, the gasometer resumed its old place, regardless of the smoking ruins of the power-station.

Old men in Slushton still speak of the marvellous sight that they saw that day, and they will still point out to you the old gasometer, which has done so much service to the town in its time, and will do more yet.

THE LESSER KNOWN GALLIC WAR

by N. L. A. LASH*

Caesar had been eating his breakfast for some time in silence. Suddenly a fat, military figure appeared in the door flap of his tent.

"If you please, your imperial highness, an official report from the front."

"Thank you Corpulentius." The fat soldier, wheezing heavily, handed the Emperor a carefully typewritten document. The report said that the advance bridgehead had been successful, and therefore Labienus humbly requested his imperial master's presence at the river. Caesar turned to the soldier.

"Send me a car here in five minutes. Meanwhile return to Labienus, notifying my approach."

The tent flap closed, and the heavy boots of the soldier clanked to where a jeep was waiting for him.

Labienus was reclining in his Chevrolet, as it swept him along the front. He was encouraging the troops. Suddenly round a hillock came a sleek Buick in which sat Caesar, shouting encouragement and grinning pleasantly. Instantly Labienus' car stopped and the general leaped out to greet his commander.

The Emperor, surveying the retreating foe through a pair of Zeiss glasses, remarked that things were progressing well.

"Just as a matter of interest, that bridge is not strong enough. It nearly collapsed as we crossed it." Labienus surveyed the portly figure of his commander but said nothing. The two drove along in Caesar's car until the army was brought to a halt three miles from the mountains. Here they pitched camp.

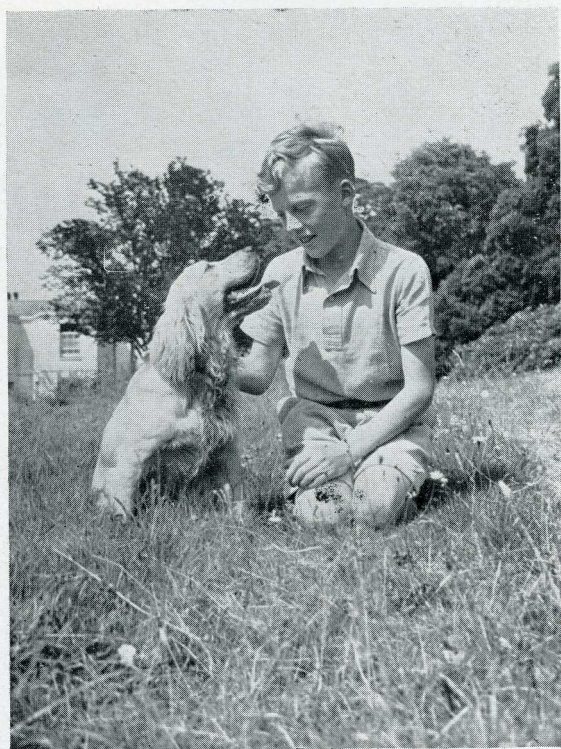
Later in the evening, over a whisky and soda and a map, Labienus and Caesar discussed the day's advance, interrupted now and then by a radio message from the advance scouts. On the other side of the ridge was a fortified town, they reported.

"Send out bombers for a reconnaissance raid," ordered Caesar. All that night the portly figure of Julius Caesar could be seen waddling up and down uttering brisk commands to the men in charge of the searchlights. In spite of Labienus' repeated pleadings that he should guard his health, Caesar only ordered a hot drink and then continued his work.

* NICHOLAS LASH, born 6th April, 1934; entered Worth, January, 1945; important parts in *Blood and Thunder*, Summer, 1945, *Lady Precious Stream*, Lent, 1946, *Christmas on the Common*, Christmas, 1946; and *The Rivals*, Summer 1947.

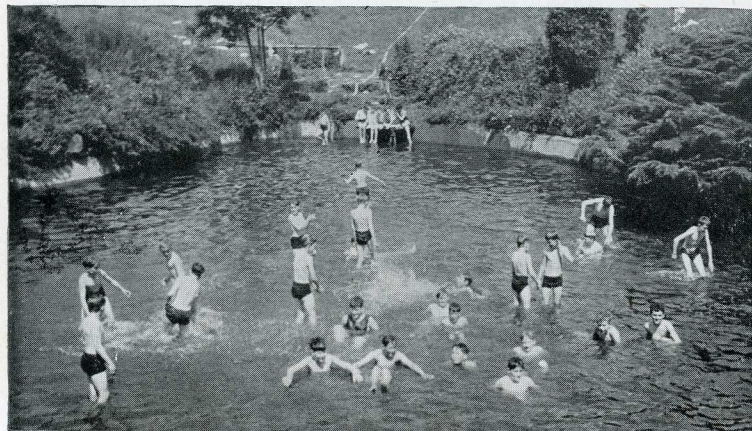


Aquatics

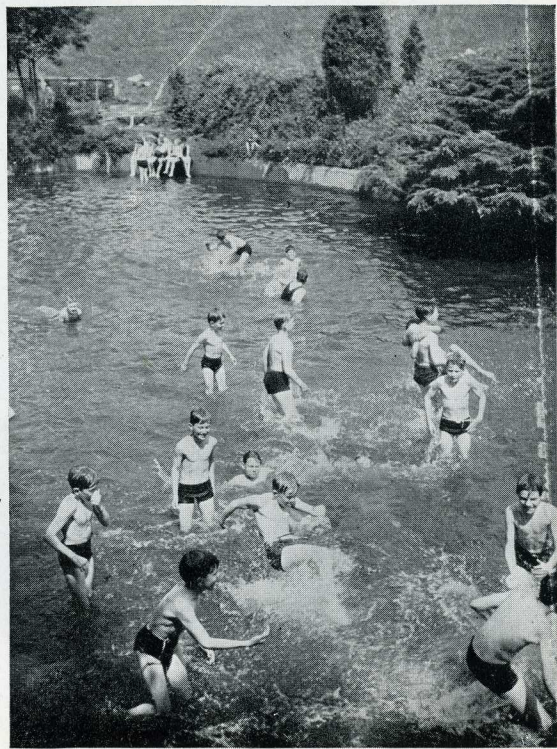


*Somebody's
Dog*

*'Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot.'*



*The new
Rock-Garden
Bathing Pool*



The next day he was in a thoroughly bad temper, and lay back in his Buick, repeatedly cursing his driver. When he was told that his junior centurions at the base Headquarters required him urgently, he ordered them to Hades (in which point they did not comply to his august command).

But the requests came so frequently that, at last, the undefeatable Caesar gave in and returned to Headquarters, to the disgust of Labienus, who, already thoroughly tired of war and his Emperor, deserted.

But Caesar's conquests are many and marvellous, and they are all written down in his own book—"De Bello Gallico I—IV."

DOES THE WORLD CHANGE EVERY THOUSAND YEARS ?

by M. V. WORSTALL*

A caravan slowly wending its way across the desert. The camels loaded with precious jewels and baskets of gold. An oasis heaves in sight. A good long rest and drink. Then off again the next day carrying the merchandise from place to place . . . A Roman legion slowly wending its way across the plain. The animals laden with provisions and weapons. A camp heaves in sight. A good long rest and sleep. Then off again at dawn keeping law and order from town to town. . . . A solitary Viking ship wending its way across the unknown seas. Full of oarsmen and slaves, it wanders on. Some land ahead. A rest for the oarsmen, work for the slaves and a wonderful feast for all. Then taking some remembrances from the new-found land, out go the oars and the expedition is on again . . . A squadron of aeroplanes slowly wending its way across the sky. The racks loaded with bombs and rockets. The objective heaves in sight. A long raid, success, and home once more. Then again the next night carrying on the unceasing offensive against some new target.

THE DOG WHO GOT HIS BONE BUT DID NOT SEE IT

by E. P. MORRIS*

I had been playing with other dogs in the street nearly all morning. I thought that it was getting rather late, and so I went home running very fast because I was very hungry and thirsty. As I was going down the garden path, I got up on my hind legs and looked into the dining room window and I saw the waitress was bringing into

* 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.

* HON. PATRICK MORRIS, born 9th December, 1939; entered Worth, September, 1945.

the dining room a plate with a joint of roast beef which made my mouth water very much and I was wishing very much that I could have the bone which was in that joint of roast beef for my supper to-night. That night I went for a rest in my kennel. Suddenly I heard the cook call out to me DINNER, and so I went running up the path and she gave me the same old thing, dog biscuits I said to her in a very sad voice why didn't you give me that bone which was in the roast beef that you had for lunch, and then the cook said I am very sorry but they are going to have the leftovers cold for dinner to-night. And so I ate my biscuits up and then I went to sleep for a very little time. I woke up in the middle of the night and I said to myself oh! it's so tempting I can't get to sleep a wink thinking about that bone. The next morning I woke up, and suddenly I heard the cook calling out BREAKFAST! And so I took to my feet and ran to her, and she gave me biscuits again, and then I said why can't I have the bone and then she said I am very sorry but I can't tell you. When the evening came I was in my kennel when I heard SUPER! and so I ran down the path at top speed, but I got dog biscuits again and I said why can't I have my bone, and she said we are making soup with it. And so I ate my supper. All night I slept beautifully. I woke up in the morning half asleep and half awake. I only just heard the cook call me and so I went. I was so tired I walked in my sleep and I was dreaming. I went over to where the cook was and I took the bone and buried it in the ground. I was sleep walking. I slept all day and when I woke up in the evening which I thought was the morning I heard the cook call SUPPER and so I took to my feet and ran to the cook and she gave me my dog biscuits and said I hope you enjoyed your bone.

And I said to myself there is something funny about that.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS

by L. H. W. WILLIAMS*

The blue-bells in the wood,
The clover in the fields
These mix together as they should
In the Spring.

The fish in the sea,
The sand on the beach
Is a beautiful sight
Each goes with each

The birds in the air,
The sun in the sky
Why can't these stay?
Oh why, why, why?

* LAURENCE WILLIAMS, born 9th April, 1938; entered Worth, May, 1946.

NAMES

The Christian names in the School are worthy of study, because there are fashions in names as there are fashions in everything else. The Christian name is the real name, the surname being only a description, as was recently explained in an article on this subject. Before the eighteenth century John, William, Thomas, Henry, Robert, Richard were almost the only ones ever used. What do we find at Worth now?

Michael and John head the list with 24 each, followed a long way behind by Peter (11), Anthony (10), Christopher (10), David (8), Richard (7), Nicholas (7), Patrick (5), Charles, Paul, Robert, William and Thomas (4), James, Simon, Francis, Martin and Stephen (3 each), Gerard, Gerald, Jeremy, Kevin and Terence (2 each).

Single representatives are found of Benedict, Geoffrey, Bernard, Denis, Adam, Rudolph, Hugh, Gilbert, Zygmunt, Kenneth, Alfred, Hilary, Maurice, Roger, Edward, Andrew, Frederick, Philip, Luke, Rupert and Lawrence. There is a small handful of names of which one may doubt whether they are *Christian* names at all, though they generally have a second saint's name in addition, which is the real name given in Baptism.

* * * * *

Now that we are all used to the places round Worth it would be quite interesting to know why they have their names. Here at Worth Priory in the house in which we live we forget that up to 1933 it was called Paddockhurst, and that it certainly bore this name more than two hundred years ago—not this house, but the Old House. It is in Worth parish, Worth which is described in the Domesday Book of William the Conqueror in 1086 as Orde (Orthe). With a fine disregard of all the rules of spelling it comes up again and again as Wurthe, Werthe, Wourthe, Woore or Woord. Remember too that the old church at Worth, now in Protestant hands, was there when William's men came to write down in the book the details which we find therein.

Close to Worth is Copthorne (Coppethorne in 1437), and this means *at the copped thorn*. *Copped* means *pollarded*. Still further east is Turner's Hill, named after Galfridus le Turnur, who lived there in the 13th century. Below Copthorne lies Rowfant, once Rowfraunte, the rough bracken land. From Turner's Hill the bus will take you to East Grinstead; in 1271 it was all one word Estgrenested. Fifteen miles from Worth towards Chanctonbury there is a West Grinstead. The Green Stead is a Green Place.

Three Bridges, like Burgess Hill, dates from the opening of the Brighton railway in 1846. It is true that in 1534 someone refers to *two bridges called the Three Bridges*, but that is all one can discover. Burgess was apparently John Burgeys, who lived in the early years of the Fourteenth century. Crawley is the *Crow leah*, the place used very much for crows' parliaments.

Balcombe is real Anglo-Saxon, probably Bealda's combe (valley), in spite of the modern sign of a ball and a comb—a thing not intended to be taken seriously: but Bealda died centuries ago leaving us nothing but his name, just like John Monk who fixed his on the farm which we can see from our terrace—Monks (1471).

If we cross the park we pass Little Strudgate Farm, once the dwelling of the family of la Stroude: but it was for a long time known as Cut-throat farm, and nobody knows why. If we go on Southwards we come to Anglo-Saxon Ardingly or Eardingaleage, the clearing in the forest where Earda's people once lived. Further on is Hayward's Heath, which is either the heath which belonged to Hayworth or the hedged enclosure (hay-hedge). What does it matter now? We can never be sure.

Lastly we come to Brighton. It has only been called Brighton for a hundred years. Certainly in 1816 it is marked on the map as Brightelmston or Brighthelmstone. Now that we are beginning to see meanings in names, surely this means the stone of the bright helmet? Not so fast. In Domesday Book it was *Bristelmestune*, and there seems to have been an Anglo-Saxon warrior whose name was *Beorhthelm*. Tun? well, Kingston means the King's village: tun or don generally means that. And so Beorhthelm's tun has become the ordinary Brighton of 1947.

Names are interesting, whether they are Surnames, Christian names or Place names. In fact they tell you a lot. If you are really interested in place names go and spend a shilling or two on a book in Everyman's Library called *Words and Places*, by Isaac Taylor. If, as I say, you are interested, this book will not disappoint you.

THE BLACK MAGIC CLUB

by S. MACLACHLAN*

A queer incident occurred last night at the Black Magic Club. Mr. Diddle was demonstrating the use of a silver wand, when the door burst open and a man in a turban and Indian clothes, rushed in shouting and screaming. He snatched the wand from Mr. Diddle

* SIMON MACLACHLAN, born 17th December, 1934; entered Worth, May, 1945; First XV Rugger; Scout Patrol Leader; important parts in *Little King*, Christmas, 1945; *Lady Precious Stream*, Lent, 1946; Scenes from *The Rivals*, Summer, 1947.

and began to repeat some mysterious words. When this performance had ended, Mr. Diddle was no longer present and the turbaned man rose from the ground and went through the ceiling. All the members were glued to their chairs with fright. At midnight the porter came in and said it was time they went home. So everyone jumped up and ran into the hall. Mr. Faddle the president, organized a search for Mr. Diddle. After an hour nothing was found so they all went home.

Next morning Detective Inspector Andrew-Philipson of Scotland Yard was called in. He first asked all the persons who were present at the meeting to sit where they had sat the night before. He then asked some questions. Next he asked Mr. Faddle to show him the place where the man had gone through the roof. But as soon as the president had reached the spot he was drawn through the same place. The inspector ran out and told the policeman to make a cordon round the house. After a few minutes one of the policemen called out "There they"—then he fell to the ground. The inspector ran to the place where the man had been standing, but he could see nothing. Then he turned round to look at the policeman but he was dead. Afterwards Inspector Andrew-Philipson went up on to the roof with six constables to search the roof, but nothing was found. They were just going to give up hope when one man kicked a brick which came out and revealed a handle which they turned with no effect; but just as they turned it the last time a portion of the chimney-stack swung open and revealed a hole just large enough for a man to wriggle through. The inspector got in and wriggled for about six feet. Then he found a door; he opened it and went in. He found he could walk when he got through the door. He walked down a spiral staircase until he reached a trap-door. He opened it and lowered himself through. He was snatched by the legs and pulled through and a torch was shone in his face.

(To be continued)

CROSS-WORD CORNER

by M. V. LAMBERT*

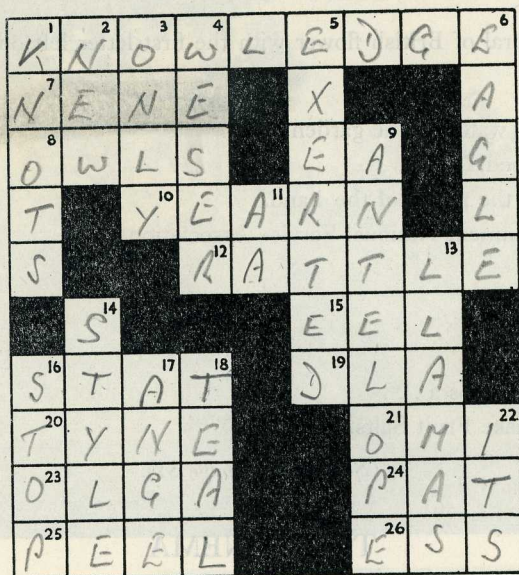
Clues Across.

1. What do you usually see on a book which is open and has a lamp burning? The Book of . . . (9)
7. Flows into the Wash. (4)
8. Birds that live (usually) in barns. (4)
10. I long for. (5)
12. A kind of snake or toy. (6)
15. Lee round. (3)
16. Embroiders backwards. (4)
19. Downside Lunatic Asylum? (3)
20. Flows into the North Sea from Northumberland. (4)
21. One of Ripley's 48 wonders, The Great . . . He had 5,000 needles in him. (3)
23. Russian girl. (4)
24. Little Irishman. (3)
25. John . . . (4)
26. Feminine suffix. (3)

Down.

1. Things you tie. (5)
2. This isn't old. (3)
3. Alone. (4)
4. A German river. (5)
5. Exercised. (7)
6. The Roman and German standard. (5)
9. An animal gives romantic advice to a very small creature. (8)
11. Automobile Association. (2)
13. Like sheep, and you usually find them in Peru. (6)
14. Fashion. (5)
16. Red usually means this. (4)
17. A French angel. (4)
18. A bird. (4)
22. It's in this sentence. (3)

* MICHAEL LAMBERT, born 12th May, 1936; entered Worth, May, 1944.



FOUR WORD-SQUARES

by C. E. T. B. BELLORD* and R. J. MELSOM*

CLUES :

1

1. Use a ruler to draw one.
2. Don't you think this is a good one ?
3. Not far away.
4. Part of your head.

2

1. — plane.
2. The Greek God of Love.

* CHARLES BELLORD, born 9th July, 1935; entered Worth, September, 1945.

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

3. Roam.
4. The plural of British flower with the first letter left out.

3

1. Pipe for watering the garden.
2. Not closed.
3. Blisters the palms of the hand.
4. Entertainment National Service Association.

4

1. Your title.
2. Boy's name.
3. Sed libera nos a . . .
4. They make Fruit Salts.

(Solutions on page 31).

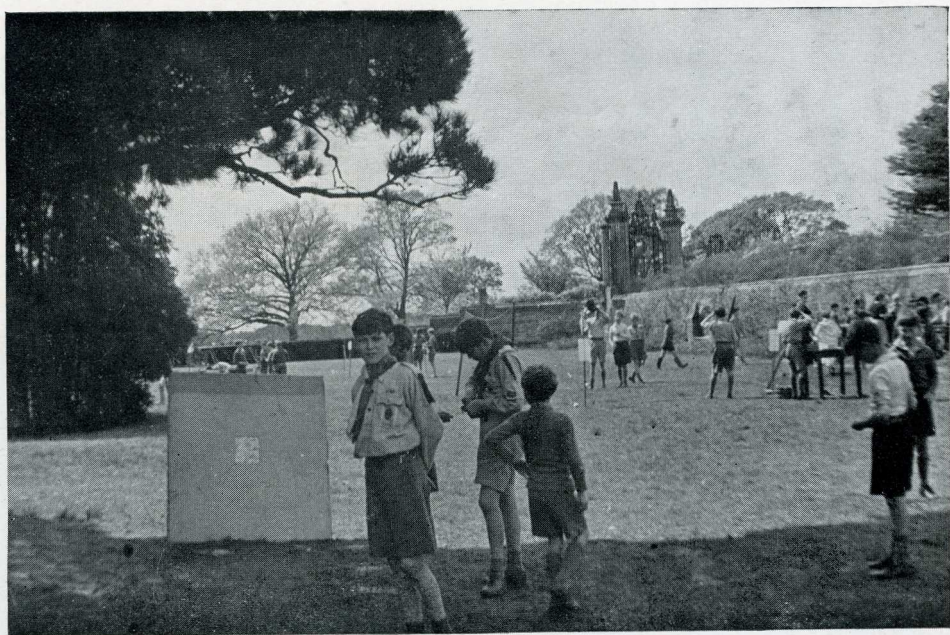
THE CINEMA

by M. A. WILSON*

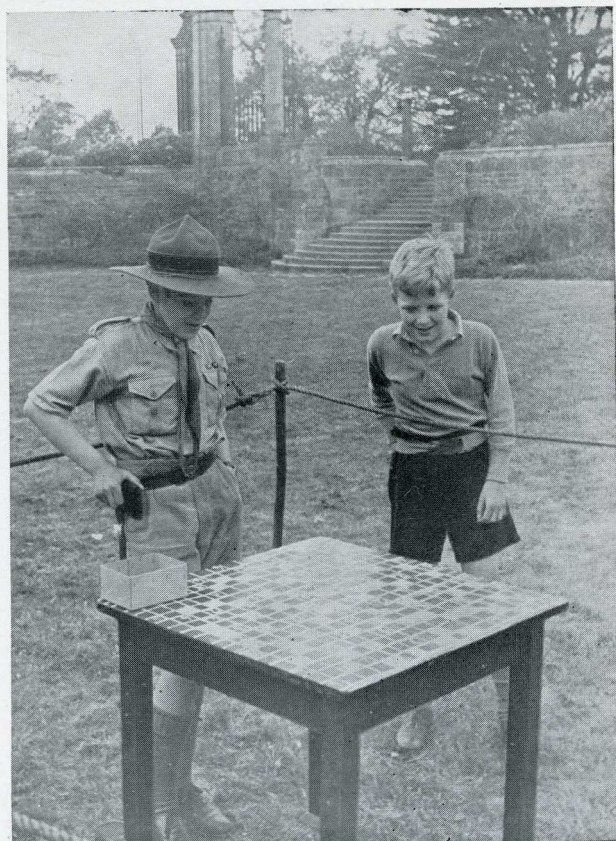
Since the school bought a 16 m/m Sound Projector we have had many interesting shows, both serious and comic. The school library has been used for the cinema but lately the screen has been transferred to the Theatre.

The first film last term was Will Hay in "Oh, Mr. Porter." He acted as the station master of a lonely Irish station on the Southern Railway of Northern Ireland. It was extremely funny and was greatly appreciated. Following that, there was a much more serious film entitled "The Great Mr. Handel," the musical life of the famous English Composer. The music was extremely interesting and was in bright technicolor. The one after it again was a comedy, "The Ghost Train" starring Arthur Askey. It was quite frightening and hair-raising although there were many jokes to go with it. "The Demi-Paradise," the next on the list was the second more serious film of the term. The famous actor, Laurence Olivier played the main part. It was the story of a Russian's life in England building an ice breaker. Diana Durban's musical comedy, "100 men and a Girl" was rather amusing. There were not any films on Half Term Sunday

* MICHAEL WILSON, born 19th December, 1935; entered Worth Summer Term, 1944; under eleven Rugger XV.

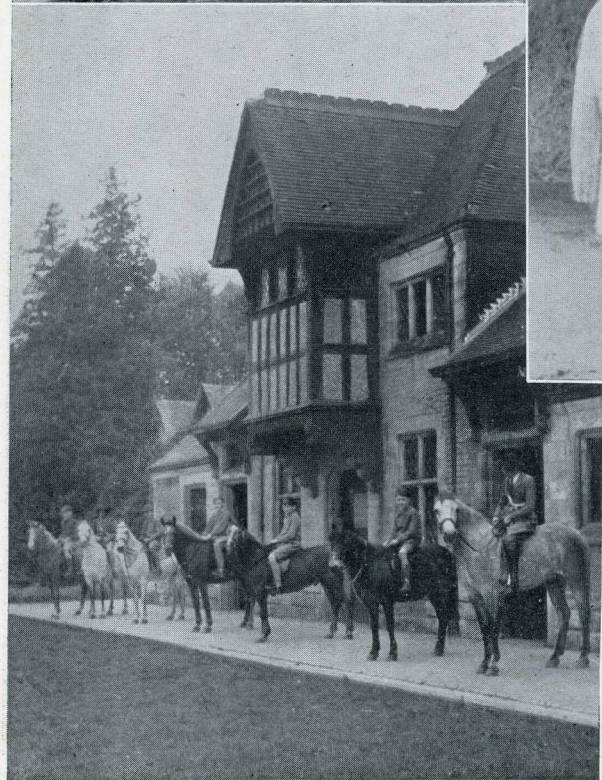
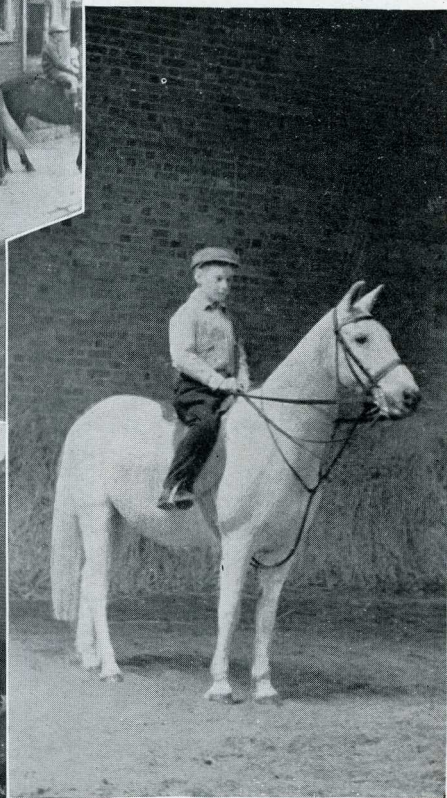


SCOUT
FETE



WORTH

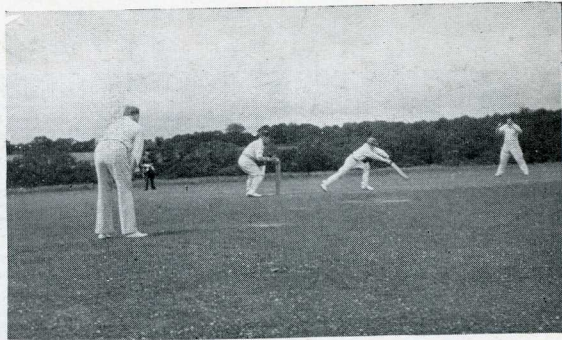
'Summer's lease hath



*'Give a man a horse
he can ride'*

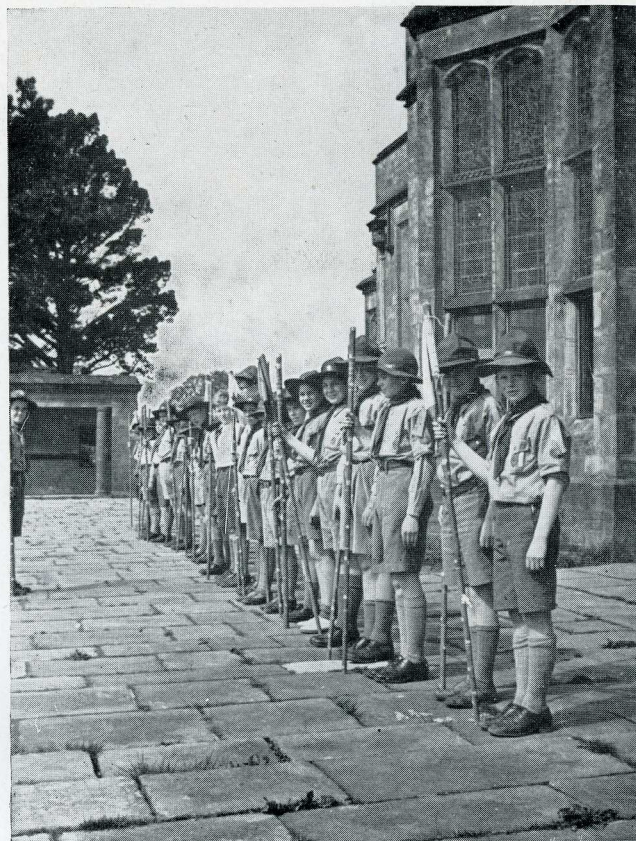
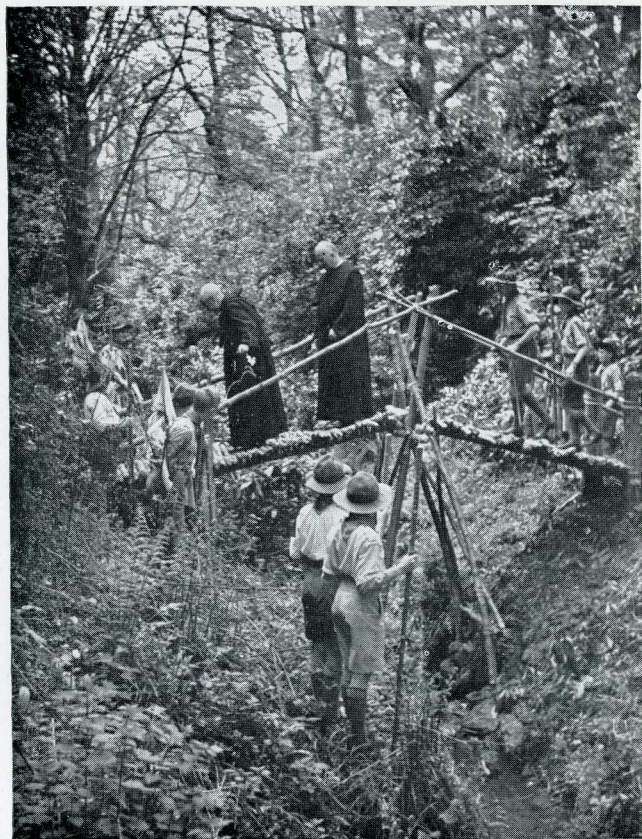
SUMMER

all too short a date.'



*Week end
Camp*





Blessing of the New Bridge -

as a lot of boys were out with their parents. The very famous film "We Dive at Dawn" followed half term. It was extremely exciting and I think quite a lot of people will say it is one of the best films they have seen. Eric Portman and John Mills were the main stars. Jack Hulbert's film "Bull Dog Jack" was very adventurous and ended up with a chase on the Underground Railway. That was also extremely appreciated. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was very good indeed. The final film of the term was expected to be "The Goose steps Out," with Will Hay, but as the previous owner did not return it in time, we had to put up with "The Black Sheep of Whitehall." I believe that it was just as good as the other one and what is more, they were both acted by the same person, Will Hay. It was extremely interesting and funny and landed up with a chase after a bath chair towed by an M.G. sports car!

Our sincere thanks go towards Fr. Oliver who very kindly worked the projector in order to see the films.

THE NOISE OF THE CLOCK BY SEDGEKY, THE TRAPPER

by P. J. O'DONOGHUE*

I was travelling to new hunting grounds in the Yukon, when I was caught in a large snowstorm. I immediately pitched my tent and made it as secure as possible. It was fortunate that I had a large supply of food, for it lasted several days, during which I had time to continue my book which I was writing on "Wild Life in Canada." My tent was pitched by a lake in a fairly conspicuous place, so I was not at all surprised to hear the familiar tock-tock-tock of somebody testing the strength of the ice. I looked out of the tent, but, as I expected, I saw nobody, for sound travels far in such wild places as I was in, and the lake was many miles long. I waited for the person to approach. I waited two hours, till I was nearly driven mad by the even striking of a stick on ice. As nobody came I decided to go and see who it was, as the storm had considerably subdued. I slipped on some extra clothing and snowshoes, and stepped out into the wilderness of snow.

I followed in the direction in which I judged the man to be, and walked slowly and easily. But I seemed to be covering little

* SEAN O'DONOGHUE, born 23rd December, 1933; entered Worth September, 1942; acted in *Little King*, Christmas, 1945; and in *Scenes from The Rivals*, Summer, 1947; President of The Worth Marionette Theatre; Choir; Dormitory Prefect.

distance between the man and myself. I quickened up my speed, so did he. I ran so did he, I ran for miles and miles getting faster and faster and faster, but made no headway. At last I gave up the chase and walked slowly back towards the camp. But then I realized that I was being followed, and what was more, that the infernal noise was drawing closer! Up to now I had felt annoyed at somebody leading me astray, but now, I felt afraid. I began to run, but the noise still drew closer! Oh, that I had never begun to follow! Finally, weary with running, I fell on my face in the snow, scared stiff. Then I was seized by my collar and shaken violently. I was pulled to my feet to find two pairs of gleaming eyes, full of revenge staring at me. So there were two people, I had no hope of escape. I must surely face the end.

"You killed him, you crazy fool, you did. And now you are to be killed." One lifted his stick. I screamed . . .

The sunlight streamed through the window of my room in the "Bear's Arms," Winnipeg, where I was spending a holiday. My friend was endeavouring to wake me, shaking me violently. Above my head a clock ticked solemnly. Tock-tock-tock.

TRAVEL

by G. M. H. MURPHY*

How many times have I heard so many people say, "When I grow up, I am going to visit," and then issues forth a long stream of out-of-the-way places which everyone *longs* to visit. The urge to travel and to see things is a part of human nature. Many people never have the chance to travel; they read all about it in books and journals; but how much finer it is to really find out for yourself the mysteries of the East and the glory that is Rome.

But the word 'travel' has sunk very low in the past five hundred years. The famous places in the world to which everyone goes month after month, have become centres where racketeers and stalls, banks and money-making businesses can draw in thousands of pounds. The historic spots of all the universe have been defaced and crippled by tourists who care little what they do as long as they 'get their money's worth.' To travel now means to step into an aeroplane and arrive at your destination a few hours later without having seen anything. But in the old days travelling would have been an exciting and inspiring

* MARTIN MURPHY, born 10th January, 1934; entered Worth, September, 1945; important parts *Little King*, Christmas, 1945; *Lady Precious Stream*, Lent, 1946; *Madame la Baronne*, Summer, 1946; School Prefect.

episode in life. But perhaps it is rather selfish to so condemn the well-meaning tourists. They cherish a desire, as much as everyone else, to see things for themselves.

To some people, travelling is an obsession; the nomads and the gypsies, all these peoples spend their lives travelling from place to place. These people live in a world all their own; to them travelling is a reality, not an artificial business. Now, in this modern age, there are no highwaymen or bandits, no inns or taverns in the old sense where the travel-worn can spend a cheerful night. Gone are the days when the Canterbury Pilgrims on their pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Thomas à Becket related their Tales which have been made famous by Geoffrey Chaucer. Never may we see another Sir Lancelot arrive on the scene when some damsel in distress on the road summons aid. Beau Brocade and all his contemporaries of the highway are gone for ever; and we are left with, the 'Comficab,' and other comfortably 'nice' ways of travel. We have lost all the old ways of travel, and there remains only a mechanical and artificial money-making racket.

A PUPPET SHOW

On the Feast of our Lady of Worth we had a delightful puppet show given by the Mario Puppet Players in the school theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Ayre, who presented the show, had travelled half way across England to visit us. They arrived in a large car laden with their properties. On to the back of the car was hitched a trailer containing a regular Pandora's Box of tricks and treasures: toy scenery, electrical gadgets, a gramophone, whistles, a balloon, an old sponge, plasticine and the puppets themselves lying snug in their little cloth bags. The dolls dangled on cotton threads from implements like wooden pegs that worked them. To look at them as they were unpacked, so limp and lifeless, you couldn't believe how wonderfully they would come to life on the toy stage at the lightest touch of their creators' wrists and fingers.

Mr. and Mrs. Ayre got to work with amazing rapidity on the stage, and soon all their properties were assembled, everything in its right place, and the show ready to begin.

There were about twenty puppets hanging from a framework behind the stage. Each one had been made and clothed by Mr. and Mrs. Ayre who themselves explained to us at the beginning of the show the various types of puppets, how they could be manipulated, when they were first introduced (they were popular with the Ancient Greeks), and then, later in the evening, how they could be made.

The show was like a miniature revue. There were nine items, each one announced by a puppet compere. First a comedy number with Tommy, the terrible schoolboy, and Joey, the clown. Then Sir Peter and Lady Teazle in the quarrel scene from Sheridan's "School for Scandal." Next came a scene in mime in which the love-lorn Paul courted the beauteous Penelope (neither of them had faces, nor was a word spoken; but it was very touching to behold). Next, a pantomime donkey chased an elusive carrot to the tune of the Donkey's Serenade; and after this we had another scene introducing the terrible Tommy, and the equally terrible Geography master. Then Miss Sophia played to us on the spinet (a very realistic performance); and, in sharp contrast, the item that followed was a weird picture of Witches' spells and a skittish skeleton who cavorted to the strains of Rachmaninoff's murky prelude. Finally we were given a quiet scene in a Welsh parlour with an old peasant woman at her spinning and an old man playing the harp.

After the show the school filed on to the stage and were able to examine the inner workings of this most fascinating and unique entertainment. The concluding comments are a cross-section of the boys' opinions and show how much this puppet show was enjoyed by all:—

"I thought the puppets were most interesting. Their costumes were very well made and when, at the end, we were told the different ways of making the puppets I thought how simple it was."

"I thought the puppet show was very, very good. I was very interested in how you made the puppets and I never knew it was so easy. Some of the scenes you would never have thought were acted by puppets but by real people."

"I thought the puppet show was very good. They were very good puppets and they made them very well. I think the best scene was Tommy and the schoolmaster. He was very kind to let us go up and see the puppets."

M.A.J.

STAMP CLUB LETTER

My dear young Philatelists,

What a pity it is that so few of the world's great men have left any record of their philatelic experiences. If only Shakespeare or Dante or Beethoven had told us all they knew of the art of stamp-collecting! What, I wonder, has become of their boyish efforts? A stamp from, say, the Milton Collection would be well worth its weight in gold! What a flutter it would cause in the Sale Rooms! And yet I sometimes doubt if such men as I am speaking of really cared much for stamps. No true philatelist would ever have written

anything like *Hamlet* or the *Fifth Symphony* or the *Inferno* or *Lycidas*. In any case Beethoven or Mozart or the little Shakespeares would have stuck their specimens into their albums with glue or mucilage, in accordance with ancestral practice, and so have ruined them all. For, apart from the fact that there were very few stamps in those days (owing to people writing so many letters, and such long ones, that it was useless sending them through the post; so they had to be printed instead; which explains Walpole's *Letters* in twenty or more volumes), the art of mounting stamps by means of a special apparatus was as yet unknown.

I throw out these few scattered remarks in the hope that one day some scholar—one of yourselves perhaps—may piece together all the evidence for Shakesperian Philately that lies hidden in the pages of the Tragedies, the Comedies and, above all, the Sonnets, and give to the world a considered judgment on its authenticity.

But let us now turn to our own present day ideas on the subject of collecting. What is all this nonsense about 'sets'? It seems that nowadays a child will refuse to get a particular stamp because, for very sooth, it is only one of a 'set.' What would Beethoven have said to such an attitude? (Something tart, I imagine: 'Not very Fifth Symphony' or 'Fidelio wouldn't have behaved like that.')

Now, just look at my Benares Bowl: it belongs to a 'set'—Grandpa and Grandma Benares, Pa and Ma and the little Benares. How foolish of me if I had not snapped up that bowl merely because I could not get the rest of the 'set.' Besides, things have a queer way of increasing and multiplexing. On Monday you get the 1 p. (black) Hindenburg and, lo and behold, on Tuesday your Great-Auntie sends you the 25 p. (blue) and the 40 p. (purple). Next week you pick up the 15 p. (claret) and a month later you buy from one of D. Thomas' packets the entire remainder of the 'set' save one: the rest is on the knees of the gods. Take another example, this time from mediaeval armour. Who would be idiot enough to refuse an old helmet just because the breast and back plates and other portions of the 'set' were missing? You see what I mean? I once knew a fellow who picked up a lovely visor. Well, in a few days he came across a rather dented helmet (unvisor'd) to go with it; then, he was given a pair of gauntlets and, just before he went to a better world, he was presented with the rest of the 'set.' It's exactly like that with stamps.

My own 'set' of supercharged Wango-Wangos (the first issue, with every known variation of dye, perforation and watermark *and* the unique error, the five *bongs*, puce, in which our dear late Queen's portrait appears *backwards*) is a classical example of the functioning of that scientific principle: *increase and multiplex*. It began with one stamp on a Monday; it ended with forty seven on a Tuesday (though

that was years afterwards). I picked up the first one, and I spent a fortune on the rest. But it was worth it. The 'set' is the pride of my collection, only rivalled by my 'set' of 'pig-wigs' (you know : all those Eastern stamps featuring a countryman driving a team of quadrupeds across a ploughed field): a charming design, carried out with all the possible permutations and commutations of the subject. This 'set,' too, grew out of a single stamp, and a torn one at that : which only goes to show how strong the law of increase must be. (You would of course have thought that, logically, all the others should have been torn too : but they weren't).

Well : I must stop, or there will be no room for my translation from the Chinese. I had some difficulty over this, owing to the fact that, in the Chinese language most verbs seem to have an extra mood : the Philatelic mood, which is not always easy to spot. This is even worse than Greek; but still, doesn't it shew how absolutely stamp-minded these Orientals are ? In fact stamps are at the back of all their philosophy. (How Bach would have appreciated this fact had he known it). By the way, I've several times spoken of 'picking up' stamps and helmets and things—it's rather a mannerism of mine, and the boys will keep on asking me 'where'? Well, I'm not going to tell them. If it's a special place, I want to keep it to myself : if it's a manner of speaking they must learn to 'pick up' things for themselves . . .

* * * * *

Here is the poem : *THE ACID TEST*

The child who tears a postage-stamp or grubbifies the same,
Is one who thinks Philately a kind of childish game.
A sad mistake, a mad mistake, a bad mistake, my dear,
And one which you may live to rue with every passing year.
Philately's an Art, my child, an Exquisite Delight,
A Fever in the Blood by day, A Nightmare in the night.
It grips you and infatuates : now tell me if the same
Attraction can be predicated justly of a game ?

Please don't say ' yes ' and make the matter worse: acknowledge now
That stamps are well worth studying—the ' when,' the ' where,'
the ' how '—

That perforation and design and watermark and tint,
Surcharge and overprint, the otherness of used and mint,
Typography, lithography, recess, photogravure,
Are things which, when you cease from games, will endlessly endure.
Hand's off your stamps (and other's too)! You owe them deep respect;
(Remember, dirty fingermarks will spoil the whole effect).

So show to me your stamp-collection, child, and I will show
To you the kind of child you are—a useful thing to know :
A nice one or a nasty one; industrious or sloth-
ful; clever, stupid; neat, untidy; dirty, clean (or both).
In other words : Philately's a wondrous certain test
Of character, etcetera (and may you guess the rest).

Your loving little

Diogenes Philatelist.

ST. GREGORY'S GROUP OF SCOUTS FIRST TROOP

When Roger Melsom passed the last of his 2nd Class tests at the end of the Easter Term, all of the Woodpigeon patrol possessed the 2nd Class Badge. This seems to be the first time that the whole of one of our patrols has achieved this distinction, and as a reward they had a patrol camp for two nights during the beginning of the summer term. Perfect weather made this camp a very happy and successful one and it helped the patrol on their way to their 1st Class Badge. Besides working for this Badge, Second Ritchie and Scouts Dearlove and Purnell (Pheasant patrol) have found time to win the Stamp Collector Proficiency Badge, while both the latter have gained the Designer Badge. We have Dom Thomas to thank for helping our scouts to win these Badges.

The second patrol, the Storks, are also 100 per cent. 2nd Class, now that Murray has obtained his Badge, and Quin-Harkin has left the Troop: but there are now only four members of this patrol. Scout Purnell (Pheasants) has just won his 2nd Class Badge, and also Scout Allanach (Ravens). Some others are well on their way to doing so, and by the end of the summer we hope that we shall have the honour of possessing two or three 1st Class Badges.

On May 11th the Scouts had a great day. In the morning the troop was inspected by Father Prior, Dom Richard Davey, and then he came down to the Glen to open the bridge which the scouts have constructed across the stream where it runs down a miniature ravine. It is a 'trestle' bridge, but with hand-rails, and its strength was displayed when the whole Troop moved across it at the double, after Father Prior had blessed it, and walked across it with the Headmaster and C.S.M. In the afternoon a grand fete was held on the Sunken Lawn, in aid of the Scout funds. The many side-shows and competitions brought over £9 to the funds. The most popular items seemed to be the refreshment stall, where even ices could be obtained, and the fancy dress competition, which was won by a 'wedding group' consisting of Quin-Harkin (bridegroom), Tyszkiewicz (a very blushing bride), and the Lethbridge twins (who were either bridesmaids or father-and mother-in-law).

B.M.S.

CRICKET

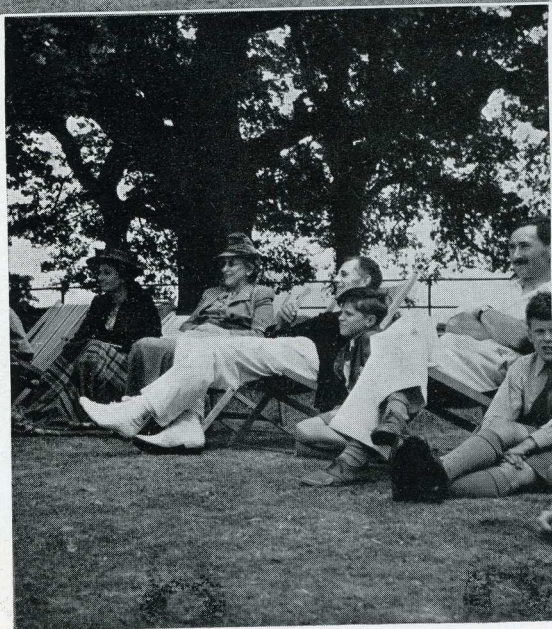
Captain, M. Chignell.

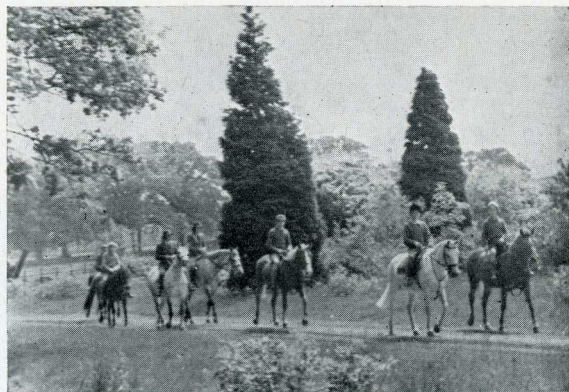
Soon after the beginning of term, a re-organization of the games took place which should bring about an all-round improvement in our cricket. Except for the sixteen youngest members of the school, all boys now play cricket. Dom Jerome teaches the beginners in the Tower House. Dom Brendan and Mr. Johnson have charge of the two Junior House games. Dom James and C.S.M. Wallis inspire interest and enthusiasm into the two lower Senior House games, while Mr. Mills has charge of the 2nd XI and Under 12 XI, and Dom Michael and Mr. Clutton train the 1st XI. Thus each game is in the hands of a capable instructor, which could not always be the case during the War, and we can look forward confidently to an ever growing improvement in our performances at this great game.

Our first two matches this term were disappointing. On May 21st we received the Ardingly 1st XI here. They had some sound but very slow batsmen, and they took two hours to make 75 (for 7 wickets) before declaring. Our bowling was accurate, but lacked fire, and our fielding was satisfactory. Our batting, however, was not



*The
Parents'
Cricket
XI*





Riding



First XI



Gym Display



Holiday Party

at its best. The Ardingly bowling was uninspiring, and the fielding ragged through lack of practice. But our batsmen failed to take proper advantage of these two factors, and we were all out for 46 in the 50 minutes which were left for play after tea. Meanwhile the 2nd XI at Ardingly, were pleased to draw with a better team. Ardingly declared at 88 for 5 wickets, and we had made 30 for the loss of 5 wickets when stumps were drawn. Nicholson was our most successful bowler taking 4 wickets for 38 runs, and Wright the captain made a useful 10 not out.

On May 25th, however, the Worth 1st XI did much better. They received a visit from St. John's, Beaumont, and Chignell and Graham put on 20 runs for the first wicket. Apart from these two, however, no one made more than five runs, and the whole side was out for 62. St. John's had ample time to play carefully and yet make the required runs to win. However, our bowlers excelled themselves. Graham showed much more life than he had done against Ardingly, and took 3 wickets for 5 runs. And, making skilful use of a wind blowing across the wicket, T. Norman brought about a collapse from which the other side never recovered. In eight balls he took five wickets for no runs, and at the end of the match he had taken six wickets for two runs. This bowling feat has probably never been equalled in previous Worth 1st XI matches. St. John's were all out for 10 runs, which is certainly the lowest score for which we have ever dismissed our opponents.

Three days later our 1st XI were at home to the Abbey School. We started off disastrously, as Graham and T. Norman were both bowled first ball, and Antrobus was soon out. The score stood at 3 wickets for 4 runs. Then Chignell, our one reliable batsman, left at 19. Vyvyan and Nicholson helped Bruce to put the score up to 37 before they were out, but 6 wickets were down. Then occurred a stand between Bruce and Quin-Harkin which put on 46 runs. The former played correctly, the latter hit out hard, and each included a couple of fours in his score of 28 and 22 respectively. Our innings just reached 100 in the end. The Abbey began slowly and surely but Nicholson with his deadly accurate bowling, had the batsmen in trouble, and in his first five overs he took 4 wickets for 1 run. In his next two overs however he was hit for 21 runs, whereupon Chignell put on again Graham and T. Norman to finish off the innings for 46.

At the Abbey School, our 2nd XI had a convincing win. After a bad start, in which we lost three good batsmen for ten runs, Westlake began to hit the ball uncommonly hard, and he included three good boundaries in a fine knock of 33. Richard Thompson had a steady innings, and Radcliffe and King were both batting well, and had reached double figures, when the innings was declared closed, at

82 for 6 wickets. When our opponents went in, Williams got two of their wickets in his first over, and Albert (who took 4 wickets for 4 runs), Chalk and Giggins, backed up by some good fielding, enabled Worth to get the remaining wickets for 28 runs, just before stumps were drawn.

On May 31st, the Under 12 XI received a visit from St. Benedict's, Ealing. Our visitors' bowling was good, and we lost three experienced batsmen for very few runs. Only John Norman, our captain, seemed to be at home, and he hit an extremely useful 32 in very quick time: he included five boundaries in his score. Richard Thompson and O'Kelly were the only other batsmen to have much success. When St. Benedict's batted, Nicholson was soon seen at his best, and made the ball turn very appreciably from the off. In $10\frac{1}{2}$ overs, seven of which were maidens, he took 8 wickets for 6 runs. Giggins took the other two wickets for 4 runs, and the innings finished with the score at 32. Richard Thompson played a grand game behind the stumps, stumping two people, and holding two catches to finish the match, the last one with only one hand, which he just managed to get to the ball.

A 1st XI Cap has been awarded to T. Norman, and 2nd XI caps to Bruce, Wright, Nicholson and Vyvyan.

B.M.S.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The Cross Country race was run on April 3rd, after less practice than usual. During the trial runs, the Golds became firm favourites, and with four of their last year's team showing excellent form, every one expected the main interest in the race to centre in the question as to whether the Blues would beat the Reds for the second place. One person even expected the Blues to fill the last four places—but then, he was a Red!

The result was a surprise to all. Chignell (Red) came in first, completing the course in 15 mins. 33.4 seconds. Then came Worstall (Blue). So far, all was really as had been expected. The runners made a fine sight as they came across the fields from the East Lodge direction, and the first two of these (after Worstall), both turned out to be Blues—Green and O'Donoghue. Then came the first Gold, John Norman, and he was followed by two Reds. No more Blues came for some time, but only one of their team came in the last four places.

It was obviously an extremely close race, and it was not until the last runner had arrived, and all the points had been added up, that we were sure that for the first time the Cross Country Cup had been won

by the Blues. The Golds, to everyone's amazement, were last. The teams and their places were :—

BLUES		GOLDS		REDS	
Worstell	2	Norman, J.	5	Chignell	1
Green	3	Thompson, R.	8	Eyre	6
O'Donoghue	4	Mankowski, A.	10	Bateman, J.	6
Chalk	11	Vyvyan	13	Bateman, M.	9
Williams, W.	11	Birch, J.	13	Charlesworth,	15
Dearlove	17	Quin-Harkin	16	Wells, J.	18
Waddington	20	King	19	Willett	21
Petre, C.	22	Lesser	24	Kemmis-Betty	23
	—		—		—
	90		108		99
	—		—		—

B.M.S.

SQUASH

Captain, M. Chignell.

In the Easter Term a very encouraging revival of Squash took place. Our court in the swimming-bath has not yet been completely reconditioned, but it enabled some good games to be played during the arctic weather conditions of last term.

A large number of boys began to play the game, but most of them did not make much progress during their first term. Towards the end of the term a knock-out competition was held, and the seeded players were Chignell, O'Hagan, J. Norman, M. Bateman, Chalk and T. Norman. Except for O'Hagan, who was narrowly beaten by Worstell, all of these reached the quarter-final; and Chignell, Chalk and the two Normans passed into the semi-final.

Chignell then had little difficulty in beating the younger Norman, but the elder Norman had to fight hard to overcome Chalk, who showed he has picked up the idea of the game very quickly. The final was played on Easter Sunday, and Chignell, whose longer experience stood him in good stead, eventually beat Timothy Norman by 3 games to 1. The serving of both finalists was rather weak, and they both have a lot to learn about stroke and positional play.

B.M.S.

BOXING

Captain, M. Bateman.

Owing to illness, it was impossible to hold either of the two boxing matches which were arranged against other schools last term. In their place, we had a grand boxing competition of our own. The

competitors, of whom there were exactly fifty, were divided up into eight weights (two of which were further divided into senior and junior). The last four in each weight gained points for their Leagues, and the League gaining most points at the end of the Boxing Week won the Cup.

The competition began on March 25th, and went on to the end of the week. Without exception, the contests were fought with great spirit, and even where a boxer was obviously out-classed, he had the pluck to go on to the end of his third round. It was not until the final round that the referee was obliged to stop two contests before the end. The boxers were obviously encouraged to give of their best by the fact that they were fighting in a magnificent full sized ring, standing some feet off the floor, for the loan of which we are deeply grateful to Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Lewis.

In this ring, many boys had their first real contest, and some of them came out with flying colours. Of these, White must be singled out for special praise. Never having seen any boxing before, and never having put on a glove, he battled bravely for his League, and boxing like an old-timer he beat John Lethbridge and Nicholson to win his weight, and then successfully defended his title against a fierce challenger, John Wells. The other 'novice,' Albert, who showed tremendous keenness in devoting most of his spare time during the term to receiving special training, overcame John Bateman, Anthony Wells and then the redoubtable Chignell, to win his weight. Chignell had had to box very well in the semi-final to beat Christopher Thompson, after losing the first round. And then in the final Chignell gave a wonderful display of boxing. Albert was the more powerful and aggressive boxer, and time and time again he went in to finish off his opponent with a nice upper-cut. But each time Chignell skilfully ducked and weaved, and caught Albert a hard blow as he moved out of danger. The decision was extremely close, one of the judges giving the contest to Chignell, but the referee gave the decision to Albert for his harder hitting and greater aggression.

All the finalists gave a very good account of themselves, and some of them should have a great future. T. Griffin, the youngest boy in the school, boxed remarkably well to beat Coward, who is over a year and a half older than he. Michael Morris stood up well to the fierce little John Wells. De Domenico held out amazingly against the tigerish Richard Thompson in the first round, but in the second round Thompson heavily hooked his jaw twice and the referee stopped the fight. Thompson then challenged the senior title-holder of his weight, Chalk, who had easily beaten Melsom in his final. The result was an epic struggle. At close quarters Thompson is extremely dangerous. Chalk knew this and made it his aim to keep Thompson

at arm's length. Being older and taller, and possessing a longer reach, he just managed to succeed in his aim. He was partly helped by Thompson's carelessness. The latter sometimes battered his way through Chalk's defence, and soon had Chalk covering up in desperation. But then Thompson would wait with his hands at his sides to put in another telling blow: then out would come Chalk's straight left, and it would land hard in Thompson's face. Thompson's fighting powers, and Chalk's beautifully timed straight lefts, were a joy to watch. Chalk just won.

Chalk then went on to challenge the winner of the weight above him, Loraine, whose final with Willett had to be stopped as the latter, after a very promising start, hurt his hand. This challenge match between Chalk and Loraine was similar to the one between him and Richard Thompson but this time Chalk won a little more easily. He is certainly a clever boxer, and being tall for his weight he should go far if he can develop a little more thrust.

Our Captain, Michael Bateman, had little difficulty in beating the plucky Wyndham Williams in the final of his weight. Bateman then challenged Vyvyan, who had won the weight above him by outpointing Quin-Harkin in a keen fight. Bateman seemed out of practice, and some of his foot-work was poor. But he went in very straight and powerfully to the attack, and managed to avoid the hefty swings with which Vyvyan counter-attacked. In spite of being the lighter of the two, it was Bateman who did most of the leading, and his victory over his tough opponent earned for him the Individual Boxing Cup of the school. In the 'heavyweight' division the mighty Graham won the title. For his weight and size he showed surprising agility, and although he was frequently hit hard in the final by the strong Antrobus, he never let this worry him, and went on to score again and again in his turn. The Blue League, almost half of whom went in for the competition, easily won the Boxing Cup. They scored 47 points; the Golds were second with 20, and the Reds third with 17.

C.S.M. I. Wallis is once again to be congratulated on the very high standard of boxing which the competitors displayed. It was a cruel stroke of fortune that he should have been taken ill on the day the competition was to have begun, for he was unable to watch the fruit of his selfless labours in the training of the boys.

CHOIR AND MUSIC

During the term, Masses ii, viii, ix, xi and xvii were sung, and Credos i and iii. *Laeta quies*, *Inter aeternas* and *Anglorum iam* were, as always, excellently sung. During Holy Week the Choir were able to take their part in the *Vexilla Regis*, *Pange lingua*, the *Litanies*—which I have never heard responded to better, *Victimae Paschali laudes* and *O Filii et filiae*. On Holy Saturday and Easter Day Mass i was sung. Throughout the Summer term the singing was consistently good, Mass ii, *Veni Sancte Spiritus* and *Lauda Sion*, the hymns *Aurea lucis: Hail of Paradise the Portal* and *No labour can excuse* being particularly well sung. Much will depend on the younger Choirboys who will have to work hard to keep up the standard of singing in the Autumn term, when most of the more experienced singers will have gone on to Downside.

Once again we are happy to be able to congratulate J. Birch who passed Grade iv in the Piano Examination of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, with very good marks.

PARAGRAPHS

We congratulate the following boys who received the Sacrament of Confirmation from His Grace the Archbishop-Bishop of Southwark on March 21, the Feast of our Holy Father St. Benedict: Antrobus, Barnett, Bellord, Berridge, Bowden, Brown, Chalk, Charnaud, Crouzet, Dalling, Davies 1, Dearlove, de Domenico, de Salis 1, Downes-Shaw, Eyre, Foley, French, Giggins, Graham, Green, Hawkins 1, Hutton, Jackson, Kemmis-Betty, Kennedy, King, Keogh, Koe 1, Lambert, Lash, Lawrence, Lock, Loraine, Maguire, Mandeville, Mankowski, Martin, Meredith, Monico 1, Mockler, Motion, Mumford, Murray, Nicholson, O'Connell, O'Hagan, O'Kelly, O'Meara, Orme, Ortuzar, Petre 1, Phelan 1, Stirling 1, Thesiger, Thompson 1, Thompson 2, Vyvyan, Watty, White, Wilson 1.

The following thirteen boys were chosen, as the youngest in each House, to have their feet washed by the Prior at the Mandatum on Maundy Thursday: Lawrence, Wilson 1, Thesiger, Watty, Motion, Tantum, Hope, Birch 2, Maguire, Galvin 2, Callender, Abbot 3, Griffin 2.

Open Scholarships to the value of £60 a year have been won by M. V. Worstall and C. D. Harris. A Worth closed Scholarship to the value of £80 has been awarded to J. O. Affleck. G. M. H. Murphy has been given a Worth Closed Exhibition of £50.

Congratulations to M. J. Bateman who has been selected for a Cadetship into the Royal Naval College.

Our most sincere thanks go to Mr. F. A. Lesser for the gift of a magnificent silver cup.

During the Lent Term the following cups were awarded : Rugger First XV Cup to the Blue and Red Leagues; Rugger second XV Cup to the Blue League; Boxing Cup to the Blue League ; Individual Boxing Cup to Bateman 1; Cross Country Cup to the Blue League; Individual Squash Cup to Chignell; Patrol Proficiency to the Woodpigeons.

During the Easter Holidays the entire inside roofing of the Chapel was repainted. We are very grateful for its restoration to its original whiteness.

The nearer and larger Rock Garden pond has been converted into a Lido for the use of the School. Though too shallow for serious swimming it affords the greatest pleasure. On fine afternoons and evenings the air has resounded to the joyful sounds of aquatic frolicking. It is a great boon in these days when, on account of fuel restrictions, it is impossible to heat the swimming bath. Our thanks are due to D. Oliver and to D. James, D. Jerome, D. Joseph and various teams of boys.

My least Brethren, a play based on a short story by Tolstoi, was produced by the Tower House boys a fortnight before the end of the Easter Term. It was greatly enjoyed by a large audience, but, unfortunately, no notice of it has come to hand. The caste was as follows : *Martin* (an old cobbler) : D. Shaw; *Vanya* (Martin's Wife) : P. M. Morris; *Feodor* (a peasant) : R. Walker; *Father Nicholai* : P. Milmo; *A small boy* : T. Griffin; *An old apple woman*: J. Coward; *The Count* : S. Green-Armitage.

FOUR WORD-SQUARES

SOLUTIONS :—

1	2	3	4
L I N E	A E R O	H O S E	N A M E
I D E A	E R O S	O P E N	A L A N
N E A R	R O V E	S E G S	M A L O
E A R S	O S E S	E N S A	E N O S

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SOLUTIONS:—

Across

1. Knowledge
7. Nene
8. Owls
10. Yearn
12. Rattle
15. Eel
16. Stat
19. D.L.A.
20. Tyne
21. Omi
24. Pat
25. Peel
26. Ess

Down

1. Knots
2. New
3. Only
4. Weser
5. Exerted
6. Eagle
9. Antelope
11. A.A.
13. Llamas
14. Style
16. Stop
17. Auge
18. Teal
22. Its

INWARDS

The following boys joined the School in May, 1947:—

C. J. Ahearne, P. E. Campbell, W. J. Knowles, S. S. Lane,
N. C. J. D. O'Hare, J. M. Preston, D. J. Westlake and M. C. L. Owen.

OUTWARDS

These boys left the School in April 1947:—

C. W. V. Lovelace, J. A. M. Jebb, L. A. Ellison, T. O'Flynn
(Downside), M. K. Taylor and M. J. Bateman (Naval Cadetship).

REWARDS

Prizes were won in the Easter Term by:—

J. O. Affleck (1a); P. M. Ball (1b); F. A. Lesser (2a); R. J. B.
W. Barton (2b); J. E. Crouzet (3a); I. F. Albert (3b); D. C. Cross
(4a); R. Walker (4b); S. G. N. Green-Armytage (5a); G. J. Cahill (5b);
and G. de Bruxelles (6).

UPWARDS

School Officials for the Summer 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.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, P. M. Ball and P. M. Dearlove.

Leader of the Choir : M. V. Worstall.

Captain of Cricket : M. G. P. Chignell.

M.C.s : A. J. Quin-Harkin, G. M. H. Murphy.

Thurifer : J. A. Affleck; J. N. Antrobus.

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

FIRST COMMUNIONS

Corpus Christi, 5-6-47.

P. E. Campbell, W. J. Knowles, M. C. L. Owen, C. B. Thomas.