The WORTH RECORD

VOL. III, No. 1 1950 CHRISTMAS TERM

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The

WORTH RECORD

Vol. III. No. 1 CHRISTMAS TERM, 1950

FROM THE HEADMASTER

Michaelmas has gone: All Saints and All Souls are past; the feast of the Immaculate Conception is near at hand. Now, Advent has led us to Christmas. It is really a new school year under way, and time to talk a little about ourselves this time. Why should we always be thinking of you and you never (or rarely) think of us?

When you were sent to a Benedictine school to prepare for another Benedictine school at Downside at the age of eight, you took it for granted that you would be educated by the Black Monks of the Order of St Benedict for the next ten years. And who are we? What are we?

Many years ago—more than one thousand four hundred years, to be exact—St Benedict founded his first monasteries in Italy. We are happy to know that he used to take boys even in those far distant times, for St Placid and St Maurus were only of the age of preparatory school boys when they began their school life with him. Ever since, there have been boys in monasteries. True, until later times they went there and more often than not stayed there all their lives: nowadays you come and you go, and you choose your own vocation or profession; but you are still the boys brought up in a Benedictine Monastery, and your Patrons even now are the two young ones who began their education in the first half of the sixth century.

St Benedict founded no less than twelve monasteries after his first retirement from the world, but the last one he ruled was the well-known Monte Cassino, so badly damaged by our bombers six years ago. And what did Benedictine monks do beside teaching? They lived good lives in their monasteries, which were like power stations making holy electricity, and the result of their labours was nothing less than the civilisation of Catholic Europe. I should like to show you a map of all the great Benedictine monasteries in our continent, because each one was not only a house of prayer, but a hive of activity. Slow and stupid peasants learned from the monks how to farm their land, to reclaim waste land, to cut down timber, to make good houses, and at the same time to look to the Abbot and his monks for advice and help in everything. Europe without the Benedictines would not be the Europe we know.

And what was the secret, what *is* the secret, of Benedictine influence? It is first that each monk leaves everything, money and possessions and family life, and, when the time for his vows arrives, makes his profession, as we say. Lying on a funeral pall, with candles burning around him, he offers up his 'life' as a worldly man and rises later to sign his name on the three vows he takes as a

spiritual man. These vows are that he promises to stay in the monastery where he finds himself; he promises to go on trying to reform his life; and he promises to obey the Abbot who takes God's place in his eyes—these vows are of Stability, Conversion of Manners and Obedience. Whether the monk is or is not a priest does not enter into it; your parish priest is normally a priest and not a monk, while a Benedictine is now generally a monk *and* a priest. His first great work is to worship God in public and in private in the finest possible way, and his second is to do that work which God calls him to. Most of those you meet are those whose work is to educate you in the tradition which we have all absorbed over 1,400 long years.

If you look back on Catholic England as it was in 1500, you will find that Benedictines were almost everywhere. Let me suggest something to you. You all come from different parts of England and Wales. Why not try to find out something, each one of you, about the great Benedictine Churches of the country? Why not bring back each term a postcard or two, or a little book about the Benedictine Church which is near you? You will find that it is in the hands of the Protestants, because King Henry VIII, like Bismarck, Hitler and Stalin, and the present rulers of Poland, Hungary and Czecho-slovakia, cast greedy eyes on the great monasteries, and turned out the monks in order to grab their possessions. And therefore what the Benedictines built up is now no longer Benedictine. We have had to build new abbeys, like Downside, Ampleforth, Douai, Fort Augustus and Belmont to take their places.

Let me give you some idea. First there are the great Benedictine Cathedrals at Bath, Rochester, Winchester, Canterbury, Norwich, Ely, Durham, Worcester and Coventry, with Gloucester and Peterborough. Had you ever thought of them before as once peopled with the Black Monks you know so well?

Then, here in Sussex, there is Battle Abbey; in London, Westminster Abbey; in Surrey, Chertsey; in Kent, Canterbury (St Augustine's) and Faversham; in Hampshire, Hyde Abbey at Winchester; in Wiltshire, Malmesbury: in Somerset, Glastonbury, Athelney and Muchelney: in Dorset, Milton, Sherborne, Cerne and Abbotsbury: in Gloucester, Tewkesbury and Winchcombe: in Devon, Exeter St Nicholas, Totnes and Tavistock.

Come with me north of the Thomas and see, in Berkshire, Abingdon and Reading: in Hertfordshire, St Albans: in Essex, Colchester St Johns and Walden: in Suffolk, Bury St Edmunds: in Norfolk, Wymondham and St Benet's Hulme: in Huntingdonshire, Ramsey. In the ancient universities there were colleges for monks of the Order of St Benedict: at Oxford, Canterbury College (now part of Christ Church), Durham College (now Trinity) and Gloucester Hall (now Worcester): at Cambridge, Monks' College (now St Mary Magdalen). Oxfordshire can also boast of Eynesham Abbey, and Cambridgeshire of Thorney.

Farther north there are the Abbeys of Pershore and Evesham in Worcestershire, Burton-on-Trent in Staffordshire, Barton in Herefordshire, and Shrewsbury in Shropshire: Bardney, Croyland, Humberton (or Hunston) in Lincolnshire and St Werburgh's at Chester: Selby and Whitby in Yorkshire, and great St Mary's Abbey in York itself.

Turn to Wales, and you will find the great Abbeys of St Dogmael's in Pembrokeshire, and Bardsey in Caernavon.

I have mentioned only the great Abbeys, not the priories, of which there were many more.

Now that your eyes are opened, let us make a school record of our Benedictine past, so that someday we may perhaps paint a huge wall decoration from the pictures you bring in. You may find that there is too little left of some of these Abbeys; but a little work will bring to light some picture from the past, I am sure. I have used the word 'work', but it will really be a pleasure to go and see these places and find out what is there.

I am afraid that the map of England now would show very few places where the Benedictine life is led. However, they make up in size and reputation for their fewness in numbers. The monks who fled from England to Spain after Queen Mary Tudor died, and met in Flanders in the first years of the seventeenth century to found St Gregory's, would have been surprised had they known that those who came after them would settle down once more in England in 1814 in the place called Downside, and that St Gregory's at Downside would, in the twentieth century, take the place of the Glory that was Glastonbury.

With all my best wishes to Worth boys, past and present, at home and abroad.

MAURICE BELL.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ABOARD THE LINER MAURETANIA

by W. P. DWYER*

From the first moment I stepped aboard the liner *Mauretania* I knew I was going to have a good time. I was travelling from Cork harbour in Ireland to Le Havre in France. I had to get up at four o'clock in the morning and we had to be at the docks at five o'clock. The liner could not come into the docks, as they were too small to fit her, so we had to go out to her in a small tender. First we went to have breakfast in the huge dining room which is larger than most hotel dining rooms. I got aboard at about half-past-five. Then to my surprise I met an old Worth boy called Lambert; I had a game of Ping Pong with him and then we had a good talk. I then went down to E deck to see the swimming pool but I found it was empty so I could not swim in it. Half an hour later I went down with Mum and Dad and I got a shock as it was full and seventy-five degrees; so we had a swim. It was great fun, as every time the ship rolled a big wave crossed the pool; one moment you were going up a hill and the next moment we were being swirled down in a torrent. After our swim I went to the library and found a good few magazines and books; I was reading for quite a time. After that I started to explore the decks and was having a good time trying to walk against the wind on the top deck. I then had lunch and it was a jolly good one too. After lunch I went to my cabin and had a rest as I would have to get up at five o'clock the next morning. At about three o'clock I looked out of the porthole and saw Lands End quite near; I had always wanted to see it so I went up on deck to have a better view of it. At four o'clock I went to the cinema to see a film called 'Pride and Prejudice' which was very good. It was about a lady that had six daughters and when two very rich men came to stay in the village, she tried to get at least one of her daughters married to the men; in the end two were married to the rich men. At six o'clock I went to the library again for about an hour and after that I changed and got ready for dinner. Northing much happened at dinner and after it I went to bed. The next morning I got up at about five o'clock and had breakfast. By this time the ship was in the dock at Le Havre. Then I went up on deck to see if our car that had come over another way was there and I also saw the driver. I had to wait for quite a while before I could go off the boat. The gangway was twice as long as a railway carriage and at least as wide. And so ended a good voyage.

LAMENT

by A. ELIOT de BURGH*

I can't do sums
I cannot spell
Where is Spain
I cannot tell.

I can't subtract
I cannot add
When class is over
I'll be glad.

*William Dwyer, born June 10th 1938; entered Worth, September 1948.
*Adrian Eliot de Burgh, born February 13th 1941; entered Worth, September 1949; Boxing Team.

THE POUSE

by J. E. FAY*

The *Pouse* is a Hindu festival which is held every year between June and the beginning of September. The actual festival lasts for about a week. In the following I intend to describe to you the vow-taking part of the festival. A vow is when a Hindu undertakes, by his own free will a special *form* of torture so that according to his religion some of his sins will be forgiven. The year before last, about the middle of my summer holidays in Ceylon, we had Peter and his mother to stay, and the day after they arrived was the last and big day of the *Pouse*. On the big day at two o'clock we arrived at the place where some of the vows were taken. One man had taken a vow to have two rows of pins ornamented with peacocks feathers stuck into his back from the shoulder blades down to the waist, and down each of his arms. Also he had a spike through the tongue and a biggish pin with three peacock's feathers on it. After the unfortunate man had had the necessary number of pins stuck into him he was given a wooden object adorned with hundreds of peacock's feathers which he was to hoist on his shoulders before starting off for the three quarters of a mile to the temple. Another and much more strenuous vow is to have three big pins in the forehead and two in the chest and about twenty fishooks in the back. Attached to the hooks are strings which are tied to a cart. With a little help the man then pulls this cart to the temple. We will now leave the procession and go to the temple ahead of it. We arrive at the temple and sit in a kind of porch. In front of the porch is a shallow pit about ten feet long and four feet wide. In this pit are burning coals which a man is to walk over. The man appears from among a crowd of others, at one end of the pit and starts dancing forward towards us, up the pit. He reaches our end and passes by us into a door. In about five minutes he comes out not, as we might think, in a very painful state, but looking as if he had never been through the ordeal. It might seem to us that all these are very painful ordeals, but this is not so, because the temple attendants, before arranging the pins, fishooks, and so forth, put the man into a kind of stupor so that he hardly feels anything.

NEDDY THE DONKEY

by M. W. PIASECKI*

1. One fine morning
A donkey lay;
In the evening
It started to bray.

2. It wasn't usual,
So Jimmy got up;
Then he was quick to call:
'Neddy—*shut up*!'

3. He got out the hay
And the hay-fork too;
Then neddy was gay
As a kangaroo.

4. The light was on
In Jimmy's house.
Did Neddy have need
To grumble or grouse?

*John Fay, born June 21st 1938; entered Worth, September 1947.
*Marek Piasecki, born July 29th 1938; entered Worth, September 1948.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT

by J. CAHILL*

I am going to tell you about a Railway accident which happened about twenty years ago on the Fishguard—London line. My name is William Powell and I was coming back from St John's Hospital Dublin where I was studying to be a doctor. I had my ticket for the boat at midnight from Rosslare to Fishguard; the crossing was very calm and I was not sea sick. I went though the customs with the other passengers and our bags were searched; after that I went to platform ten from which my train was leaving. I looked at my watch and the time was ten to twelve. I walked along to the train, got in to a rather crowded compartment and sat down. Chug chug chug.... the train started to move and a man in the corner next to me said 'We will be in London in seven hours.' I did not remember much of the journey that followed, until about half an hour before the accident; I had fallen asleep soon after the train started. When I awoke I drew back the blind on one of the windows, and looked out. I saw nothing except the dark night and puffs of smoke that came from the engine; we were in the last carriage. Suddenly I heard a bang—a screeching of brakes and cries of pain. Our carriage was the last, our coach fell over suddenly, breaking all the windows. I made my way to the door of the compartment, broke it open, and got out. As I was making my way out of the wreckage I suddenly fell over an iron girder—at least what I thought was one. I did not know much more because some wreckage came crashing down on me before I could get up. About six hours after the accident I came to; I was in Hospital with my leg in plaster because it was broken. I was told I had been knocked out and I was the only person to get out alive out of five hundred. I have never recovered from that accident, I am a cripple and have to go round in a bath chair, but I thank God for letting me live and not get killed.

CHRISTMAS DAY

by A. W. R. BURTON*

The trees are bare, the fox's lair
Is blocked up with the snow.
The pipes do burst, the owners curse
For the plumber is so slow.
But in all houses big or small
The fire's bright embers glow.

At supper we all eat our fill
And then we dance a ball;
When that is over all are tired:
'Charades' the host doth call.
But after that we have to leave:
Here's a toast to the health of all.

*Jeremy Cahill, born November 23rd 1937; entered Worth, September 1945.

*Anthony Burton, born August 9th 1939; entered Worth, September 1947; acted in *Babes in the Wood;* Choir.

IN A SMUGGLERS CAVE ON SUMMER DAY

by G. R. C. HALL*

One fine summer day in the holidays I went down to the beach with my friend James to bathe. We went on our usual walk to the end of the beach where there were cliffs, and as we were getting near we saw something shining in the sea, that was going up and down. But as we were so far away we did not know what it was, so we ran as fast as we could to the cliffs so that from there we should be able to see better. When we got there we saw it was a motor-boat and it was heading for us, and as we were a bit suspicious we hid behind a rock. The next moment we saw a man in the boat stretch out his arm and get hold of a projecting rock. He pulled, and we soon saw that a very big boulder swung open. The motor-boat got in and then the rock shut again. We considered the matter, whether to go and get the coast-guards or get in and spy what they are doing first, and we thought it would be better to spy on them first and then call the police. So we went in and crawled to where they had a very place full of boxes and there was a submarine and the motor-boat beside it; but as soon as I turned I saw that my friend wasn't there and I went back the way I had come, and suddenly I was blind-folded and quickly tied up with my arm behind my back and my legs nearly touching my hands at the back. I was carried by two men, and they seem to be quarrelling one with another—at all events the conversation was full of swearing words which I did not quite understand. I was carried for a very long way until the handkerchief was taken off my eyes and I found myself tied to a windmill's wheel which makes the stone go round, and just a foot away was my friend James, and I saw that he was unconscious. If I could just move a little I could chew the rope till it broke, but if the wind started before then we would be crushed to death. I tried to move and just managed to get near but not near enough. So I looked down and to my surprise I saw a big bread-knife on a table just under me, so I put my head down and with my teeth I held the handle of it and cut my bonds, and my friend and I were soon at the police-station. We got a good reward, and we soon were home telling our adventures.

AUTUMN

by L. H. W. WILLIAMS*

Autumn,
Whose biting breath ends Summer's sway,
Who heralds Winter's dreary day,
But yet, through all of this, is gay.
The season's changing colour scheme
With all its gold and red may seem
Beautiful. So some men deem
Autumn.

*George Hall, born February 16th 1938; entered Worth, May 1947; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1949 and 1950, and *Christmas on the Common* 1949; Sacristy.

*Lawrence Williams, born April 9th 1938; entered Worth, May 1946; acted in *Babes in the Wood*; Boxing Team.

THE FOUR WISE ANIMALS

by A. ECHEVARRIA*

It was a sunny day and in the fields there was a hare; his mother was dead, and he was very sorry. He didn't have a house in which to eat nor anything to play with. In that field there was a horse and the little hare said to the horse 'Come with me and we'll try to find a monkey and a dog and then we can make a house and sleep and get some food, and then we can eat. And the monkey can get us bananas'. Well next day they set off. When they were in the woods they heard a noise and the horse soon knew who it was—'My Master. We had better run and get away or else he'll kill me. Jump on my back'; and they went galloping away. They came to a field where there were a donkey and a monkey and the hare said to them 'Come with us and we will build a house and we can eat and drink and do anything we like'; so they did. They went far into the woods, and they saw bananas, and apples and wood to build their house. They started building their house and it took three days to finish. They collected lots of things to eat and wood to build a fire. They were very happy and they had everything they wanted, and they lived happy for ever.

FIDO AND FELIX

by SIMON MATTHEWS*

Once upon a time lived a wicked old hag, her name was Pansey Pinkpot. One day she went to the market and bought a cat and called it Fido. Fido didn't like Pansey and was very unhappy. She made up her mind to run away. Fido had one friend and one enemy, her friend was called Jack; he was a nice old Spannual of ten years old. Her enemy was called Buster, he was a nasty very bad tempered Scoty. Fido used to fight Buster, she didn't like fighting because she got scratched. One day Fido told Jack she might run away. Jack was very upset. Three days later Fido ran into the garden of Jack, and found Jack and Buster fighting. Fido ran to the rescue, she clawed Buster very hard, he screamed and ran off. Just then Mrs Honey pot ran out and took Jack into the house. That was the last Fido saw of Jack for very many years. She was very very sorry. After this she discided to run away but before she went wrote on a pieice of paper the following words, (which she buryed in the garden):— I vow to come back and see Jack's grave and have my revenge.' That night Fido ran away three miles to a big house where lived a friend of his father called Opus, he was very nice his master was called Professor Magister M.A. He was very clever at Latin. When Fido arrived she was very tired and went to bed in the waste paper basket. In the morning she met Opus who took her to the Professor, who looked very grave and then smiled, 'Oh, all right you may stay.' Not long after Fido and Opus fell in love. A week later they were engaged and marryed. Six weeks later Fido had five kittens four boys and one girl. You already know the Professor was very wise on Latin, so he called the boys Felix, Ingens, Tristis and Melior and the girl he called Soror. When Felix (who was the oldest) was five Fido told him about the old days with Pansey Pinkpot and Jack and Buster, and Felix said 'I will go and see Jack's grave and I will KILL Buster. Three days later he was on the march. He first went to Jack's garden but could not find a grave so he said 'They mustn't of buryed him, how sad.' He then went to have revenge they fought and fought till Buster fell down dead. Felix then went back to Jack's house and found it had fallen down. He looked for Jack then saw him eating a rat he had just caught. 'Come home with me Jack and see Fido,' said he. They went back and Jack lived with them. And they lived happily ever afterwards.

*Arturo Echevarria, born October 2nd 1940; entered Worth, September 1948; acted in *Babes in the Wood* 1950.

*Simon Matthews, born September 22nd 1938; entered Worth, September 1947; Boxing Team.

THE BABE IS BORN

by J. A. LESSER*

One cold and dreary winter's eve
When all were warm in bed,
There came to shepherds on a hill
An angel bright who said:

'At Bethlehem there you will find
A little Babe laid in a cave;
He is the world's Redeemer, sent
From God to earth for man to save.'

The shepherds then were all afraid,
Till suddenly about that hill
They heard from heaven angels singing
'Peace on earth to men of good will.'

The shepherds then went down to find
The cave in which that Baby lay,
And see that little infant Child
Who lies by Mary in the hay.

The shepherds found Him there at last
And by St Joseph there they knelt.
They looked upon that Babe so sweet,
Then they the light of Jesus felt.

They then went back to their sheep-flocks
A-praising God in every way,
And thanking Him from all mankind,
Thanking Him for Christmas Day.

*Antony Lesser, born January 17th 1939; entered Worth, September 1947; 1st XV Rugger; Boxing Team; acted in *Stations in Mime;* Choir.

A SCOUT TALE

by S. LLEWELLIN*

One Sunday the scouts were going to have lunch out at each patrol site. Well we all had to go up to the changing room to get changed into our scout uniform. When we had changed we came down to the scout loft to get our equipment ready and put what we needed into our rucksacks. Next we had to go down to the hatch for our food and fill our water bottles at a basin. Then each patrol went to their own site.

When my patrol got to our site, we put the water in a cool place and spread out the ground sheet and put everything on it. Then someone lit the fire, and a couple of people cooked the lunch. We took about three quarters of an hour over it (cooking and eating it). Just after we had finished it another patrol came along and attacked us. Then we joined up with them and attacked a third patrol. When all the patrols had been attacked in the same way, the troop leader suggested that we should divide up into two and have a battle; so we did, and one lot went to a place surrounded by railings and had to keep the other lot out, but as the ones that were outside were much stronger, they won and managed to get over the railings.

Then each patrol collected their equipment, went back to the school, changed into their suits and went into Compline.

HAMMY THE HERO

by P. G. KENNEDY*

It was a fine, spring morning when our story opens. There was great excitement under the big oak tree. P.C. Badger, the sole policeman of Oak Town which is a scattered collection of little dwellings, belonging to various species of animals, was making an announcement. Water Rat, the sly ex-convict, who lived by the river, a mile or so from the village, had broken into Mrs Squirrel's nut store that night, and had stolen half her nuts. Having made the announcement, P.C. Badger hurried to the 'police-station', collected his handcuffs and truncheon, and was just about to leave for Rat's home, when Hammy, the Field Mouse, who lived under the roots of the Big Oak Tree, came running up, 'Please let me come with you', he pleaded, 'I will be very good.' After a lot of pleading P.C. Badger finally let Hammy accompany him, so they both set off together. After about an hour's steady walking, they arrived in sight of Water Rat's tumbled down cottage, made of reeds and mud. Very cautiously they approached, and peeped in at the little window. There they beheld Water Rat, emptying a bag of acorns and hazel nuts into a large, conspicious looking chest. 'Aha', whispered Badger, 'look at that bag, it has Mrs Squirrel's S on it, well, come on now we must perform the law.' Our two friends boldly rapped on the door, but all the reply that they received was a deep rumbling laugh. P.C.

*Simon Llewellin, born February 1st 1938; entered Worth, September 1948; Choir; School Prefect.

*Peter Kennedy, born March 28th 1939; entered Worth, September 1948; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1949, *Babes in the Wood* 1950; Choir.

Badger then tried to force the door open but with no effect, for it was made strong thick rushes, bound together with mud. 'We are beaten for the present at least', declared P.C. Badger. 'Oh no', squeaked Hammy 'we are not beaten Do you see that hole under the door? Well, I could just manage to squeeze through.' They laid their plans, and after some time, Hammy again approached the house and managed after a struggle to squeeze through the hole. He found himself in a damp dingy room, and Rat was asleep on a table, at the far side. Hammy ran into the darkest part of the room, and began to put his plans into action. In his lowest voice he squeeked 'Ha, ha, ha, I am the wicked spirit of the woods.' Rat woke up with a jump. 'Go and never return' continued Hammy, 'or I will kill you'. Rat, thoroughly scared, frantically unbolted the door, ran to the river, dived in, and was never seen again in that district. P.C. Badger entered, and heartily congratulated Hammy on his clever scheme. They then opened the chest, and there they found all Mrs Squirrel's nuts and also a good many other stolen articles. In triumph they returned to the village dragging the sack behind them. Mrs Squirrel was very grateful, and in the future Hammy was called 'Hammy the Hero'. As a reward all the animals built him a big cosy nest for the winter, and all were happy.

THE SEASONS

by A. A. WALKER*

In Spring, when all the buds appear,
The cuckoo, calling loud and clear,
Stirs every countryman to joy
And every country girl and boy.

In Summer, when the flowers are gay,
All the green meadows are turned to hay,
And all the little streams dry up
Till you can hardly fill a cup.

In Autumn, when the leaves turn red,
And people want to stay in bed,
The Greenwich time goes back an hour,
And people hardly see a flower.

In Winter, when the snow does fall,
A merry fire burns in the hall;
And people hunt for Christmas trees
And Winter frosts kill all the fleas.

*Andrew Walker, born March 6th 1939; entered Worth, September 1947.

THE SHOW

by E. D. F. STAVEACRE*

One day I decided to take my pony to the show; his name is Midnight and he is six years old. Three days before the show I jumped him and exercised him; I did this the next day too. When the show day came, I got up at six o'clock and groomed him well, then I went into breakfast. After breakfast I went upstairs to change. When I had changed I went to put on Midnight's saddle and bridle. When I put them on I went and got my sandwiches. Soon I was on my way; it was five miles to the show-ground. When I was half-way I got off to eat my sandwiches and gave Midnight his oats. After that I set on again, when I got there I plaited Midnight's mane and went into the collecting ring; I was going in for riding. We had to do a figure of eight and quite a lot of other things, and I got a second prize. Then I went in for the jumping; there were five jumps—a stile, a triple bar, a single bar, a bush fence, a double bar. We cleared every jump except the stile on which we gained two faults; in that round we tied with a girl of about twelve on a big mare. We went over the jumps again and this time we cleared every one while the girl got two faults over the triple bar. When we went to collect the prizes the girl put her tongue out at me and the colonel saw her and she was disqualified, so we had a very happy ending.

THE FIVE JOYFUL MYSTERIES

by E. P. MORRIS*

1. The first one (as you all should know)
   Is the one in which, some time ago,
   To Mary did the angel go.

2. The next one is, so it is said,
   The one when Mary visited
   Elizabeth whom she lovèd.

3. Our Lady had on Christmas day
   That Infant Child Who once did say:
   'I come to take your sins away'.

4. Our Lady to the temple went
   And on two doves some money spent
   To have the Babe to the old priest sent.

5. Our Lord was found with some Wise Men
   In the temple (He was wiser than them);
   His Mother was so pleased. Amen.

*Dermot Staveacre, born September 4th 1940; entered Worth, September 1950.

*The Hon. Patrick Morris, born December 9th 1937; entered Worth, September 1945; acted in *Sport of Kings*, *Dumb Wife of Cheapside*, *Stations in Mime* and *Babes in the Wood*; Choir.

JOURNEY FROM EGYPT TO ENGLAND

by IAN KIETH MACDONALD*

My Aunt, grandmother, my brother and I were flying over to England on July 20th at one o'clock in the morning. We went to the flying boat, which was called the *Golden Hind*. We started at one o'clock am. While we were taking off we would not know it we were in the air or on the sea (you see we were flying in a flying boat), because it was dark. I could not get to sleep that night because of the noise of the four engines. The next day we had some tea and biscuits before we landed at the Island of Sicily for breakfast. We saw Mount Etna which looked jolly nice. Then we went back to the *Golden Hind* and when they had finished oiling it and filling the petrol tanks up, we took off again. We flew right over Mount Etna. We looked down into it, it looked awful. We then flew on till one o'clock. We had lunch on the plane. My brother was air sick and was sick on the top part of the chair. The captain would come in every now and then to tell us what we were flying over. We arrived at Poole just in time for tea. We had a smashing tea. After we had had tea we had to go to the Customs Office to have our cases inspected. After that we took a train to London, where we stayed at the Royal Court Hotel.

TRIOLET

by N. T. SIBLEY*

I think I will cry,
There is Rugger today.
They wont tell me why,
So I think I will cry.
The wind is quite high
And I know it wont rain.
I think I will cry,
There is Rugger today.

THE MINNOW

by T. P. GRIFFIN*

The minnow flitteth down the stream,
Down to the desolate pool.
Past the gloomy shadow
Of the pike on his homeward way.
Past the waving bullrushes,
Winnowing in the breeze,
Down past the two green stones
To his home among the reeds.

*Ian Macdonald, born June 19th 1939; entered Worth, September 1947.

*Nicholas Sibley, born June 20th 1938; entered Worth, May 1946; acted in *Dumb Wife of Cheapside*, *Stations in Mime* 1950 and *Babes in the Wood*.

*Terence Griffin, born June 7th 1939; entered Worth, January 1946; Boxing Team.

ANNA THE FEARLESS

by R. E. A. WEBB*

Once upon a time there lived a little girl that was always crying, she cried when she fell, she cried when she was late for school, she even cried when she got a sum wrong. One day her teacher asked her to tea. The day came, and she knocked at the door, the teacher's, who's name was Mrs Brown came and opened it, 'Hello' she said 'I was waiting for you; come in and have some tea,' and in she went. While they were having tea Mrs Brown said, 'Why are you always crying, you look so nice when you smile, why don't you pretend to be Anna the Fearless, your name is Ann'. So Ann pretended to be Anna the Fearless, and next day when John pushed her over she didn't cry, but just said, 'Oh dear now I'm all dirty'. And weren't all the school Girls and Boys surprised, Now Ann doesn't cry any more.

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

by J. WORSTALL*

Not long ago I was experimenting with a new Musical Instrument. It was in appearance very much like a one man band, except it lacked a drum. I think it originated from an old bagpipe but I am not sure, however, there was definitely a trace of an accordion (found in the loft) among other things in it. It is possible to get all the known noises (woman screaming, etc.) from it. I remember once trying to sell it to the local music store but I ended up in the gutter with rather a sore behind, my musical instrument being rather the worse for wear. I had rather a lot of trouble making the instrument because my mother kept on asking me if I had seen her gong. When later on she discovered my musical instrument she took it to pieces and found her gong. She was then very unfair, as most parents are, and I am sorry to say my instrument ended its rather short life in the dustbin. My Mother's parting remark was, 'It serves you right; my gong indeed.'

AUTUMN

by C. M. LIND HOLMES*

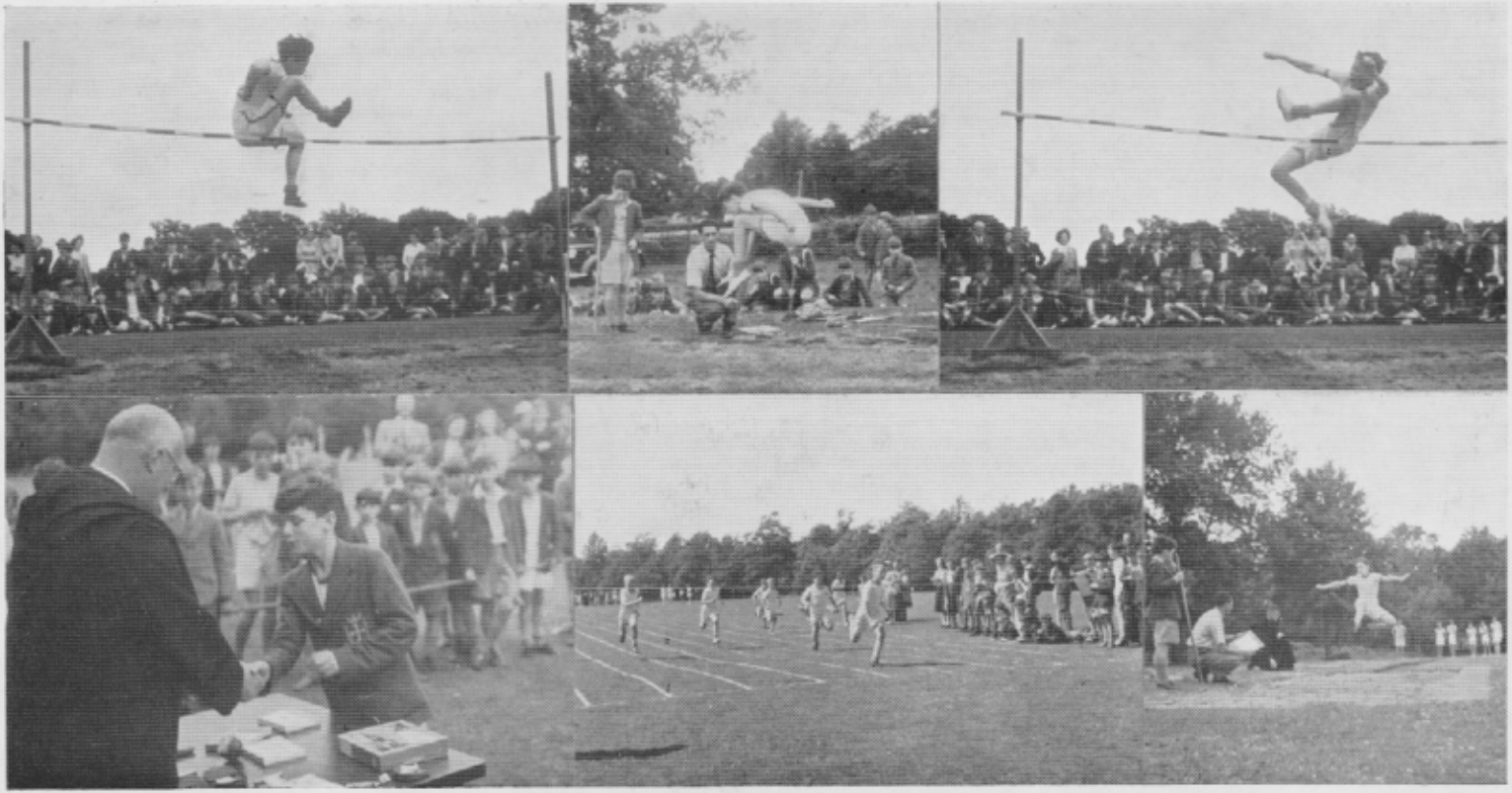
Elms and Beeches, Oaks and Ashes,
All in Autumn shed their leaves;
While the West Wind wildly dashes,..
Farmers gather in their sheaves.

The last few swallows now fly southwards
To a land that's cold no more,
And still the cold West wind drives onwards
As squirrels garner nuts for store.

*Robin Webb, born January 12th 1942; entered Worth, September 1949; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1950.

*John Worstall, born April 2nd 1939; entered Worth, September 1949; Choir.

*Christopher Lind Holmes, born February 12th 1938; entered Worth, September 1946; 1st XV Rugger.



Athletic Sports, 1950

SCHOOL PLAYS—ABOVE: *'The Dumb Wife of Cheapside'*, BELOW: *'The Reluctant Dragon'*, AT RIGHT: *'The Mad Hatter's Teaparty'*.

THE IMP

by S. POETT*

One day a little imp was skipping along the road. All of a sudden he saw a house with a notice on the gate saying 'Person wanted for cleaning floors and making beds and doing the washing up.' 'I will take on the job' said the imp. So he went into the house and found quite a young and strict sort of person sitting in a old dusty looking chair. 'What do you want' she said crossly, 'I have come to do all the cleaning up and that sort of thing' 'All right' said the lady 'Go ahead and make the beds, and do the washing up.' So the lady went and showed him the bedroom, and then went away downstairs, and instead of making it properly he made her an apple pie bed *with a thistle in it.*

AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE

by T. H. N. FISHER*

I was on the plane going from London to Paris across the Channel. It was a very fine day and frightfully hot. We had taken of and were about half way across the channel when the pilot fainted. Everyone jumped up and the stewards were trying to bring the pilot round, forgetting about the plane which was going down towards the sea, I jumped into the pilot's seat and fumbled around with controls. Finally I thought I kicked something—I don't quite know what it was but it sent the plane shooting upwards. I found out when we were going up that I had not kicked anything but I had leant on the steering wheel. When we were up quite high I let go and we came down again. I then pressed the wheel down again, and I continued this till the pilot came round. When we landed I was very glad the flight was over.

YULE TIDE

by A. C. MUIRHEAD-GOULD*

When Christmas time is coming nigh,
When all the birds begin to cry,
The happy children love to fly
Their kites high up into the sky.

The snow begins to fall with glee
Upon the big old Christmas tree.
And when the people look to see,
How white the gateway seems to be!

The garden is so bright and shining
And with the white snow glistening;
The household think it is so thrilling
When children go out Carol singing.

*Simon Poett, born September 8th 1940; entered Worth, September 1948.

*Thomas Fisher, born May 29th 1938; entered Worth, May 1946; 1st XV Rugger; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1950 and *Babes in the Wood;* School Prefect.

*Andrew Muirhead-Gould, born February 24th 1939; entered Worth, September 1947; Choir.

THE FRIENDLY JUNGLE INGUANEZ MONSTER

by N. J. de PIRO*

It was a sultry day, when a man went into the jungle and met a life sized monkey with eight fingers in each hand, and six heads on his neck, and in each head he had one eye. The man had only a gun about a hundred years old, so if he shot the monkey it wouldn't kill him. So he tried to escape, but where ever the man went the monkey would go. The monkey really wanted to make friends, and after sometime they were friends; then he took the monkey home, and it had supper with him. That day, after supper the man sat down and began smoking, when the monkey went near him and touched the cigarette box, so the man brought out a cigarette and gave it to the monkey, and lit it for the monkey, and the monkey began smoking it. Sometimes the man used to dress up the monkey as a man and used to give him a cigarette and light it for him, and take him out for a walk. They were always friends and lived happily ever after.

APPROACH OF WINTER

by J. F. COWARD*

A sea of leaves, a world of fruit,
Loose scurrying wind-swept leaves—
No birds to sing, no life of green,
No heat and steam of spring to bring
The life from out the sheaves.

The past, the Spring, the Summer heat
Are far away and lost;
The lambs, the birds, the brightest flowers
Have left, and through the opaque hours
Come damp and mist and frost.

LIMERICKS

by N. A. M. St J. COLES*

There was a young man from Brighton
Whom noone ever could frighten;
When he met with a ghoul
He kept perfectly cool,
Though his eyes seemed slightly to brighten.

There was a fat master of Worth
Whose name was Theopulus Girth;
Though Scottish by race,
His funny old face
Made all the boys cackle with mirth.

*The Noble Nicholas de Piro Inguanez, born August 21st 1941; entered Worth, September 1950.

*John Coward, born October 11th 1937; entered Worth, September 1945; Boxing Team; Gym Team; Choir.

*Norman Coles, born September 21st 1939; entered Worth, September 1948.

DAWN PATROL

by P. W. A. RUDD*

It was 'A' flight's turn for the dawn patrol on July 16th 1940. Our flight was composed of Flight Sergeant J. L. Mackail, our Leader and Pilot Officers M. C. Tomkins and P. A. Swan—that's me. Tomkins was on the left and I on the right. Our squadron is a Supermarine Spitfire, stationed at Ramsgate.

We took off at 06.00 hrs G.M.T. and climbed to 15,000. We then went straight to the coast. Mackail climbed to 17,000 and Tomkins to 16,000. We kept in touch with each other but did not talk very much. There was a mist but it did not trouble us. At 06.45 hrs the mist was gone and we could see the land and channel. At 07.00 hrs approx. we heard the woofing of an archie behind us. Mackail told us to turn round and climb to 25,000. We saw the enemy and the rest of our squadron, headed by the squadron leader. Our squadron fell into fighter formation and dived to the attack. The enemy broke formation and we heard the startled cries of 'Achtung spitfeuer'. We sought out our opponents and there was a terrific dog fight. Eight enemy fighters were shot down when we dived to the attack and a few more went down. When a squadron of Hurricanes came on the scene the bombers were in full flight after emptying their racks. 'A' flight went with the patrol and the rest was left to the Hurricanes. The remainder of the patrol was uneventful. We landed at 09.00 hrs.

BETHLEHEM

by E. C. FALKINER*

Near Bethlehem it was
One dark and wintry night,
The shepherds saw the angels come,
And stood transfixed with fright.

Inside a stable warm
Our Lord came down to earth.
The shepherds tip-toed through the door
To see Our Saviour's birth.

The three Wise Men as well
Had come from right afar;
They'd ridden hard for days and nights
Behind Our Saviour's star.

*Peter Rudd, born September 1st 1937; entered Worth, September 1947; acted in *Sport of Kings* 1949; Sacristy.

*Edmond Falkiner, born June 24th 1938; entered Worth, September 1947; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1950.

WE WERE LEFT IN THE DARK

by M. D. MORRIS*

On the thirty-first of October nineteen hundred and fifty, the authorities decided to turn out the lights of the whole south-eastern area of England.With only seven minutes warning of this power cut, Dom Maurice came rushing down the passage outside classrooms, one, two, three and four, warning each master of this awful tragedy, and placing a tiny little candle on a small shelf projecting from the blackboard. With shouts of joy from the other end of the passage, the lights went out. While we sat chattering quietly, our masters decided to go and fetch a torch.

Setting the torch down on one of the boy's desks, we strained our eyes to write down our History notes on Henry II. Eventually the electric bell went which was worked by batteries. Taking great care not to trip over anything, we felt our way to our lockers, to put our books away. The next thing we knew was that we had gone back to the days when the Government didn't have to worry about Nationalising Electricity, or power-cuts, or anything of that sort, by having a supper by candle-light. The candles were stuck into empty Altar Wine bottles, but they soon had to be blown out, for the authorities *would* decide to change their minds, by turning the lights on again, at the critical moment just before prep!

CHRISTMAS

by E. CHARNAUD*

Christmas is coming!
The shops are getting full.
The schoolboys are making
The Cribs they buy at school.

The parents are so busy
Buying their children toys,
And Santa Claus is coming
With stockings for good boys.

Christmas is coming!
Carols are being sung.
And you can hear the clanging
Of Church bells—Dong! Ding! Dong!

*The Hon. Michael Morris, born December 9th 1937; entered Worth, September 1945; 1st XV Rugger; Boxing Team; acted in *Babes in the Wood;* Choir.

*Edward Charnaud, born October 9th 1937; entered Worth, September 1947; acted in *Stations in Mime* and *Babes in the Wood;* Sacristy.

MY TRIP TO FRANCE

by L. E. M. VEGA*

One day my mother and my two brothers and myself went to France with a car. That day the Channel was very flat and the sun was out when we got to the ship, we got a cabin and the chauffeur put the car away, I don't know where. We got to France to a port called Calais. They got the car in a platform and from a hole in the ship the car came up and from there they passed to the road. We got in the car after the chauffeur had shown the passports of us and of him. The chauffeur came again and got in the car, and then we were off. We passed very many places and we stopped in some of them to have lunch and sleep in Hotels and to see old castles etc. We got to the place we wanted to go to where my uncle was, the place was Perigny near La Rochelle, a very old place near the seaside where we swim and play in the sand. In the house of my uncle there were his son of fifteen years and a friend of my mother that had one girl of nine years and two sons of six and twelve years. We played ping-pong, tennis and other games. We passed those days very happily and after seven days I had my birthday that I passed very happily.

WINTER

by E. F. HOWARD*

In Winter when the snow does lie
Sparkling upon the ground,
The sun doth shine up in the sky
And sheds light all around.
The weather is cold, the trees are bare,
Yet all is gay and bright;
And birds are flying everywhere
Until it comes to night.
At night little birds together stay,
Throughout the wintry cold,
Until the welcoming light of day
Does come to young and old.

ODE

by A. T. MARSDEN*

O Autumn clad in withering leaves,
Whose fruits are the wheat tied up in sheaves;
Wool; and nuts for the squirrel's store
When sleep shall knock on Life's shut door.

*Eduardo Vega, born July 25th 1939; entered Worth, May 1950.

*Esme Howard, born August 29th 1938; entered Worth, September 1947; Gym Team; acted in *Stations in Mime;* Choir.

*Andrew Marsden, born March 15th 1939; entered Worth, October 1949; Choir.

O Thou who knows both loss and gain:
Bad crops, good crops, sunshine and rain:
Thou art at once both fair and dark.
(Gone are the sparrow, the wren and the lark.)

Alas, no longer the birds will they hum,
For the mighty winter's soon to come.
Ah, if only you'd go so late
That we'd all be saved from winter's hate!

THE DYING YEAR

by W. O'M. ARMSTRONG*

Slowly the leaves fall from the tree tops
Everything is wet with dew;
Sadly the farmer stooks his crops
Burnt to the colour of Autumn's hue.

The sky is grey, the air is damp,
The mist over the valley creeps,
The sun breaks through as a very lamp,
Through the mist the blue sky peeps.

The squirrel knows, and so does the sun,
That Winter is drawing near.
O Autumn and Summer your course have you run
And now you are trembling with fear!

THE LITTLE RABBIT

by N. ALBA*

Once upon a time there was a little rabbit; he had a mother but not a father. His father was shot by a huntsman. One day when the sun was shining on the fields, his mother said to the little rabbit, 'I must go out and fetch some food, you can play about out on the fields, but don't let anyone come near you, if they do, run back here.' When his mother was walking along the field the little rabbit watched her, until she was out of sight, then he set out straight away to ask his friend Mrs Hare if her small children would come and play with him. She said 'Yes' so she went in and brought her children. They started off to the little rabbit's house. When they got there, they shut the door so that no one would come in. When they were playing hide and seek, a great knock sounded at the door. 'If you show me your paw we will let you in.' So the fox went and found a pot of white flour, he went again and tried to push the door open. The little rabbit thought that the fox was Mrs Hare, but first he asked if he would show his paw; he showed it and it was all white, so they let him in. And the fox ate them all.

*William Armstrong, born November 9th 1938; entered Worth, September 1949; Boxing Team; acted in *Babes in the Wood*.

*Nicholas Alba, born January 15th 1940; entered Worth, September 1947; acted in *Stations in Mime* 1948 and *Babes in the Wood*.

PRIZE DAY

Sunday, July 23rd 1950 was, as usual, a memorable day. The entertainment of our five hundred visitors really began at 2 p.m. with the Physical Training and Gymnastic display, presented by Sergeant-Major Wallis. The weather was not too kind; but the rain held off most of the time. This display on the sunken lawn was one of the best yet done, and our Gym Master deserves our congratulations for bringing his team up to such a splendid pitch of fitness and agility.

The boys who took part were: John Wells (Captain), Michael Maguire, Stephen Green-Armytage, Byard McHugh, John O'Donovan, James Duncan, Dudley Plunkett, David Hawkins, Jeremy Hope, James Bourne, John Coward, Esme Howard, Hugh Conlin, Nicholas Thompson and Brian Deane, with the help of David Shaw. Seven of these should be available in 1951. They did well.

Things were much easier this year because of an efficient loud-speaker apparatus, which played martial music during the Gym Display, and relayed the speeches later on.

At 3.15 p.m. Mr Maurice Johnson, our indefatigable Producer, presented 'The Dumb Wife of Cheapside', a comedy by Ashley Dukes, in the theatre. For the first time on record we had to admit ticket-holders only. This play is set in an Alderman's house in Cheapside in the middle ages and is the tale of and elderly City Haberdasher, who marries a dumb wife and succumbs to the temptation of having the strings of her tongue cut by a ghastly collection of tools provided by three quack doctors from the local fair. In the second act she is discovered talking to excess, and the elderly Haberdasher again sends for the quacks and drinks a potion which makes him completely and blissfully deaf. The curtain falls on a scene of confusion, with the quacks in vain demanding their fee from a man who is quite unable (and unwilling) to hear their request. David Barnett and Paul Focke divided the acting honours as Alderman John Groat, and Mistress Ann Groat, his wife. Stephen Green-Armytage was a splendidly precise and dry attorney, Master Quill. The three quacks, Master Julep, the Physician; Master Sunder, the Surgeon; and Master Ounce the Apothecary were David Shaw, Nicholas Sibley and Patrick Morris. No more sinister band of frauds was even seen upon the stage at Worth. The other characters, Thomas Manservant (Michael Duffield), Matthew Manservant (Christopher Franks), and the waiting-woman (Richard White) all very capably filled their parts.

Tea followed at 4 p.m. indoors as the weather had by now deteriorated. At 4.45 p.m. fathers and mothers were admitted by ticket to the Day Room for speeches and the distribution of prizes. After a graceful speech by the Prior, the Very Reverend Dom Richard Davey, in which he drew attention to the essential and fundamental points of Catholic education, the Head Master gave his annual report. He pointed out that the standard of work, evidenced by the Entrance Examination to Downside, had risen from an average of 40% seven years ago to 56% in 1950.

What, he asked, was particularly the gift of Worth? The first was spaciousness, and the second freedom, with a minimum of rules well kept by boys who were more than willing to co-operate in keeping their lives orderly and the buildings in prime condition. After a general survey, he finished with a reference to our great loss suffered during the year in the death of Archbishop Amigo, R.I.P., and with thanks to all who helped to run the school with him.

There was then Benediction for the visitors, followed later in the evening by another for the School. Altogether it was a memorable day.

THE SCOUT GROUP

The last part of the Summer term was mainly devoted to preparing for the two camps after term ended, in which about thirty boys took part. Meanwhile, Dudley Plunkett (Owls) and John O'Donovan (Woodpigeons) gained their Swimmer's Badge. And when the Worth Gymkhana and Sports Finals were held, the Scouts provided efficient stewards and messengers.

The Michaelmas term saw a major change in the troop. The old stock of uniforms had fallen so low, that a nominal fee for the hire of a uniform was introduced, to provide a fund for buying new uniforms. This resulted in all but the keen scouts leaving the troop, and as no new tenderfoots came along, the troop is now a more manageable body of thirty-six scouts. The Woodpigeons, Pheasants and Eagles have ceased to exist, but two of these patrols will probably come to life again later. Dom Roger Bacon is now the troop's able and keen Assistant Scoutmaster, Dom Raphael Niessner having returned to his monastery in Bavaria.

Twice this term we have spent the whole day in the woods, and cooked our lunch, and roasted chestnuts. At other times we have begun to build a signalling tower, had a short but exciting Night Game, a tracking game, and a 'Bear' hunt. Some progress has also been made in test work.

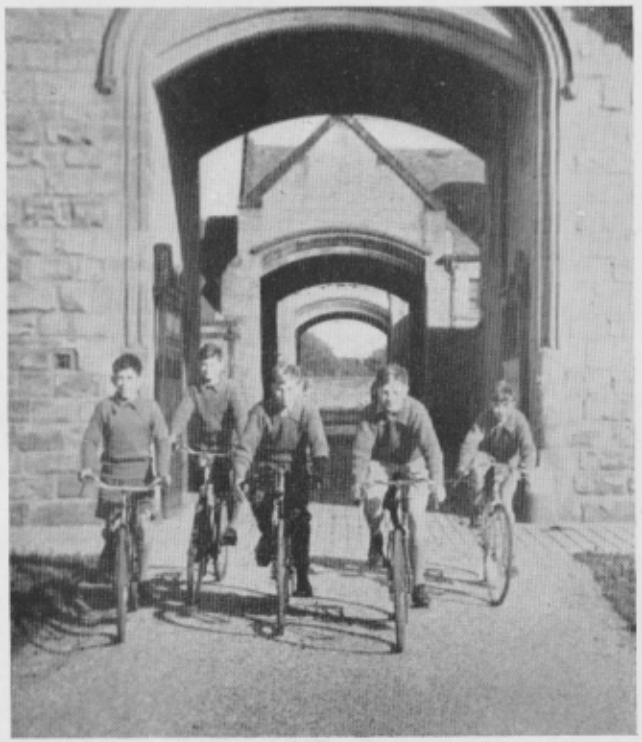
Dom Bruno, as Junior House Master, has now taken over control of the Cubs, who are a keen and cheerful collection of boys, and are often heard singing as they work at their dens in the woods. They, and all past members of the pack, and the G.S.M., all give their heartfelt thanks to Dom Brendan, for all the happiness which he enabled the Cubs to enjoy, during the years in which he was Cubmaster.

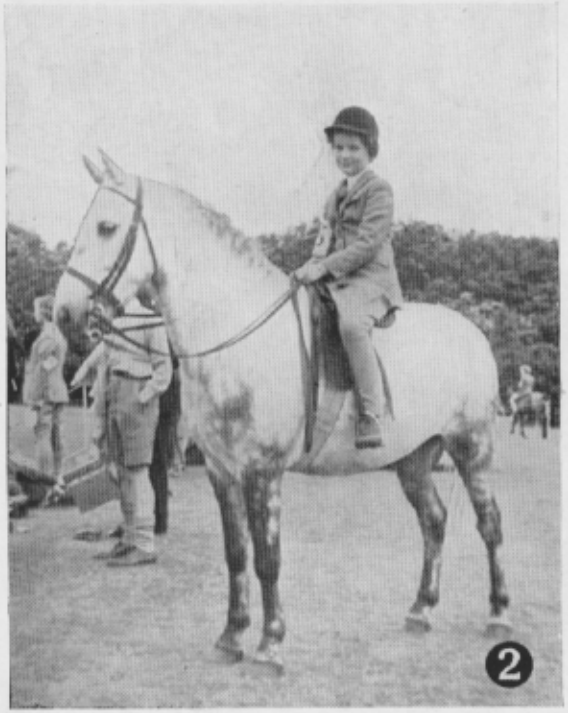
SWITZERLAND 1950

It had for long been my ambition, as Group Scoutmaster, to hold our annual Summer Camp, at least once, somewhere on the continent. This year I was able to achieve this ambition. Dom Patrick Steiner, of the ancient Abbey of Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, paid a short visit to Worth in September, 1949. I asked him to find out if it would be possible to camp there this year. On May 8th I received an affirmative answer, and at once, with the Headmaster's approval, the decision was taken to have our camp in Switzerland this year.

There followed two months of multifarious preparations which at one time made me wonder whether the expedition would be worth the trouble! But at

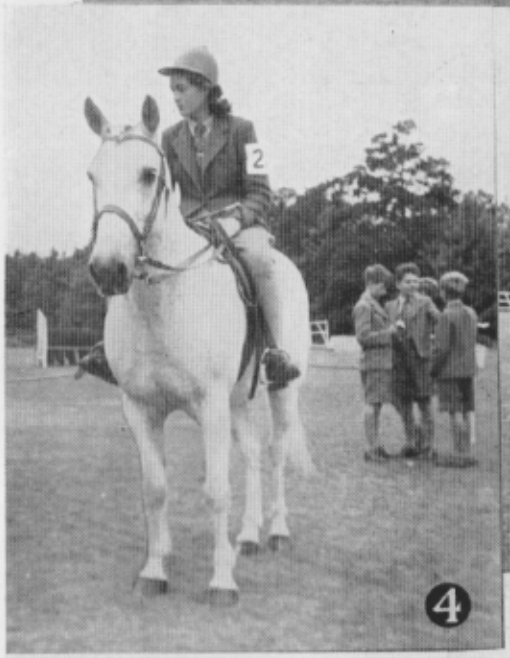
Dom Bruno's Camp at Worth, 1950

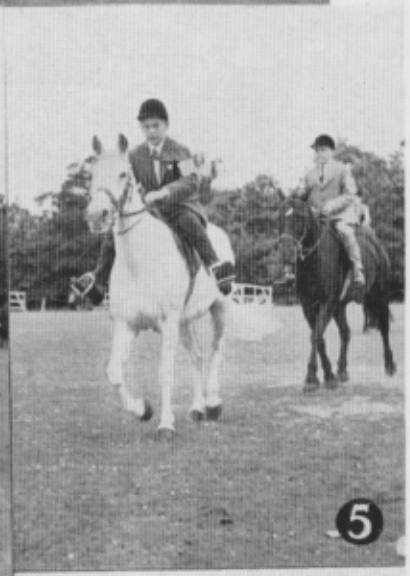


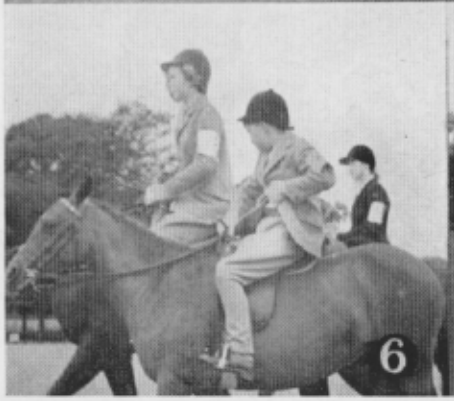


WORTH GYMKHANA
1950

1. Class 2 (Best Rider 10-14 yrs) in Ring One.
2. V. Milmo on *Billy*.
3. Part of Class 2 in Ring One.
4. A Competitor in Class 4.
5. S. Lane on *Jimmy* and C. Koe on *Robert*.
6. R. White on *Nipper*.
7. M. Taylor on *Jubilant Rondo* and N. Thompson on *Brandy Snap*.





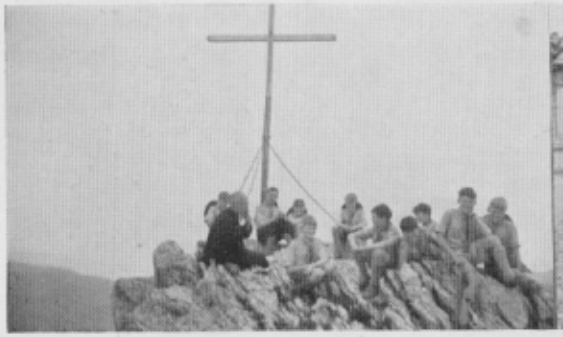


Lunch on the Jochpass

The Scouts

RIGHT:
On the Jochpass

At the Sihlsee



At the top of the Grosse Mythen

Leaving for Engelberg

last everything was ready, and on the last day of the Summer term, July 28th, our party of eighteen scouts and three adults left by road for Newhaven. To assist me in this intriguing adventure I had Dom Raphael Niessner, who was to be our German interpreter, and Mr Roderick Bell, who was to be our French interpreter.

A mishap occurred almost at once. A car-smash had blocked the road on the way to Balcombe, and we had to make a detour. This meant that we did not reach the cross-channel boat until after the Boat Train from London, and so we could not obtain very comfortable places on the crowded 'Arromanches'. The sea was calm, and we had an uneventful sea passage to Dieppe. The train journey to Paris, where we arrived at 6.10 p.m., was pleasant enough, and then Mr Bell leapt on to three taxis in succession to procure the transport of our equipment to the Gare de l'Est, while the majority of the scouts followed by the Metro. The equipment was stacked outside the Gare de l'Est, with one person at a time to look after it, while the rest of the party went off in small groups to buy grub in the nearby cafes. Many amusing incidents occurred, as when Dom Raphael and his followers had a whole cafe roaring with laughter, asking if the waiter spoke German, or English, or Hungarian or Czecho-Slovakian, eventually ordering things in sign-language. Everyone returned to the station thoroughly refreshed, and in high spirits.

We left Paris at 10.30 p.m., and did not have much success in our efforts to sleep in the train. Wells and Bright and their compartment gave up the effort as a bad job, and made merry until comparative exhaustion stilled their tongues in the early hours of the morning of the 29th. We arrived at Basle at 6.50 a.m., went straight through the two Customs, and at once boarded the train for Zurich. Here we caused some amusement to the Swiss occupants of the next coach; for several of the scouts could not make their way into the narrow carriage door at the top of the steep steps up to it, so bulky were their rucksacks, and I had to help them by pushing them in from behind with my walking stick.

Between Basle and Zurich we had a view of the Black Forest and Germany, and after Zurich we changed at Wadenswil, and took a smaller railway up to Einsiedeln, where we arrived punctually at 10.30 a.m. Dom Patrick, and another English-speaking monk, of whom we were to see much, Dom Frederick, met us at the station. We pushed our luggage up to the monastery on two station hand-carts, and soon were having sprays or baths in the school buildings. Lunch followed, and our tents were pitched in a field to the south of the monastery immediately afterwards. The three men of the party then slept or rested, but the boys went off to the attractive shops in the town to spend their first Swiss francs, or explored, and David Hardy found his way to the lake, the Sihlsee, which was half an hour's walk away. Dom Frederick took us to the lake in the evening to show us a safe bathing place, and a *gasthaus* with sweet cider.

During the rest of our stay at Einsiedeln, the Sihlsee was used often for bathing, and for boating as well, when the weather was fine. When it was wet, we played football on the school playing field, and messed around in the

gym. Mr Bell took some boys to the neighbouring hills to explore. And always there were things to buy in the shops, especially liqueur chocolates. Once too, we were very kindly invited to their Camp Fire by the Einsiedeln troop of Scouts. Two most enjoyable football matches were played against the Einsiedeln choir boys and we managed to win one of them. Each day we were able to go to Mass in the magnificent Abbey church, and several times we recited the Rosary together, before the miraculous statue of Our Lady.

So our days slipped by at Einsiedeln, with one big exception. Dom Frederick organised and led an expedition to the top of a nearby mountain, the *Grosse Mythen*.After Mass at 4.30 a.m. and a continental breakfast, some of us set off on foot at 5.30. After two and a half hours of walking up a lovely valley, we came to the foot of the mountain. 'Carlo', 'Molly' Moloney and 'Plunketty' took a little cable railway up to the next point, *Holzegg*, to join the advance party who had gone by car with Dom Frederick. The Geoghegan brothers, however, walked up with Dom Raphael and me, and it took us an hour or more to arrive at Holzegg. Here, at 9.35 a.m. we had welcome food, and later began the slow, zig-zag ascent to the summit, which we reached after another eighty minute climb— all that is except 'Pelican' Cahill, who turned back about a quarter of the way up.

From the top of the *Grosse Mythen* we had a lovely view of many mountains, identified for us by Dom Frederick, and below us was the cradle of Switzerland, the town of Schwyz, and the three cantons whose combining, many centuries ago, was the origin of modern Switzerland. While drinking in all this, we were warmed by some rum, which Dom Frederick had brought up in a flask, and which was especially appreciated by 'Topsie' Walker. We reached camp, tired, but full of the joy of achievement, at 5.30 p.m.

Half of our party went on a marvellous expedition to another Benedictine monastery, at Engelberg. We went by the local railway to the junction at Arth-Goldau. Here we boarded the Rome-to-Scandinavia-Express, and went to Lucerne. From there we went by lake steamer across the lake of the Four Cantons to Stansstad. A fascinating mountain railway took us up to Engelberg, where we stayed for four nights in the school buildings. The mountains rise straight up from the monastery here, and we dearly wanted to climb to the top of the Titlis (9,960 ft.); but we were advised that it would not be safe for us to do this, owing to our lack of experience and of the necessary apparatus.

Instead, we climbed to the top of the Jochpass (7,289 ft.). We left the monastery at 9.45 a.m. and in exactly the time given on the signpost, three and a quarter hours, we reached the top of the Pass. We carried up sticks with us, as we knew there would be no wood at the top, and with these we lit a fire whereon to boil water for some hot tea with our lunch. All walked up the whole way except Plunketty and Molly, who took the chair-lift, or *sesselbahn*, from the Trubsee. The weather was fine and sunny on the way up. But on the way down it poured with rain and heavy hail; thunder echoed among the mountains, and lightning flashed frequently.

On our way back to Einsiedeln, I went to stay for a week-end with some friends near Lucerne, while Dom Raphael led the scouts to walk from Stansstad

to Sarnen, to spend two nights with the Muri-Gries Benedictines who have a school there. On the Sunday a visit was made to Flueli, and the surrounding chapels and villages, hallowed by their association with Blessed Nicholas, the patron saint of Switzerland, who was largely responsible for preventing the breakdown of the original joining of the cantons. After an exciting dash back to Stansstad on the Monday to catch the boat to Lucerne, this party arrived safely at Einsiedeln, and I rejoined our camp there the next day.

This day was the Feast of the Assumption. In the morning our Scouts attended a magnificent pontifical Mass in the Abbey Church, which was crowded with people. In the evening we had Benediction, just for ourselves, in the students' chapel. This was our farewell to Our Lady of Einsiedeln, for we were due to leave for England the next day.

The morning of the 16th was spent in striking camp, packing rucksacks and kit-bags, and doing our last bits of shopping. Fathers Patrick and Frederick came down to the station to see us off at 1.28 p.m. Most of us seemed to be sad at leaving a spot which we had learned to love, and John Wells voiced the thoughts of more than one of us, when he said to his neighbours as we neared Biberbrucke: 'I felt as if I were leaving home to go back to school.' But soon Zurich was reached, and here we had a stay of five hours, during which time we explored the shops and cafés round the station, and I made my way to the lake, up the length of the *Bahnhofstrasse*. At 7.46 p.m. we left for Basle, and at 9.40 our train left Switzerland for Paris.

We reached Paris at 6.20 a.m. Dom Raphael and I said our Masses at the church of the Sacré Coeur, served or attended by Mr Bell and four of the Scouts. We were due to leave the Gare St Lazare at 9.50 a.m., but our reserved seat tickets were not at the office at the station, and they did not arrive in time for us to catch our train to Dieppe. So we had to wait twelve hours in Paris, with little money. Luckily Mr Bell produced a cousin who enabled us all to have a good lunch and some supper. Some of us visited the Cathedral of Notre Dame. And those who spent the day on the station found many people to talk to, and many things to interest them. Finally, when we were entering the Night Boat Train at 9.45 p.m., Misses Margot and Fiona MacGibbon were discovered to be on the same train.

We left Dieppe at 1.30 a.m. on August 18th, in pouring rain, and had a rough sea passage to Newhaven, where we arrived at 4.45. Most of us were ill on the way across. Then our motor coach failed to arrive. It had broken down on the way. A relief bus came an hour later, but this delay seriously cut the amount of time available at Worth. We arrived at Worth at 8.45 a.m., and then ensued a tremendous rush for an hour, in which breakfast was eaten, and preparations made for the scouts to leave for home at 9.45. The 10.08 train from Three Bridges to London was *just* caught, with nothing to spare.

So ended a most memorable expedition. It was not perfect—what things in this life *are* perfect?—but it was successful, and most certainly enjoyable. All who took part in it will surely have happy memories of it which will last many, many years. And for all this we have many people to thank—the Arch-Abbot of Einsiedeln and his monks, the Abbot of Engelberg and the Prior of Sarnen

and their monks, Herr and Frau Hegi-Mathys, and many unknown Swiss people who were so kind to us in the course of our wanderings in their lovely country, and Mr D. R. Gillie, in Paris. Finally, I personally owe a deep debt of gratitude to my two assistants, Dom Raphael and Mr Roderick Bell, without whose help the expedition would not have been nearly so successful.

B.M.S.

JUNIOR HOUSE PLAYS

Last term the Junior House went back to one of its earlier successes and produced 'The Reluctant Dragon'. Norman Coles took the title role. He was somewhat too monotonous in voice and action, his usual fault, but in spite of this he did get his part across. Maurice Byrne was very attractive as the small boy and got many laughs. He is much better at learning his part. Michael Church was St George and gave us every confidence that wrong would be righted in this wicked world. Martin Cuss and Richard Ortiger took the parts of the mother and father and were really good.

'The Reluctant Dragon' was preceded by 'The Mad Hatter's Tea Party' from 'Alice in Wonderland'. Perhaps this simpler play was more suited to the young actors. It went with a swing and the actors are to be congratulated. The cast was as follows: Desmond Birkett: the March Hare, John Hurley: the Mad Hatter, Peter Hunt: the Dormouse, and Michael Cane: Alice. Mrs Marshall produced most attractive costumes.

The plays were acted on the lawn in front of the Junior House.

CRICKET

Captain: J. G. Wells

This summer the general level of the cricket in the upper part of the school was probably higher than it has ever been. The 1st XI won six of their eight matches. The Under 13 team easily won their match, and the Under 11.8 team had two close matches against a side which finished the season unbeaten. This all-round improvement has been almost entirely due to the two coaches, who have been conscientious and painstaking in the training of our cricketers for the last three years, Mr Rollo Clutton and Major J. Scanlan. It was most unfortunate that neither of these coaches could assist us this year. Mr Cordier was able to come from Turner's Hill to take our nets for us this year, but his other commitments prevented him from giving our batting all the attention which it still needs to enable it to advance to a really high standard.

Our batting was again the weak point of the 1st XI. It lacked consistency and reliability. Only six scores of twenty or over were made during the season. But on the other hand, every one of the fifteen boys who played at one time or another for the team showed style and promise in their batting, and on three occasions the later batsmen retrieved the side from a dangerous position when the earlier batsmen had failed. On the foundations already laid, a strong batting side should be produced next year, as nine of this season's team will be at Worth in 1951.

The success of the team in 1950 was due to its bowling and fielding, which were consistently excellent. We twice dismissed our opponents for scores of under twenty runs. And of the ninety runs (for six wickets) which one school scored against us, sixty-three were scored by *one* of their batsmen, none of the others making more than eleven. This success of ours in the field was largely due to the bowling of Wells and Chignell. The former was a fast bowler who needed little run up to the wicket, so that he could bowl for long stretches without tiring. He kept a good length, made the ball come fast off the pitch, and occasionally break in suddenly from the off. During the season he took thirty wickets at an average of 4.7 runs for each. Chignell was just as accurate, and had a disguised subtleness which once obtained for him the hat-trick. He took twenty-eight wickets, and had an average of 4.25. D. Hawkins gradually established himself as our best reserve bowler, as Hardy never realised his promise of last year.

The excellence of our opening bowlers was very well supported in the field. Hawkins, who held six catches in the season, and Maguire, who held four, were a perpetual source of danger to the opposing batsmen, at silly mid-off and silly mid-on respectively. Wells and Chignell were very good at slip and point, and O'Donovan and A. L. Turnbull were good in the deep, the latter making many beautiful throws to the wicket-keeper from cover point. Martin steadily improved as wicket-keeper, and had only one bad patch, when he let through three boundary byes at the vital period of the match against Epsom. A word must also be said in praise of the fielding of de Domenico, who was always keen and accurate in the deep, and who distinguished himself when fielding, as a substitute, for the Parents.

The team was: J. G. Wells, A. H. Chignell, N. J. Martin (all of whom were awarded their 1st XI Caps), J. P. J. O'Donovan, D. R. A. Hardy, D. R. Hawkins, A. L. Turnbull, P. A. Kavanagh, M. T. R. St J. Maguire, E. F. Maynard and P. R. Chapman. G. E. de Domenico, F. C. Blackie, P. H. Milmo and H. J. Conlin also played.

* * *

SUMMARY OF MATCHES
1st XI

v. Ashfold, at Worth, won by 9 wickets.
Ashfold 9 (Wells 5 for 6, Chignell 5 for 1), Worth 71 (Wells 21).

v. Newells, at Worth, won by 5 wickets.
Newells 61 (Chignell 5 for 9), Worth 63 for 5 (O'Donovan 24).

v. Avisford, at Worth, won by 8 wickets.
Avisford 18 (Chignell 5 for 7, Wells 5 for 10), Worth 53 (Morton 6 for 26).

v. St John's, at Beaumont, won by 21 runs.
Worth 65 (Chignell 20), St John's 44 (Wells 6 for 14).

v. The Worth Workers, at Worth, won by 77 runs.
Worth 116 (Turnbull 32), Worth Workers 39 (Wells 5 for 21, Chignell 4 for 18).

v. Epsom College Juniors, at Worth, lost by 4 wickets.
Worth 54, Epsom 75 for 9.
v. The Parents, at Worth, won by 2 wickets.
The Parents 116 (M. E. F. S. FitzGerald 46, C. C. Markes 21), Worth 134 (Chignell 33).
v. Ladycross, at Ladycross, lost by 9 wickets.
Worth 65 (Turnbull 27, Quinn 5 for 19), Ladycross 90 for 6 (Gardiner 63, Hawkins 4 for 14).

OTHER MATCHES

Worth Under 13 XI beat St Benedict's, at Ealing, by 8 wickets.
St Benedict's 39 (Chignell 6 for 12), Worth 110 (Turnbull 35, Chignell 32).
Worth Under 11.8 XI lost to Christ's Hospital, at Horsham, by 8 wickets.
Worth 63 (Brougham 6 for 26), Christ's Hospital 102 for 4 (Creber 36).
Worth Under 11.8 XI lost to Christ's Hospital, at Worth, by 5 runs.
Christ's Hospital 28 (Chignell 6 for 11), Worth 23 (Thompson 5 for 8, Brougham 4 for 7).
Worth Under 11 XI lost to St Benedict's Under 12 XI by about 50 runs.
Worth Under 10 XI beat Whispers, at Worth, by 3 wickets.
Worth Under 10 XI beat Whispers, at Whispers, by 9 wickets.

LEAGUE MATCHES

1st XI, First round, Red beat Blue by 7 wickets.
final Red beat Gold by 10 runs.
2nd XI, First round, Gold beat Blue by 7 wickets.
final Gold beat Red by 50 runs.

SQUASH RACKETS: SUMMER 1950

The finals produced this year an excellent game between two very different and yet evenly-matched opponents. Sheridan, two years older than his opponent, looked as though he must win. He played a fast game, hitting the ball hard, sometimes too hard, and making the most of his agility and longer reach. In each of the five games, Chignell found himself down before he started gradually to build up points by clever placing which included some very pretty drop shots. Eventually it was Chignell who won, by three games to two, and in doing so he showed in his play much of the promise of his elder brother, and an excellent match temperament. Of the twelve other entrants, de Domenico and Hardy were probably the best.

RESULTS

Semi-final: Sheridan beat De Domenico 2 games to 1.
Chignell beat Hardy 2 games to 1.
Final: Chignell beat Sheridan 3 games to 2.

J.E.C.

TENNIS: SUMMER 1950

There was a large entry of forty-three boys for the tournament for the Tennis Cup, but, although there were a number of close matches, it cannot be said that the standard was very high. Hardy, the eventual winner, showed great concentration and the capacity to save apparently hopeless situations. Chignell and Chapman, both young players of promise, tested him most severely in the earlier rounds. De Domenico, the other finalist, was older and stronger than Hardy, and having a good forearm drive would have been very hard to beat if he could have matched his opponent's steadiness. Green-Armytage, whom de Domenico met in the 4th round, gave him a very good game.

RESULTS

Semi-finals: De Domenico beat Mellotte 6-1.
Hardy beat Chapman 6-4.
Finals: Hardy beat de Domenico 6-4, 6-3.

J.E.C.

RIDING

The chief event of the Summer Term was the Gymkhana. This was the first time we had held an 'Open' one, and preparations started several weeks beforehand. Miss Bryett painted some posters which were put up in shop windows in the neighbouring towns and villages, and the result was much more successful than we had hoped. More than a hundred horses and ponies arrived on the day of the show, and the field looked very attractive with its three rings, the white posts of the jumps, and the yellow penannts of Mr Wix's excellent loud-speaker system fluttering in the breeze. Mr Barnett, an old hand at gymkhanas, was at the microphone, and could have given points to Raymond Glendenning; apart from him, we have to thank Messrs R. Francis and R. Black, Capt. Barran and Miss Maltby who did the judging, and Mr Shaw who ran the Collecting Ring with his usual calmness and bonhomie.

In most of the events our boys were outclassed by the other riders; but Nicholas Thompson thrilled an appreciative crowd in the Open Jumping by his skilful handling of 'Brandy Snap'. Brandy takes all his jumps at full speed without a check, and in these circumstances to achieve two clear rounds in a small ring on a wet day was no mean feat. Thompson was third in the Open Jumping, and later came second in the Open Bareback Jumping on 'Flashlight'.

The Gymkhana was a tribute to the hard work and efficiency of Miss P. Hussey, who has been in charge of our Riding School for the past year. We wish her every success in her new post at Worth Park. She has been succeeded by Miss J. Moore.

This term we are concentrating on Jumping, and every boy who is past the beginners' stage has one class in it each week. The Indoor School has been fitted up with a double row of straw bales all round, and a miniature course of three jumps has been set up as a preliminary stage to the outdoor jumps by the

cricket field. The impression conveyed to a layman watching a Jumping class is that boys, ponies, and instructress are getting a lot of enjoyment out of it; the more expert relate that the riders are making considerable progress.

Finally, we would like to thank Michael Barrett for presenting us with a very handsome Riding Cup (awarded this year to N. Thompson), and to Mr and Mrs Milmo for lending us their pony 'Billy'.

* * *

On December 10th a Jumping Competition was held in the Indoor Riding School. This was a test of the results of many hours of jumping practice put in during the term, and the results reflect great credit on the Instructresses. The course was a difficult one in that the jumps were closer together than would be possible out of doors, and this meant that, to achieve anything like a faultless round, the rider had to keep full control of his mount for every second he was in the ring. The younger riders, particularly Keane and Macdonald, who are only nine years old, managed this better than some of the seniors, and gave at least one of the spectators the pleasure of reflecting that the ancient noble art of riding was here taking its place besides other more modern sports like football and cricket. Each rider had to do three rounds, each round on a different pony; and the smoothness with which the various changes took place added to the interest of the competition. The faults were as follows:

SENIORS		JUNIORS	
Milmo	0	Hunt	3
Shaw	6	Macdonald	7
Markes	8	Keane	8
Phelan	9	Henault	11
Lane 2	11		
Thompson	17		
Birkitt	17		
White	18		
Barclay	19		

Lest those at the bottom of the lists should feel slighted, it should be added that they were chosen to compete from a large number of 'possibles'.

H. D. Plunkett about to score

A. L. Turnbull tries to convert

LEFT: *C. C. F. Moysey attacks the scrum-half*

1ST XV

BACK ROW: *H. D. Plunkett, M. D. Morris, A. C. Turnbull, C. M. Lind Holmes, T. W. G. Chetwynd.*

MIDDLE ROW: *P. H. Milmo, T. H. N. Fisher, N. C. Thompson, C. C. F. Moysey, S. G. N. G.-Armytage.*

FRONT ROW: *J. A. Lesser, P. R. Chapman, J. J. Bourne, N. J. Marbin, M. D. C. Cuss.*

UNDER 12 XV

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS: SUMMER 1950

The sports this year were held in pleasant weather, and with the ground in quite good condition despite the effects of rain and the Gymkhana. Three records were broken, but none of these in the 1st division, which did not include any outstanding athlete this year. The only possible exception to that statement is Wells, who got two firsts (in the quarter-mile and the Long Jump) and two seconds (in the 100 yards and the 220 yards) but his greatest promise is in the longer distances which we don't have in the sports. De Domenico shared the honours with Wells, getting first in the 100 yards, 220 yards and the High Jump, in which he did an excellent jump of 4 feet 4 inches. In the 2nd division Bright did well in the 100 yards to equal the previous record, while Cuss beat the previous best time in the 4th division 100 yards. Kavanagh did a remarkable throw of 169 feet in the Junior Throwing the Cricket Ball to beat the previous best distance by no less than 14 feet. In the 6th division 60 yards race, the diminutive Simon Turnbull showed great promise by reducing the record from 9.1 to 8.5 seconds.

In the League Competition, Reds led the whole way to win from the Golds by 76½ against 62½ points. The Silver League, who were competing for the first time, gave the Blues a fright by nearly beating them for third place. The Senior Relay Race was won by the Reds, the Junior Relay by the Golds, and the Tug-of-War by the Blues, a very even distribution of honours.

J.E.C.

SWIMMING SPORTS

There was a large number of entries for the swimming sports, and the standard of diving was higher than in previous years. For this we have to thank the Bursar, who installed new diving boards for us during the term. In the Open Diving, Plunkett 1 scored 31 points out of a possible 40, and showed that he had mastered the difficult art of springing off a board which is 'spring' in name only. Rudd 2 did well to come third in the Open Diving at the age of nine years; but in the Junior Diving, Capon tied with him for first place, although both had three extra dives in an attempt to decide the event. The results were:—

One Length:	Div. 1.	O'Donovan	14.0 sec.
	Div. 2.	Conlin	15.4
	Div. 3.	Rudd 2	14.8
	Div. 4.	Hanbury 2	20.1
Two Lengths:	Open.	O'Donovan	34.4
Novices, Race:		Vega 1	18.8
Open Diving:		1. Plunkett 1	
		2. O'Donovan	
		3. Rudd 2	
Junior Diving:		1. Capon	
		Rudd 2	
		3. Caufield	

J.D.A.

STAMP CLUB LETTER

My dear young Philatelists,

Don't make the mistake, so often made by the young, of wishing to have in your collection, *hic et nunc*, every stamp that has ever been issued. Take a warning from history. Alexander the Great collected the whole world and wept when he found that there was nothing more for him to do. If a brave man like that shed tears when 'his day's work was done', what would *you* do if your collection was completed before you went on to Downside? Some things, it is true, must be finished by a given time; your Latin exercises for instance. But stamps are different. The greatest charms of a stamp collection are the vacant spaces left ready for the happy day when at last you are able to secure this high-powered stamp or that supercharged variety or one of those lovely over-printed Columbus stamps of Bahamas—'Windfalls', I think they are called; and windfalls they are if you can get any easily. These gaps serve to show up the stamps you already have; they are terribly important—like rests in music. The boy who fills up a gap in his album experiences a thrill that another boy, whose collection has no gaps, will never know. And if you have a thousand gaps to fill you have a thousand joys in store. Besides, the great thing (on the philatelic side of life) is to be contented. Look at our Stable pussy. Does he ask for saddle, bridle, reins, whip, handlebars or pedals all at once? Not a bit of it. He just rides *bareback* on his pony, *Lassie*, in the most daring fashion. It's as good as a circus to watch him. There's a lesson for you. And here's another: a very wise Professor, with the Greek and Latin alphabets after his name, once went on a scientific tour of a Spanish village—I think it was Spanish. There he noticed that the men and women indulged in a long working day for six days in the week; that they had no cinematograph, lived on the simplest food, slept on hard beds, and so forth. All this he jotted down in his notebook. (But he omitted to notice *or even to jot down* the fact that these people slept well, ate with appetite, had few illnesses, used their legs as a means of locomotion, and were good and happy). He then visited a place, the locality of which escapes me at the moment, where he found a short working day for only five days in the week; rich foods of all sorts, feather beds or their modern equivalents; cinematographs, automobiles and every luxury. All this, too, he jotted down in his little book. (But he omitted to notice *or even to jot down* the fact that few of these people slept well, that their poor appetites were—to coin a word—dejaded, that their magnificent hospitals were full to the brim and that they were all very unhappy). When our wise Professor returned from his travels he wrote a book, or rather, produced a Scientific Work, in which he condemned the 'low standard of living' of the Spanish villagers but rated that of the other place, the locality of which still escapes me, very high indeed. No doubt he was right from the point of view of science. But it makes one think. And this reminds me of a splendid joke: what is the difference between being tight as a drum, tight as an owl, tight as a lord, and Titus Oates? Anyone who can solve this conundrum before a year is out should be entitled to a prize of some sort.

I close this interesting letter with the following beautiful verses which I composed recently whilst musing on the joys of True Philately:

A stamp collection just begun,
(A thousand thousand gaps to fill
With wise precaution, one by one,)
Makes life one never-ending thrill.

But dismal days and sorry plight
Are yours if you have every issue—
Remote from stamp-collecting fight:
The world philatelic won't miss you.

There! Be content, nor envy him
Whose albums bulge with every rare
Variety; but to your slim
Collection turn with loving care,

And, stamp by stamp, collect: beware
Of speed: restrain your headlong pace.
A tortoise once outstripped a hare—
Festina lente wins the race.

Although *Festina lente* was not the tortoise's real name, I must admit that he cheated; but how was the hare to know *that*? So there is a moral for you: never cheat—and never allow yourself to *be* cheated. Oh! I could moralise for ever, but space and prudence forbid.

Your loving little
Diogenes Philatelista.

ANAGRAMS

(a) by I. K. MACDONALD and J. T. WORSTALL

1. An ich; 2. Murdah; 3. Ham Gint Ton; 4. Resp not; 5. Mudsfrei; 6. Woglasg; 7. Namesterch; 8. Mothpourts; 9. Lupy Moth.

The first is an Orient land; the rest are cities in England and Scotland.

(b) by P. WALRAVENS*

1. Ow Teralo; 2. Dirk Kun; 3. Awt Pren; 4. Sow Com; 5. Ner eb; 6. Nie Van; 7. Lec Dina; 8. Lyo Nec; 9. Ay Lama; 10. Len Adiraxa.

These are: cities or places in Europe and the East, two large islands, and one Eastern political division.

(c) by J. B. O'MEARA*

1. In Gas Rope; 2. Elect Citiry; 3. Bow Coy; 4. Tich Rule Coon; 5. Throw; 6. Teb Ween.

These comprise a city, a school, an equestrian, an adverb, a natural force, an entertainment device.

*Philip Walravens, born October 30th 1939; entered Worth, May 1950; Choir.
*Barrie O'Meara, born September 5th 1939; entered Worth, September 1948.

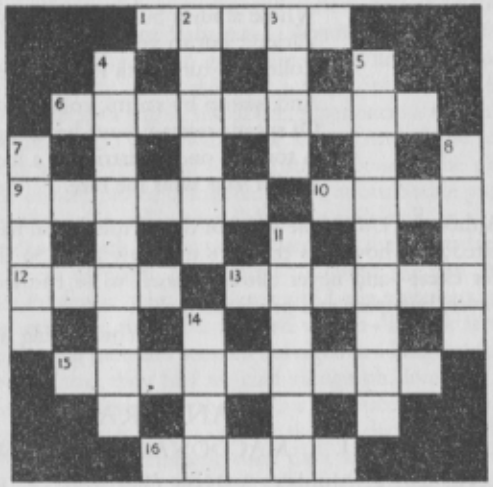
NATURAL HISTORY TEST

by J. B. VEGA*

1. Which are the only animals which walk on the head?
2. What is the difference between an elephant and a mouse?
3. What is the difference between a monkey and a handkerchief?
4. Why has a cat seven lives?
5. Which animal has more bones in his neck, a penguin or a giraffe?

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by C. M. LIND HOLMES



Clues Across: 1. Live vegetable. 6. Ancient custom. 9. Slippery (hardly fair: the answer is misspelt. 10. Sit by the fire and —. 12. In the middle of. 13. Scientific instruments for conveying liquid to the palate. 15. Ovoid. 16. No forest without them.

Clues Down: 2. Sigh no more —. 3. Jot down. 4. Lees. 5. Cleanses and has to be put in something, so is put in them. 7. Eastern belief. 8. Umbelliferous plant with aromatic seeds. 11. End of the Bard of Avon. 14. One who employs a thing or things.

PARAGRAPHS

Let us record with pleasure the birth of a daughter to S. M. Cannicott (1933-34), and of a son to M. G. M. Locket (1933-37): the engagement of E. W. Pigot (1937-1941) to Miss M. M. Giles; and the marriage of S. N. Hanbury (1934-1936) to Miss G. E. W. Radcliffe.

* * *

The Strathallan Prize for the best contribution to the August number of the Worth Record has been awarded to N. A. M. St J. Coles for his verses entitled 'Rhyming Science'.

*Bernard Vega, born February 23rd 1938; entered Worth, May 1950.

We welcome to the Staff, Mr C. S. G. Page, who comes to us from Mill Hill, Miss M. N. Beck, and also Miss R. J. Longland. Mr R. M. Bell has left us for other work, sincerely regretted by all: during the year he was here he certainly did a great deal for the School, and we miss him.

* * *

We seem to have arrived now at stability in our five Houses. Dom Jerome continues his good work in the Tower House; Dom Bruno has taken over the Junior House, replacing Dom Brendan, who is now Second Master. Dom Denis and his railway continue to be the features of Chapman House; then there are two rival houses of all ages from eleven upwards, Butler and Ford, in the charge of Dom James and Dom Edward. Thus the three Senior Houses are named after three Abbots of Downside: Butler after Dom Cuthbert Butler, who died some years ago; Ford after Dom Edmund Ford, the first Abbot; and Chapman after Dom John Chapman, the Founder of Worth.

* * *

As usual, after a summer holiday, boys returning have found changes. No longer do we have to cross the road to the four junior classrooms: these are now in what had been called Ford, the old Estate Office. A new door and some excellent new paths through the Tower House copse have reduced the time between the near and distant classrooms to 2½ minutes.

* * *

We are glad to learn that the sloping ground between the monastery and the 'bothies' is to be once again a rose-garden. This autumn it gave a fine display of chrysanthemums: week after week we were cheered by a 'riot of brilliant colour—perfect joy to the eye'.

* * *

We have to thank Mrs Symons for the gift of a picture by her husband, the late Mark Symons. This picture, painted in tempera and entitled 'Christ in History', attracted great attention at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1935 where it was hung shortly after the artist's death.

* * *

Last term Dom Victor Farwell took over the Bursarship from Dom Nicholas Holman, who left Worth to become Financial Adviser and, later, Conventual Prior at Belmont Abbey. In September Dom Oliver Brayden took over his new duties at Downside as Housemaster of Barlow House; Dom Thomas Symons succeeded him here as Sub-prior and Dom Theodore James came from Downside to reinforce the Worth Community, of which he had already been a member before the war. Dom Roger Bacon has also come into residence, having completed his studies at Rome.

* * *

The thanks of the School go to Mr McHugh for the beautiful Boxing Challenge Cup which he has given. It is a large cup, and on it has been engraved a Boxing Boy. Indeed it is a treasure for the school to possess.

The re-roofing of the Chapel, begun towards the end of the Summer holidays, was completed by the beginning of the Autumn Term, the old, rather disreputable and leaky glass panels giving place to tiles of a very pleasing shade of red. This work was admirably carried out by Messrs Simmons and Co. of East Grinstead, who were at the same time responsible for the repainting of our many wrought-iron gates. The School Quadrangle, too, and all our drives and paths have recently been completely repaired and re-surfaced by Walter Smith and Son of Haywards Heath: they look most spick and span.

* * *

We congratulate T. W. B. Leeper (Worth 1937-40) on his engagement to Edreen Diana (Judy), daughter of Captain and Mrs E. F. N. Lyte of Bexhill. This was announced in *The Times* in mid-November.

* * *

Very many thanks to the Asprey family for fourteen more books for the school library.

OBITUARIES

Two Worth boys have gone to their rest. The one was *Keith Francis McIntyre* (1938-41), who died of wounds received while leading a patrol of the Seaforth Highlanders against the Communists. We are sad at the sudden loss of this young officer aged twenty-two. He was for a time an assistant master at St Philip's, under Mr Tibbits. Let us offer our prayer for the repose of his soul, and our sympathy to his family.

The other was *Timothy Robin Martin*, who was accidentally killed here at Worth on October 15th. He is the first and only boy to lose his life here and, indeed, in a manner unexplainable, in the dark hours of the night. Robin was twelve years old. We shall treasure our memories of him, a shy creature with ideas of his own, who disliked any form of violence, but loved horses in the truly Irish manner. We can remember him as he ran to his locker to prepare for class, and how his books inevitably fell out as soon as the door was opened: we can see him absorbed in an indoor game with his friends. His friendship was always unselfish. There is no one here who would not testify to his goodness. We have expressed our sympathy in many ways and here again we offer it to his brave and courageous parents, together with the assurance of our prayers. May they rest in peace, Keith and Robin.

EXAMINATION SUCCESSES AT DOWNSIDE

Ninety-six boys in all obtained the Higher Certificate in the Examinations held in July, 1950. Among these there were twenty-four distinctions.

Forty old Worth boys won certificates as follows:

Group I *Classical Studies.*
J. O. Affleck, N. C. Haydon, M. F. Hecht, R. A. P. King, A. R. A. Jebb, G. M. H. Murphy and P. J. O'Donoghue.

Group II *Modern Studies.*
A. R. Allott, H. C. A. Campbell, F. M. de Salis, A. H. Douglas-Dufresne, A. C. Edwards, *M. A. Goldfinch*, R. St L. Gordon-Steward, R. P. Grantham-Hill, *C. D. Harris*, H. D. B. Hawksley, *A. M. Johnson*, *R. J. E. Kennedy*, R. T. Masterman, C. B. McHugh, *C. J. O. Monro*, I. Ortuzar, J. F. Phipps, G. D. Purnell, W. F. J. Ritchie, M. J. Simmons, *D. R. W. Williams*, H. A. Wilson and K. Wylie.

Group III *Mathematics.*
J. N. Antrobus, P. J. Dolan, M. V. F. O'Connor and M. V. Worstall.

Group IV *Natural Science.*
P. M. Ball, *J. M. Jenkins*, N. L. A. Lash, P. E. J. Sankey, G. R. Thompson and J. D. Wheater.

The boys in *italics* shared twelve distinctions.

STATE SCHOLARSHIPS:—Four were awarded, of which three were old Worth boys:
M. A. Goldfinch, C. D. Harris, M. F. Hecht.

Fifty-five Downside boys won the school certificate: of these twenty were former Worth Boys:

Eight credits: J. A. Charlesworth, F. A. S. Lesser.

Seven credits: R. J. B. W. Barton, C. A. Charnaud, M. J. P. Chignell, J. A. M. Jebb, Count Z. J. A. Tyszkiewicz.

Six credits: R. I. J. Agnew, P. H. Chalk, J. G. Gaggero, R. H. Lethbridge, J. F. Lethbridge, E. W. Ludlow, A. J. Wells, E. A. D. Wright.

Five credits: A. J. Quin-Harkin.

Three credits: C. A. Graham, J. C. Mousin-Demettre.

Two credits: P. J. Bell, M. C. Collins.

OUTWARDS

These boys left the School in July, 1950:

M. T. Abbott, D. F. Barnett, M. P. D. Barrett, P. G. O. Birch, F. C. Blackie, P. M. C. Davies, B. M. Deane, G. E. de Domenico, B. P. de Salis, J. A. Duncan, P. E. J. Focke, R. H. G. P. French, R. S. Geoghegan, M. G. Griffin, S. J. Hanbury, D. R. Hawkins, C. J. Hope, M. D. Kennedy, C. G. Koe, M. P. MacKenzie, M. T. R. St J. Maguire, D. B. McHugh, J. G. Muirhead-Gould, J. P. J. O'Donovan, G. V. L. Oury, K. P. C. Sheridan, C. J. A. Tantum, R. Walker, T. J. Warriner, J. G. Wells, D. J. Westlake.

INWARDS

The following new boys joined the School in September 1950:

P. D. H. Ash, D. A. Bayne, M. J. F. Carter, N. J. T. A. de Piro Inguanez, T. F. Davis, C. J. Deacon, M. K. O'M. Dewar, R. A. J. Eady, J. N. T. Egan, J. M. Gaffney, W. J. Garnett, W. G. Herriott, F. N. Hoogewerf, J. E. Howard, M. F. Hoyle, C. B. T. Innes, J. March, D. A. F. Murray, A. R. Norfolk, R. L. Pavry, C. M. S. Phillips, P. A. C. H. Phipps, R. J. C. Prendergast, R. J. Quinn, M. B. Quin-Harkin, P. J. Quinn-Young, A. J. Radcliffe, R. C. Sant Fournier, E. D. F. Staveacre, P. L. Tribe, A. N. Wallis, J. M. Wood.

UPWARDS

The School Officials for the Michaelmas Term are as follows:

Head of the School: P. J. Molony.

School Prefects: H. D. Plunkett, A. L. Turnbull, S. G. N. Green-Armytage, N. C. Thompson, T. H. N. Fisher, S. J. W. Bingham, R. B. Petre, S. G. H. C. Llewellin.

Dormitory Prefects: J. D. Bright, T. W. G. Chetwynd, D. R. A. Hardy, J. Keenan, M. W. Kemmis Betty, P. H. Milmo, P. W. A. Rudd, N. T. Sibley, J. L. Stirling, D. C. Cross, D. J. Monico.

Captain of Rugger: N. C. Thompson.

Masters of Ceremonies: P. J. Molony, G. R. C. Hall.

Thurifers: J. Keenan, H. D. Plunkett.

Acolytes: V. E. Callaghan, E. G. F. D. Charnaud, D. R. A. Hardy, P. W. A. Rudd.

Leaders of the Choir: M. H. J. Radcliffe, D. J. Monico.

Librarians: S. J. W. Bingham, L. H. W. Williams, J. D. Bright, J. Keenan, J. L. Stirling, J. V. Miles.

REWARDS

Prizes were won in the Summer Term by:

R. Walker (1a), M. T. Abbott (1b), P. H. Milmo (2a), P. E. Campbell (2b), J. D. Bright (2c), A. T. Marsden (3a), J. A. Lesser (3b), M. D. C. Cuss (3c), M. S. Moorhead (4a), J. T. Worstall (4b), J. Hurley (5a), A. J. P. Elliot de Burgh (5b), P. F. Mitchell-Heggs (5c), R. J. E. Foley (6), T. J. Warriner (Classical prize), T. J. Warriner (French prize), D. C. Cross (Mathematical prize), R. Walker (History prize), R. Walker (Geography prize), D. C. Cross (Spanish prize), D. R. Hawkins (Lawrence Fielding prize), D. F. Barnett and P. E. J. Focke (Senior Acting prize), A. W. R. Burton (Junior Acting prize), R. H. G. P. French (The Prior's prize), M. D. Kennedy (The Headmaster's prize).

SOLUTIONS TO ANAGRAMS

(a) 1. China; 2. Durham; 3. Nottingham; 4. Preston; 5. Dumfries; 6. Glasgow; 7. Manchester; 8. Portsmouth; 9. Plymouth.

(b) 1. Waterloo; 2. Dunkirk; 3. Antwerp; 4. Moscow; 5. Berne; 6. Vienna; 7. Iceland; 8. Ceylon; 9. Malaya; 10. Alexandria.

(c) 1. Singapore; 2. Electricity; 3. Cowboy; 4. Technicolour; 5. Worth; 6. Between.

ANSWERS TO NATURAL HISTORY TEST

1. Ticks: they walk on people's heads.
2. The mouse can climb on an elephant but the elephant can't climb on the mouse.
3. Neither of them can climb a tree (but of course the monkey I am talking about is dead).
4. He can't help it.
5. The Penguin of course (can you see why?).

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across: 1. Plant. 6. Tradition. 9. Slimey. 10. Spin. 12. Amid. 13. Spoons. 15. Eggshaped. 16. Trees.

Down: 2. Ladies. 3. Note. 4. Drainings. 5. Soapboxes. 7. Islam. 8. Anise. 11. Speare. 14. User.

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SCHOOL STAFF

SEPTEMBER 1950

Dom Maurice Bell, M.A. (Oxon.), *Headmaster.*
Dom Brendan Lavery, D.D. (Rome), M.A. (Cantab.), *Second Master.*
Dom Thomas Symons, A.R.C.O., *Organist and Choirmaster.*
Dom Theodore James, M.A. (Cantab.).
Dom James Arrowsmith-Lorkin, *House Master of Butler.*
Dom Denis Agius, M.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of Chapman.*
Dom Jerome Tomlins, *House Master of the Tower House.*
Dom Bruno Grogan, *House Master of the Junior House.*
Dom Joseph Marshall.
Dom Edward Cruise, M.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of Ford.*
Dom Michael Smith, M.A. (Oxon.), *Games Master.*
Dom Roger Bacon.
H. Hyslop, B.A. (Oxon.).
M. A. Johnson, M.A. (Cantab.).
M. Keating.
J. S. Moggridge.
G. W. Crossley, L.R.A.M., A.L.A.M., *Music Master.*
P. G. Whigham.
C. S. G. Page.
C.S.M.I. J. E. Wallis, *Physical Training.*
Miss G. Garnaud.
Miss J. H. Herrick.
Miss D. Bryett, (*Arts and Crafts*).
Miss E. Joyce.
Miss R. J. Longland.
Miss M. N. Beck.
Miss J. Moore, *Riding School.*
Miss R. Sacré, *Riding School.*
Miss Nightingale, *Violin.*
R. Matthews, M.A., M.B., B.Ch. (Cantab.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., *Medical Officer.*
Miss J. Edey, S.R.C.N., *Sister-in-Charge.*
Miss A. Hollins, *Infirmary.*
Miss M. K. Young, *Supervisor.*
Miss B. M. Tindall.
Miss A. Whittard
Miss C. MacGibbon
Miss A. Venn
Miss A. O'Reilly
Miss P. Kennedy
Senior House Matrons.
Mrs Marshall, *Matron Junior House.*
Miss S. Marshall.
Miss B. Corbally, *Tower House Matron.*
Miss M. MacGibbon, *Tower House Matron.*
W. J. Gittins, *Secretary.*

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