

*The* WORTH RECORD



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# The WORTH RECORD

Vol. III. No. 2

EASTER TERM, 1951

## FROM THE HEADMASTER

The last time I wrote a letter to you Worth boys, it was about the very early days of St Benedict and the early Monasteries in this country of ours. You will remember that I urged you to go out into your own district and try to find out something of the great Abbeys which were once the glory of the English countryside. I ended up by saying that Downside has now taken the place of Glastonbury, and we ought to be proud of this fact that Downside is the modern Glastonbury.

This time I really ought to tell you something about the early times of the Abbey of St Gregory the Great, now in Somerset. I suppose those of you at Worth who know that we have a dormitory called Caverel have not thought very much about it. Nevertheless, the name Caverel has a tremendous history behind it; and without that name St Gregory's would never have begun its long and famous history.

People who read history books all about the times of Henry VIII wonder what happened to the monks who were driven out of their Monasteries. Some of them, of course, went and lived privately. Others wanted to continue their life as monks; and many English gentlemen went abroad where alone they could be monks as before. Some of these went to Italy and others went to Spain. There they became novices and were professed as monks of the Order of St Benedict. All through the time of Queen Elizabeth this went on, and in the end certain of these English monks who lived abroad, knowing full well that if they returned to England and were caught by the wretches who carried out Queen Elizabeth's commands they would certainly be killed and die a glorious death by martyrdom, certain of these, I repeat, came together at a meeting in Flanders which is now a part of Belgium or of North-Eastern France and a great centre to which the English exiles often came, and there came to a decision. They must come together, they felt, and form a great Abbey of English monks from which they could go forth, or backwards and forwards to England, and try to bring back that country to the Catholic faith. To whom could they turn for help? First of all they had to get permission from the rulers of the country; and when this had been obtained they had a great stroke of luck. There was at Arras a great Abbey called the Abbey of St Vedast. This is now very often known as St Vaast. Over this Abbey reigned a certain Dom Philip de Caverel.

Dom Philip was a great man and ruled his Abbey with strictness and understanding. The English monks turned to him for help. At last they were able to get hold of a house at Douai, and there about a dozen monks began to live in May 1607.

Now, just as no family can go on living through the ages unless there are children to carry on the name, so in the same way no small group of men who are living the life of a monk can possibly go on existing unless they have novices. A novice is a person who comes to a Monastery and offers himself to God's service there without any desire for reward in this life. Those first monks at Douai must have wondered whether they were going to get recruits for their new house. It was not long before the first novice appeared. So it was that in May 1607 the first life of the monks of St Gregory's began. Not long after this, the Holy Father gave his approval to their new life. What they must have wanted was a real Monastery in the proper sense of the word. They had only got a house, and not a wonderful series of buildings with a great church. About this time, Abbot Philip de Caverel decided to build a college at Douai for his monks. In doing this he set aside part of the building for the Englishmen. I suppose you may wonder why he did it. Was it just kindness? No, I think it was because he wanted two things of the English monks: the first was that some of them should be able to cross the Channel and go on their dangerous mission into England, where, if they were caught, they would die; and the other was that he wanted professors for his own monks, and hoped to get them from among these men. Certain it is that they started life in their new building in 1611, and a church was built that was dedicated to St Gregory, just as the church at Downside is dedicated to St Gregory at the present day. This church was used both by the English monks and the monks of St Vedast's.

You will ask now, when did the school first begin? There was certainly a school there in 1618, as we begin to know the names of boys about that time. They were certainly boys just as you are, because, their refectory was a separate one and was called the Scholars' Refectory or sometimes the Secular Refectory, while the monks' one was of course the Monks' Refectory. We even have lists of furniture and things needed for this Refectory in the very early days, and it will amuse you to hear that among the spoons and pitchers and tables there is mention of table-napkins; but in those days they seem to have been called 'gobble-cloths'.

Please do not imagine that the school founded at Douai was anything like as large as the schools we have now. We look at Downside with its four hundred and ten boys, at Worth with its two hundred and thirty, and then we turn back to those early years of the seventeenth century—and what do we find? We do not find very much. From 1622 to 1670 I do not think that numbers were much more than something between twelve and twenty. There were times when they were between thirty and forty, and by the time the French Revolu-

tion came they may have reached as many as fifty. And so you see that the total number of boys in the school at Douai was not at any time as big as the number of boys in the Butler or Ford Houses at Worth at the present time.

Not only did Abbot de Caverel give buildings for the English monks, but he also gave money for their support. He gave enough money to pay the expenses of twelve monks and twelve scholars. Not only did he do this, but he provided a country house to which they could go sometimes, and often the expenses of priests going over the seas to England were paid by him.

In 1619 the English monks who had made their profession abroad either in Italy or Spain joined up with a third group of monks connected with Westminster Abbey. You probably know that Henry VIII turned the Benedictine monks out of Westminster Abbey, and that his daughter, Queen Mary Tudor, put them back again. The last monk of Westminster Abbey, whose name was Dom Sigebert Buckley, actually lived on till 1610. Because of this, the Pope had agreed in 1609 that these monks of English birth had what we call continuity with the Congregation of Benedictines, which had been in England before Henry VIII spoilt everything. In 1619 a new English Benedictine Congregation was firmly founded. Dom Philip de Caverel lived for quite a time, and we do not hear of his death until December 1636.

Dom Philip was a truly great man and our greatest helper and benefactor, which means 'doer of good'. Without him we should not now be monks of St Gregory's, and you would not be boys who, when you leave Downside, will rightly call yourselves OLD GREGORIANS. Dom Philip loved his English friends so much that, although his body was buried in his own Abbey Church at Arras, he left his heart to be buried in a silver casket before the High Altar of the Church of St Gregory at Douai.

His great Abbey of St Vaast went on until it finally perished in the French Revolution.

I have to remember that some of you at least will probably never have heard a great deal about the French Revolution. It happened in 1789, and it was due to the very bad government of the kings of France and the very bad behaviour of the people who opposed them that a really unpleasant rebellion against the king's authority took place. The end of it all was that the king and the queen lost their lives, and everywhere anyone who was connected with the upper classes, and very often with the Church, was miserably put to death. That is why the English monks, too, were driven out of their home and put into prison for many weary months.

In the end all ended happily, for they were able to cross the seas and come back to England. Things had changed very much here, as there was much less feeling against Catholics than there had been. There was therefore no longer any difficulty in the English Benedictines coming over, so long as they wore ordinary clothes and did not appear to be what they really were. First they



went to Acton Burnell, and then later to the place we now know as Downside. All this, however, is another story and must wait till another time.

When you look up at the Worth flag floating in the breeze on the tower of the main building, or when you look at the Downside flag with its different colours, you see something there which takes us right back into the past. The Downside cross of red on a gold background is the old cross of the Abbey of St Vaast at Arras. It was only when we moved to Worth in 1933 that the colours for the Preparatory school were changed; but we still have the old cross of St Vaast as a gold one on a blue ground in honour of our Blessed Lady. Even Dom Philip de Caverel's old motto has been taken over as the motto of Downside School; it is: *Apud bonos iura pietatis*. Translate it if you can. Many people have tried and found it difficult, although it is quite easy, once one knows the words, to guess at the sense. If you do not understand what it means, ask someone who does.

In this letter I have given you quite a little history of the early days of St Gregory's, and I hope it will make you feel that your roots, as our roots as monks, are very deep in the past and go back now nearly three hundred and fifty years. Almighty God has blessed Downside very much, increased the numbers of monks, and given us a great school.

In writing this letter to you I have been helped very greatly by two people. One of them is alive and the other is dead. The one who is dead is one who lives very much in the memories of us all. His name was Dom Cuthbert Butler and he was Abbot of Downside. He was a very learned man and wrote many books of great value. He also dug deep into the past and has helped us to preserve many things of those early days at Douai which might have been forgotten. The other monk who is still alive, and we hope may live for many years to continue his great work on the history of Downside, is Dom Lucius Graham. He bears the title of Cathedral Prior of Canterbury. I owe a great deal of my knowledge about early days to his labours. He has lately been bringing out lists of the names of boys going right back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. I think you will agree that it would have been a great mistake if we had just gone on, careless of our past, and thinking of nothing but the present. It is a fine thing to have a history; but perhaps even a finer thing to have men who are willing to put it all down so that we may be really proud of it.

When you go on to Downside after you leave here you will get into the full atmosphere which is made up of so many things. The habits of life which were learnt perhaps by your great-great-grandfathers and even earlier, together with customs which have been kept up, and many other things, make up Downside as she is. Later on, when you have gone out into the world and are following your own vocation or profession, you will be more than glad that you went to a school which has played such a great part in the history of Catholic England.

If I have bored you with all this, you must forgive me. You will read it all again, probably much better written and more clearly explained, when you are older. My only hope was that it might catch your eye now and make you prouder than you would otherwise have been.

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

MAURICE BELL



## MIDNIGHT MASS IN ST PETER'S

by J. V. MILES\*

Last Christmas, the Pope celebrated the end of the Holy Year by saying Midnight Mass in St Peter's. We went by coach to the Piazza and arrived at about 9.15 and found quite a lot of people waiting there already. Barriers are always erected for important occasions to hold back the crowd, and even in the Church itself the main aisle is inaccessible. We had to wait outside the Church for about half an hour, before we were allowed in by the Police. First of all they warned every one not to hurry, though when the time came, no one took any notice. We were unfortunate and the best place we could get was near the front but a long way away from the aisle.

St Peter's holds 30,000 people altogether and it was full up. Of course in a big church like that there are no seats and standing for two-and-a-quarter hours is rather tiring. It was also very hot and I could not help envying the workmen on the gallery four hundred feet up, even though it did look very dangerous. Promptly at 12 midnight, the remainder of the 36,000 lights were turned on, and heralded by a fanfare of trumpets the head of the procession entered the church. The Pope was going to say Mass at the High Altar. In St Peter's this is in the centre of the Church which is built in the form of a cross, and consists of four huge pillars supporting a platform, on which are statues of St Peter and St Paul. Underneath is the altar itself slightly raised above the floor. The procession was led by Roman Nobles, High Vatican officials preceded by Swiss Guards. Then came the Bishops and Cardinals dressed in ceremonial robes. After this came priests carrying the Papal crown and other vestments belonging to the Pope. These were carried on cushions and immediately behind them came the Pope Himself, carried in his *Sedia Gestatoria* by four young men dressed in velvet. He passed up the aisle blessing the people on either side as he went. As he did so Italians cried out '*Vive la Satore*' and '*Papa*' as they always do, because he is very popular. When he got to the altar He put on his vestments and the rest of the procession moved to one side. I could only see all this by standing with my back to the altar and holding up a mirror. The Pope was wearing white vestments and said Mass facing the people. I could just see his head over the top of the altar and of course there were microphones all over the church so it was easy to hear what he was saying.

It was fairly easy to follow the Mass though it was rather difficult to realise it was the same Mass as is offered daily at home in such unusual surroundings and even at the Consecration there was not enough room to kneel down. In the mirror I could just see the Pope a small white figure moving from one side of the altar to the other and I could hear his rather high voice quite distinctly.

\*John Miles, born November 12th 1937; entered Worth, May 1949; acted in the *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime.

There was a deathly silence from the crowd during the Mass in strange contrast to the continual murmur before it.

After the Mass the Pope changed back into his ceremonial robes and the procession moved out of the church amidst the cries of the people.

## THE PONY EXPRESS

by F. J. CAUFIELD\*

It was a hard day, the wind was howling. It was the time of the American civil war, and the pony express had to carry on through every thing. A rider was sighted in the distance with tremendous speed and without even looking at the people he jumped on to a fresh horse, it was Buffalo Bill. He was very tired but he had to carry on. When he reached the plain an arrow whistled past him. Then a hundred war cries were heard. But it was not him they were after; he was in the middle of an Indian battle field. Let them fight he thought, he had just escaped the first danger. Next he came to swamps, before he knew it he was stuck. Near by there was a rock and he managed to get it with his rope and get out, he had escaped the second danger. Now they came to the last and most perilous danger, it was the mountains. Many a brave man had lost his life there. When they came to the middle the horse was beginning to slip. So he took the mail in his pocket and got off, just in time, the horse fell to its death. And he had to walk the last five miles to Fort Carson.

## HALLOWE'EN

by T. P. GRIFFIN\*

The witch's cauldron bubbles still,  
Under the gnarled oak tree,  
The Druid in his voice so shrill,  
Cries out the hoary Saxon song,  
Of war, of plague, of lust to kill,  
Or Vikings in their Dragon ships,  
Raiding village, town or mill.  
The frogs do croak, the snakes all slither,  
Under the oak tree still.

\*Francis Caufield, born November 21st 1939; entered Worth, May 1950.

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

## A FOX AND A RABBIT

by J. P. L. P. CICONI\*

One day a fox had no more food, so he told his cubs he was going for some food. He remembered the last time he had got a hen the door was open. So he went to the same farm, but the door was locked. He had to go away but on the way back his tail was caught in a trap he pulled and he pulled but it was no use. Then a rabbit passed by and told him to pull hard so Mr Fox pulled hard and his tail was free, then he pounced on the rabbit and carried him home for supper.

## SOME MORE HALLUCINATIONS

with apologies to Lewis Carroll

by K. H. SINGLETON\*

He thought he saw a motor car,  
That had just had a crash,  
He looked again and found it was,  
Some sausages and mash.  
'I knew this car would crash', he said,  
'Because it cost no cash'!

He thought he saw a trap and horse,  
That drove all through his house,  
He looked again and found it was  
A mouse trap and a mouse,  
'What a pity' he said,  
'It hasn't got a house.'

He thought he saw some Marmalade,  
Upon the larder shelf,  
He looked again and found it was  
Something like an elf.  
'He must not eat it all' he said,  
'I want some for myself.'

He thought he saw a Cuckoo clock,  
That hung upon the wall,  
He looked again and found it was,  
A baby on the crawl,  
'I say', he said, 'I say',  
'He is playing with a ball.'

\*John Cicconi, born May 4th 1942; entered Worth, January 1951.

\*Kevin Singleton, born January 8th 1941; entered Worth, September 1949.

## WHEN WE WENT ROUND ROME

by R. A. P. RUDD\*

I had a chance to go round Rome when I was travelling from the tropics by air. When we landed on the ground at the airport I went to the door where we give in our passports. Then we go into a bus, where we have our lunch. When the bus is full up the driver starts off on the tour.

Our first sight is the house where the Pope is. You can tell his room because his window is open. Then we went to the ancient walls of Rome and to the mouths of the catacombs. I was rather disappointed when we could not go down them because time was short. Then we went to St Peter's Church, where we stopped and were explained all about it. Then to the church of SS. Luca and Martina where at the view we were I could take a picture of it. (Reproduced in this number.—Ed.). You can also see some of the ancient pillars still standing. Then to the Vatican, but we were too close to take a picture of it. Then back home to the airport for a five-hour flight to London, after seeing many things.

## THE STORM

by A. W. R. BURTON\*

The clouds now gather in the sky,  
Dim, dark and threatening are they,  
And when the sun no more is nigh,  
The clouds do seem to say:

We're only waiting for some lightning,  
And a Thunder-clap,  
Then we'll fall, both one and all,  
As fast as a running tap.

The rain, the rain it cometh down,  
In torrents, now in sheets,  
The sun must lose its shining crown  
When storm it has to meet.

Then it peeps between the clouds,  
Then drives them all away,  
The thunder-clap no longer sounds  
Blue sky is soon seen all around  
To end a stormy day.

\*Richard Rudd, born December 5th 1939, entered Worth, September 1949; Boxing Team.

\*Anthony Burton, born August 9th 1939; entered Worth, September 1947; acted in *Babes in the Wood*, *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime; Choir.

## ANCIENT CUSTOM REVIVED AT SPELDHURST

by S. J. W. BINGHAM\*

At Speldhurst, a quaint little village in the heart of the Weald, an ancient custom was revived yesterday, St Crispin's day. When I arrived, I found most of the village gathered round the pub, where the oldest inhabitant, Mrs Brosthwaite, aged eighty-four, was ceremoniously imbibing a glass of this season's Elderberry Wine. When she had drunk, a procession was formed headed by the Vicar, the Rev. Allshott, who gave out the first line of an ancient Saxon drinking song *Eci Dryctin! Aefier tiadae*. A procession then wound its way down the village street, past the pond and into the Church, where a series of prayers were recited to the effect that all this season's wine should be as good as the cask which had just been opened. A benediction completed the ceremony.

## JERRY THE MOUSE

by E. F. HOWARD\*

Jerry the mouse peeped round the corner,  
To see that the coast is quite clear,  
He stops and he glances, he waits and advances,  
When he's sure that there's nobody there.

Jerry the mouse does chuckle with glee,  
When he thinks of a big gruyere cheese,  
But 'alas' when he gets to the large cupboard door,  
It is locked and there aren't any keys.

Jerry the mouse sits down on the floor,  
And feels most terribly sad,  
To think he had lost a large gruyere cheese,  
And of all the bad luck he has had.

Jerry the mouse starts thinking of things,  
Of things that would bring him delight,  
But Oh! what was that, a footstep round there,  
And it gives poor old Jerry a fright.

Jerry the mouse runs down a hole,  
And cries till his eyes are quite sore,  
And then Jerry mouse makes up his mind,  
That he would not go there any more.

\*Simon Bingham, born October 25th 1937; entered Worth, September 1945; School Prefect; Choir.

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

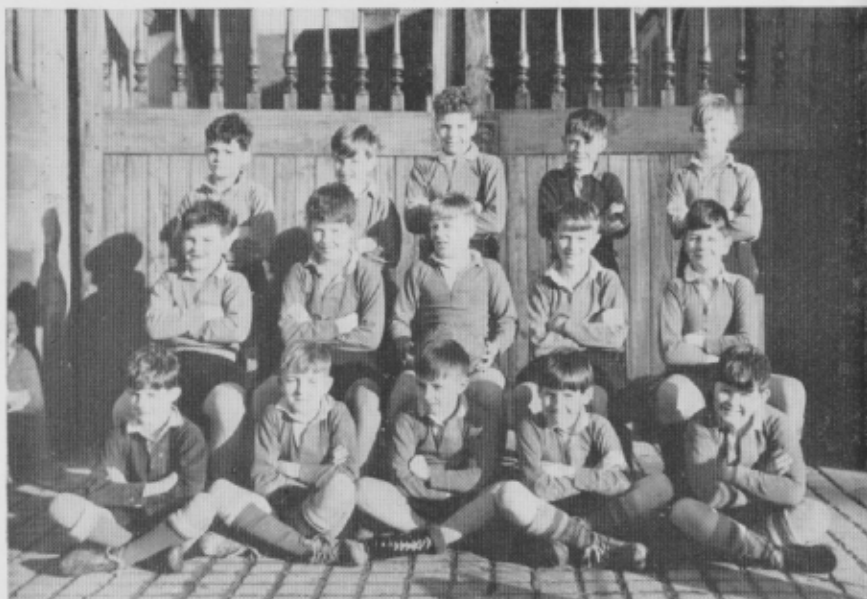


Photo by R. H. Ortiger  
*His Holiness Pope Pius XII*



Photo by R. A. P. Rudd  
*Church of SS. Luca and Martina and Arch of Septimius Severus*





STANDING: P. A. Cools, R. M. L. Oury, C. W. Bonham, J. B. O'Meara, R. D. Clapham  
 SITTING: R. H. Ortiger, A. J. MacKenzie, J. Hurley, M. Coles, J. M. Bell.  
 FRONT: M. S. Crane, P. S. Cockburn, J. H. Magauran, P. Branigan, T. J. Turnbull.



*When the cat's away . . .*

## A WELSH FARM

by C. D. CROSTHWAITE\*

A rocky path leads up to a small Welsh farm. It has twenty cows and produces three churns a day. The farmer has a long walk every day to take the churns down to a small mountain road where the milk is picked up by the milk lorry. The farm house is a small whitewashed cottage with a slate roof. There is a small barn where hay is kept. There are two horses and one tractor. Every Friday the farmer's wife goes to market with the farmer. At the market they talk with other friends of theirs for hours in the street. They buy and sell together and come back glad because of what they have done. There are thirty sheep on the farm and two sheep dogs. The dogs are very well trained. There are ten hens on the farm. The farmer keeps bees. There is a competition for the farmer with the best honey. He sends his children to the Welsh school where they learn their lessons in English and in Welsh.

## THE RIDE

By E. D. F. STAVEACRE\*

We saddled our ponies,  
 And jumped on their backs,  
 My brother wore jodhpurs,  
 My sister her slacks.

We galloped on through Long Acre field,  
 And trotted down Weasal Lane,  
 And when we came to the Vicar's house,  
 It started to pour with rain.

We pulled our caps right over our ears,  
 And galloped as fast as we could,  
 My sister's hair was simply drenched,  
 So we sheltered a bit in the wood.

As last we arrived home wet and cold,  
 So we put our ponies to bed.  
 Then we went in for a nice hot bath,  
 And I got a cold in my head.

\*Christopher Crosthwaite, born August 5th 1941; entered Worth, September 1949.

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

## TREASURE

by M. J. McENERY\*

A few years ago there were two boys called Jack and Peter. They lived with their mother, but their father was killed during the war. They had a small rowing boat, as they lived at a seaside village.

One day they asked their mother if they could go for a row, the answer was yes. So they went down to a small harbour, where their boat was. They set off a few minutes later and were soon rowing along the coast. Soon they came to a very lonely part of the coast and when they had rowed for a minute or two they came to a large cave.

They rowed up to it and got out of the boat; they walked into the cave, when they got a few yards in they found a trap door. They opened it and inside there was a great treasure.

They rowed quickly home and told their mother about it. She told the coast guards who got the treasure and shared it out to the villagers.

## BARLY MO

by PIERS PHIPPS\*

Barly Mo is very sweet,  
He has big hands but dainty feet,  
He's tough and strong and full of go,  
That's the way of Barley Mo.

Barly often copies me,  
He is a funny Barly Bee,  
He likes good music very much,  
And talks a lot of double dutch.

Barly is a little pickle,  
He laughs and laughs when him I tickle,  
Barly, he likes eating fluff,  
And also he is very rough.

Barly throws his things about,  
They land on me with such a clout,  
He dropped his drum on Wotan's head,  
Poor dog; he thought that he was dead!

\*Martin McEnery, born December 20th 1940; entered Worth, September 1949.

\*Piers Phipps, born May 7th 1941; entered Worth, September 1950.

## A BEGINNER'S SKIING CLASS

by W. O. ARMSTRONG\*

The scene is now set, the characters who are facing a very bored instructor are an elderly lady wearing jodhpurs and a very bilious jumper; a young and very pretty female in the latest skiing attire, a very good-looking young man in plus-fours also another young man, but not quite so good-looking as his rival.

The instructor now decides to teach his class a snowplow; he demonstrates a snowplow which brings gasps of amazement from his enraptured audience. Then the elderly lady is asked to try one, she sails down the hill. 'More bend ze knees' shouts the instructor, but the elderly lady does not bend her knees and she lands in a snowdrift. Next is the pretty female, 'More bend ze knees' again shouts the instructor, but the pretty female bends her knees too far and sits down. The two young men inspired by their instincts of chivalry sally forth to rescue the fair damsel in distress; so intent are they on their task that they do not notice each other till with a heartrending crash, they collide and together with the girl roll in a struggling and screaming mass into the snowdrift. The instructor now turns his attention to the people in the snowdrift, but so does the old gentleman, and the two collide and skid into the snowdrift. There is a lot to be said about skiing but in these circumstances it is a little different.

## LIMERICKS

by N. G. de SALIS\*

- I. There was a crude workman of Ypres,  
Who had two old ex-army jeeps,  
He kept pumping up tyres,  
And soldering wires,  
And took his friends petrol 'for keeps'.
- II. There was an old man of Carlisle,  
Who when robbed, thrice nine would he disle,  
He would do what he ought,  
With the burglars he caught,  
Give them up to the 'cops' with a smisle.
- III. There was a princess of Shanghai,  
Who one morning gave a great sai,  
She went to a doctor,  
Who just sat and mocked her,  
And she really couldn't think whai.

\*William Armstrong, born November 9th 1938; entered Worth, September 1949; Boxing Team; acted in *Babes in the Wood*, *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime.

\*Nicholas de Salis, born February 24th 1938; entered Worth, May 1946.

## THE GYMKHANA

by H. D. MACDONALD\*

I was busy getting ready that day, because there was a Gymkhana two miles away, near the village. I was grooming Moonlight my pony. Moonlight is very keen on jumping and he would fly over the jumps. He could do the Triple bar easily. He was very fast in a canter, in fact he often galloped. And now I was grooming him. He looked very nice after that. Then I took him round some jumps to warm him up. He looked in good shape.

That afternoon I took him out of his stable and mounted him. Then I rode him down to the fields where the Gymkhana was. The opening was, 'Under Eleven Best Rider'. I went in for this and won second prize. The next was the 'Open Jumping' and I won second prize for this. Then the next event was the 'Bare Back Jumping'. We went in for this and won first prize. Moonlight was in good shape, and there was no doubt about it. Then there was the really big 'Jumping'. We went in for this and won third prize. We were going quite well. I was sorry we had to go at the end of the afternoon because the Gymkhana had finished, still I was pleased, especially with Moonlight. When we reached home, I unsaddled, took off the bridle and gave Moonlight extra oats and potatoes and went off to bed.

## INGRATITUDE

by M. D. MORRIS\*

I sit beneath a soft-bark tree  
As happily as could be,  
And wonder why  
God made a sky  
So beautiful to see.

The lazy clouds accumulate  
Into familiar shapes,  
Birds on the wing,  
Merrily do sing,  
But why all these did He create?

He did it solely for our sakes,  
To show His love for us,  
But in return  
We only turn  
To fun and games and Him forsake.

\*Hamish Macdonald, born January 20th 1941; entered Worth, September 1948.

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

## SAMMY STOAT AND QUACKY THE DUCK

by D. C. SIRKETT\*

One night when Quacky and Sammy were fast asleep in their cosy little cottage on the hill Ferdie the fox thought it would be rather tasty to have Quacky-pie for supper, so he set off with a gag, some rope and a sack. But before he had gone far, he yelped in pain because he had trodden on a thorn, but after a while the pain went off and he went on. Then he came to the cottage, stealthily opened the door and went in. He crept up the stairs to their room, carefully put what he thought was Quacky in the sack and tied it up with the rope, and trundled back to this shack. But when he opened the sack, out came a little, black, furry head with gleaming white teeth and small neat whiskers, then two furry paws and then the rest of Sammy. He jumped onto Ferdie's neck and said 'one move and I bite'. (Sammy had very sharp teeth) 'march to our cottage'. So Ferdie marched off to Quacky's cottage and for punishment he was ducked in a cold river twenty times and Sammy and Quacky were never bothered by him again.

## THE REVOLUTION

by D. J. MONICO\*

Noble heads, once France's pride,  
Fall at death's cruel blow;  
Swept away by crimson tide,  
In everlasting flow.

Blood! is now the cause for strife,  
Blood of noble stock,  
Heads that fall beneath the knife,  
Prone to death's cruel mock.

The King once paced a marble hall  
While people starved and yearned,  
His foolish head was doomed to fall,  
A death that was not earned.

The Guillotine now reigns supreme,  
Worshipped like God on high:  
The mob anon take up the theme,  
'To live, and not to die'.

\*David Sirkett, born November 9th 1941; entered Worth, May 1950.

\*David Monico, born April 27th 1938; entered Worth, September 1946; acted in *Stations in Mime*, *Babes in the Wood* and *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime; Leader of the Choir.



## FARMING

by T. H. N. FISHER\*

I think the things most people like on a farm are the animals. If you go in for Dairy farming you have cows most of all, they are milked either two or three times a day (two times is most common). The first time you milk them is early in the morning about six o'clock and the second time about three o'clock. They are fed on hay, straw, as well as other bought things like cow-cake and meal. Then there is the mixed farmer who also has cows and also grows things like wheat, oats, and barley. Sugar-beet is some times grown as well as kale and mangle for the cows. The fields are ploughed in the winter and the seed is sown by a machine called a drill which can be pulled by a horse or a tractor (the tractor is mostly used nowadays). The crop is cut in the summer (that is the crops of wheat, oats, etc.) and bound in sheaves by a binder and is then 'traved' in groups ready to pick up. It is carted to the farm building and made into a stack ready to be thrashed whenever convenient. There is a machine now called a 'Combine' and it is either self propelled or pulled by a tractor. This machine cuts and thrashes the wheat all at once and only leaves the straw on the field where it is burnt if it is not needed. This way is very quick but you must also have a drier back at the farm to keep the seed in. There are all kinds of tractors used on a farm the best one used for ploughing is a 'Caterpillar' which is a crawler (like a tank) or other strong tractors like a 'Case'. Then for light work like carting wheat and so forth a 'Ferguson' or a 'Nuffield' which can also plough but has rubber tyres.

## LAMENT

by E. P. MORRIS\*

There was a young girl of St Ives,  
Who told the most shattering lies,  
Thus said her mother,  
'She'll never recover,  
Until the sad day when she dies'.

With reference to the previous line,  
On came that regrettable time,  
When her friends and relations,  
Said prayers and orations,  
To make up for her terrible crime.

\*Thomas Fisher, born May 29th 1938; entered Worth, May 1946; 1st XV Rugger; School Prefect; acted in *Stations in Mime*, *Babes in the Wood*, *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime.

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

## SAILING A BOAT

by A. I. MALLET\*

If you ever venture to go to Great Yarmouth's quays, you might see a small yacht 'The Black Swan'. She has four bunks, stores and a small petrol engine, she is properly equipped with sails, ropes and tackle and is about thirty feet long. I have her and use her only in Summer when, with some friends I sail her up and down the Broads: in winter she is covered up with tarpaulins.

We sail slowly and watch the coot nests and the nests of other birds. We listen to the birds and other animals; there is one spot where we anchor and spend a whole day listening and enjoying ourselves. Of course we have to obey the rules of navigation in the Broads and watch where we are going.

The Norfolk Broads are very beautiful with small villages, meadows and trees bordering their banks. The weather is normally very hot and so the trees offer pleasant shade. There are plenty of rivers to sail on and many other boats to watch. There is a dreadful motor-boat which roars past us three times a week but it goes so quickly that it is gone before you know it. We have to stop at some villages to replenish our food stores, but that is rather seldom. Here and there the river widens out into a small lake, on the other hand it sometimes becomes so narrow as to let only one boat through at a time.

At night with only a few lanterns on board the boat looks ghostly and at the same time friendly. Only twice has anybody ever fallen overboard and that was once when we were going about and the sail knocked someone overboard, and the other time when someone slipped overboard.

The only sad part about it is when one returns to Great Yarmouth and the holiday comes to an end: I haven't said this to discourage you and I hope that you will one day sail a boat yourself on the Norfolk Broads.

## REGAL RHYMES

by C. M. LIND HOLMES\*

Stephen fought against Mathilda,  
But he never caught and killed her,  
When, thank goodness, Stephen died,  
Mathilda's came the leading side.

Henry the eighth took six wives,  
And from two of them their lives,  
One died naturally, two divorced him,  
The last, luckily for her, soon lost him.

\*Anthony Mallet, born January 3rd 1938; entered Worth, September 1948; acted in *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime; Choir.

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

## A DAY ON LLIWEDD

by J. M. CROSTHWAITE\*

Last holidays I was invited to go rock climbing with five other friends of mine on a mountain called Lliwedd in North Wales.

It was rather a dull day when we left the hotel where we were staying at Capel Curig. It even looked like rain but when we left our car at Pen y Pass the sun came out and the clouds went away.

We all felt quite relieved when we approached the foot of the mountain for we had walked about three miles along a rough narrow path which mainly went through slimy bogs and over huge boulders which we had to scramble over. On the other hand it was quite nice because the path wound along by the side of Llyn Llidaw whose waters were a sort of coppery green.

We had an early lunch when we reached the start of our climb, and after resting for a quarter of an hour we commenced our climb.

The first sixty feet were very boring because it was practically all scree and loose stones which clattered down to the foot of the slope wherever you put your feet. It was only when we had reached a ledge just above the scree that we unwound the rope which we had taken with us. There were two ropes of a hundred feet, one of hundred and twenty and an eighty foot one. I went on the first rope which consisted of the two hundred foot ropes tied together.

The route which we had decided to go up was called the Primitive Route which took us about ten minutes to find even though we had a guide book.

The leader of the first rope then went up about thirty feet while the other rope followed. As it had rained recently all the rocks were dangerously greasy so it was essential for us to wear climbing boots. When the second rope was up alongside us we moved on again up another sixty feet, so we were very nearly about a hundred feet up although we still had a very long way to climb. Now we had to be very careful because one slip and you would know no more.

Again we scrambled up a rather rough face of rock till we were about forty feet further up. The second rope then followed. We went on like this for about two hours until the thought of falling wasn't too pleasant, for we were at least five hundred feet up. It was just about then that we came across thousands of bilberries and they were jolly refreshing after getting up to where we were.

We moved up another sixty feet where we found that the route we were on became rather nasty because all the rocks were so slimy and steep and covered with loose turf edges that we decided to call it a day and make a scramble for the 'top'. There is one thing I will never forget and that was when we reached the cairn that marked the top of Lliwedd we were nearly swept off the ridge because there was a terrific gale on the other side. We ate some chocolate when

\*John Crosthwaite, born September 25th 1937; entered Worth, September 1948; acted in *Babes in the Wood* and *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime.

we reached the summit and coiled our ropes. We then descended over 'Little Lliwedd' and down to the car. It did not take us long to reach the hotel at Capel Curig where we had a simply slap-up supper. And we all agreed it had been a very nice and exciting day.

## BRITISH BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS

by P. E. CAMPBELL\*

### THE CLOUDED YELLOW

This butterfly is really a migrant, but it is quite common on patches of clover, or a marsh. Its upperside is surrounded at the edges by black. In the forewing, there is a black dot, but the rest is yellow, except the part near the body which is black. The hindwing of the upperside is yellow with a round orange patch in the centre. The hindwing of the underside is also yellow, but the orange patch is more noticeable and it has a silver ring round it.

### THE PEACH BLOSSOM MOTH

This moth is not often seen, because it flies at night. The forewing of the upperside is silvery green with five large pink spots which resemble the Peach Blossom. The caterpillar, which looks rather like a stick, is seldom found.

### THE LARGE BLUE

This butterfly is quite rare. It is found rarely at Bolt Head in Devon and the New Forest. Its forewing is blue with three spots in the shape of an upside down triangle. Its hindwing is blue. Its underside, forewings and hindwings are yellow streaked with blue, which is covered with little black dots. The caterpillar is green with yellow spots down its back.

### BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS WITH THEIR STAGES

A butterfly has to go through three stages before it can change into the perfect specimen. The stages are: the egg, which is about the size of a pin head; the caterpillar which is about a quarter of an inch long when it first emerges from the egg, and two inches when fully grown in the butterfly, but three inches in the hawk-moth. The caterpillars change their skins as they grow larger. The chrysalis varies in size and shape according to the species. The butterflies have many varieties, but the moths have their chrysalids underground or in a cocoon. After about six months at the most, the perfect specimen emerges.

\*Peter Campbell, born February 9th 1939; entered Worth, May 1947.

## A VIKING ATTACK

by P. R. CHAPMAN\*

It was the year 794, and the Vikings were continually raiding the towns and villages of Britain. There lived in the village of Marston, in Sussex, one Ethelred, son of Theowald, the village chief.

That morning Ethelred had gone into the hills with his friend Alfred to hunt deer. They had just killed a fat buck and were going along a rocky path above Gothwald Gorge on their way back to Marston, when suddenly they saw a large party of Vikings moving stealthily along below them. Ethelred at once guessed that their object was to attack Marston. So he called Alfred to him and told him to run as fast as he could back to Marston for help.

As soon as his friend was out of sight, Ethelred started to move a huge boulder which was perched precariously on the edge of the gorge. After several more pushes he sent it rolling down upon the startled Vikings. It fell straight on top of the first man, killing him instantly and also blocking the path for the rest of the party.

For a few minutes the Vikings were in confusion but their leader, Gurt Longbeard, soon calmed them. Gurt Longbeard looked up to the top of the gorge and expected to see a large band of Saxons. Instead he saw only one Saxon. Yelling defiance and thinking it might be a trap, Gurt Longbeard sent one party to the left and another to the right of the gorge while he and another party climbed up the face of the gorge. Ethelred seeing he was trapped by a sheer wall behind him and a party of Vikings before him, on his right flank and on his left flank, prepared to die fighting. He unslung his long bow from his shoulder and strung an arrow. As soon as the first Viking came over the edge of the gorge he took careful aim and fired. The arrow sped true to its mark and the Viking fell to his death below with an arrow in his heart. Four more Vikings followed and each one was either wounded or killed by Ethelred's steady aim. Seeing that he had lost five good men already Gurt Longbeard called off the attack till the two other parties were almost upon him, and just as they were about to kill him, Alfred and his party came upon the scene. After fighting for two hours the Saxons overcame the Vikings, but only at the cost of twenty good fighting men.

That night the village of Farnham feasted till early in the morning. Once again they had defeated the feared Vikings. When the Vikings came again they would find Ethelred chief in his father's stead.

\*Paul Chapman, born February 1st 1939; entered Worth, May 1950; 1st XV Rugger; Captain of Hockey; 1st XI Cricket; Boxing Team; acted in *The Passion of Our Lord* in Mime; Choir.

## THE CONVOY MUST GET THROUGH

by IAN KEITH MACDONALD\*

It was on the 3rd of February 1941 and a convoy was coming to England with ammunition, rifles, aeroplane engines, petrol, oil, shells, machine guns, and so on. This convoy was guarded by twelve destroyers, two cruisers and an aircraft carrier. It was midday when the look out on H.M.S. *Bulldog* saw a periscope just above the water. The man quickly shouted 'Enemy submarine on Port bow'. The officer in charge of the watch told the captain. The captain rang for full speed ahead and sent a message to the destroyers. The destroyers circled round the spot dropping depth charges. The next day they sighted the Italian fleet. The aircraft carrier sent out all her planes to attack the Italians. The planes were mostly Hurricane bombers. The Hurricanes started to bomb and machine gun the Italian fleet. Two cruisers were sunk, three were sinking and four battleships were shot up. The cruisers when they saw the Italian fleet crippled went into action. With their guns blazing and the destroyers following they started to torpedo the Italians. Only three ships of the Italian fleet got away. Two destroyers and six aeroplanes were sent down to Davy Jones Locker, those were the casualties of the British. Four pilots were killed and fifty sailors killed and drowned. Two days later the convoy reached England.

## THE STORY OF A FOX AND SOME RABBITS

by R. J. E. FOLEY\*

Once upon a time there was a very hungry fox, who liked eating rabbits very much. On this particular day he was very hungry and he hadn't anything to eat. The rabbits had tricked him all day, and he was getting very tired indeed, so at last he found a dead fox, and then his brains began to work, he put the dead fox as though it was going to spring and he went round to the other side of the road and did the same. Now at this time of day the rabbits came along the road, and shore anouf down the road came six little rabbits. The fox had put the dead fox on the other side with his nose showing so the rabbits would keep to his side of the road, and shore anuf they came over to his side. 'At long last' said the fox to himself, and as they went past he sprang and he sprang so far that he jumped right over the rabbits and he only caught a baby and as it was so small he let it go. Now as he was so tired he went home where Mrs Fox was waiting, 'I haven't caught a thing, those rabbits keep tricking me and now I am very tired' said Mr Fox. Next day out he went again at last he caught something. He did the same thing as before and this time it worked, and he caught two fat rabbits.

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

\*Robert Foley, born January 11th 1942; entered Worth, September 1949, acted in *Stations in Mime* and *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime.



## LONDON

by E. G. HALLINAN\*

London has been and still is the centre of British life. We have all taken a joy in visiting this city, the centre of English and indeed of its Colonies' and Dominions' affection. London is far different from any other city even to a person who has lived outside the famous town. Even dating back to when the first Britons who founded a small collection of mud-huts in the estuary of the River Thames. The city has always been recognised as the Metropolis of our Island home and in later days of her vast Empire which is second to none.

Referring to its sites, there are many wonderful buildings which are a credit to civilisation. St Paul's Cathedral, the original burnt in 1666 by the Great Fire. There now stands in its place a new replica designed by Sir Christopher Wren, on a model of St Peter's in Rome, the largest church in Christendom. There are many other fine buildings, Westminster Abbey, the place for nearly all the Coronations of the Kings of England. The Crystal Palace, a fine structure made of glass which was erected for the Great Exhibition of 1851. Also there is the British Museum famous for its rare specimens of beauty and culture, and of course, the famous monument of the city, the Tower of London, the scene for many an historic event. There are also kept here the priceless Crown Jewels. These are but a few of the famous spots which blend together in making London what she is.

## A BULLFIGHT

by J. ALBA\*

One day when I was in Spain, my aunt told me that we were going to a Bullfight this afternoon. After dinner we got a taxi and went to get tickets, when we got there there was a long queue, but it did not take long before we got our tickets and went in. After a long time when all people were in, the bullfighters came in and asked some lady for the key to let the bull come from his stable. So they threw the key and a Bull fighter caught it in his hat and he went to open the stable door and the Bull came running into the ring. The Bull fighters were fighting till the time came that they had to kill the Bull. So the killer got a sword and in a moment the killer stuck it right through the Bull and it fell dead to the ground and some horses came out and pulled it out of the ring to the Butcher. So we went back and I thought it was very nice.

\*Edward Hallinan, born October 20th 1937; entered Worth, September 1948; acted in *Babes in the Wood*, *Stations in Mime* and *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime.

\*Jaime Alba, born December 25th 1938; entered Worth, September 1947.

## THE DANGEROUS VOYAGE

by P. D. T. GALVIN\*

It was the year nineteen hundred and forty-three and the war was still going on. Captain Bartholomew Walker heard a knock on the door of his country house in South Devon. He walked to the door and admitted an officer who bore the rank of Rear-Admiral, and who, as far as he could see, was in a great hurry.

Captain Walker, known to his friends as Bart, was a tall, clean-shaven man aged about forty. He had risen to the rank of Captain after twenty years of active service in the Royal Navy. He had spent his youth at Dartmouth, and at the age of twenty-two was a qualified midshipman. At the age of thirty-two he was a Commander. He was now on leave while his ship the *Industrious* was being repaired in Plymouth after a battle off the Orkneys.

The Rear-Admiral who introduced himself as Rear-Admiral Johnson, told Walker that his ship was ready and that he was to proceed under full steam with a war secret. He had an air-craft carrier with a full load of Beau-fighters, and three destroyers at his disposal as well as his own ship. The convoy set sail on June the fifth. It rounded the most southerly point in Eire without mishap on the morning of the sixth. Four days out of port, when the convoy were in mid-Atlantic (the convoy kept in constant touch by Radio with the Admiralty), radar reported an unknown ship on the starboard side, and Captain Walker despatched a Beaufighter, piloted by Squadron Leader George Oakley, to discover the ship's identity. Oakley, almost as soon as he took off, sighted a large tramp steamer on the horizon; he noticed something sinister about it as he drew nearer. For one thing, there was a wireless cabin, rather more elaborate than usual and for another there was hardly anyone on deck, and those who were, were armed with rifles. Then he sighted two dark shapes behind it, and the truth dawned on him: it was a German cruiser with a couple of U-boats behind it. However, he did not show that he had discovered their real identity and flew on serenely until he was out of sight. When he was out of sight he banked steeply and increasing his speed to nearly three hundred miles an hour, returned to the *Theseus* (the aircraft carrier). Immediately he reported to Captain Walker, whose features stiffened slightly. Captain Walker was just about to give the order to turn away from the enemy cruiser, but he was too late. The German cruiser had sighted them. Immediately a pilot jumped into a Beaufighter, which was ready with an aerial torpedo, and started up; slowly at first, but gathering speed, it tore along the deck of the *Theseus* and rose into the air. There was a sharp burst of fire from the Cruiser's pom-poms, which rendered one of the Beaufighters engines ineffectual. The pilot gained height slowly, very slowly, and after reaching a height of two thousand feet, per-

\*Patrick Galvin, born March 20th 1939; entered Worth, September 1946.

formed a daring stunt. He pointed the nose of his machine at the Cruiser and dived. At eight hundred feet he baled out; his wings had been shattered on the downward dive so that he couldn't have pulled out of his dive, and the plane flashed earthward at a hair-raising speed. There was a mighty explosion and a flash as the aerial torpedo went off. There was another explosion and flash as the ship's ammunition exploded, coupled with a sheet of flame as the fuel caught alight.

## A RAILWAY JOURNEY

by S. G. N. GREEN-ARMYTAGE\*

It had been arranged that I should go out into the country to visit a brother of mine, who owned a small farm near West Puddleton. I had not seen Fred for several years, and I had been looking forward to the 5th January when I should catch the 9.45 which stopped at all stations including Puddleton.

I walked happily down the street to the station, weighed down by a small, but heavy suit-case and a fishing-rod. After a long wait at the uninteresting halt, the old and battered locomotive screamed in with a cloud of smoke and a few coaches. It was unusually crowded and I managed to squeeze into a noisy compartment just as the train puffed out onto a rusty line amid a world of trees and fields. Unfortunately there was no corridor and I was compelled to ask a brawny sailor and a nervous old spinster to move over, because standing was impossible as one could not survive the sudden jolts, which inevitably occurred each time the train passed over an uneven part of the line.

The compartment was hot and generally unpleasant and I found myself idly staring at my companions. Opposite me was a kind old woman sandwiched between two restless and inquisitive children; a talkative clergyman with white whiskers, a bowler hat and several amusing stories, and a young man accompanied by his girl-friend wondering whether they ought to have taken lunch with them, and showing signs of their increasing hunger each time they caught sight of a refreshment-room. On my right was the sailor, rapidly burning away a packet of cigarettes and trying to make conversation to a small and evidently more intelligent man, who was, together with his spectacles, buried in *The Times*. On my left was the spinster, knitting a jumper for a young relative, and a freckled school-girl decorated with pig-tails and a pair of spectacles, explaining that she was going back to school late because she had just been suffering from measles.

I had hardly time to observe my companions, together with the picturesque countryside, when the train pulled up at Puddleton, and Fred met me with a horse and cart.

\*Stephen Green-Armytage, born March 13th 1938; entered Worth, September 1945; School Prefect; 1st XV Rugger; Gym Team; acted in *Sport of Kings*, *Christmas on the Common*, *Dumb Wife of Cheapside*, *Stations in Mime*, *Babes in the Wood*, *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime.

## THE LAUNCH OF THE CLEOPATRA

by P. H. MILMO\*

On the 20th June 1947, the big 20,000 ton ship H.R.H. Cleopatra was launched at Clyde Docks. It was destined to be a passenger ship between Southampton and Cape Town. The action of hitting the champagne bottle against the hull of the ship was to be performed by His Majesty the King.

At four o'clock the invited guests had all taken their seats, and were awaiting the arrival of the King. He arrived punctually, and Lord Roberts, manager and chairman of the docks, introduced him to the cheering mob. I (as an example) was in a far from pleasant position, as the crowd at the back were trying to push forward, but the policemen in the front were trying to push them back, with the result that I was squashed in the middle, and my temporary range of vision was limited to an expanse of tweed jacketed immediately in front of me.

After the King had taken his seat, he made a short speech wishing the ship the best of luck on all her journeys. The critical moment had arrived: down came the champagne bottle! up went a flood of cheers, but it was a few seconds before anyone realised that nothing had happened. Two tugs prepared for this predicament came into sight, and while tough ropes were being fastened to the ship, dead silence reigned. The ship refused to move although the tugs were pulling with all their might. Suddenly the ship moved gracefully forward, and the tugs, unprepared for this, shot forward pulling the ship rather too fast down the slipway. The ship hit the water with a resounding smack and sent a huge column of spray up in the air, which came down on the King and main officials.

Lord Roberts, very embarrassed, led the King timidly to his car, amid the cheers and laughs of the people. The King, soaked to the skin, could not have had a very pleasant journey back to Edinburgh Castle, where he was spending the night, and he will surely think twice before he consents to coming to Clyde Docks again.

## THE STORY OF BUNKEY

by M. W. P. LEGGE\*

One day when we were in Germany, a great friend of ours brought us a little black puppy. He looked so like a little bear cub that we called him 'Bunkey' because we had a book called 'Bunkey the Bear Cub'. Bunkey grew up to be a very nice Alsatian.

After we had had Bunkey about six months, a burglar came to our house one night. We were fast asleep, but Bunkey had one ear cocked, and was ready to

\*Patrick Milmo, born May 11th 1938; entered Worth, September 1945; 1st XV Rugger; 1st XI Cricket; acted in *Babes in the Wood*, *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime; Choir.

\*Michael Legge, born November 15th 1938; entered Worth, September 1948.

hear any strange sound. As the burglar got into the house Bunkey heard him, woke up and started barking. The burglar heard him and ran away, but Bunkey was upon him in a few seconds and bit a nice big patch out of the seat of his trousers. We woke up with all the noise, but by that time the burglar was gone.

Once a policeman came to our house and asked if he could have Bunkey, because he said he would make a very good police dog, but we would not let him buy Bunkey.

When Bunkey was about a year old, we decided that we would go back to Ireland. We could not take Bunkey, but we liked him so much that we said we must take him. About a month later we had everything ready. We had managed to get a passage for Bunkey. It was a very long and boring trip till at last we got to Ireland. Bunkey had to be put in quarantine for six months. We used to go and see him every week and he got very excited when he saw us. At last he came out and he was terribly glad.

We bought a very nice new house, with a river at the bottom of the garden. We got a cocker-spaniel to play with Bunkey and to keep him company. He was yellow like honey so we called him 'Honey'. Honey and Bunkey love rats and there are lots in the river, but now they are all in the dogs' tummies. In summer we take them to the seaside and Bunkey is very good at fielding in cricket. If you hit the ball he will run after it and put it down at the bowler's feet. Sometimes he even catches people out. Now he is a very big dog and we still have him. He is four years old now.

## MY FIRST VOYAGE

by R. J. C. PRENDERGAST\*

In the summer of nineteen fifty I went for a trip in a forty foot boat to France.

When we cast off from Putney there were about three other boats casting off on the same morning. It took a day to get to Ramsgate, but then there were very rough seas and we had to wait at Ramsgate for a week. At last the weather was all right and we were able to cross the Channel.

We spent a week in France and then came back. But on the way back a storm blew up and we were rolling about very much. All at once something loomed up in front of us and we stopped.

When the storm cleared we found it was the wall of the Dock at Ramsgate. Then we went up the Thames to Putney and dropped anchor.

\*Robert Prendergast, born October 21st 1941; entered Worth, May 1950.



*Tower House Play 'Dick Whittington'*



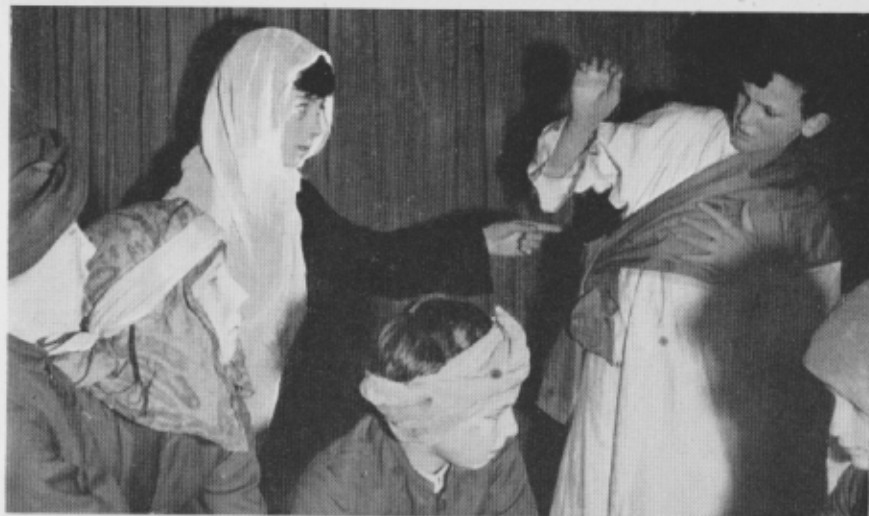
*A horse-drawn toboggan in the Quad*



'THE PASSION OF OUR LORD' IN MIME



*'Gethsemani'*



*'Peter's Denial'*



*'Carrying the Cross'*



*Parade before setting out to cook the Sunday dinner*



LEAVING BOYS

G. J. Cahill  
M. S. Lane

J. D. Bright  
C. M. Lind Holmes  
A. R. R. Echevarria

N. T. Sibley  
N. J. Bellord

## SNOOPER AND PROWLER

by R. WEBB\*

Once upon a time, there lived two little pixies, their names were Snooper and Prowler. They were both very naughty little pixies and were always taking what didn't belong to them. Now one day every one in Pixie-town (except Snooper and Prowler) had a meeting. 'We must get hold of those two pixies, Snooper and Prowler' said Mr Trowler, 'We must think of something.' They all sat and thought but no one could think of anything. When the meeting was over they all went home to bed, still thinking very hard. As Tinkle-bell and Blue-bell went home, Blue-bell suddenly thought of something. He told Tinkle-bell who thought it a good idea too. So they filled a sack and Blue-bell put a label on which read 'For the Queen'. They left it there and went to bed. If Snooper and Prowler wanted to get to Blue-bell and Tinkle-bell's house they had to cross a river. They got into the boat, and they saw the sack and took it. When they got into the boat the sack was quite light. But as they were lazy they let it drag in the water. When they got to the middle of the river the sack got so heavy that it pulled the boat under. They started to shout, then a boat came out and saved them, it was Blue-bell's. They got out and were locked up. Snooper wanted to know what was in the sack and found out that they were SPONGES.

## MY FIRST SAIL IN A BOAT

by C. B. T. INNES\*

It was during the yachting season in Fowey, a small fishing town in Cornwall. I had been invited to act as crew in one of the ten feet six inches cadets, which are small sailing boats. I, of course, was delighted, and spent the rest of the morning wishing that the time would pass quicker.

At last it was time and I hurried down to the yachting club where the race was to start. I jumped into the boat and we started to line up. The person who I was crewing for told me the meaning of words like 'luff' and 'lee ho'. Then the race started, the boat I was crewing was in the lead at first but we went the wrong way so we had to go back some of the way.

When we were going round the top marker buoy, we touched and were disqualified, but it had been fun while it lasted.

\*Robin Webb, born January 12th 1942; entered Worth, September 1947; acted in *Stations in Mime*.

\*Christopher Innes, born May 3rd 1939; entered Worth, September 1950.

## THE TOWER

by J. M. FITZGERALD-LOMBARD\*

The Tower of Tower House is built of red brick, and has got a clock face on three sides with Roman numbers. Inside the tower, you go up twenty-two steps then you come to the clockroom, where there is a very nice engine, at the side of the room there are eight wires which a man hits with hammers before High Mass on Sundays, and they make quite a nice noise. The clock has been in the tower ever since the tower was built, but the chimes were put there after Lord Cowdray's son died. Then we go up sixty-seven more steps and we come out of a door onto the flat top which has a low wall around it, and we see about eight bells. They strike every quarter-of-an-hour. The biggest bell which strikes the hour is named after Lord Cowdray's eldest son, but I don't know his name. Underneath the tower there is an arch with seats on both sides, and then it goes on to the gym. I always have wished that there was a clock face on the back as well as on the front and sides. In the part where there isn't the clockroom, there is a water tank and down in the arch there is a gauge with numbers on it and a long piece of wire with an arrow on the end that tells you how many gallons there are in the tank. So I think the tower is quite nice. The clock keeps quite good time, and I always like to go up when I can.

\*Michael FitzGerald-Lombard, born January 29th 1941; entered Worth, May 1949.

## PANTOMIME

After several years of Mime, we have now tried Pantomime; but they were once the same thing. Nowadays no one will mix up the two, for the Mime at Worth will always recall the acting of scenes from the Passion in dumb show, while the Pantomime has nothing dumb about it. At the beginning of the twentieth century there was still a trace of the old Pantomime on the stage, for between the acts there was always a dumb show introducing Harlequin, in his many-coloured costume, Columbine, Pierrot and a clown, complete with a red-hot poker and a string of sausages. This harlequinade seems to have died out.

Last term's Pantomime of 'The Babes in the Wood', ably produced by Mr Johnson, with the invaluable help of Mrs Marshall and with fine new scenery by Miss Bryett, was a complete success. No one could have imagined it possible that such a complete show could be staged here; and yet it was, complete with musical numbers, choruses and dances.

The villain of the piece was the Bad Baron Bacque (Stephen Green-Armystage), who, with his steward Skribb, well acted by John Crosthwaite, was aided, abetted and let down by his two retainers, Egbert (Patrick Morris) and Ogbert (Nicholas Sibley). The Babes, Dib and Dolly (Val Callaghan and Bill Armstrong), were a convincing pair.

Discovered in the wood under a counterpane of leaves, laid over them by Tower House birds and rabbits, the Babes were introduced to the Old-Woman-who-lived-in-the-Shoe, Dame Truform (Michael Duffield), a masterful woman if ever there was one, completely in control of her henpecked husband Clarence (David Shaw) with his quivering moustache and his quavering voice. Dame Truform's family was certainly a large one; but then the Shoe-House was a wonderful creation. Jack, the eldest (Patrick Milmo), was the hero of the play; the other children being Lilli and Skinna (Kemmis-Betty and Bellord), Cherry-blossom, Lotus, Kiwi, Frisby, Freeman, Hardy, Willis and Nugget (Hunt, Richard Rudd, Hanbury, Eady, Phipps, Nicholas Alba, Echevarria and Philip Bright).

Events were beneficently controlled by the Fairy of Good Intent (David Monico).

When it was decided to leave the Shoe and go to the seaside there was an excellent scene in the Doo-drop Inn with Bell and Burton as the Innkeeper and his wife. Space will not allow mention of all the characters, tradesmen, bathing beauties and so on; but one cannot omit the Horse which appeared by arrangement with Miss Bryett. John Bright and Laurence Williams cleverly activated its front and rear legs—and never was there such a horse of character!

In the end, Jack and his friends and relations discomfited the Bad Baron, and all was well.



It was a good Pantomime, full of local allusions that brought the house down. Our thanks go to Dom Bruno for arranging the songs, to Mrs Marshall for the splendid costumes, to Miss Young and Miss Tindall and Messrs E. and W. Stanford for their help with the scenery.

One hopes that it will not be too long before there is another. Mr Johnson is full of ideas for every kind of play, mime or pantomime, and we are fortunate indeed to have him as our Producer.

## THE MIME

The presentation in mime, by the Worth Dramatic Society, of scenes from the Passion of Our Lord is becoming an established annual tradition. This year's performances were on Saturday, March 10th, and Sunday, March 11th.

In former years, the scenes selected for enactment have been the Stations of the Cross. This year, however, the Mime was considerably enlarged. In addition to the Stations, it depicted such scenes as the Last Supper and the Agony in the Garden.

In principle this was all to the good. Incidents such as the Washing of the Feet, the Prayer in Gethsemani or St Peter's triple Denial form an integral part of the history of the Passion, and have a powerful emotional appeal. To include them in the Mime is therefore to complete the picture and to increase the dramatic effect.

It is important, however, while enlarging the scope of the Mime, to preserve its clarity. In this respect there is possibly room for yet further improvement in the future. It makes for clarity if every scene and every reading is confined to a single incident. Thus, the scene in the Upper Room might well have been split into three (the Washing of the Feet; the prediction of Judas's treachery; the institution of the Blessed Sacrament). The advantages of such subdivision are particularly great where the successive incidents differ in place as well as in time. The incidents on the journey to Calvary are cases in point.

It could also be argued that certain details might well have been omitted as tending to excite amusement (the precipitate departure of the naked young man; the crowing of the cock). A valuable feature of the Mime, and one which is worthy of careful preservation, is its almost liturgical solemnity.

It would certainly be unfair, however, to emphasise these rather tentative observations to the point of denying that this year's Mime was a genuine success. A visitor was heard to confess that it had moved her almost to tears. Such a confession is a remarkable tribute to the Mime itself and to those who performed it.

The same visitor expressed her particular astonishment that such young boys were able to produce so powerful an effect. Those who saw the Mime for

themselves will probably share her astonishment. The cast was a large one, and space is too limited to enumerate its members individually; but to see, for the second successive year, Esme Howard in the part of Our Lord and Richard White in the part of Our Lady was a veritable privilege. Of the rest of the cast it must suffice to say that they were worthy to take part in the same production.

Congratulations are therefore due to the youthful performers, one and all, and to Mr Maurice Johnson, the producer.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the Mime will continue to be annually presented for many years to come.

H.H.

## TOWER HOUSE PLAY

After a lapse of some years the Tower House Dramatic Society came to life again on March 9th when Dick Whittington was produced in the Monkey House. The production was well up to the high standard set by its founder Dom Jerome.

The actors knew their lines well, spoke up and faced the audience with confidence. Desmond Keane was a most charming and graceful Alice and won the hearts, not only of Dick Whittington, but of the whole audience. Michael FitzGerald-Lombard was a great success as Dick Whittington. He was full of life and one felt that he deserved to win a fortune and the hand of a beautiful lady. Kevin Singleton, the Cook, and Richard Morris, Idle Jack, were a very amusing pair and deserve great praise for their acting. One of the best actors was Shaun Howard. As Captain he brought the wide open sea into the Tower House. The Royal Court of Morocco was splendidly represented by Robert Foley, the Sultan, and his two Courtiers, Christopher Crosthwaite and Christopher Phillips. These three are to be congratulated. Adrian Rowbotham's interpretation of Mr FitzWarren, the humbled alderman, was a very fine piece of acting. He and David West, Mrs FitzWarren, deserve great praise. Christopher Church as a footman had a small but difficult part which he acted extremely well. Then in every scene there was Tibby, the cat, saying nothing but doing a lot. Richard Haydon was so catlike that one felt thankful that none of the Tower House white mice were present. Last but not least the stage hands, Christopher Curtis, Derek Plunkett and Anthony Babington must be congratulated on their smooth handling of all the behind-the-scenes management. The two Tower House matrons, Miss MacGibbon and Miss O'Reilly were most helpful in arranging the dresses and in keeping the young actors quiet, or fairly quiet, whilst waiting for the opening curtain. In this they were ably helped by Mrs Yaldren.

## RUGGER

This rugger season has been most successful. Four of our teams played twelve matches between them. We won them all. We scored 196 points and our opponents scored 6. All our teams played very mature rugger at times, and the outlook for the future is excellent.

### 1st XV

*Captain:* N. C. THOMPSON

The full 1st XV won five matches, and the depleted 1st XV won two matches, without having a point scored against them. Our defence was better than it has been for some years, and our attack was as thrustful as ever. We scored 108 points, and if our place-kicking had been more sound we should have amassed an even greater total. Only three out of thirty-three tries were converted, and we only scored one penalty goal—with a drop-kick!

Of the large number of tries, only eight were obtained by the forwards, and four of these came in the last match. This gives some impression of the wonderfully open football which the teams played this year. The boys played as a really well balanced team, and some of their movements, executed by the backs and forwards together, were brilliant. It was excellent team-work which made the openings for our tries, and in A. L. Turnbull we possessed a big and fast wing-threequarter who was responsible for bringing most of our attacks to a successful conclusion. He grounded the ball in our opponents' in-goal sixteen times, converted two of his own tries and kicked our solitary penalty goal.

On the whole we obtained the ball from the set sources more often than our opponents. This was not so much because of superior weight in the forwards—we only had one forward of over eight stone—as because of the good packing of the scrum, aided by the accomplished hooking of M. D. Morris. At scrum-half Martin, playing for the first time in this position, was often too slow in sending the ball away; and Green-Armytage was often slow off the mark, at stand-off—though he covered and tackled excellently in defence. These two halves improved in attack as time went on, and they formed a steady link with the threequarters. These were the main scoring power of the side, as they should be.

Chapman was magnificent in his runs up the middle of the field. He is a centre who knows where he is meant to go: and he knows how to side-step and jink his way through an apparently closed defence. Some of his runs took him through six defenders; but his subsequent pass was often wild, or late. Bourne was another elusive centre who had a very quick acceleration, and his dodging runs, and sudden change of direction, frequently had the defence running the

wrong way. Then on the left wing we had the powerful Turnbull, who had not taken rugger seriously before this season, but who advanced in determination and skill with meteoric rapidity. Chetwynd, on the right wing, was not so determined or clever in his play: but he had the invaluable assets of knowing when to give a return pass inside him, and of being able to tackle safely. Behind the threequarters was young Cuss, a safe full-back who was always on the look out for an opportunity to start, or to join in an attack.

The forwards were a well built set of boys, speedy and thoughtful in their play. They were not so good in the loose mauls, but in open defence they were supreme. Thompson set them a great example by his tireless attacks on the opposing half-backs, and Milmo, Lesser and Moysey were frequently seen making full-blooded tackles. Fisher used his weight well, and the energy he displayed in leading foot rushes was remarkable. Plunkett and Morris were very good at getting the ball back from the lines-out, and Lind Holmes and Plunkett often relieved an ugly situation by catching the ball cleanly in a line-out near our line and bursting away powerfully. The back row were not as clever as usual in backing up our attacks. But Plunkett, from the front row, was often to be seen joining in our attack, and he was rewarded with four tries in the course of the season. He and Thompson were the outstanding forwards of a superb pack.

For our first match, against St John's, at Beaumont, we had to field a team all of whom had had chicken-pox. This team played too sluggishly and inaccurately to make much impression on a sound and spirited defence in which the St John's stand-off and captain played a magnificent part. Turnbull was dangerous for us when he had the ball: but he had not learnt yet how best to beat an opponent. He once crossed the line, but dropped the ball forward before grounding it. Chapman scored the only try of the match with a brilliant run from the twenty-five yard line, dodging his way through a crowd of opponents.

A week later, playing at home, the full 1st XV did much better. After taking a little time to settle down, they played magnificently at times. The back-up, and the short passing, were always good. Green-Armytage scored a try with a strong burst in the twenty-five. Turnbull then scored two tries and Martin and Fisher one each before half-time. Bourne, Turnbull and Plunkett (after a clean catch in the line-out and a good run for the line), scored in the second half, and Thompson converted Turnbull's try.

Eleven days later we received a hefty team from St George's, Weybridge. Our forwards had to fight hard to hold their own, and just did so, with Plunkett, Thompson and Milmo being outstanding, the last-named making some lovely tackles. Our outsiders were superior to our opponents', but they were inclined to stand too far up, and seldom took their passes moving fast. Once, following a perfect bout of passing, Turnbull crashed over in the corner; but his try was

disallowed. Before half-time, however, he had scored the only try of the match following a kick ahead to under the posts—but the kick at goal failed. The defence on both sides was on top in this game.

This St George's team had had an even game with St Benedict's a few days before, and had eventually won by a narrow margin. So when we went to Ealing on November 18th, a close game was expected. We started off scrappily, and it was some time before Chapman opened our score with a nice piece of backing up. This success encouraged our boys, and they began to play astounding football. Three times before half-time the ball, from a set scrum on the right, went out to Chetwynd. He made a little ground, was checked, passed inside him, and then, with the forwards joining in the handling, the ball reached Turnbull on the left wing without once touching the ground. Away went Turnbull down the left touch-line, and he ended by eluding four corner-flagging opponents to cross in the corner for a try. In the second half we monopolised the scrums and lines-out, where Plunkett and Morris were pre-eminent, and further tries were scored by Plunkett and Turnbull, before the latter dropped-kicked a penalty goal: and then Martin, the forwards in a body, and Turnbull added further tries. In spite of several showers of rain, and a muddy ground, the passing and team-work of the Worth boys rose to great heights, and they mastered the keen Ealing tackling.

The Epsom College side which came to Worth a week later had a good stand-off, a big and powerful centre and a determined full-back. But our fast breaking forwards quickly dealt with their attacks before they could become dangerous. Our opponents' back row forwards also broke quickly, and our halves were often slow against them. Our forwards did not bind tight enough in the loose mauls, which caused Martin to be caught with the ball in his hands before he could sweep it away. After a while we improved, and our team-work won the day. Turnbull crossed in his own corner twice in the first half, and once grounded the ball under the posts to enable him to convert: and then Bourne did one of his tortuous runs up the centre which enabled him to reach the line, near the posts, with a host of defenders converging on him from all directions. In the second half Turnbull scored three more tries, one in his left-hand corner, and twice by running right across the field and round the opposition's left wing-threequarter. This kind of run is unorthodox: but Turnbull demonstrated that it can be done most effectively, on several occasions during the season.

On January 27th, Dom Gerard brought a much improved Under 13 XV from Ealing to Worth. His boys tackled even better than before; his outsides were more dangerous; his forwards were more fiery, and obtained the ball much more often in the set scrums. We badly missed Plunkett, who was ill: Chetwynd was also away, and Fisher was not feeling his best. As the result of all this, the match was very even and interesting. Worth scored twice in the

first half with two copy-book tries, the ball being passed quickly and cleanly down the threequarter line, and Turnbull racing for the left corner flag. Once he went on to ground the ball under the posts and to kick a goal. In the second half we scored once more, a perfect passing movement enabling Bourne to go over, with Hall at his elbow in case he was needed.

The last match of the season, like the first, was played with a team depleted because of illness. An 'A' XV went to play the Epsom 'A' XV, and we had to do without Turnbull and Chetwynd, Morris and Lind Holmes. Their substitutes, however, played very well, and Lesser hooked most successfully. We won an enjoyable match by five tries to nil. Thompson scored an opportunist try, and some good passing led to Plunkett scoring, before half time. In the second half Bourne made a very fine run to score. M. Lane crashed over for a good forward's try, and Plunkett capped an excellent season's performance by catching the ball well in a line-out and diving over the line for our last try.

The 1st XV, with those who were awarded their caps marked with asterisks, were:—M. D. C. Cuss; T. W. G. Chetwynd, J. J. Bourne,\* A. L. Turnbull;\* P. R. Chapman;\* S. G. N. Green-Armytage,\* N. J. Martin;\* C. M. Lind Holmes, M. D. Morris, H. D. Plunkett,\* T. H. N. Fisher,\* J. A. Lesser, N. C. Thompson,\* C. C. F. Moysey\* and P. H. Milmo.\* Those not marked with asterisks were awarded their 2nd XV Colours, as were R. Petre and M. S. Lane.

The results of the matches were:—

Worth v St John's, Beaumont	Away	Won	3—0
v Wimbledon College, Under 13	Home	Won	26—0
v St George's, Weybridge, Under 13	Home	Won	3—0
v St Benedict's, Under 13	Away	Won	30—0
v Epsom College Juniors	Home	Won	20—0
v St Benedict's, Under 13	Home	Won	11—0
v Epsom College Juniors	Away	Won	15—0

#### Under 12 XV

Captain: E. F. MAYNARD

The Under 12 team easily won their three matches, and as most of them will be in the 1st XV next season, the prospects for next season's 1st XV are good. Maynard was an outstanding scrum-half: if he had been larger and stronger he might have been in the 1st XV this season. He sends the ball away quickly, and far, and he can kick well. He kicked a beautiful drop-goal against St George's. Outside him he had Kavanagh, who takes the ball well, moving fast, and some of his lightning bursts through the centre enabled him to score several tries.

The centre threequarters were inclined to run across the field too much, and often they cramped the play of their wings. This was a great pity, as



Callender showed considerable promise, and against Christ's Hospital he scored a memorable try by means of speedy and elusive running: he can also tackle well.

Of the forwards, Griffin and Mackenzie can tackle excellently, and Kennedy, too, until he tires. Andrews led the pack with great energy, and P. D. T. Galvin was always up with the ball. Ahearne, with his great weight and height, will be invaluable when he has had more experience. On the whole, the pack was very good in the open, and in the tight scrums. But in the loose scrums there is much room for improvement.

The team was:—J. P. Geoghegan; C. A. C. Gibson, J. Hurley, J. M. Gentry, M. P. Callender; P. A. Kavanagh, E. F. Maynard; C. J. Ahearne, T. P. Griffin, M. J. R. Mellotte, M. Asprey, P. D. T. Galvin, K. P. Andrews, A. J. Mackenzie and P. G. Kennedy.

The results of their matches were:—

Worth v Wimbledon College	Home	Won	21—0
v Christ's Hospital	Home	Won	20—0
v St George's, Weybridge	Home	Won	23—3

#### Under 11 XV

This season the Under 11 has preserved its unbeaten record; but, more important, it has made itself into a team that can, and usually does, play good rugby. The forwards have acquired the instinct of heeling from the loose, the threequarters can run and tackle, and, if the passes from the scrum are still a bit uncertain, this is made up for by the stand-off being able to take the ball on the move at a variety of angles. Probably the team looked at its best in the first match against St Benedict's (Away); on a very large ground they got the ball back to the threequarters again and again, and some of the movements would have done credit to an older team with years of rugby behind them.

In the forwards Mackenzie showed courage, weight, and that opportunism which, in this as in other fields, means grasping at the fleeting chance of success; Coles and Bonham worked hard and pushed hard, while Branigan developed into an untiring and skilful forward as the season progressed. Magauran, the scrum-half, has a safe pair of hands, and on several occasions after a set scrum near the opponents' line feinted to the open side and then sent the blind side wing threequarter over for a 'copybook' try. Hurley, the stand-off and Captain, made most of the openings for his threequarters; of these Ortiger and Cools were the most promising, although the latter must learn to pass the ball before he is tackled.

The usual team was: T. J. Turnbull; N. Alba, K. McGrath or R. M. Oury, R. Ortiger, P. Cools; J. N. Hurley, J. Magauran; A. J. Mackenzie, M. Cane, M. Bell, P. Branigan, R. Clapham, N. Coles, B. O'Meara, C. Bonham.

The results of their matches were:—

Worth v St Benedict's School	Away	Won	18—0
v St Benedict's School	Home	Won	6—3

J.D.A.

#### LEAGUE MATCHES

##### 1st XV

Reds drew with Blues	0—0
Golds beat Blues	24—0
Golds beat Reds	11—0

##### 2nd XV

Blues beat Reds	3—0
Blues beat Golds	8—3

#### CROSS COUNTRY

The practices and race for the Cross Country Cup were most interesting this year. At first, it was expected that Green-Armytage and Williams would have a keen race for first place on the actual day; but neither of them did at all well in the practice runs, and as it happened, neither was able to run in the proper Race in the end. On the other hand Gibson, who came in fourteenth last year, did very well in all the practices this year, and was expected to come in first. His nearest rivals were two Golds, Coward and Hurley. These two, backed up by Maynard and Chapman, who finished 5th and 6th last year, and Moysey and Cuss, who were running well this year, seemed likely to give the Gold Team the victory. But the Blues promised to press them close, as Hall, Marcus Lane and Robson were usually in the first ten, apart from Gibson. The Silver League, competing in this Race for the first time, was expected to beat the Reds for third place.

Friday, March 9th, was the date of the Race, and on this day the weather was dull, damp and cold, with the wind blowing from the north-east. The ground was fairly soft, and muddy in places, consequently one did not expect a very fast time to be returned by the winner. Gibson proved to be the winner, and his time of 14 minutes 6 seconds was very good under the circumstances, being less than a minute slower than the record set up by Wells last year. Gibson ran a beautifully judged race in very good style, and when he finished he looked as if he could have done the course again. Hurley kept with him as far as the gate leading into the fields by the East Lodge. Here Gibson shot ahead and he had a lead of about fifty yards when he breasted the tape. Gibson will be at Worth next year, and Hurley will be here for two more years: so Wells' record may not stand much longer.

Following Hurley were the two consistent Blue runners, Hall and Marcus Lane. Then came John Bright (Silver), who did much better than he had done in the practices. Robson followed, to put the Blue team in a good position. Callender then gained the first Red place, and the Golds obtained the next three. After G. J. de Lacey had further improved the Blue position, three very young runners, McGrath and Hanbury (Silvers) and Cane (Red) showed, with D. M. de Lacey (who did well, as the youngest member of any team, to come in 21st), that there is much promising material for long-distance running in the school.

When the younger de Lacey arrived, the last of the Blues, it was clear that they had won the Cup. They had an extremely well-balanced team, and many good reserves. The Golds did not come up to expectations and some of their runners were disappointing after their performances last year, and in this year's practices. The Silvers easily came third. Their last boy to finish came in before the last Gold, even. The Reds had the unenviable distinction of filling five of the last seven places.

The team and their scores are as follows:—

Blues		Golds	
C. A. C. Gibson	1	J. Hurley	2
G. R. C. Hall	3	C. C. F. Moysey	8
M. S. Lane	4	E. F. Maynard	9
A. R. O. Robson	6	M. D. C. Cuss	10
G. J. de Lacey	11	J. F. Coward	20
J. J. Bourne	18	P. R. Chapman	22
E. F. Howard	19	A. L. Turnbull	24
D. M. de Lacey	21	H. D. Plunkett	29
<hr/>		<hr/>	
83		124	
Reds		Silvers	
M. P. Callender	7	J. D. Bright	5
M. S. Cane	14	K. McGrath	12
P. D. T. Galvin	15	G. B. Hanbury	13
M. J. D. Church	26	M. J. R. Mellotte	16
D. R. A. Hardy	28	A. T. Marsden	17
M. W. Legge	30	M. S. Moorhead	23
J. M. Crosthwaite	31	H. J. Conlin	25
P. H. Milmo	32	E. G. F. D. Charnaud	27
<hr/>		<hr/>	
183		138	

## BOXING

On Wednesday, November 29th, the School team had a match at Worth with Christ's Hospital. It resulted in a win for Christ's Hospital by 13 fights to 8. The winners for Worth were W. O. Armstrong, T. Mathew, J. J. Bourne, J. P. Geoghegan, K. P. Andrews, J. A. Lesser, M. Cuss and J. D. Bright.

Armstrong is a finished fighter and had quite a close win over his opponent. T. Mathew is a very hard hitter and it requires good boxing to keep him out. J. J. Bourne maintained his high standard of last year. J. P. Geoghegan boxed well to win easily. K. P. Andrews was rather wild, but his footwork shows improvement. J. A. Lesser keeps a very steady eye on his opponent and hits with accuracy. M. Cuss and J. D. Bright are strong hitters, particularly the former.

The rest of the team were S. R. Matthews, T. P. Griffin, P. S. Cockburn, E. F. Maynard, M. P. Callender, P. R. Chapman, H. J. Conlin, C. J. Ahearne, N. C. Thompson, J. F. Coward, M. D. Morris, C. C. F. Moysey (Captain) and A. L. Turnbull.

The second match was away and was against the John Fisher School on 17th February. The score was 11-3 in favour of the John Fisher School. The winners were M. P. Callender, H. J. Conlin and M. D. C. Cuss. These boys fought very well to win their fights. R. Rudd fought very pluckily but was outmatched by a stronger boy. T. Mathew, A. Lesser and P. Chapman were unlucky to lose. The rest of the team were E. F. Maynard, J. J. Bourne, J. F. Coward, K. P. Andrews, J. D. Bright, I. P. Whatley and C. C. F. Moysey (Captain).

## RIDING

First, we would like to announce the date of our gymkhana: Saturday, July 21st. We hope all who are free on that day will come down; ponies and sisters will be especially welcome! There will (we hope) be music and refreshments, and a programme from 10.30 a.m. till 5.30 p.m., followed by a dance in the evening. Admission to everything except the dance is free; ringside cars, 2s. 6d.

This term we have carried on with jumping, each class having one ride and one jumping lesson a week. The sharp turns and short take-offs of the indoor school proved their value at the end of the term when the fine weather enabled us to get down to the outdoor jumps; here we found we could really get a long run-up to a jump and time our kick correctly, and then canter round in a nice wide circle to the next jump. Not only have our gymkhana-tested experts such as Thompson, Milmo, White, Kemmis-Betty, Shaw, and Phelan showed

their usual style to be considerably improved, but many newcomers have managed to get their ponies and themselves over the jumps at almost the same moment. Miss Moore on 'Burnt Sugar' and Miss Sacré on her new two-year-old 'Bay Rum' have been there to show us how to jump, though we did not altogether believe Miss Moore's story, when she landed (without her horse) the far side of the Triple Bar, that 'Burnt Sugar' had mistaken a distant Scout bugle-call for a hunting horn!

Once again we have to thank Mr and Mrs Milmo for the loan of 'Billy', and Miss Betty Addington for the loan of her champion pony 'Nobby James'. We have also bought a new pony of our own, 'Pippa', a skewbald of just over twelve hands.

J.D.A.

## THE SCOUT TROOP

Very good progress has been made by the Scouts this term. It was not till towards the end of the Christmas term that the first Second-Class Badge of this school year was won by Bill Armstrong (Doves). But in this Easter term the Second-Class Badge has been gained by P. L. Peter Kennedy (Ravens) and his Second, Michael Paine, by Michael Duffield (Cygnets), and Peter Ash (Peewits). Work towards this important badge is steadily going on in all the patrols, and some boys are aiming at the First-Class Badge, though this is difficult to win at preparatory school age.

Thanks to the instruction given by Miss Moore and Miss Sacré, the Rider Proficiency Badge was won by four Scouts in February—P.L. Mark Kemmis-Betty (Doves) and his Second, Jamie Drummond, by P.L. Simon Llewellyn (Cygnets), and P.L. Kennedy. Two more of these badges ought to be awarded soon; and C.S.M.I. Wallis hopes to obtain the Master-at-Arms Badge for at least four Scout members of his gym team in the near future—they are already proficient at boxing. The Linguist Badge, too, is within the reach of one or two of the Troop apart from George Hall, who has already won it in Spanish.

The weather has prevented any prolonged activity out of doors, but work has been going on at the patrol sites in the woods. We once went on a rabbit-hunting expedition; but we found no bunny within range of our spears. Once we hunted three 'Bew Gulls' in the woods, and caught them in just over an hour. And we have begun to construct an Assault Course. When the fine weather at last comes, our Scouting in the open will rapidly increase, and will give us great happiness.

M.S.

## THE CUBS

This term we were able to go down to the woods most Sundays and either work at the dens of the 'sixes' or play games. And when it was wet we used the big dormitory for our pastimes. The reading of the Jungle Book and the game of charades were most popular. On St Gregory's we all had lunch in the woods and it was great fun. We have not passed many tests this term; however, Gissane, Henault, Witham, Fitzgerald 2 and Poett have won their First Stars. Next term we look forward to more time and opportunity for passing tests.

P.R.B.

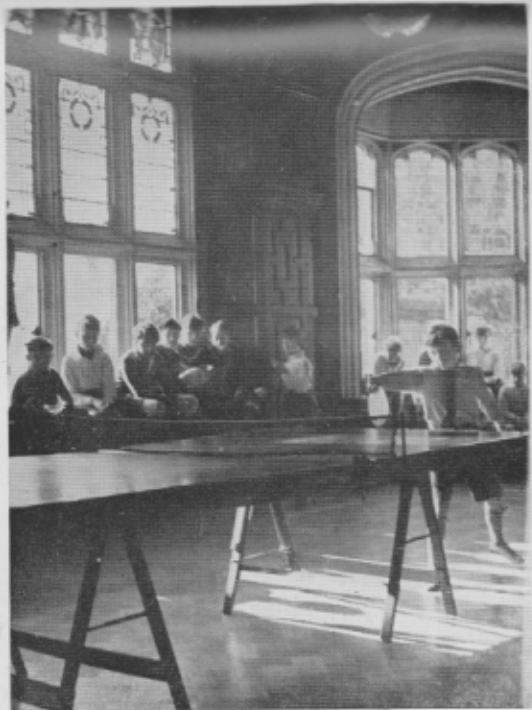
## FILMS

The term opened with a Western, *Stand Up and Fight*. The fact that a young heiress had inherited a line of stage-coaches made the love element inevitable and tedious, but there were some good scenes on an early railroad, with the passengers getting off and pushing their train up a gradient! This was followed by *The Swiss Family Robinson*, which had some intensely vivid scenes and some fine acting; those which stand out in the memory are the wreck, the visits to the waterlogged ship, and the storm in the jungle. Perhaps some of the action of the original story was lost—for instance, the boa-constrictor's visit was entirely omitted, in favour of a certain amount of moralising; but the splendid acting of the animals more than made up for this, and we wondered where the producers had found an ostrich that a boy could ride on, or a turtle that would put up with being harnessed to a raft!

Next came a film we all much enjoyed, *Come to the Stable*. This film is probably so well-known that there is no need to describe it; but the naïveté of the nuns against the background of gangsters had an irresistible appeal. Then came the high-light of the term, and a film that we shall long remember: the colour film of Admiral Byrd's expedition to the Antarctic, called *The Secret Land*. Everything about this film was first-class—the colour, the photography, the scenes and the background. There were moments of excitement, as in the struggle through the ice-barrier, the spotting of the crew of the lost seaplane; moments of poignancy, especially in the brief sight of the old headquarters of Captain Scott's expedition; and moments of unforgettable thrill, as in the sight from the air of the warm-water lakes near the South Pole.

*Fortune Lane*, an Arthur Rank Children's Feature, was amusing but a bit tame after this; I think we all regretted that our trip on the footplate of the Scotch Express only went as far as King's Langley. *Passport to Pimlico*, however, was as topical and amusing as ever, and a young audience enjoyed tremendously this satire upon its elders. Then came another memorable film, *The Story of The Pope*; the pictures, and Mgr Sheen's commentary, helped us to realise the

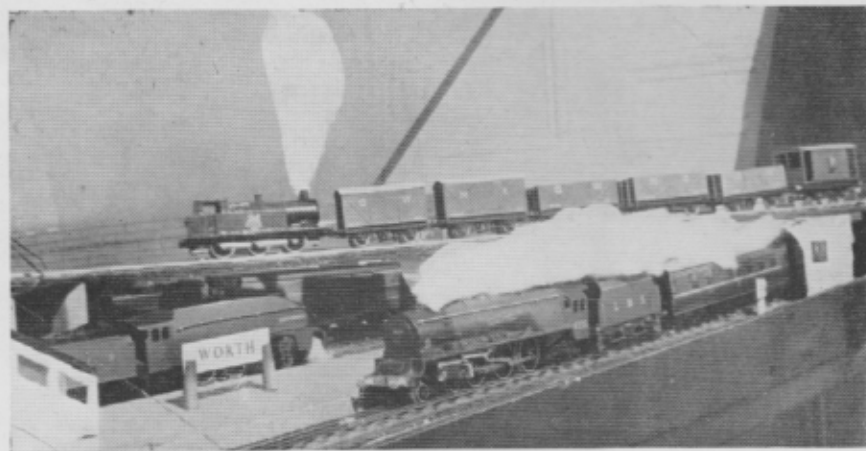




*W. Armstrong in the Final of the  
Ping-Pong Competition*



*C. Innes and R. Clapham at work on a model Galleon*



*The Scotch Express reaches WORTH  
on the 'OO' gauge railway*

tremendous majesty of the ceremonies in St Peter's, and the devotion and self-sacrifice which the Holy Father makes in his unceasing audiences to the faithful.

Two more films are due this term, but these will be noticed in our next issue.

It remains to add that we have got a lot more interest and enjoyment out of the cinema this term because of the new projector. We can now hear the dialogue much more clearly, the pictures are steadier and brighter, and we no longer have to sit through long waits while Fr Denis takes the machine to pieces and tightens something up inside it. We would like to express our most sincere gratitude to all the parents who made its purchase possible.

J.D.A.

## PING-PONG

The tournament was won by Chignell for the second year in succession. As he will still be with us next season, he should set up a record of wins that will take a great deal of beating. An unusual feature of this year's competition was that each of the semi-finalists represented a different league. The champion was given a good fight in the final by Armstrong, and Drummond also extended him in the semi-final; but on both occasions Chignell raised his game in the crisis, and there is no doubt that he deserves his title. Coles did well to reach the semi-final.

An inter-league tournament also took place, but the final had not been played at the time of going to press.

J.S.M.

## THE 'O' GAUGE RAILWAY

At the beginning of 1950 the 'O' gauge railway was moved from its old position in the green house down to the cellars under the main school building. It was a great pity to have to abandon the greenhouse, as the natural scenery there made the railway look very attractive; but the cellars have advantages which more than make up for this loss. In the first place they are dry and warm, and secondly there is far more room. It will be possible eventually to have a main line 115 feet long, which will give the steam engines a chance to show their power.

As soon as it was decided to make the move, a few trestles were put up and the old track was laid down temporarily to give a line of double track about 70 feet long. Work was then begun on the construction of new track. At one end of the line there is to be a six-track terminus station from which trains can run on either the main line or a branch line which is being electrified. At the moment of writing the points at the entrance to the main station and about

①



# OUTDOORS AND INDOORS

1. P. King Ross  
on *Nobby*
2. P. King Ross  
on *Billy*

②



③



3. P. Milmo  
on *Nobby*
4. B. Moorson  
on *Jimmy*
5. P. Kennedy  
on *George*

4



5





ten yards of new steel track have been constructed, and the old brass rail which it replaces has been repaired and adapted for the electric line. Now that we have to pay 4s. 6d. in the pound in purchase tax, it costs 10s. to make a yard of double track; nevertheless we manage to advance by five or six yards each term.

In addition to the actual rails, a system of signals controlled from a box with a proper locking frame has been installed at the entrance to the main station, and as the track advances it will be controlled by more signals, so that eventually we may have four or five boxes connected to one another by a system of electric bells. The club now possesses two steam engines and one electric, and a fair amount of rolling stock. Most of this is of the tinny 'toy' variety, and is very unsatisfactory, but we have decided to get the main line laid before spending any money on carriages or trucks. There are many other things like station buildings and scenery that can be made from scraps, and it is hoped that during 1951 we will be able to make the lay-out look more like a real railway. The club is open every Sunday morning and three times during the week, and we hope that visitors to Worth will be able to spare a few minutes to pay us a visit.

J.J.T.

## THE 'OO' GAUGE RAILWAY

After resembling a junk-shop for several terms, the 'OO' gauge railway has at last achieved order and stability. The track, of nickel-silver, correctly ballasted, now runs through green fields intersected by white footpaths, passes through a four-platform station built to a 'Modelcraft' design, and at one point rises by a red-brick viaduct to pass over a suspension bridge.

A great advance was made last September, when a small sack of roughcast paint was kindly presented by Mr C. J. Burton. This was used to cover all the hitherto bare baseboards, and when painted green and white, as described above, immeasurably improved the appearance of the whole lay-out. During the winter term the viaduct line gradually made its appearance; a wet whole-holiday produced the suspension bridge which now dominates all else, and shortly before the end of the Christmas term the down gradient and final link-up with the main line was completed.

During the Christmas holidays the control panel was entirely rebuilt. The new panel has controls and reverses for both up and down lines, sixteen sub-switches for cutting out different sections, and a series of push-buttons for controlling the electric point-setters.

Up to this term we have had to rely on our own *Sir Nigel Gresley* and two small tank locos powered by 'Essar' motors. In March, however, we received a present of a magnificent L.M.S. *Duchess of Atholl* from Mr W. J. Dwyer, and this handles most of our express traffic. A photo of this engine and of others

appears elsewhere in this issue. Some colour-light signals, kindly given by Mr Lesser, have not yet been incorporated in the system, as the Chief Mechanic has not had time to wire them up.

J.D.A.

## CONTRACT BRIDGE

There were nine pairs entered for this year's competition which produced some most exciting games, during which the standard of play rose markedly. Miles and Chignell proved themselves the giant-killers in beating Dom Bruno and Hallinan in the second round and Cross and Bingham (who were thought by many to be the favourites) in the semi-finals. They were, however, themselves beaten by Dom Edward and Muirhead-Gould in a final in which it must be admitted that all the luck of the cards was with the winners.

Bridge has been a great standby during the bad weather and I should think some thirty boys have learnt how to play this term; while the older hands have developed a terrifying familiarity with the more usual conventions.

E.J.C.

## PARAGRAPHS

The Strathallan Prize for the best contribution to the Christmas number of the Worth Record has been awarded to two boys equally: one prize goes to J. F. Coward for his poem, *Approach of Winter*, and the other to J. T. Worstall for his description of a *New Musical Instrument*.

\* \* \*

It is sad to have to chronicle the departure of Dom Bruno from the Junior House. His health, though wonderfully improved, was not up to the winter weather. His place has been taken by Dom Theodore James. The Junior House is still being redecorated, and will soon be one of the sights of Worth.

\* \* \*

We were pleased to welcome Dom Thomas back after a term's absence. The operation which he had just before Christmas has been a complete success and he is once again in his usual good health. The many philatelists in the School whose albums have been closed this term will now be able to continue their hobby under his guidance.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to J. F. C. Hull (Worth 1936-39) on his engagement to Miss Rosemarie Waring, and to Antony Clery (Worth 1938-40) on his to Marguerite Claire Buckenham.

M. J. Simmons (Worth 1944-46) has successfully passed the Army Entrance Examination. R. A. B. Gowlland has now passed out as a Midshipman and is in H.M.S. *Liverpool*.

\* \* \*

Recent Scholarships at Oxford from Downside include the names of C. D. Harris (£80 at Trinity College for Modern Languages), and D. R. W. Williams (£100 at Exeter College for History). At Cambridge: A. R. Allott (£60 at Trinity Hall for Modern Languages), and A. C. Edwards (£100 at Caius for History).

\* \* \*

A letter has just been received from Andrew Mankowski, who is now living in the Belgian Congo. His address is: College S. François de Sales, Elisabethville, Katanga, Belgian Congo. He thinks that life in West Africa is more boring than in England: from May to October there is no rain at all. Worst of all, the holidays are shorter. All the same, he seems well and happy.

\* \* \*

About seventy new books have been added to the School Library this term and fifty have returned from the binders. A few of the additions have been gifts which we must gratefully acknowledge, the largest batch coming from Michael O'Hagan. There are now about 1,600 books in the Library. The six boy Librarians have done great service in maintaining the orderliness of the Library.

\* \* \*

There are thirty-four boys in the School this term who have Old Gregorian fathers.

\* \* \*

A new Filmstrip Projector has added greatly to the interest of classes. This Projector shows 35 mm. stills. Four subjects are receiving attention. For Religious Instruction there are filmstrips of the Mass and of the missionary journeys of St Paul; for History, Tudor, Georgian and Regency life, Columbus, Clive, Disraeli, the Tower of London, the evolution of the Castle, and the Great Exhibition of 1851; for Geography there are many of varied interest on snow and ice, icebergs, the Canadian prairies, the Lake District, glaciers, etc.; for languages there are some on Paris; even in Mathematics we have an introduction to Geometry and one on Area. This new method of teaching is much appreciated by the boys.

\* \* \*

As the time draws near for the emptying of the Rock Garden pool in preparation for the bathing season, we are sadly reminded that Father Oliver Brayden is no longer at Worth. Each year since the war, it has been under his leadership that we have been spurred on to the task. He is still very much missed here for far more important reasons; but we all send him our good wishes.

## OUTWARDS

These boys left the School in December, 1950:—  
C. R. Franks, G. P. Gittins, C. J. C. La Coste, and C. W. Roome.

## INWARDS

The following new boys joined the School in January, 1951:—  
J. P. L. P. Cicconi, N. R. V. Miles, R. C. Strickland.

## UPWARDS

The School Officials for the Lent 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.  
Llewellyn.

*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, G. R. C. Hall, L. H. W.  
Williams.

*Captain of Rugger:* N. C. Thompson.

*Captain of Hockey:* P. R. Chapman.

*Captain of Boxing:* C. C. F. Moysey.

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

*Thurifers:* H. D. Plunkett and J. Keenan.

*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, J. V. Miles, J. L. Stirling, J. Keenan, J. D. Bright,  
L. H. W. Williams.

## REWARDS

Prizes were won in the Michaelmas term by:

L. H. W. Williams (1a), J. V. Miles (1b), T. H. N. Fisher (1c), Hon. J. R.  
Drummond (1d), P. D. T. Galvin (Remove), A. T. J. M. FitzGerald (2a),  
R. H. W. Fanshawe (2b), M. J. Hegarty (3a), J. March (3b), D. St J. Keane,  
J. B. Bourke (4b), E. D. G. Staveacre (4c), A. G. H. Winder (4d), J. H. M.  
FitzGerald-Lombard (5), A. de P. J. M. Bueno (6).

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(late C. A. Jones)

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# SCHOOL STAFF

MARCH 1951

- 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.), *House Master of the Junior House*.  
 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.  
 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, *Infirmery*.  
 Miss B. M. Tindall, *Supervisor*.  
 Miss A. Whittard  
 Miss C. MacGibbon  
 Miss A. Venn  
 Miss A. O'Reilly  
 Miss P. Kennedy  
 Mrs Marshall, *Junior House Matron*.  
 Miss M. Cantwell.  
 Miss S. Marshall.  
 Miss B. Corbally, *Tower House Matron*.  
 Miss M. MacGibbon, *Tower House Matron*.  
 Miss M. K. Young, *Secretary*.



