

The WORTH RECORD



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HEADMASTER'S LETTER

Not so long ago we were dispersed almost all over the world. Boys left here in July for their homes all over the British Isles and for seaside or country holidays: others went further afield into the continent of Europe, to France and Spain, Germany, Norway and Sweden, and Switzerland; others even further to Tangier, Egypt and West Africa, and one even sailed away to Ceylon.

Now at last it is Autumn and

'There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield,
'And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
'Singing:—"Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the clover,
'And your English summer's done!"'

(The Long Trail, Rudyard Kipling)

Indeed everyone came over: boys returned like bees to the hive, to the misty, smoky autumn evenings and the long shadows and the sun coming north.

Bees make good honey; but they are like Russian Communists, because they work for the good of all and kill those who are no use. However, they are insects and probably know no better. What is all this talk about Communism? Anything ending in -ism is something too boring to be thought about until we begin to understand it. I am a communist myself, but, thank God, not a Communist. All monks are communists because they do what the Early Christians did

'And all they that believed were together and had all things
'common: their possessions and goods they sold and divided
'them to all, according as everyone had need.' *(Acts II.44)*

If we monks need anything from a suit of clothes to a pencil we ask for it; but we do not keep money to spend on anything that catches our fancy. If my Aunt Jobisca sends me a postal order for five shillings I hand it to the Prior for the good of us all: that is the rule of our life which we have willingly undertaken. After all, are there not many things we could do without? When a famous old wise man called Socrates was walking through the market at Athens he was heard to say, 'What a lot of things there are that I do not want!'

This is not to say that it would be good for you boys to become communists with a small c. You are already that in a sense when you ask someone to lend you his toothbrush or his handkerchief (though I do not recommend it). No, there is so much you need when you are young, to build and make and experiment with. Go ahead and enjoy all these things until you find out that to have too many possessions is like being on crutches: you cannot get far without them.

But, what about real Communists? Well, in the first place, you cannot be a Communist with a big C unless you make up your mind to fight against God and His Church. All real Communists are on the side of the Devil, however much they pretend to be nice and kind, and even to make a show of going to Mass or being a godfather, so that they may in the end get what they want.

You who are growing up must make no mistake about it: the third Great War is going on now. It is called a COLD war because there is no fighting; but Russia is stretching out her arms to win the world for Satan in a thousand unexpected ways. Her agents are here in England and they are so clever and cunning as monkeys or foxes. Russia has been feared for a hundred years; but she is feared more now because she wants to conquer the world for her new ideas. The Russian people as a whole is kept down by a small number of clever people who control about twenty million slaves in the vast, cold, miserable land called Siberia. It is a land where no one dares to criticize the rulers, because a huge network of spies reports any unwise word to the Secret Police and the speaker disappears and is never heard of again. Russians have no freedom: a man is only a cog in the Communist machine. He does not count as a man, but only as a worker bee. He is brought up on the Communist 'bible', a book by a man called Karl Marx, who said there was no God and that no human being has a soul. He wanted to bring men down to one dead level, by making them hate each other. How different from the Christian Message:—'Little children, love one another!' Marx tried to fix men's minds on a heaven in this world, and pretended to be the saviour of the poor, the miserable and the discontented.

The Popes have spoken strongly about Communism, especially in a letter which you will read someday beginning with the words *Divini Redemptoris*. Our liberty, he says, is the freedom of the sons of God. We have a right to life, to a body unharmed and to private property. No man has the right to take away these things given us by God. There were men before there were States to govern them and Governments should be their servants and not their masters.

In their fight to win the world the Russians have started wars and revolutions in Spain, Mexico, Poland, Hungary, China, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and many other countries. Spain fought the monster and won: Mexico is gradually mastering it; most other countries are in the toils. The coils of the serpent are closing round France and Italy. What does this mean to us? Everything seems so orderly and ordinary here that we cannot believe it possible that anything so foreign could succeed on this side of the English Channel.

What have we got to do? We have to do our duty as well as we can. We have to make up our minds that, as soon as we are old enough, we will work hard to make other people's lives happy, for Communism feeds on discontented people with a grievance. Even more, we must study the habits of the Beast: it is a clever Beast, much cleverer than we are, but even so we have the means to overcome it. If Communism is the spirit of evil, we can fight it in a supernatural way.

Let me tell you a little what it meant in Spain, and imagine what might happen here. Between 1936 and 1939 the Red Communists in Spain burned or

destroyed about twenty thousand churches, murdered ten Bishops, six thousand Parish Priests, one thousand six hundred monks, friars and nuns and 1,379 members of other religious orders. In addition to these, many who were known to be active Catholics were martyred. For example, at Lerida, a young man was beaten and then set up on a table for a mock trial. He was asked what he was, and replied, 'I am training to be a priest.' The Communist judge sent for water and washed his hands, in imitation of Pontius Pilate and sentenced him to die on the cross. Like Our Lord, he was nailed to a cross, and died with the words, 'Jesus, for Thy love, and for the salvation of Spain.'

I know you will forgive me for writing all this, because it is the thought which is uppermost in our minds. What is going to happen when you grow up? You Worth, and later Downside, boys will be leaders by your example. Begin now to get into training: your efforts in this supernatural fight of St George against the Red Dragon are as valuable as those of your parents or your grandparents. If you want examples of real heroes to fire your imagination, read the story of the brave Father Miguel Pro in Mexico. And to prove that I am not talking about an imaginary Bogey, let me quote the words of Pope Pius XI: 'This is the darkest hour in history since the Flood'; and those of the present Pope: 'This is perhaps the gravest hour since the beginning of Christianity.'

With my best wishes to you all,

MAURICE BELL

(I) THE CRUISE (cont)

by F. J. W. WILSON*

We found that time prevented us from going any further, so we left the Yealm River the next morning for the Dart. It was an uneventful passage, except that we passed a large submarine going at speed towards Plymouth. It took us more time than we expected getting round, and we did not drop anchor at Dittisham Pool up the Dart, until 10 p.m. The following day we made a short afternoon trip of about ten miles round to Brixham. There we had to stay next day because the Peak Halyard had frayed badly near the mast and we had to get a new one. On the following morning we left Brixham at 6.30 a.m., hoping to make for Lulworth Cove that same day. As we expected, there was practically no wind in Lyme Bay so we had to use the motor the whole way. We did not see any ships at all. On passing Portland Bill we got slightly into the outer fringe of the race, but as it was calm nothing happened. Later we got into a good breeze and managed to sail to Lulworth. We went ashore in the evening and had a good walk. The following morning we left for Yarmouth I.O.W., we had a good sailing breeze for about half the time. We sailed inside St Alban's Head race remembering what happened coming. Just outside the Needles we encountered a strong ebb tide flowing out, and made little headway even with the engine, which was almost out of petrol. We eventually arrived at Yarmouth at about 6 p.m. We spent most of the day there, getting petrol and other things. We left there about 4 p.m. in the afternoon and motored up

*JEREMY WILSON, born 4th December 1935; entered Worth, January 1947; Sacristy.

to Beaulieu River where we anchored just inside for the night. The next morning we left early for Chichester. It took us some time to get there as there was little wind, also we had to wait for the tide. We got in and moored by 4 p.m.

(II) A GALE AT SEA

Last summer we had a nasty experience on our yacht *Calva*. We had come across from Chichester to Cherbourg, from there to Omanville, and then to Sark and Jersey. In Jersey we met a yachtsman who said he knew of a good island named 'Île Chaussée,' as a stopping place on the way to St Malo, which was about forty miles away, while this was only twenty-four. It was a calm day with little wind when we left St Helier, and as the other yacht was much faster we had to use our engine quite a lot. Inside the harbour, which was formed on one side by the main island and on the other by a chain of rocks, joined at low tide, there were several fishing boats and a few yachts owned by the inhabitants, who were French. On the island there were houses scattered about, and a small Catholic chapel. During the night the wind rose, and all the next day it rained hard; in spite of this we went ashore and found it quite interesting. We had a very uncomfortable night, so after lunch the next day we decided to make a dash for St Malo Bay under power. We reached the coast near it just before 7p.m., but on reaching St Malo Bay we found that both wind and tide were against us, and we could not make any headway, so we sent up three of our six flares, but no one took any notice of it. We went on trying for a bit, then decided, having sent up the remaining flares to make out to sea again. Soon after the engine stopped for lack of petrol; meanwhile the wind had been strengthening, and was now blowing a full gale. We soon lost our dinghy, and the jib which my father had managed to hoist was torn to ribbons. During the night we passed over the western end of 'Les Minquiers', some dangerous rocks; the seas were tremendous and we were shipping a lot of water. At about 5 a.m. a forty foot wave hit us and my father was flung out of the cockpit, which is quite deep, along with several other things. Fortunately he managed to grab a line which was trailing in the water, and the next time the boat heeled over he got hold of the side and managed to haul himself slowly on board.

Just before 10 a.m. a mailboat passed quite close to us; we tried to signal it, but it did not take any notice. Soon after we sighted land taking it to be Guernsey, but we later discovered that it was Jersey again. We were driven round the eastern side of Jersey, My father got a small staysail and a trysail up, and we tried to get back to St Helier. We got some way before the tide turned; then we were driven back, as by this time the wind had dropped and there was not enough to make us sail. Meanwhile someone had been watching our movements, and when we were driven back it was reported to the harbour-master, who sent the Lifeboat out to us. When the Lifeboat reached us, we had anchored and were preparing to spend the night out and try to get in the following morning. The Lifeboat reached us at about 7 p.m. and towed us back to St Helier taking nearly three hours to do it as there was a strong tide running. We were told later that it had been the strongest gale they had had for some years.

THE GOLD CUP

by S. A. CUNNINGHAM*

It was a hot summer afternoon on the last day of school; and Kenneth Taylor was leaning lazily against a tree thinking of the cup that was to be awarded to the best swimmer at the end of the summer. He wondered if he could win. He laughed aloud and said to himself 'I can barely keep afloat. I wonder if I could learn to swim and dive properly'. The next day he went to the swimming pool with some of his friends. A boy called Edward Stenton, who had won the cup the previous year, was there too. Besides being a fairly good swimmer he was a bully. Most of the other boys were scared of him but they pretended to like him so that he would not beat them up. Well, Ken was paddling around in the shallow end, when Ed, as the boys called him, came up and started to bully him. Ken lost his temper, a thing he seldom did, and socked Ed so hard that he made his nose bleed. Ed was very surprised, started fighting and, being bigger and stronger, gave Ken a sound drubbing. Later, as Ken was going home, a man stopped him: 'Is your name Kenneth Taylor?' he asked. 'Yes', said the boy. 'Ah', said the stranger, 'And who is the boy who was hitting you, and why was he doing it?' 'Oh', said Ken, 'that's Edward Stenton; he hit me because I said that if it was the last thing I did I would beat him in the swimming and diving matches.' 'I see', said the man; 'Well, I am your uncle. I'm visiting your family and am staying all the summer. I intend to teach all the boys who don't know how to swim properly, and if you like I shall teach you. Well, I must be going. See you later'. 'Wow!' thought Ken, 'that gives me a chance for the gold cup, and if I beat Ed. . . . wow!' He sat down on the curb and thought hard.

It was about three hours later when Ken rushed in just in time for dinner. He went straight to his room, changed his shirt and washed his face (which few boys do) and hands. While he was combing his hair his mother called out, 'Come along, boys.' He rushed down the stairs, skidding into his place. 'Please, Ken,' said his father, 'You needn't come down the stairs like a herd of elephants.' Ken grinned and began: 'When is uncle. . . .' then he suddenly remembered that he had not asked the stranger his name, so he tried a different approach. 'Is there a brother of yours in town, Dad?' he asked. 'Yes', replied his father, 'He will be here at nine o'clock. He is the famous swimming coach and is going to teach all the boys to swim. I'm sure you've heard of Mike Taylor?' 'Wow!' said Ken, 'he's promised to teach me to swim. Whoopee!' He leapt out of his chair and went dancing round the room. 'Ken,' said his mother, 'sit down and eat your dinner.' That night Ken did not get to sleep till long after eleven o'clock. Next morning when he went down to breakfast he noticed that there was an extra place set. After breakfast his Uncle Mike said, 'I won't be very busy this morning, so if you like I can start teaching you at once. Okay?' 'Yes', said Ken. 'Then here's a season pass for you; but there's one thing: you will have to help me later when there's a lot of pupils. Is that alright?' 'Yes' said Ken slowly. 'Be down there at nine o'clock on the dot, Ken. So long'.

Ken skidded to a stop and locked his bicycle, then ran to the entrance and
*SHANE CUNNINGHAM, born 1st November 1935; entered Worth, September 1948; Choir.

showed his pass. The man at the gate said, 'Oh, you're one of Mr Taylor's boys; go over there'. Ken's uncle came up to him and said, 'I have some good and bad news, but mostly good. The best boy swimmers from Florida, South Carolina and Louisiana are coming here for the finals in the competition. The bad news is that all the mothers of the spoiled brats of the town are sending in their sons in the hope that they will win! Oh yes, I forgot to tell you that the prizes will be a gold cup and a silver medal. Aside from that there will be a diving cup and the usual cup for the best swimmer of the town.' 'Are you kidding?' asked Ken, hardly able to believe his ears.' 'No,' said his uncle, 'Now get into your suit and show me what you can do.' Ken went in and changed into a dark red bathing suit. He came out to find his uncle already in the pool. 'Come on in', he called. Ken did not want his uncle to think he could hardly swim and much less dive. So he flopped rather than dived in; and as he struck the water he felt his stomach hit so hard that he thought it would break. He tried to get to the surface but seemed somehow to keep going deeper and deeper. When he came to, the first he heard was his uncle saying, 'Thank goodness he's coming round.' Ken sat up and asked, 'What's happened?' 'You almost drowned; I saw you just in time. You certainly need a lot of training. How do you feel?' 'Fine,' answered Ken. His uncle said: 'No more swimming for you today'. Next day however Ken started to learn how to swim and dive.

It was about a month later, and Ken was swimming back and forth in the pool. He was doing quite well now. 'Okay, Ken', said his uncle, 'That's enough for the moment. Now I want to give you some pointers'. Ken came and sat down beside his uncle. 'Bring your elbows up before the rest of your arm. Don't turn your head back and forth so much. Kick evenly. Don't bury your head so deep in the water and then you'll swim much faster and better. Understand? Now dive in again and try once more.' Ken protested: 'O heck! I've been swimming for an hour'. 'That is exactly why I want you to try again,' said his uncle, 'Because when you're tired and made to do a thing you never forget it. So in you go'. Ken went to the starting point. 'Uncle Mike,' he called, 'Time me.' His uncle pulled out his stop-watch and said, 'On your mark: Go!' Ken dove in and struck out for the other side. He thought to himself, 'Will I ever get there?' His legs felt numb and he thought he was going to stop when he bumped into the far end of the pool. 'Well done', said his uncle, 'You did it in 49.9 seconds.'

A week before the day of the match, when Ken's opponents from the other States had arrived, he and his uncle were watching them critically. His uncle said: 'That boy buries his head too deep in the water; you will easily beat him. Well, I'll see you in the morning. Come down about nine.' 'I can't,' said Ken, 'I've got to go to Mass; but I'll be here after that.' 'Okay,' said his uncle, 'I forgot.'

Ken's bicycle had a flat tire, so he started walking home. He was half way there when Ed and some of his friends came up and Ed said: 'O look who's here! The Catholic goody-goody who thinks he's going to beat me in the swimming match. I wonder if he's got one of those things he calls a prayer book on him? Let's search him'. 'Right' said his companions. Ken was prepared

to fight one boy, but all five attacked him at once and from all directions and in less than a minute had him pinned to the ground while Ed searched his pockets. At last, when he had taken Ken's money, Ed found his prayerbook. He opened it at a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart, spat scornfully at the picture, ripped it out of the book and threw it to the ground. Then he put the prayer book in his pocket and said, 'Let him go. And now throw stones at him. A dollar to whoever hits him first. Start firing when I say go!' Then to Ken: 'Run along baby, and watch out for me on Saturday.' So saying he kicked Ken and shouted, 'Fire!' Ken ran as fast as his legs could carry him. One of the stones hit him squarely in the back but at last he was out of range. When he got home he said, 'I hope someone will convert Ed.'

He came down to supper and his Mother said at once: 'What *has* happened to you? You have blood all over your shirt. Go and change to a clean one. And, by the way, Dad fixed your tyre so you will be able to serve the early Mass instead of the nine o'clock. You'd better ring up Father Arnold and tell him you'd like to serve his Mass instead of Father John's.' 'Okay,' said Ken, and went to the telephone. Next morning, after telling his mother that he would be late for breakfast, Ken rode off to the church which was three miles away. He got there just in time, dashed to the sacristy and pulled on his cassock and surplice. When he was moving the Missal over to the Gospel side he thought he saw Ed at the end of the church. He wondered what Ed, who hated Catholics, was doing in church. And Ed seemed to be paying terrific attention to the Mass. 'I wonder if he is sorry,' thought Ken, 'And has decided to act like a Christian. He'll keep out of my way until Saturday at the earliest. I'll ask him then.' He came back to life abruptly when he heard the priest say, 'Per omnia saecula saeculorum' quite loudly. Every thought of Ed left his mind for the moment as he answered 'Amen' hurriedly.

The rest of the week passed almost too quickly for Ken. Every day he went and practised both in the mornings and in the afternoons. 'Alright, Ken,' said his uncle, 'I think that you're in top-notch condition. It's just as well, since tomorrow is the day. Have you met your competitors yet?' 'I've seen some of them, but they are all big swanks. When do the events start?' 'At one fifteen.' 'Thank you, Uncle Mike. I must be going. See you in the morning.'

Next morning Ken ate so much breakfast that his mother said, 'You'd better not eat so much or you'll sink.' 'The reason I'm eating so much now is because I won't be having any lunch. Are you coming down? I've got three tickets, one for you, one for dad, and one for Jim. The events start at one fifteen on the dot. You're coming aren't you?' 'Yes, Ken,' said his father, 'We wouldn't miss it for anything. Have you seen the prizes yet?' 'No', said Ken, 'we aren't allowed to until twelve. See you later.' Ken got to the swimming pool much too early; but he changed at once into his swimming suit and went to look for his uncle whom he found examining the cups. 'May I see them Mike?' 'Sure,' said his uncle, 'They're awfully pretty. I'll have to try hard and get the second place at least', said Ken.

The events were just about to begin, the competitors were all lined up for the fifty yards and the announcer was introducing them. By the time he had

finished, all the boys were visibly nervous. 'Alright,' said the starter, 'On your marks. Go!' Ken sprang forward like an arrow from a bow, hitting the water a yard ahead of the others. He kept his lead to the half-way line and then dragged back a little. But about ten yards away from the finish he sprinted as he never had before in his life. When he touched the other end he was not sure that he had even been placed, and he waited for the result as anxiously as the rest. Presently the announcer's voice was heard: 'The winner is Kenneth Taylor: time, 38.3 seconds. Edward Stenton takes second place: time, 39.1 seconds. Joseph Smithers takes third place: time 40.9 seconds.'

In the remaining events Ken again distinguished himself, and when the total points were added up he came out first, with Bob Jones second and Ed third. After Ken had received his prizes Ed rushed up to him: 'Ken,' he said earnestly, 'I want to apologise for what I did last Saturday. After I'd taken your book, I began reading it and then went to see what Mass was like. And now I've decided to become a Catholic, and I should like it awfully if you would come to my First Communion party when that takes place. Will you?' 'I certainly will,' said Ken, 'And thanks a lot.'

A NARROW SHAVE

by P. KEMMIS-BETTY*

It was in the month of November 1762. The scene was the road from London to York, about twenty miles outside York. There was a dense fog and all was quiet save the occasional hooting of an owl. Suddenly a fresh sound made itself heard. It was the clip-clop of horses' hooves on the cobbled road and the rattle of coach wheels. Presently a stage coach swung round the bend into a pine wood. The occupants of the coach were a fat and elderly man, well dressed and obviously extremely wealthy, and a charming young damsel about twenty three. The latter was looking out of the window but the old man was fast asleep. Suddenly a voice disturbed his slumber. 'Stand and deliver!' The speaker was a man slightly above average height, lightly built but wiry. His features could not be seen owing to a black velvet mask drawn across his eyes. A sheathed sword was fixed to a jewelled belt round his waist, and in his hands he held a pair of double-barrelled pistols. The driver, taken aback, reined in the horses. The highwayman, for it was indeed one, opened the coach door. 'I will relieve you of your valuables' said he to the inmates of the coach. 'Hand them over.' They did so obediently. The valuables amounted to five hundred pounds in cash and about half that amount in jewels belonging to the young lady. Meanwhile the coachman was creeping up behind the highwayman. Sensing his danger, the latter wheeled round just in time to see the flash of a knife. He leapt at his attacker gripping his throat and banging his head on the road. In the process of doing so however his mask slipped off and his identity was revealed. He was the famous highwayman Philip Caraway. He heard running footsteps on the cobble-stones and, looking up just in time to see the driver making a bee-line for the wood, lightly vaulted into his saddle and dashed off in pursuit of the fugitive at a speed which would have put a

*PETER KEMMIS-BETTY, born 11th August 1936; entered Worth, Autumn 1944.

Derby winner to shame. But as he could not find him, he decided to return to the inn at which he had fixed up to meet his accomplice Dick Montague. When he arrived there he stabled his mount and changed into a suit of clothes which he had prepared for the occasion. His accomplice met him in his room. 'The country is becoming too hot to hold me', said Philip. 'I must move immediately.' 'Why what has happened?' asked Montague. The highwayman told him the whole story. 'Where do you propose to go?' queried his accomplice when he had finished. 'To London, to rooms in Temple Bar,' replied the famous Highwayman. The following night there was a knock at the door of his lodgings. On opening the door he perceived the driver of the stage coach which he had robbed, together with half a dozen Bow Street Runners armed with swords. 'You are under arrest by order of His Majesty the King on charge of robbery on the King's highway,' said the leader of the Bow Street runners. 'How can you prove that?' asked Philip easily. 'Our friend here', he indicated the driver, 'was listening outside the door of your room in the inn near York where you were staying.' 'Then it is just his word against mine,' replied the highwayman fingering his sword. 'We have further evidence', continued the other: 'your accomplice Montague has turned King's evidence. He has produced a document signed by yourself in which your promise to give him a third of the booty gained in your raids'. Philip Caraway drew his sword but the other was ready. They crossed swords and then and there commenced a thrilling duel. The Bow Street Runner pressed Philip backwards right on to the wall. Then he thrust, but the highwayman did a quick turn and ran his adversary through the heart. He then vaulted out of the open window and gave three low whistles. His horse came trotting out of the stables. He leapt on to its bare back and galloped off into the night.

FUNNY SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE

by PETER KOE*

When you stick a pin in a master's chair it is regarded as funny. But boys never do that now. If a banana skin is put in the doorway and as you come running along you skid and flop on your back everybody laughs. When for instance a boy who is learning rugby throws the ball as far forward as he can everybody thinks it is tremendously funny. If a class is very boring, as it often is, and someone cracks a witty joke everybody laughs because there is nothing else to laugh at. When a master or a boy wears a rather queer suit of clothes such as *So-and-So* who wears an all-yellow pair of pyjamas, everybody shouts, 'Hello, Snowwhite', and thinks it jolly funny. One time I remember putting a piece of chalk in the board rubber, and every time a master rubbed the black board it only got dirtier and dirtier at each rub. And so it went on until the Master found out the trick. At one school some new boys acquired a dummy and placed it at the front door and rang the bell and laughed at their joke. Next they took it up and placed it outside the Headmaster's door, knocked and then sprinted out of range: *so at least they thought*.

*P. J. KOE, born 11th April 1936; entered Worth September 1944; Choir.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

by JAMES COXON*

The *Jinx*, an old tramp steamer, ploughed along in the wake of the convoy. She was carrying mines and ammunition for the hard pressed Allies in Egypt. The *Jinx* was the outcast of the convoy and her rusty wave-beaten sides had no comparison to the newly painted Liberty ships from America. People say she was haunted; but Captain Rowland R.N. would not stand for that kind of talk and argued that his ship was unhaunted and as good as any other ship on the seas. The bay of Biscay was calm so the convoy reached Gibraltar without mishap. Here they refuelled, all but the *Jinx* who had to coal. The convoy started out on the dawn of December 16th, 1945, together with an American oil steamer. The destroyers kept circling, constantly on the lookout for submarines. On the afternoon of December 19th a terrific gale ensued and the *Jinx* whose engines were not as powerful as those of the other ships soon lost way and by the dawn of December 20th she was out of sight of the convoy. Captain Rowland had lookouts posted on continual duty and the gun crews were ready for action. The *Jinx* had two twelve pounders forrard and a four-inch aft, Sten guns armed her bridge and pom-poms guarded her funnels. That afternoon a Stuka dive bomber drove out of the clouds but it was shot down in flames before it could drop more than one bomb. Watchouts were made to watch even more carefully and the *Jinx* changed her course to Tobruk instead of Port Said as the Stuka had no doubt signalled her position before attacking. When about twenty miles off Tobruk she changed course to Port Said hugging the coast the whole way in mortal terror of U Boats. On the evening of December 24th she entered Port Said harbour. The crew glad to be on *terra firma* again took the morning train to Cairo where they planned to spend their eight days leave while the *Jinx* was being repaired. The next morning when the Captain enquired about the convoy he was told that every ship had been sunk by surprise attack and that only two of the escorting destroyers out of six escaped to tell the tale.

PANIC

by T. J. WARRINER*

There was an old farmer of Kent,
Who when all of his money was spent
Let out a loud yell
And shouted, 'O —!'
So his neighbours just packed up and went.

(To help you fill in the blank, the Editor has consulted the Oxford Dictionary and discovered the following words rhyming with 'yell': bell, cell, dell, fell, sell, tell, well. You may choose one of these or any other that comes naturally to your mind.)

*JAMES COXON, born 7th May 1936; entered Worth, September 1947; 1st XV Rugger; School Prefect; Sacristy: in *A Child is Born* and *Stations of the Cross in Mime*.

*T. J. WARRINER, born 18th August 1936; entered Worth, September 1948.

GINGER

by EDWARD MAYNARD*

One day when I was at home we had a gardener and it was time for him to go home. I liked the gardener very much and I wanted to see him off so I ran indoors and went upstairs and asked Mummy if I could. She said I could. Mummy did not let me take my dog Ginger because she thought he might get run over so I did not take him with me. I had got on to the road when what did I see but Ginger running towards me. Ginger had got so impatient that Mummy had let him go and thought I would be on the way back to meet him. He dashed on to the road and two cars came up the road and one of them went by and the next one went right over his leg. He was not dead yet so I went in the middle of the road and picked him up and he did not know who it was so he bit me in the ear. But I ran with him as fast as I could down the path in the gate and down the steps indoors. I found Mummy and told her what had happened so she kept him on her knee while I rang up the vet and the doctor. The doctor came first and the vet soon after. He gave Mummy some tablets to help him to sleep in the night. After a time the vet thought he had better put his leg in Plaster of Paris so he did. So I came back to school because it was term time and I had to come back to school. But when the vet took the Plaster of Paris off he thought Ginger would be a cripple all the rest of his life so Mummy had him put to sleep.

THE AEROPLANE THAT WOULD NOT FLY

by PETER RUDD*

Once upon a time there was an aeroplane called Roy. Roy was a very handsome aeroplane but he would not fly. He had only flown once but that was his trial flight. Oh dear, Oh dear. How he hated it. Now about this time three pilots were having a talk about Roy. 'Roy is a hopeless kite,' says Thomas Fisher. 'He won't fly, so what use to us is he?' 'I don't know, I suppose we'll have to send him to the mechanics,' said David Hawkins. 'I quite agree with you, David,' said Billy Burton. (We generally call him Billy Button.) With that Roy was taken back in disgrace. When Roy got there the mechanics were just going to start when—'There goes the bell for lunch boys', the director cried out. When the mechanics had gone, a beautiful girl came in. 'I wonder what I can do for that aeroplane, he looks sad', she thought. Then she saw a door marked Hangar 15. She opened the door. Inside the Hangar was the director's aeroplane. She changed Roy for the Head director's plane. At two o'clock the mechanics started to take the director's aeroplane to pieces. It was all done by four o'clock. Then the director thought of trying out his new aeroplane but Roy *would not fly*. The director was pleased that Roy would not fly because he was secretly afraid of flying, so he kept Roy as his private plane for other people to look at. So Roy lived in luxury ever afterwards, and that shows how lucky some people are.

*EDWARD MAYNARD, born 15th October 1938; entered Worth, September 1945.

*PETER RUDD, born 1st September 1937; entered Worth, Autumn 1947.

HAPPY DAYS

by M. CUSS*

Once upon a time there was a family of mother, father, two boys and one girl. They all lived on a small farm right out in the open country in a place called Whitborough. The farm was very small and they only had six pigs, four cows, one horse, a flock of sheep and two sheep dogs. But with the milk and sometimes pork they did not get on so badly. Every year of course the sheep had to be sheared: it was a hard job but it had to be done. The cows gave about half a pail of milk each every day, and they got about four churns full every week. The three children were very happy playing about all day long. One day the children saw some people moving into a house about a mile away. They were very interested and grew to be such great friends that one day they all went on a picnic, and after that they became even greater friends and lived happily ever after.

PENAL DAYS

by CHARLES WOOD*

Once upon a time in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a clever carpenter called Richard Crompton in the City of London used to make hiding places for Priests in Catholic houses. It was a dangerous thing to do because if the priest-hunters caught him it would mean certain death for him. In one house he made a seat which you lift up and you would see a tunnel leading out into the shrubs a quarter of a mile away. In the year 1693 a priest called Father John came over from France to say Mass in the house where Richard lived. Richard had made a trap door under the carpet. But one day the priest-hunters nearly caught Father John. They came in and just in time Father John got away and Richard heard Mass all the same that day.

HOPPIT THE SQUIROL

by MAREK PIASECKI*

Once upon a time there was a little red squirol, his name was Hoppit. Maybe you do, but he loved adventures and spechly in the oak tree near his home. One day as he was up in the adventure tree (as he called it) he saw something moving up a branch. 'Could it be a grey squirol?' he said aloud. He thought no more but jumped down the tree and ran home to his mother and told her about it. After that Hoppit went to bed. Next morning Hoppit was wakened by a skutelling in the house, he got up, but unluckely the branch crashed, he was just in time to see a little red squirol climing high over his head. 'Come down will you,' he shouted, 'I want to play with you, come on.' They played all afternoon until it was tea. By this time they were great friends and played every day. And did they like it? Yes.

*MARTIN CUSS, born 22nd November 1939; entered Worth, September 1948.

*CHARLES WOOD, born 20th November 1938; entered Worth, September 1947.

*MAREK PIASECKI, born 29th July 1938; entered Worth, September 1948.

AS TOLD BY THE GHOST OF A HALFPENNY

by C. W. LONG*

I was born in a copper mine. One day a miner unearthed me and I was brought to the surface. I was loaded on to a lorry and I was soon well on my way. Late that night I arrived at a station, and I was put into one of the many trucks waiting by the platform. After that I remember nothing much; but I was soon put into a crate which was swung out on to a ship by a huge crane. I was then stored in the hold with many other things. A week later I arrived in England and was taken to the Bank. I was shaped with a figure of King George VI on my front and Britannia and 1948 on my back. I was then sent to a big factory. Soon I was given to a grocer by an old woman who was buying some butter. The grocer dropped me into a bale of onions and I was forgotten. One day however a small boy came in and asked for some onions. I fell into his basket but on his way home I fell out on to the pavement. An old gentleman picked me up and I was put into his purse. Later I was tipped to a porter, but alas he soon dropped me like the other people. I cannot think why people are so careless with us halfpennies, you would think we couldn't buy anything! After this I was kicked about and stepped on, but after much buffetting a little girl picked me up and put me in her pocket. When next I saw daylight I found I was by the sea and I was soon exchanged for an ice cream. My new owner took me to his home and gave me to his baby to play with. There followed a period of being bitten, thrown under chairs, being swept up and various other treatments; but at last I found my way into the paws of the cat, who took me along in front of the fire and suddenly getting enraged with me she struck me with her paw and I rolled into the fire and as the heat was intense I was soon melted.

THE CHANGE

by T. J. WARRINER*

There was once a cat, a frisky little cat
Who went by the name of Frisky;
He was so dainty, he'd never caught a rat
Nor ever done anything risky.
But the cat next door, a fierce old cat,
Despised a cat so much aloof;
So he challenged him to fierce combat
To take place on the garage roof.
They met next night and fought and spat
And carried on for hours,
Till Frisky's mistress spied her cat
And screamed 'That can't be ours.'
So now Frisky's the best of cats
And local 'champ' at catching rats.

*CHRISTOPHER LONG, born 9th April 1938; entered Worth, September 1947.

*T. J. WARRINER, born 18th August 1936; entered Worth, September 1948.

HORSE SHOW

by MAURICE CRONIN*

The Royal Dublin Society Horse Show is an annual event which takes place in Dublin at the beginning of August. This show attracts many foreign visitors of which a large proportion are military people. Last August there was a record breaking crowd to see the four day show which was easily the best one since the war.

The show grounds are situated in Balstridge which is just on the outskirts of Dublin. Inside the entrance there is the Main Hall in which are placed all the stands of general trade companies. Beyond the Main Hall is the General Industries Hall where are exhibited anything from the process of making cigarettes to the process of making beer. Outside the Industries Hall are situated the judging rings in which every class of horse is judged and prizes awarded accordingly. Beyond these judging rings is the Jumping enclosure which excites a great deal of interest during the afternoon. The chief event in the jumping enclosure takes place on the Friday, or fourth day of the show. It is a competition between many countries for a magnificent cup presented to the show by H.R.H. the Aga Khan. The countries that usually compete for this cup are France, England, Italy, Ireland, Switzerland and America. This cup has only been won twice. Once by Switzerland and once by Ireland. Recent one year winners were: 1946 Ireland, 1947 England, and 1948 America. It would be impossible to describe this competition as space is limited but as part of it is jumped over the R.D.S. permanent course it will suffice to describe the latter. The first fence is a fence with a ditch which is cleared by most horses. The next is a single bank at which nearly every horse incurs one fault for changing. The fence after the bank is a stone wall which is knocked by quite a few horses. Then follows a gate which is seldom left standing. Then comes the huge double bank at which there are quite a few falls. Lastly there is the water jump which is on the whole very well taken. That concludes the R.D.S. permanent course but there are many more fences in the Aga Khan Cup Competition.

Another very interesting competition is one which is open to both military and civilian riders and is jumped over from high fences. This competition is nearly always won by a civilian.

Lastly there is the flower show which consists of flowers sent by all the chief nurseries in the country which are all assorted to make a dazzling big array of colour in the Hall.

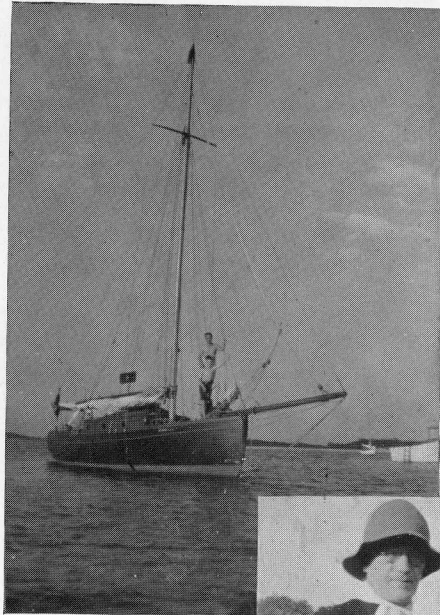
CRICKET

by J. MORAN*

There is no doubt that one of the most popular of English sports is cricket; it is lovely to see a first class cricketer making a spectacular off-drive to the boundary or seeing the batsman being clean bowled by a fast bowler. All these things make up a grand game which calls itself Cricket!

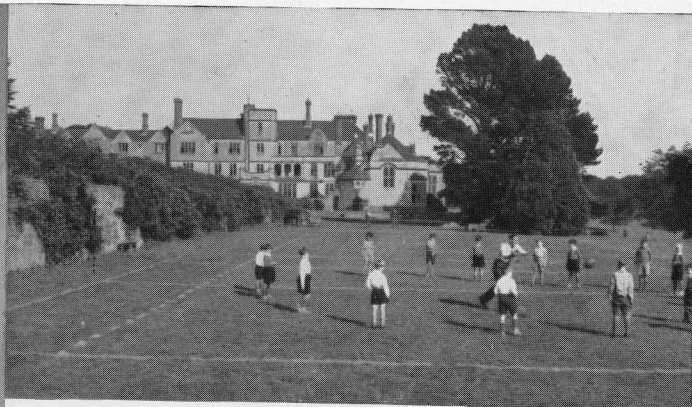
*MAURICE CRONIN, born 24th October 1936; entered Worth 1947.

*JOHN MORAN, born 24th January 1946; entered Worth, September 1947; 1st XI Cricket.

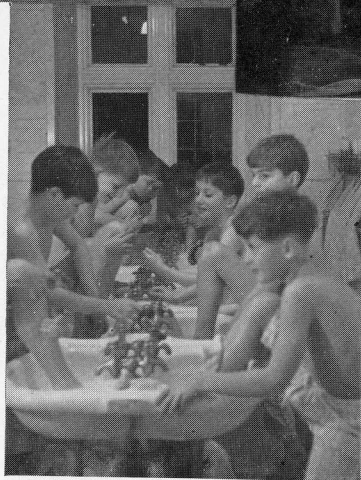


Yacht 'Calva'

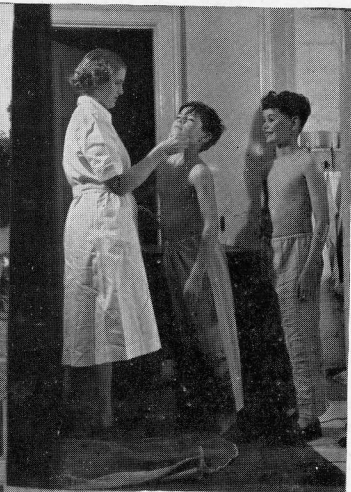
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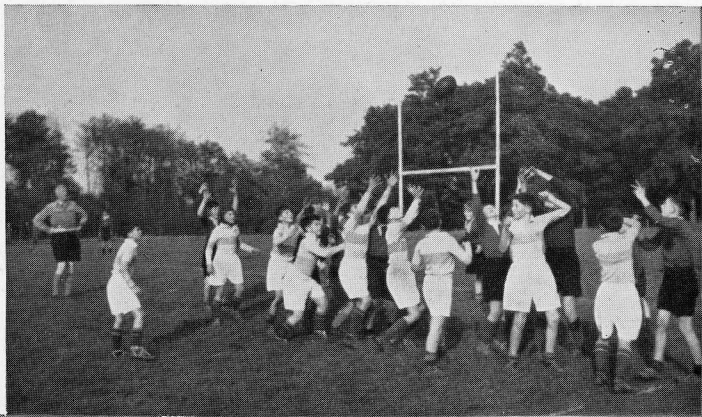


The Young Idea



*Cleanliness
is
next to
godliness*





*1st XV
Rugger*



When you are going into bat the chief points to remember are, (a) to remember what you have been taught at the nets, (b) Watch the ball (this is very important) and (c) Do *not* be too eager to score. If you follow these points and especially the second you will make runs; if you don't this is what might happen. You go in, take guard, the bowler runs up to bowl, you make a cow shot. . . . The next thing you know is that you are making your way back to the pavilion.

In bowling the two most important things to remember are length and direction; until you master this you won't get anywhere. Another point is this, don't get flustered if you get hit around by the batsman, just keep your length and direction and as sure as eggs you will get him.

If you have scored a duck or you haven't taken any wickets you can always redeem yourself in the field by smart picking up and an accurate throw back to the wicket keeper or bowler as the case may be. To do this you must keep awake. Everyone knows at times how difficult it is to keep your mind on the game through thinking about the Latin test the next morning, but this sometimes can be overcome by settling all your worries beforehand. And one final point, never start an argument with the umpire, it never pays and it makes you look a bad sport.

I read in a magazine not long ago that one in four takes an active part in sport, so make sure that you help English Cricket to get back to pre-war days and to help put up a better show than we did against the Australians last summer.

CONFLICT WITH THE JAPS

by A. J. WATTY*

The Aircraft Carrier *Swordfish* was wending her way slowly through the maze of tropical islands that cluster round the north of the Philippines and the South of Japan. The day was one of those stifling hot days which you frequently have in those regions near the equator. The war was just at the turning point. So far the Japs had been winning victories, now it was our turn to hit back at them. The *Swordfish* was on one of those frequent but dangerous attacks on the Japanese ports. The carrier was at the time just under twenty miles from her objective, Tokio. The Japs had just heard the news of the whereabouts of the aircraft carrier. They had sent out four squadrons of planes to dive-bomb it. When the spotters on the carrier spotted the enemy planes they sent up some Sea Furies to meet them. In the heat of the battle a Jap torpedo bomber had managed to get near enough to the carrier to send a torpedo at it. There was no hope of getting the *Swordfish* out of the way in time so the Captain ordered all boats to be made ready. A few seconds before the torpedo should have hit the carrier a Sea Fury dived out of the blue and made straight for the torpedo and deliberately crashed into it. The pilot was saved and after the battle, when the *Swordfish* had completed its mission it sailed home. The pilot of the Sea Fury was awarded the V.C. for his bravery and the captain of the *Swordfish* was promoted to admiral.

*ANTHONY WATTY, born 16th December 1935; entered Worth, September, 1945; Choir.

AN AEROPLANE JOURNEY

by JOHN MOTION*

I got out of my car and walked over the tarmac of Heathrow airport, London, to where my small three-seater monoplane waited, engine ticking over. I stepped into my aeroplane and took off without any further trouble. The glorious summer sun was already quite high in the clear blue sky as I climbed steadily for height and set off on my course for Le Bourget airport at Paris. The beautiful English country rolled slowly beneath me. There was no longer a thick London fog around me but a clear blue sky. Below me the country was always changing, green pastures and typical country villages with winding lanes wending their way through the fields and woods. Ahead of me the South Downs with their barren-looking slopes came in view, and after another ten minutes they were beneath me with the Channel after them as far as eye could see. About halfway across the Channel a small sailing-yacht slipped by, a little while later on the French coast appeared beneath me. I picked up the River Seine and followed its twisting course towards Paris. Most of the country below me was beautiful meadows, little villages and desolate white-washed cottages with several outhouses indicating that these white-washed buildings were farms. There also are lots of industrial towns on the Seine such as Rouen and Elboeuf. Now, below me, there were beautiful fields of waving corn and a sleepy looking horse who was plodding down a rutty cart-track pulling a cart-load of corn to a white-washed farm. At last I saw Paris looming up in front of me with Le Bourget slightly to its left. I manoeuvred the aeroplane a bit to port and circled over the aerodrome waiting for the signal to be flashed telling me that I could land. At last the signal came to me and I landed my machine leaving a French mechanic in charge of it; then I saw my friend who was waiting for me and went over to greet him and he took me in his car to his home inside Paris.

(I) MUTE AND INGLORIOUS

by J. R. DRUMMOND*

Peter the Poet hated people
He climbed to the top of a very tall steople
He wrote and he wrote for a week and a day
When there came a great wind that blew him away.

(II) CORNSTALK CRICKET

The Kangaroo was playing cricket;
He kept on jumping over his wicket.
When they told him it wasn't the right way to play
He jumped and he jumped and he jump-ed away,
As far as Calais is from City of Dover,
And shouted: 'Now wasn't that one a fine over?'

*JOHN MOTION, born 17th January, 1936; entered Worth, September 1944; Choir.

*HON. J. R. DRUMMOND, born 28th July 1938; entered Worth, September 1947.

ENGLAND: (I) EALAND VALLEY LAKES

by P. L. WRIGHT*

The Ealand Valley lakes are at Radnor, Wales. These lakes are reservoirs. They supply Birmingham with water. Many years ago in the Ealand Valley there was a big house with a garden. The occupants left this house. At the bottom of the valley the river Avon slunk along. Then man made a railroad right up the valley fourteen miles up. Giant excavators bit away the soil, pneumatic drills broke away the rock. The engineers said that the height must equal the depth of the dam. Lower down two more dams were built. And all the time the Avon slunk down through the sluices. Then the sluices were closed and dams began to fill. It was said that this would take a month. A ribbon of water came through the gates exploring everything. It reached the house and then started to fill it. Spiders scuttled up the walls thinking that they would reach safety, mice scuttled behind the wainscot. By morning the rafters were just visible. Then the house disappeared under the water. Now on a clear day one can see a branch of a drowned tree reaching upwards like a huge branch of seaweed. The view is impressive. Mountains with dams making huge lakes, streams tumbling down the mountainside looking for all the world as if a giant had thrown them there. There is an island covered in coniferous trees in the upper lake. Water is pouring down the two higher dams to the ones below. There is a torrent of water foaming over. Out of the bottom dam the old river flows through the sluices. At the bottom of the top dams the depth of water is not more than two feet, yet lower down the depth is terrific. It is a grand spectacle. Over the top dam runs a road; in the middle there is a control station. The slopes below the roads are covered in trees. One great big pipe runs direct to Birmingham carrying water. Every now and then there is a relaying station where the water is made to run faster.

(II) CADER IDRIS

Last holidays I went for a climb up a mountain in Wales called Cader Idris. We set off early one fine morning and we had reached the mountain by noon. We had a picnic lunch and started to climb.

The lower part of the mountain was clothed in dense foliage. As we climbed through the trees we could hear the sullen roar of a waterfall as it plunged down a cliff into a deep pool, the spray drenching us. The path wound through the trees until it came to an old stone wall that was crumbling down in places. We clambered over the stones and boulders that once formed part of the wall, and climbed on. Suddenly we came to the edge of the tree line, the bright sunlight making us blink after the dim gloom of the wood. We could now see the peaks towering above us into the sky with long scree strewn with granite boulders. We topped a gentle rise over some swampy ground realising that we were nearing one of the lakes. At last we came to the lake. The lake was tinged with many different colours, red, green and blue. We had a drink of water from the lake—how deliciously cool it tasted! We could now see where the stream began

*PETER WRIGHT, born 22nd June 1936; entered Worth, September 1947; Choir,

at one corner of the lake. We clambered over the rocks and stones round it until we came to a cleft between two of the peaks Cader Idris and Mineth pen Coed. The ground of this cleft was clay soil and was dangerous because it was slippery ground and the lake was just below us and the bed of the lake went nearly vertically down out of sight in the water. At last we were safely out of this cleft and climbed round massive boulders to the summit of the peak. A big cairn of rocks was on the top and some steps led to the top of the cairn. Below us we could see two lakes staring up at us like two immense eyes. The fields below us looked as big as postage stamps on the one side and on the other side green hills and valleys reaching to the Irish Sea. In one or two of the valleys a village nestled. We could see a quarry on one hillside where workmen looking as big as ants worked blowing down the stone with dynamite. I could just distinguish our car—a little black speck on the side of the road. There was a nearly vertical precipice leading down from the peaks to the lake. One or two mountain sheep were feeding on a bit of sparse herbage. At one time Lancaster bombers roared over us. After spending about twenty minutes on the summit of the peak we descended and went back to our caravan.

SEASONS

by A. BURTON*

I love, I love the summer
When trees are clothed in green,
And all the flowers are blooming out—
Their petals are so thin.

The great ball of sunlight
Goes through the light blue skies:
O what a lovely thing to see
Before our human eyes!

When golden autumn comes again
And summer's days are past,
Old winter blazes forth afresh
And is dreary while it lasts.

Then little spring comes here again
To destroy winter's bad ways,
Preparing all things fresh and new
For merry summer's days.

I think I like all seasons,
For each has got its sport.
If you don't like the winter
You're wrong—you know you ought.
You forget about the snowball fights
And merry Christmas tide,
Also the presents in your sock
And many a slippery slide.

*ANTHONY BURTON, born 9th August 1939; entered Worth September 1947.

DINKIELAND

by P. W. RUDD*

I like to visit Dinkieland to see everyone there happy and doing something. They now have a race track. (It really is a dirt track but I call it a race course). This visit is about Dinkieland when it was divided into two states. The States were always fighting each other or were reinforcing their armies. Now it is quite different. I had just been to the chemist and I brought two bottles of mixture. One bottle could make you grow larger and one smaller. I was coming back when I thought of paying a visit to Dinkieland, so I went to Dinkieland. When I got there people were driving about and getting ready for war. I brought myself down to about an inch high. I walked around one of the states and I was looking at one of the guns when I heard a cry, 'They are attacking.' When I heard the cry I jumped behind the gun I was looking at. It was one of the back guns. I did very little firing because it was meant to keep away the enemy which was coming through. Then I went away from the gun to a bomber and took a look at it. A man came up to me and asked me why I was there looking at the aeroplane. 'You must be fighting for your side.' So I got into the bomber without saying a word. Inside the bomber everything was very tidy. I knew everything the moment I got inside. I set the engine going. I only bombed a car which was carrying enemy soldiers. When I came back to the aerodrome I found out that both sides had made peace and had both united themselves together. When I last visited Dinkieland everyone was trying to break records on the race track. No one seems to like driving about I do not know why. I hope you will visit Dinkieland.

THE BROKEN KEY

by MICHAEL PHELAN*

I want to tell you about a true story of a famous man whose name I won't mention. The story seems like Dick Barton. But it really happened.

It was a little time after the first World War when a rebellion broke out between England and Ireland and this famous man was taken prisoner and sent to Lincoln Jail. He was getting tired of staying under lock and key. So he made plans to get out. He had another person in with him. They had two friends who lodged near the jail so they could wait for messages and letters.

The two outside were getting anxious about the two inside but couldn't do anything about it, so they just waited. The famous man was a Catholic and a priest came every day to say Mass for the Catholic prisoners. One day this man saw an extra large key on the key-chain of the priest. He asked him what it was for. The priest said it was a master key for the postern gate and an inside door. Now he was not a thief and did not like taking things. He had to think of a way to imprint the key on to something. So he collected the remains of the altar candles, and when the priest came again he took the key and the candle wax and pressed the key into the wax. He had to melt the wax by putting it on his chest. Now he had the imprint of the key. The other man who was

*PETER RUDD, born 1st September 1937; entered Worth, Autumn, 1947.

*MICHAEL PHELAN, born St Patrick's Day 1936; entered Worth, September 1948; Choir.

with him could draw very well. So he drew the imprint as accurately as possible on a post card that they were sending to the friends outside. They disguised it as best they could and sent the letter out. It got out all right to their companions. These two immediately saw what to do and set to work to make a couple of keys, one for themselves and one for their friends inside. They sent the key back in a beautiful iced cake. The key was tried in the lock but unfortunately it did not fit. So they sent to their companions another letter saying to send them a blank key. The blank came back again in an iced cake safe and sound together with a sharp file. The man who could draw well cut the key to the shape of the priest's key. This key fitted the inside door and they passed the guards by bribing them, but when they came to the postern gate they found that the outside men had got their key turned in the lock, but the key had snapped. (It is a hundred to one you will never be able to remove a broken key from a lock). The prisoners were stuck, but the leader prayed a little prayer, put his own key in the lock and managed to push the broken bit out. They were free at last! Then they jumped into a high powered car and drove to Liverpool. There they dispersed as the hue and cry was on. The leader boarded a ship disguised as a travelling violinist and next morning found himself back once more in his native Ireland.

SALLY TO ANTONY

by R. J. de SALIS*

38 Nor Malarstrand, Stockholm.

DEAR ANTONY—I hope you are having a nice time in Bridgewater. I expect it is quite nice and country-like. A few days ago we were cruising along in our boat, *Mermaid the Second*, when we ran upon the rocks. I will describe what happened. Coming back from out at sea, after having spent the night on an island, we were passing down a channel about two hundred yards wide. I, my Mother and a cousin were in the back enjoying the scenery, which were very pretty. On one side it was pine trees and bracken and billberries coming right down to the shore. The other side was the same except for a shed where boats were kept in the winter. Meanwhile I was on the stern coiling the ropes into a round sort of jam tart. Daddy and my two brothers were in the front. Daddy was consulting the charts and one of my brothers was steering. As I was coiling the ropes I did not expect anything that would throw me overboard. Suddenly I felt the boat jump clean out of the water and then the engine stopped and next thing I knew was that I was in the water. Coming up, my eyes nearly popped out of my head as I saw the boat heel over to one side. When I surfaced I saw the boat listing at forty-five degrees. Soon a little outboard motor-boat came up at full speed, cut its engine and glided alongside as we were on a shelf. We all got off except Daddy, who stayed on. We hailed a tough looking boat and we tied the strongest rope we had to the stern bollards. The boat took four runs at it and a cheer went up as she slid off the rocks. Soon we were all on board and we went chugging down the river towards home as if nothing had happened at all.—Love, from Sally.

*RICHARD de SALIS, born 23rd November 1935; entered Worth, September 1945; Choir.

DRUMMER BOY

by A. M. MONICO*

Dum da da dum dum da da dum, dum da da dum da dum. The roll of the drums and the squeal of the pipes mingled with steady tramping feet echoed down the cobbled streets of old Brussels.

Marching at the head of a column of English guards, drumming excitedly at his drum, was Drummer Boy Pip Little.

He was a small boy with red round cheeks but he was dressed just as any other soldier in a company of English Guards in red with white crossed belt and his drum slung round from his shoulder.

Little did Pip know that he was marching to a battle at which the history of Europe would be at stake. Yes, the date was the 16th of June in the year of grace 1815. A desperate rear guard action had been fought at Ligny where both Prussian and English forces were being forced back. Wellington, true to his word to Blucher, was marching to his relief, but it was doubtful whether he could arrive in time to save Ligny from Napoleon.

Four companies of the English Guards reinforced by Belgian troops under Perpoucher marched to take up a position at Hugamont. A village to the left flank of Mt St Jean where Wellington had drawn up his squares. At the head of Company Three marched Pip. Still throbbing at his drum. A hasty palisade was being erected by the red coated soldiers with a firing platform near the top. Earthworks reinforced by great logs were being thrown up. Nobody was going to capture Hougomont easily. Night and day the soldiers, English and Belgian, sweated at their task until the place looked more like a fortress than a peaceful village. Pip spent the night of the 17th sleeping soundly in a barn on the outskirts of the village. A detachment of English troops from Company Three had to hold a hill which was guarding the main entrance to the village. A low barricade was built round the hill and a garrison of twenty men were set aside to defend it. (Twenty-one really if you counted Pip Little who had volunteered to act as a messenger between the hill and the village). At eleven thirty five on the 18th June, 1815, Napoleons' right wing attacked Hougomont so fiercely that it was almost impossible to keep one's feet, so impetuous was the French attack. The little hill was completely surrounded with blue uniforms of the French soldiers as they tried to force the village. But all in vain. The English guards held firm so even did the garrison on the hill. Volley after volley was fired into the French ranks and volley after volley was received in exchange. If there had not been a wall round the hillock held by the little company there would not have been a garrison. Even so the numbers diminished from twenty to ten. The bodies of the English lay in heaps where they had fallen, their blood making the Belgian turf slippery to walk on. The French who tried to storm the hill were shot dead in piles; so that it was easy to reach out and take first a helmet then a tunic off a French corpse. The situation was far from funny. Completely surrounded and reduced to half their puny strength, the English stood no chance against the horde that opposed them. The Captain of the

*MARTIN MONICO, born 21st September 1935; entered Worth, September 1945; Choir; important part in *A Child is Born*, Christmas 1947 and *Stations in Mime*, 1948.

garrison called Pip and said in a husky whisper to him: 'Drummer Boy Little, will you volunteer to try and save the lives of your fellow comrades who are willing to die but who fear death all the same?' And all that Pip could say was, 'I've always tried to do my duty sir, and I'll try not to fail you to-day.' With that he took the scrap of paper given him by the Captain and placed it in his boot. Then stripping himself of his tunic and head gear he replaced it with a French substitute. Then making his way to a burrow like entrance he slipped down and landed in a heap on the grass outside. His tunic was like an overcoat on him and his helmet was much too big. Blinking for a moment on finding himself in the midst of the tumult, he took note of his position. Then setting his teeth, and with one hand in his belt where he had a pistol he forced his way into the mob. He had gone ten yards and had gone down three times under the ranks of the French foe when a soldier next him yelled at him in French. Poor Pip could not speak a word of French and the soldier shouted again. Pip did what he thought best. Pulling out his pistol he pressed it against the Frenchman's body and pulled the trigger. The report could not be heard in the din and the sight of another soldier falling could make no difference; but Pip had no means of reloading his gun. He found his helmet heavy and uncomfortable and besides that it had a feather that kept tickling him. He discarded it and struggled on. His last and main difficulty was getting into the village: the French would mow him down if he did anything silly and rash and the English would if they saw him in French uniform. Reaching the very front row of the line he ran and then plunged forward in the pile of the dead. He then discarded the French tunic. Crawling in and out of the bodies of the dead and wounded clothed in a shirt and in his trousers he searched within two feet of the pallisade. Seeing a beam about three feet away from him he bunched himself for a spring. Then he leapt. The French immediately opened upon him. The English seeing that he was their target returned fire. From beam to beam, from foothold to foothold, Pip clambered over the top of the wall exhausted and fainted on the firing platform. Five minutes later he saluted rather weakly to the Officer commanding Hougoumont and handed over the dispatch. Then the whole of the remaining Third Company supported by a terrific musket fire from the walls forced the enemy back foot by foot. Back at the hillock the eight surrounding members of the garrison gave a throaty three cheers when they heard the welcome 'Dum da da dum, dum da da dum, dum, da da dum'—the drum of Pip Little sounding the relief party's arrival as they forced their way through to the hill.

WINTER

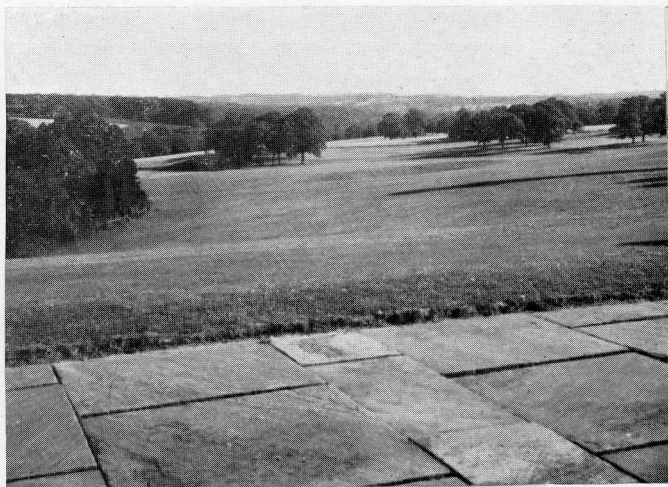
by C. J. HOPE

Winter is a-coming,
Leaves are a-falling,
Everyone is merry,
And also very
Glad to see
A lovely Christmas Tree,
All hung with toys
For good girls and boys.



'I am the Immaculate Conception'

*View
from
South
Front*



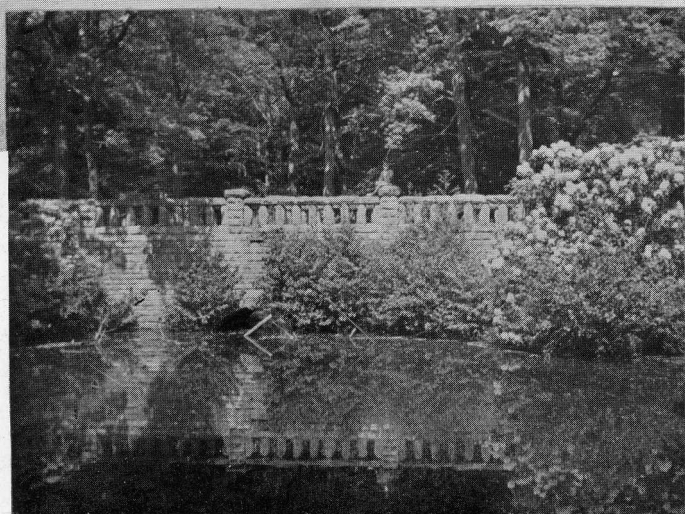
*Worth Steeds
grazing*



On the Main Road to Turner's Hill



*Terrace
and Park
looking
East*



London Bridge

*A certain
try*



Line-Out



*Worth
have it
again!*

JOURNEY'S END

by A. A. WALKER*

I went to bed early. I was going back to school the next day. I went to sleep quickly because I was very tired. Next morning I woke up at six. I got up immediately and washed. Then I packed my slippers and washing things into my case and went to breakfast. After breakfast I put on my cap and coat and waited for the taxi. The taxi came and Mummy and me got in. We arrived at the station at 8 a.m. The train came in and I said good-bye to Mummy and got in. At about 11 o'clock the ticket collector came along and snipped my ticket. Then I began to eat my lunch. At one o'clock my train arrived at Paddington and I got out. (There was an aunt supposed to be meeting me at Paddington.) I looked around for my aunt but she never came. So I went to Victoria by myself on an underground train. I arrived at Victoria, but imagine my horror when I saw the tail end of the School train just disappearing out of the station! I didn't know what to do. But after a few minutes I glanced up at the timetable and saw that there was another train to Three Bridges in ten minutes. I was just going to get a ticket when I remembered that I had one in my pocket. I got into the train and soon arrived at Three Bridges. Of course the School bus had gone long ago but there were two other boys who had missed their train waiting there for a taxi. The taxi came: we all got in. The fare was six shillings: we each paid two shillings and got back to School.

SONG OF THE HEBRIDES

(Diary of Worth Scout Camp, July 27th to August 11th, 1948)

by E. J. BIRCH*

Tuesday: Expedition begins. We caught the train from Three Bridges to Victoria leaving at 10.17. We took the Scottish Express from Euston and changed at Carstairs in the evening and Stirling round about midnight. The weather was fine and every one was in excellent spirits. Half the party were picked up at Victoria and we went across London in the Underground. We had reserved seats in the train but couldn't avoid an argument with a heated Scotsman over the seats and the luggage. Some of the party were nearly left behind at Stirling when the train shunted on to a different line to the amazement of us all. They got back alright in the end. Most people managed to snatch some sleep before we arrived at Oban the next day at 5.05.

Wednesday: We left Oban at 7.00 and stopped at Tobermory and Tiree, two small islands on the way. The weather was very fine and the Inner Hebrides were lovely, more lovely than the boat, the Loch Ness, to be sure which was very unpleasant, but we could console ourselves with the thoughts of what was coming when the journey was over. We arrived at 5.05 at Barra and went with the lorry carrying our equipment to the camp site four miles away near Craigston while Ludlow and the G.S.M. stayed behind to get some food. We pitched our tents between two hillocks which protected us considerably. We had supper and got to bed at 11.00.

*ANDREW WALKER, born 6th March 1939; entered Worth, September 1947.

*JOHN BIRCH, born 10th February 1935; entered Worth, May 1943. 1st XV Rugger. Left July 1948.

Thursday: Rose at 10.00 and had Brunch, a conglomeration of breakfast and lunch about 12.00. We bathed in the lagoon in the afternoon using the dingy. We found a valve had broken and had to keep pumping it up. The sun was very hot and the atmosphere very relaxing as it always is. We prepared Tupper, a mixture of tea and supper. After Tupper we visited the coastguard hut at Greian Head where an author and his friend lived together. They were friends of Father Michael. When we got there we found they were out. So we went back to bed.

Friday: Very windy. After Brunch we went to the lagoon to bathe. We caught crabs and bathed till 5.30 when we climbed Ben Mhartuin. We had a lovely view from the top of Ben Heaval and the Western Isles which could be seen in the distance. The G. S. M. took some photos.

Saturday: After Tupper we visited the 'Boys' as we called the two men at the coastguards hut. It was very misty. When we got there, Colin, the reviewer was away. The other invited us in and gave us bread and butter which most of us were glad of as our food store was none too full. After chatting for a long time we returned to the camp. The G.S.M. found crabs in his drinking water to his great annoyance so we got to bed quickly.

Sunday: Went to the 9.00 Mass at Craigston Chapel. Went to look for St Brendan's Chapel at Borge Point. We were unsuccessful but learnt that the remains were in the graveyard there. On the way back we went to Benediction at Craigston.

Monday: We went to Castle Bay in the afternoon to look around. Father Michael bought an axe at a very cheap price. We looked about for souvenirs but there were none to speak of. At Tupper we invited four girls to have cocoa and biscuits at the camp fire. Unfortunately the inhabitants of Barra don't like cocoa so they left a good deal of it to our embarrassment.

Tuesday: Ludlow brought some Mackerel free from Castle Bay for Brunch. Charnaud and Melsom started on their first class journey. Maclachlan, Ludlow and the G.S.M. climbed Ben Heaval, the highest mountain on the islands. Getting back just in time for Tupper.

Wednesday: Jenkins packed his bags in the morning ready to leave the next morning at 2.00. We watched Melsom and Charnaud climb down Ben Mhartuin. Albert, Barton and I climbed a nearby mountain, Ben Tangaval and we saw a lovely view of Castle Bay on our left, from the top. On the way back we started talking with a man looking after some cows and were invited to drink some milk straight from the cow out of a large milking can.

Thursday: Went to the games at Eoligary. We got up early at about 9.30. I managed to catch a bus going to the games but most people had to go on foot.

The chief attraction was the piping and the dancing. A lot of the piping was quite unintelligible to us, who, not being Scotch could not understand it. Throwing the hammer was a great attraction. Some of the men seemed very good at it, but the running was the most amusing event. There was an old men's race for any one over fifty. As the games lasted till late some came back early while others stayed to see Miss Joan Greenwood, the famous film star, give out the prizes.

Friday: Went to Castle Bay for provisions. Very wet. Maclachlan and Willett started off on their camping expedition. Those who went to fetch provisions from Castle Bay had to walk back with eighteen loaves and a lot of mincemeat.

Saturday: Expedition to Vatersay with Canon MacInnes. An open motor boat took us across in about twenty minutes. We explored most of the island. The sea was very choppy on the way back and we were soaked. The G.S.M. picked up twelve eggs on the island.

Sunday: Maclachlan and I went to a mineral spring which proved rather uninteresting. It was blocked when we found it but when Maclachlan had cleared away some of the mud it ran quite clean. We had invited the boys to come to Tupper to-night. Colin only arrived as his friend thought it was too cold. The cows started to be troublesome so Murray chased them away with a burning log. He didn't succeed in catching any, fortunately.

Monday: We packed all our equipment and the G.S.M. paid last minute calls to the people who had supplied us with milk. We hired a lorry to take us and the equipment to Castle Bay. We left Castle Bay at 6.20. We arrived at Lock Boisdale at 10.30 and arrived back at Barra at 12.30. We got on at 6.20 instead of 12.30 as we didn't fancy getting out at that hour of the morning having walked to Castle Bay in the dark.

Tuesday: We arrived at Oban at 11.12 a.m. We looked around the place and Murray and Albert hired rowing boats. We left Oban at 5.15 p.m. on a straight through express to Euston stopping at Crewe.

Wednesday: Melsom got out at Crewe at 3.30. We arrived at Euston at 7.30.
End of Expedition

LOURDES

by M. A. WILSON*

Imagine exactly ninety years ago a village in the Pyrenees and in this village lived a poor family by name of Soubirous. They were exceedingly poor and they lived in a small room which was once a prison and retains its name today as the *Cachot*. At the time the family consisted of six, Father and Mother, two sons and two daughters. One day Bernadette, one of the daughters, went out to gather firewood with her sister and cousin and they happened to come to a stream. The other two crossed, but she, not wishing to get her feet wet because of her asthma, stayed behind. Bernadette was then facing a large cave and after the others were out of sight, a bush at the top of this opening in the rock began to shake and a violent wind blew. Bernadette sank to her knees with fright and brought out her rosary. She then saw for the first time our Blessed Lady whom she was to be privileged to see again seventeen times. Bernadette then crossed the stream, finding it quite warm, and her cousin and sister began to jeer at her for saying her prayers in front of this, so-called at the time, evil cave. It was at the third apparition that our Lady asked Bernadette to 'have the goodness to come there every day for a fortnight.'

*MICHAEL WILSON, born 19th December 1935; entered Worth May 1944; under 11 Rugger XV; important part in *Stations of the Cross in Mime*, 1948; Sacristy; Head of the School.

To know exactly what it is like at Lourdes it is necessary to go there oneself. It is a two day journey from England with one night in Paris. When you first see Lourdes, everything seems so large and it rather knocks you down as there is no place like it in all the world. But you soon settle down and find your way around. There is much to do, and of course the food seems marvellous to an Englishman.

I visited Lourdes during the summer holidays on a pilgrimage from London and I shall try to explain what a day in Lourdes is like. It is very difficult to write about for unless one has been there it is difficult to imagine. Within the Grotto there is a small altar railed off. Masses begin there every morning at four o'clock and continue till about ten thirty while Holy Communion is being given nearly all the time to the pilgrims who file past the priests. I served Mass there one morning in the Grotto which was a great privilege for me.

Our Lady said: 'Go, drink and wash at the fountain', and as the spring flows on today, so the pilgrims flow on to Lourdes. Then also one likes to make a visit to the baths. It is a simple ceremony and very quick. You undress and tie a towel round your waist. You then say a prayer and two attendants lower you into the icy cold water after which you kiss a small statue of our Lady of Lourdes, you put on your clothes again without drying yourself, and feel very warm like Bernadette did when she crossed the stream, and also knowing that you had done what our Lady had asked.

After some time the words of our Lady were fulfilled when She asked for a chapel in Her honour. A church was built above the Grotto but was soon found to be too small and so another one many times larger was built and dedicated to the Holy Rosary, the fifteen side altars being dedicated to the mysteries of the Rosary. In front of this large church a square was built capable of holding up to a hundred thousand pilgrims.

At 4.15 every afternoon the rosary is said and the Blessed Sacrament Procession moves away from the Grotto. It proceeds parallel to the river Gave and turns into the *Domain*, a large park, and finally winds into the large square where Benediction is given from the steps of the Rosary Church, preceded by the priest blessing all the sick who are laid under the trees around the square. Another priest in the meantime reads the *invocations*, in English, French and Italian. When I was there it was the feast of the Assumption and there were about five or six hundred priests alone so you can imagine the unending number of pilgrims. At 8.30 every evening they say the rosary again at the Grotto and the torchlight procession moves off on the same route as the Blessed Sacrament procession, but now singing the special hymn of Lourdes; *Ave, Ave, Ave Maria*. Everyone holds a lighted candle with a paper shade which has the words of the hymn printed on it; it is called a *flambeau* in French. The people pack again into the square and sing the *Salve Regina* and the *Credo*. During the torchlight procession I preferred to stay at the Grotto when it was quiet and say my rosary. The crowds then dispersed and so another day in Lourdes is finished.

On the sixth occasion that our Lady appeared something strange seemed to happen. I use Bernadette's own words: 'The Lady, looking away from me a

moment directed Her glance afar, above my head. Then looking down upon me again, for I asked Her what had saddened Her, She said "pray for sinners". Therefore one day we made the Stations of the Cross which are situated up a mountain slope with statues larger than life-size, each Station being about twenty yards apart.

The place which I have spoken about before is the *Cachot*. It is truly pathetic, the room in which the family had already lived for two years before the apparitions. It is just as it was in the time of Bernadette, the fire in which the wood was burnt at the first apparition, the flagstone floor, barred windows and the little sink. It now has a small altar together with a statue of our Lady which Bernadette prayed before. I served Mass there one morning and literally there was not room for more than half-a-dozen other people to fit in without a squash, so you can imagine the size. We also paid a short visit to the convent of the Sisters of Nevers in Lourdes where Bernadette went to school and made her first Holy Communion and kissed a relic of her body. One day we walked into a large round building called the *Panorama* which shows Lourdes and the country at the time of the apparitions and then went to the museum which contains some of Bernadette's own personal belongings, including the rosary she used which our Lady smiled upon.

To get an idea of the glorious Pyrenees we went up by coach to a place called Gavarnie where the river Gave (meaning a mountain torrent) rises, which is practically on the borders of Spain. For those who have read the book *Hugh Dormer's Diaries* one wonders how such an escape through those mountains was possible. On the way back to Lourdes we visited St Savin and Caunterets. At Caunterets there are some marvellous waterfalls and hot springs, a Spa. On the evening of the Assumption at about 9 o'clock, the Basilica of the Immaculate Conception, the first Church built above the Grotto, and the Rosary Church were floodlit. Also when I was there, there was an enormous thunderstorm and the water ran in torrents down the streets.

And lastly, Bernadette, the saint to whom we owe it all. On one occasion our Lady said to her; 'I do not promise to make you happy in this world but in the next.' A few years after the apparitions Bernadette went to the convent at Nevers in central France and became a nun. Soon her health failed her and at the age of thirty-five, she passed away peacefully, in 1879. Some places we visit we often forget, but Lourdes—no—we only have a greater desire to go there again.

UNDERWATER FISHING

by C. J. HOPE*

Underwater fishing is very interesting. From the moment you put your goggles on and put your head underneath the surface of the water, you feel as if you are in another world. You start off with your gun on your shoulder and your frog feet, and you glide through rocks covered in sea weed which look like a gigantic castle surrounded at the bottom by a big forest. You can see all kinds of fish big and small and all colours. If you go into deep water and

*JEREMY HOPE, born 20th July 1937; entered Worth, May 1946.

dive down you might see among the rocks a certain shell fish which you only see in the Mediterranean Sea. They are covered with very black spikes; when you open them they are very good to eat. There is also in the deep water a fish rather like a plaice but it has a poisonous sting. If you get nearer you might be able to shoot at it with your gun as they are very good to eat.

WHAT AM I:

I am a riddle, so solve me who can.
Though I walk with the public, I'm foreign to man.
I am first and I'm last in an egoist's mind,
(The answer to me you should easily find.)
Though well in the distance I'm always in sight;
Not in securely I'm always in sight.
Beloved of inventors, I head their ideas,
Though never with hearses I go with the biers.
At home I am ever the centre of strife,
I abandon the husband but stick to the wife.
I start insurrections, a curious thing,
Though thick with all traitors I stick to my King.
Though always in prison I keep out of gaol,
Am no part of postage though sent through the mail.
I appear not in papers, though always in print,
Have no use for money though found in the Mint.
I am never in sorrow, though plunged into grief;
Consorting with priests, I am with the thief.
Though not in the steeple, I live in the spire;
Can be seen in the pulpit and heard in the choir.
I'm essential to light, to life and to air,
I look like a servant when turned from a chair!
Well-known to your sister, a stranger to you,
Though never with many, I'm never with few.
I now set before you one paradox yet.
Though I'm in liquidation I'm never in debt.

G.R.M.

QUESTION TIME

by DAVID BARNETT*

1. Which is the Royal Borough in London? 2. Who lives in the Mansion House? 3. What is Lord Montgomery's title? 4. Who is the only living Catholic in the Royal Family? 5. Where is the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre? 6. What have Eire, the U.S.A. and France in common? 7. Which is the most southerly point in England? 8. What is the biggest Railway Station in England? 9. Who was the first man to fly the Channel? 10. What is the name of an island off Hartland Point? (To make up a Baker's dozen the Editor adds the following: 11. Who really killed Cock Robin? 12. Who exactly was Sylvia? 13. 'Why do ye weep, sweet babes'?).

*DAVID BARNETT, born 25th April 1937; entered Worth, September 1945. Acted in *His Excellency the Governor*, 1948.

ST GREGORY'S GROUP OF SCOUTS

The weather was kinder to the Scouts than it was to the cricketers during the Summer Term and all their many activities were in the open air.

Father Jerome's Junior Cubs had some intricate games in the woods. After one very complicated scheme no one quite knew what the objective was, nor who had won, but everyone enjoyed themselves and one party looked very tough as it waded menacingly through a wet hay-field, with driving rain completely unnoticed in the heat of the 'battle'.

Father Brenden's more sophisticated pack spent the early part of the term constructing a permanent camp site by the stream by Hole Farm. A bell-tent was erected, and a kitchen was arranged and fenced off. The nearby stream was efficiently dammed then a night was spent in camp at the new site. And throughout the term the cubs took it in turns to sleep in tents on the lawns of the Garden of Eden.

Father Oliver's and Father Michael's Scouts held a joint fete at the beginning of the term in the Hydrangea Garden in aid of their funds. In spite of the dull and cold weather it was a tremendous success, the main attractions were the aerial railway of the Second Troop and the pony and trek-cart rides of the First Troop while the refreshment stalls did a roaring trade. The many and varied side-shows tested the competitors skill and perseverance at darts, archery, quoits, throwing tennis balls and ping-pong balls, dropping and casting pennies accurately at targets, and estimating weights and numbers.

A little later, both troops combined to help in the erection of the First Troop's signalling tower. Two mighty frames were pulled up opposite one another and were held in position by a rope and some string, until they could be joined together by light spars. Gradually other spars were added to enable someone to climb to the top, which was twenty-five feet from the ground, so that the four final supports could be lashed into position. But the elements combined to prevent this. The tower was erected in a strong East wind. Then a West wind blew for days and days. Then pouring rain joined the wind; the tower began to lean, the rope and sisal supports snapped; and one morning the tower was found flat on the ground. It will be built again, to a different design later.

At the end of June the whole of the First Troop and half the Second Troop held a joint week-end camp. Many of those camping were doing so for the first time but they were not the only ones who made the usual mistakes—e.g. letting grease get into the washing up water, and putting one's whole foot into a grease-pit! A most useful and happy camp was made still more enjoyable by several bathes in an unheated swimming bath, and in a much warmer pool in the woods. Since the swimming bath has been heated all the scouts have improved at swimming, and the Swimmer Badge has been gained by P. L. Hutton (Beaver) P. L. Willett (Pheasant) P. L. Vyvyan (Lion) Sec. Murray and Scout Coxon (Storks). Meanwhile the Jobman and Messenger Badges were each won by P. L. Charnaud and Sec. Murray (Storks) and Sec. Melsom

(Woodpigeon). These last three scouts had made great strides towards completing their 1st Class tests before the end of the Summer Term, and during the Group Camp in Scotland after the end of term Adam Charnaud and Roger Melsom finished their last test—the twenty-four Hour Journey. They were both passed by the District Commissioner, on August 31st. Melsom 'with merit' and Charnaud with 'distinction'. The Commissioner wrote that Charnaud's report of his journey was one of the best he had seen.

B.M.S.

JUNIOR HOUSE PLAY

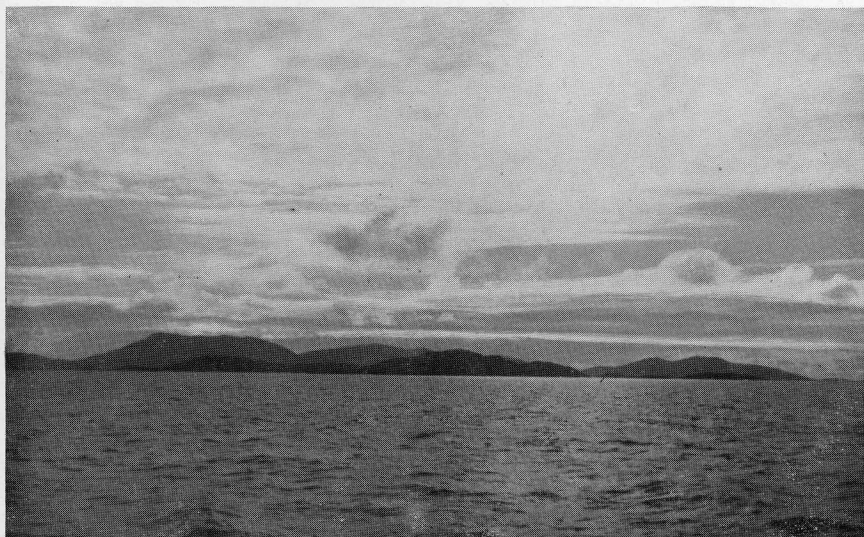
It was intended that the play, 'Fat King Melon', by A. P. Herbert, should be produced in the Garden of Eden. A ship which was to have figured in one of the scenes was built several times and each time it suffered shipwreck in the continued storms of last July. At last, with three or four days to go before the date fixed for the play it was decided that the Junior House should make their first venture in the theatre. In spite of the short time given to the actors to adapt themselves to the new surroundings, the venture was a great success. The play told us about the love affairs of the too fat King Melon and the too thin Princess Caraway. These parts were played excellently by Patrick Milmo and Robert Walker. Nothing but praise can be said about their acting. The rascally Mumbo (Paul Focke) produced much laughter. Mark Kemmis Betty was really good as the Highwayman. The triangular duel between the disguised King Melon, Princess Caraway and the Highwayman was a very amusing scene into which the three actors entered heartily. David Shaw as always showed himself a splendid actor. He took the part of Fairy Gurple—not much to say but quite a lot to do. Nicholas Sibley, a new actor in Junior House plays won a place for himself in future productions. He took the part of a deaf old lady. Rickson White and Paul Birch were very pleasing actors. Stephen Green Armitage as King Melon's doting Mother was a huge success.

A large part of the success of the play was due to the beautiful singing of the choir. The credit for this must be given in great measure to D. Bruno who trained them and he had several very pretty airs to sing. Perhaps the best was 'Through the Wood the night is creeping.' Then the singing of the choir dressed as sailors in the ship scene was very striking. The members of the choir were Simon Llewellyn, John Stirling, Patrick Morris, Christopher Moysey, Christopher Lind Holmes, Christopher Long, Timothy Markes, Jamie Drummond, Esme Howard, Nicholas Thompson, Simon Matthews, Peter Rudd, David Hawkins, Jeremy Hope, David Hardy, George Hall, Carl Tatum and Christopher Franks. Robert Petre, John Coward and Christopher Lind-Homes made gallant soldiers and Robin Martin made a charming lady in waiting.

Behind the scenes Simon Bingham, Denis Cross, Christopher Room and Nicholas Bellord saw to the smooth running of the show.

J.B.L.

Worth Scouts (1st Troop) on Barra

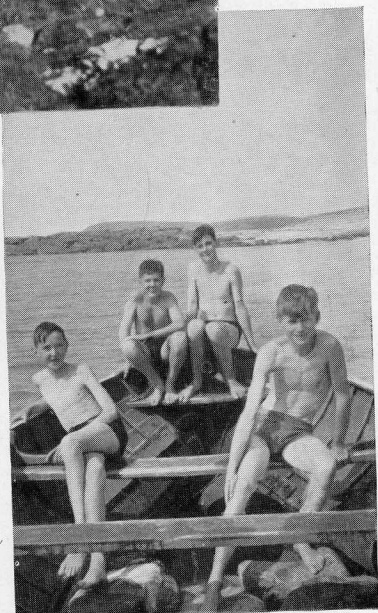




*On
Ben
Mhartuin,
Barra*



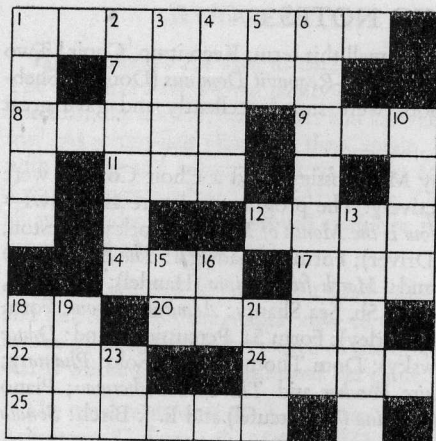
Detraining



On the Lagoon



2nd Troop Scout Camp at Worth



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by

J. W. NORMAN and
C. H. PETRE*

Clues Across: 1, Large Quadruped. 7, Brother or sister's daughter. 8 Dangerous reptile. 9, Dolt. 11, Fourfooted resting-place. 12, Cattle. 14, Consume. 17, Street in France or repent at leisure. 18, Short or affectionate father. 20, Polite expression for 'get out' (3, 2). 22, Quick-witted. 24, 4840 square yards of velvet would cover it. 25, Eternal Paradise.

Down: 1, Used by painters. 2, Authorise. 3, Freshwater fish or mediaeval weapon. 4, Take it, for if you add less to it you may run into more danger. 5, Army Corps: alternating current. 6, Modern with a vengeance. 10, Celebration of sorts. 13, French other. 15, Thoughtful expression. 16, Indication of direction. 18, Expression of disgust. 19, A gorilla, for example. 21, Cooking utensil. 23, Single, it's thanks; double t'would be for adieu.

GYM DISPLAY

'He flew through the air with the greatest of ease
That daring young man on the flying trapeze.'

The boys of Worth gym team under the eagle eyed supervision of C.S.M.I. E. Wallis did all this flying without even the aid of a trapeze. What impressed me so much was the quiet efficiency of the whole display. Hardly a word was spoken—no orders barked, and the boys one after the other executed neck rolls, dive rolls and somersaults. Any moment I fully expected to see any one of them do a perfect 'loop the loop' and 'Victory roll'. Everyone connected with the team is to be congratulated, as in my opinion it is the finest training in the world for catching an L.P.T.B. bus or Inner Circle Train. What better way of getting into a crowded train than Bateman's Dive Roll over backs?

W. M. KEOGH

*JOHN NORMAN, born 22nd August 1936; entered Worth, January 1943. Left December 1948; 1st XI Cricket; 1st XV Rugger; Choir.

*CHARLES PETRE, born 23rd April 1936; entered Worth, May 1945; Choir; 1st XV Rugger; acted in *Stations of the Cross in Mime*, 1948.

MUSIC NOTES

The Choir has been singing notably well this term. Keep it up, Choir! Two motets have been added to the repertoire—*Regnavit Dominus* (Dom. A Shebbeare) and *Rorate Coeli* (Tye). Both were sung excellently and gave great pleasure.

A School Concert—arranged by Mr Crossley—and a Choir Concert were given on July 9th and 19th respectively. The programmes were as follows—School Concert: Form 4, Song: *Now is the Month of Maying* (Morley); Preston, Piano Solo: *The Lamb's Frolic* (P. Driver); Form 6, Madrigal: *The Silver Swan* (Gibbons); Form 6, Percussion Band: *March from Scipio* (Handel); P. J. Koe, Piano Solo: *Batti, batti* (Mozart); Form 5b, Sea Shanty: *Admiral Benbow*; Form 5a, Song: *It was a lover and his lass* (Morley); Form 5a, Percussion Band: *Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy* (Tschaikowsky); Dom Thomas, Piano Solo: *Phantasy*; Form 3, Folksong: *The Lincolnshire Poacher* and *The Bold Fisherman*; Piano Solos, M. V. Lambert, *Waltz Estudiantina* (Waldteufel) and E. J. Birch: *Sonata in C minor, First Movement* (Mozart).

Choir Concert: Easter Carols by the Choir: *Today we tell the Story* and *This joyful Easter-tide*; Piano Solos by D. Thomas and Mr Crossley; Tenor solo by Dom Maurice: *The Raggle Taggle Gypsies*; Unison songs by the Choir: *Green-sleeves*, *A Song of Endurance* (Symons), *Who is Sylvia* (Schubert), *The Bold Fisherman*, *Dashing away with the Smoothing Iron* and *Camp Fire Song* (Symons).

We congratulate the following who passed their Piano Examination in December: A. P. Gilsheuan (Grade 2 Elementary), C. H. Petre and J. F. Coward (Preliminary).

TENNIS AND SQUASH

At the end of the Summer Term the Tennis and Squash Singles Competitions were completed. In view of the fact that the best players at these games were somewhat out of practice, through devoting most of their time to cricket, encouraging form was shown by several of the boys.

All the semi-finalists in the Tennis competitions, Vyvyan, R. Westlake, Giggins and R. Thompson, should do well at this game later on, if they persevere with it. The final was a lengthy affair which began in the morning and ended in the afternoon. Eventually Thompson wore down his heavier opponent Westlake, and won by 8—6, 6—3.

Nine boys entered for the Squash competition, but only Vyvyan, Hutton and Norman have made much progress at this game so far. The last two fought out a very close final. Hutton had the better style, and showed that he had often played before. But Norman had more determination, and was in better training, so that he lasted out a long match more successfully, and just managed to win 8—9, 9—7, 9—8, 8—9, 9—3.

RUGGER: THE UNDER 12 XV

The Under 12 XV has, to date, won two matches out of the four played. The forwards have shown plenty of dash, especially, Morris the scrum leader, Sheridan, the hooker, and Franks and Llewellyn, a formidable pair in the second row. As scrum-half Hawkins, the Captain, has saved many difficult situations with a long and accurate kick to touch; McHugh runs determinedly, if not always straight; while Green-Armytage, Chapman, and Kavanagh, who are all well under 11, have proved useful in the present season and show great promise for the future.

Anyone who has watched the Under 12 will realise how great is the debt they, and indeed all Worth rugger, owe to their previous coach Fr Brendan; there can be no doubt as to the source of the drive behind the untiring pack of forwards whose play has dominated the game.

The usual team was: M. T. Maguire: T. Chetwynd, P. Chapman, S. Green-Armytage, C. Long: D. McHugh, D. Hawkins: T. Fisher, Hon. M. Morris, K. Sheridan, S. Llewellyn, C. Franks, P. Birch, C. Moysey, N. Thompson. G. Oury, R. Petre, P. Milmo and D. Barnett also played.

Results:

v. St George's, Weybridge	Away	Lost	31—0
v. Wimbledon College	Home	Won	30—0
v. St George's, Weybridge	Home	Lost	5—0
v. R.C.J.S. Wimbledon	Home	Won	14—5

UNDER 11 XV

With only five exceptions this has been the same as the Under 12 XV, P. Kavanagh, M. Kemmis-Betty, M. Radcliffe, E. Maynard, and R. Petre coming in to take the places of those too old to play in an 'Under 11' team. The only match this term has been against Christ's Hospital, a battle fought with traditional tenacity on both sides. During the first half Worth had the better of the scrums, but could not penetrate the dogged defence of their opponents, except on one occasion when Green-Armytage snapped up the ball after a cross kick from Christ's Hospital and scored before the defenders had time to move across. This, however, was soon equalised by a breakaway try from Christ's Hospital. The second half seemed likely to settle down into a stalemate until the arrival of wildly cheering cohorts from the 1st game put new life into the Worth team; and, although they soon lost the services of their hooker, who had to retire from the game because of an old injury, Chapman and Thompson scored to bring the score to 11—3 in our favour when the whistle blew. Morris, as usual, led the forwards extremely well in this match, and many of the 1st XV commented afterwards on the ability of the Under 11 XV to 'bind tight in the loose'—not a conspicuous feature of their play up to this date.

CRICKET RETROSPECT 1948

Summary of 1st XI Matches.

Played 8. Won 4. Lost 3. Drawn 1.

June 9th. Worth v. K.C.S. Wimbledon. Lost by 5 wickets.

Worth 44

K.C.S. Wimbledon 118.

June 12th. Worth v. Ardingly. Lost by 5 wickets.

Worth 46 (Vyvyan 23).

Ardingly 61 (Vyvyan 3 for 7, Gilshenan 3 for 18).

June 16th. Worth v. St Benedict's, Ealing. Won by 8 wickets.

St Benedict's 35 (Albert 7 for 19, Gilshenan 2 for 7).

Worth 112 (Westlake 30, Vyvyan 22).

June 27th. Worth v. Avisford. Won by 91 runs.

Worth 135 (Vyvyan 56, Westlake 22).

Avisford 44 (Gilshenan 5 for 10, Albert 4 for 19).

July 13th. Worth v. K.C.S. Wimbledon. Lost by 35 runs.

K.C.S. Wimbledon 83 (Albert 4 for 35, Vyvyan 3 for 5).

Worth 48 (Vyvyan 22).

July 14th. Worth v. Cottesmore. Drawn.

Worth 103 (Norman 40, Westlake 18).

Cottesmore 42 for 6 (Vyvyan 4 for 20).

July 17th. Worth v. St John's, Beaumont. Won by 6 wickets.

St John's 45 (Giggins 5 for 4, Vyvyan 3 for 9).

Worth 87 for 6 (Vyvyan 29, Giggins 18).

July 18th. Worth v. Ladycross. Won by 2 wickets.

Ladycross 52 (Vyvyan 3 for 7, Giggins 3 for 12, Gilshenan 3 for 12).

Worth 72 (Albert 18, Thompson 2 for 10).

1st XI: A. B. Vyvyan (Captain), R. M. Westlake, I. F. Albert, J. W. Norman, A. P. Gilshenan, A. C. Giggins, Bateman, Thompson 2, Hutton, Moran, Mankowski.

League Matches. Winners. Senior: Gold League, Junior: Red League.

The writer must apologise for this untimely report on the Cricket Season, but a glance at the match summary will show that half our matches were played during the last week of the Summer Term, by which time our Editor had, so to speak, closed his books for the current issue.

We enjoyed a successful season despite the many days of heavy rainfall and Stygian gloom, when we waited in vain for the weather to clear. Matches had to be postponed or cancelled, in fact we tried four times without success to play one school, with the result that we faced a congestion of matches within two short periods. We lost twice to King's College School, Wimbledon, our most formidable opponents, whom cancellations made us face in our opening

match, and we played them again, this time at Wimbledon, immediately after the devastating interlude of Sports Week.

The batting of the side showed a great improvement over the previous season's, and this was all the more creditable on soft pitches where the ball did not come through to the bat, and when scoring on the off was a slow business. Confidence increased in the later matches, and the XI must be congratulated on standing up to a very exhausting last week of four matches.

Vyvyan, the captain, batted consistently well, though in a crisis he was apt to retire into his shell instead of being aggressive. Westlake too did his share, hitting the ball very hard indeed for a boy of his age. Norman played an attractive innings at Cottesmore, and if he can restrain his early impulses, he should make high scores next season. Giggins, Moran and Thompson 2 showed great promise, but need confidence and more experience.

Albert, Gilshenan, Giggins and Vyvyan shared the bowling and the wickets, Westlake occasionally intervening. These four bowled well again after the first two matches, keeping a good length and seldom losing heart. Giggins and Gilshenan will be with us next summer, and should make a formidable pair, providing they concentrate on length before spin and 'keep that arm high'.

The fielding was adequate, though lack of alertness on the field and inaccurate throwing-in sometimes lost us wickets. Vyvyan, Norman and Giggins were above the average. The position of wicket-keeper was difficult to fill, many being called but none chosen until nearly the end of the term when Mankowski proved himself most suitable for this important place in the side.

We welcome the revival of the Avisford match and a new fixture against Cottesmore School, which we hope will be repeated. The match against Ladycross, for once on a perfect Summer's day, provided a thrilling finish. Dismissing a very good batting side for 52 runs, we found ourselves in a major crisis with 8 wickets down for 42 runs, after Thompson 2 had played a most valuable innings. It was left to Albert and Gilshenan to prod and stick, sometimes judiciously but more often dangerously, until Albert suddenly pulled a fast one off his nose nearly for six over long-leg's head, and we had won by two wickets.

Finally, we must thank Mr Scanlan for his hard work in the nets throughout the term, and for the undoubted success which attended his coaching of the 1st XI and of the promising members of the Junior Games.

R.L.C.

ATHLETIC SPORTS

The Sports Finals were decided on July 10th, and thanks to the many officials and a competent body of stewards provided by the scouts, the whole programme was completed in two hours. For the first time this year we had Throwing the Javelin, but few of the competitors in this event produced much distance or accuracy, though several had a promising style. To O'Kelly goes the honour of winning this event on its first appearance at Worth.

The League Cup was easily won by the Golds who obtained 87 points, the Blues being second with 62, and the Reds last with 49. But the Golds victory

was almost entirely the result of the efforts of three boys, Vyvyan, John Birch and Norman, who scored sixty-two points between them. Vyvyan won the Division I 100 yards (surprisingly beating Birch, who obtained a bad start), the Senior High Jump and Long Jump, and came second in the senior 220 and 440 yards, both of which were won by Birch, and also in Throwing the Cricket Ball, which R. Westlake won. Norman won the Division III 100 yards, and the Junior 220 yards, 440 yards and Throwing the Cricket Ball, and came second to Lane in the Long Jump

The only new record of the day was set up by Ortiger. He ran with great determination in the final of the Division VI 60 yards, and covered the distance in 9.1 seconds. On July 11th we saw a magnificent race for the Senior Relay Cup. R. Westlake obtained a good start, and to everyone's surprise handed over the Blue baton a few yards ahead of John Birch, the Gold champion sprinter. The Blues held on to their lead up to the last lap, and Albert started this last lap of 200 yards about twelve yards ahead of Vyvyan, the last Gold runner. The latter, however, ran an electrifying lap, judged his final burst to a split second, and with a final dive at the tape just reached it before Albert. The Golds also won the Junior Relay Cup, thanks largely to John Norman, who was the outstanding athlete of his age.

Meanwhile the Tug-of-War had been very easily won by the Blues. They had Roger Westlake, the heaviest boy ever to be at Worth—he weighed 10st. 3 lbs at the end of the summer term—as anchor, and he was powerfully backed up by Albert (9 st. 1½ lbs.) and Murray (8 st. 3 lbs). In the final the Blues merely walked backwards and the Reds followed.

BOOK REVIEW

NORMANDY TO THE RHINE: by Lieutenant-Colonel G. S. Jackson.

Operations of the Eighth Corps. (St Clement's Press.)

This handsomely produced book has been presented by General Sir Richard O'Connor with an inscription which runs, 'In gratitude for the kindness and hospitality which you extended so generously to all ranks of the Eighth Corps Headquarters. R. N. O'Connor, General.' It has just one photograph as a frontispiece, the photograph taken by Dom James of the memorial plaque in class-room Five.

In the first chapter on 'Early Days' the Author tells how the Eighth Corps was originally formed in the early summer of 1940 at Aldershot, moved on to Taunton and then went to a lonely spot six miles from Darlington in Yorkshire. After some time at Sandhutton Hall, Lieutenant-General Sir R. N. O'Connor arrived, on January 21st 1944, as the new Commander. He was famous for his defeat of the Italians under Marshal Graziani in the winter of 1940. He had fallen into enemy hands in April 1941 because his car took the wrong road, but made several attempts to escape and finally got away from Italy in December, 1943.

On April 14th, 1944, 'the Headquarters was established in a very fine house,

formerly the property of Lord Cowdray, but latterly a Roman Catholic School, called Worth Priory. . . . A planning flat was once again established at Worth Priory' (in what are now Class-room Five and Tunstall Dormitory). 'The Corps became increasingly security-minded and barbed wire was liberally used to safeguard this part of the house—even being strung round the first floor windows. It was rumoured. . . . that the C.C.R.A. retired to a hill opposite the house and surveyed this flat through a telescope, to see what information could be obtained from the many maps on the walls. At all events, true or not, he recommended that the windows be whitewashed, which was duly carried out and was, after all, an elementary security precaution.'

Many well known visitors called here, including General Crerar, the Canadian Army Commander, and General Eisenhower. At the beginning of June it was decided to burn all unwanted papers about the coming invasion of Normandy. The Royal Engineers suggested using explosives, and so bundles of papers, sandwiched between slabs of gun-cotton were stacked in a dell three hundred yards behind the house. As soon as the charge was fired 'the air was immediately filled with snow-flakes. Large scraps were lodged in the trees, and the ground round about for about 100 yards was littered with unburned remnants. . . . Every piece of paper seemed to have on it some such name as Caen, Bayeux or Falaise, (any scrap could have given away the whole invasion plan to the Germans.)' 'The whole area was immediately cordoned off, the two Corps field security sections, by the mercy of providence billeted near by, were summoned, and after three hours of hard work, including much climbing of trees to shake down refractory scraps, every shred of paper was collected and burned. To add to the troubles, a light wind sprang up in the middle of this. . . . There were some guilty looks in the mess that night however, and the Sappers method of destroying waste paper was never heard of again.'

On Sunday June 4th, 1944, General O'Connor gave an address to Headquarters after church parade. The next day the staff went down to the coast to look at the state of the Channel: it was a little choppy and everyone was sure that the invasion could not be tomorrow. However June 6th was the day chosen, in spite of the weather. On the 7th, Headquarters moved from Worth to Horndean, near Chichester, and on the 10th all were at the marshalling area at Gosport. One the morning of the 11th they put to sea and arrived off the Normandy Coast on the 12th. The L.C.T. anchored off-shore and at last, six days after the first successful landing, the English corps began to play its important part on the left flank of the battle-line.

The rest of the book gives in detail, with many interesting maps, the history of the fighting in which Eighth Corps was engaged abroad. Of this I am hardly competent to judge, but it is all very clear and the maps are excellent. Moreover Colonel Jackson has a real sense of humour which is always coming to the surface. We congratulate him on a splendid contribution to the history of World War II.

A.M.B.

PARAGRAPHS

R. A. B. Gowlland writes cheerfully from Dartmouth. He is making a particular study of the Russian language. He is in his eighth term and will be taking the Passing-Out Examination in the eleventh. In his twelfth and last term he will do Special Studies, seamanship and Navigation. Baily and Bateman are in very good form. Bateman writes about doing an Engineering week and going out with the College Beagles. He is in Exmouth House.

Michael Bateman, now a member of Grenville House, at the Royal Naval College. He acted in his House play, and records that he has been out with the College Beagles, killing a hare and one chicken at the opening meet.

On October 21 the engagement was announced between Paul Joseph Trafford (Worth 1933-38) second son of Mr and Mrs H. H. Trafford Taveta, Kenya, and Patricia Faith, third daughter of Mr and Mrs E. H. Arnold, Broomgrove, Doncaster.

News of Michael Barnett (left December 1947) has been received in a letter at the end of October. He is at King's School, Nottingham Road, which is about ninety-two miles from Durban, South Africa. The Headmaster is an Old Gregorian. Barnett's address is: 20 Humber Crescent, Durban North, S.A.

M. J. Bowman-Vaughan (1935-1939) was recently married to Miss Nancy Jackson, daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Thomas and Lady Jackson, at St Benet's, Beccles. The Abbot of Downside officiated.

Visitors to Worth lately have included G. M. Hutton (1936-39), J. A. Holloway (1935-1938), A. C. M. Harrison, (1937-1941), T. R. Matthews (1936-1941), and J. A. W. Jennings (1938-1943).

We want to thank Rupert Hutton and Michael and David Westlake for their gifts of books to the School Library.

We should also like to record our appreciation of the gift of Mrs Keane of various Indian trophies which are now on the walls of the Gym and the theatre. These include one Sambur, three Black Buck, two Chinkara, one Tsar Goat and various horns of cheetal, auriol sheep, etc. Two fine leopard skins are hanging on the wall of the Senior Refectory. Four crocodiles' heads are in the theatre. There is also a collection of daggers and a horse-pistol, which has twice been used by the Dramatic Society.

Mrs Witham has very kindly given us some clothes for costumes in our plays.

Mr J. F. Ahearne has presented the school with a fine silver cup for *Individual prowess in games*. This cup is to be awarded annually to the boy who shines in the greatest number of sports. It is not confined to boys in the First Teams, but may be won by a younger boy, provided that he is at least in his league First Team. This will make an interesting choice. We thank Mr Ahearne most sincerely for this gift.

Two more old Worth boys have been clothed as Novices at Downside: Laurence Hallinan (1936-1940) and Julian Gaisford (1938-1939).

The following boys made their First Communion on December 8th: J. Alba, N. Alba, F. D. H. Birkett, M. S. Cane, P. R. P. Courage, P. M. Cross, E. C. Falkiner, G. P. Gittins, P. A. R. Leake, M. S. McEnery, J. B. O. O'Meara, M. W. de J. Piasecki, A. V. Rowbotham, S. R. J. Sugrue.

DOM ANDREW SNELGROVE, R.I.P.

On November 10th Worth suffered a great loss. Boys and Staff were assembled in the Gymnasium waiting for a Boxing Match with St John's, Beaumont to begin. Fr Andrew, who was talking to some boys, suddenly collapsed and within about twenty minutes died. That twenty minutes was sufficient for the Holy Oils to be brought for the administration of the Last Anointing. It was in a way fitting that Dom Andrew should pass away while attending a sporting event. He was not really interested in boxing or athletic sports and yet he never failed to attend when the Worth boys were engaged in some such contest. It was not the game that attracted him but his interest and regard for those among whom he worked. His work was among the boys of Worth Preparatory School and he was always to be seen in his long cloak on the Touch Line during a Rugby match. What was happening on the muddy field may have been a mystery to him, but it was something that the Worth boys were doing and so interesting to him. That cloak: I think most of us when we recall him to our minds see him striding along with it spread out like a sail. Perhaps 'spread out like the wings of a hen' would be a better simile, as frequently some small heads could be seen peeping out from under it. Obviously our small community of Worth feel his loss most deeply. He came to us from Ealing at the beginning of 1948. He was the most entertaining of companions. A brilliant conversationalist, he had a most ready wit. In his presence it was impossible to be dull. Not only could he entertain but he could help by sound and sympathetic advice. This sprang from the fact that he was able to enter into other people's lives and interests so well. Fr Andrew was deeply religious. The Mass and Divine Office were the centre of his life, and he never allowed any of his varied interests to interfere with the careful and devout performance of these duties. Never ostentatious, his piety would be known only to a careful observer and to God.

When Worth was started in 1933, Fr Andrew was one of the pioneers. He came from Downside as assistant to Fr Austin Corney. He remained at Worth for a short time only before being transferred to Ealing. One of our younger boys has written about Fr Andrew: 'Dom Andrew was our friend. He used to teach us Scripture and Catechism and he was very kind to me. One day he gave me a miraculous medal and I was very pleased. He used to tell us stories about how monasteries were founded. . . . He showed us his Rosary with all fifteen decades. We all used to go round the School under his big cloak because it was very cold and the cloak kept us warm'.—And so did his big and warm heart. May he rest in peace.

SOLUTIONS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across: 1, Elephant. 7, Niece, 8, Snake. 9, Oaf. 11, Bed. 12, Neat. 14, Eat. 17, Rue. 18, Pa. 20, Hop it! 22, Apt. 24, Acre. 25, Heaven.

Down: 1, Easel. 2, Enable. 3, Pike. 4, Heed. 5, A.C. 6, Neoteric. 10, Fête. 13, Autre. 15, Ah! 16, To. 18, Pah. 19, Ape. 21, Pan. 23, Ta.

EXAMINATION RESULTS

AT DOWNSIDE IN JULY 1948.

Worth Boys' successes include:

HIGHER CERTIFICATE

GROUP 2—Modern Studies:

W. P. M. Affleck, A. J. Andrews, R. L. Andrews, R. L. Barford, A. J. Bateman, P. F. Bede Cox, M. F. Donovan, R. J. E. Kennedy, I. P. Kirkpatrick, C. L. Mallet, J. L. Morrissey, M. J. Poole, C. J. White.

GROUP 4—Natural Science

C. M. Craig-McFeely, J. M. Jenkins, I. McD. Jessiman, J. P. Klein, P. Lethbridge, J. Sweet, S. M. Wilson.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

Eight credits: P. J. Dolan, C. J. Gordon-Steward, J. Ortuzar, P. E. J. Sankey.

Seven credits: F. M. Flynn, C. J. O. Monro, M. V. F. O. O'Connor, J. C. Plowden-Wardlaw, G. R. Thompson, J. D. Wheeler, K. Wylie.

Six credits: C. Birch, A. C. Edwards, M. A. Goldfinch, H. D. B. Hawksley, A. R. Jebb, L. C. K. V. Kelly, H. A. Wilson, A. A. Winter.

Five credits: A. H. Douglas-Dufresne, M. G. P. Hansen, A. M. Johnson, D. M. K. Moriarty, D. C. Morley, J. P. Walsh.

Four credits: E. J. Umney.

Three credits: P. Howell, P. MacLachlan.

Two credits: T. H. Keen.

One credit: M. J. Simmons.

F. M. Flynn has been selected for the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, in the Supply Branch.

INWARDS

The following boys joined the School on September 20th, 1948:

K. P. Andrews, J. M. Bell, F. D. H. Birkett, F. C. Blackie, C. W. Bonham, J. J. Bourne, P. M. C. Branigan, J. R. Burns, M. S. Cane, N. A. M. St J. Coles, P. R. P. Courage, P. M. Cross, J. M. Crosthwaite, S. A. Cunningham, K. F. Cunningham, M. D. Cuss, W. P. Dwyer, E. C. Falkiner, J. P. Geoghegan, C. A. C. Gibson, W. J. M. Gissane, J. V. A. Hadkinson, E. G. Hallinan, J. Hurley, P. J. Kennedy, M. S. Lane, S. M. Lane, M. W. Legge, D. C. J. Lunn, J. H. Magauran, A. I. Mallett, M. J. McEnery, J. B. O'Meara, M. W. de J. Piasecki, H. D. Plunkett, A. R. O. Robson, C. G. Rowbotham, A. V. Rowbotham, S. R. J. Sugrue, J. C. Thorold, H. A. C. W. Tothill, T. J. Warriner, I. P. Whatley, A. J. H. Witham.

On September 26th: P. S. Cockburn.

On October 20th: A. A. R. Echevarria.

OUTWARDS

These boys left the School in July, 1948:

I. F. Albert, F. J. Allanach, R. J. B. W. Barton, E. J. Bateman, C. E. T. B. Bellord, E. J. Birch, R. J. M. S. Carson, C. A. Charnaud, H. G. Davies, B. A. Donovan, Hon. J. E. Drummond, P. F. C. Eyre, R. E. K. Hutton, P. A. Lock, M. B. Loraine, S. Maclachlan, A. J. H. M. Mankowski, R. J. Melsom, J. S. Muirhead-Gould, J. A. Murray, N. C. J. D. O'Hare, K. M. O'Kelly, J. M. Preston, D. E. Symington, C. J. C. Thompson, A. B. Vyvyan, J. N. Waddington, R. M. Westlake, G. J. Willett.

UPWARDS

School Officials for the Michaelmas Term are as follows:

Head of the School: M. A. Wilson.

School Prefects: R. H. Thompson, M. W. O'Connell, G. Ortuzar, J. H. Coxon, R. T. Stewart, A. M. Monico, F. J. W. Wilson.

Dormitory Prefects: R. G. Brown, M. L. O'Hagan, M. V. Lambert, M. F. C. Fitzgerald, J. H. Motion, J. F. Keogh, A. Mumford, P. J. Foley, J. W. Norman,

Captain of Rugger: G. Ortuzar.

M.C.'s: M. A. Wilson, M. L. O'Hagan,

Thurifers: M. E. Thesiger, J. H. Coxon.

Acolytes: F. J. W. Wilson, A. Mumford, R. H. Thompson, R. T. Stewart.

Leaders of the Choir: M. W. O'Connell, J. E. Crouzet.

REWARDS

Prizes were won in the Summer term by:—

R. G. Brown (1a), A. B. Vyvyan (1b), A. J. Martin (2a), A. M. Monico (2b), J. H. Coxon (3a), P. J. Foley (3b), S. G. N. Green-Armytage (4a), R. S. S. Fotheringham (4b), J. G. Muirhead-Gould (4c), P. R. Chapman (5a), A. P. Mandeville (5b), C. A. Wood (6).

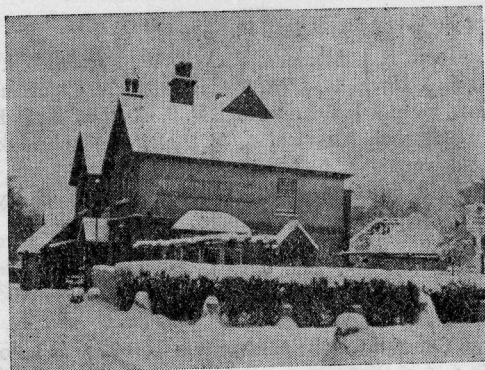
SOLUTIONS TO QUESTION TIME

1, Kensington. 2, The Lord Mayor of London. 3, Viscount. 4, The Queen of Spain (Yes, I think that's fair enough). 5, Stratford on Avon. 6, A president (but not the same one). 7, The Lizard. 8, Waterloo. 9, Blériot. 10, Lundy. 11, Puss-in-Boots—but by mistake. 12, Ask the Choir. 13, Aha! Which babes do you mean (Tower, Junior or Senior House ones?)

Solution to What am I: The letter i.

✦
COWDRAY
ARMS
HOTEL
Balcombe
Sussex

Telephone:
 Balcombe 280



A modern pretty hotel in the centre of Worth Forest $\frac{3}{4}$ mile south of Worth Priory. Delightful Scenery, Summer or Winter, and always a good supply of best quality wines, spirits and Beards' refreshing Lewes beers at popular prices.

Proprietor, G. W. Cook, regrets that owing to shortage of staff and rations he cannot at present receive visitors or supply meals.

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DECEMBER, 1948

Dom Maurice Bell, M.A. (Oxon) *Headmaster*
Dom Oliver Brayden, PH.D. (Rome) *Second Master*
Dom Thomas Symons, A.R.C.O. *Organist and Choirmaster*
Dom Brendan Lavery, D.D. (Rome), M.A., (Cantab.) *Junior House Master*
Dom James Arrowsmith-Lorkin, *Senior House Master*
Dom Denis Agius, M.A. (Cantab.)
Dom Bruno Grogan
Dom Jerome Tomlins, *Tower House Master*
Dom Joseph Marshall
Dom Edward Cruise, M.A. (Cantab.)
Dom Michael Smith, M.A. (Oxon.), *Games Master*
G. R. Mills (Christ Church, Oxford)
H. Hyslop, B.A. (Oxon).
M. A. Johnson, M.A. (Cantab.)
R. Clutton, B.A. (Cantab.)
M. Keating
J. S. Moggridge
C.S.M.I. J. E. Wallis, N.L.P.R.C., *Physical Training*
G. W. Crossley, L.R.A.M., A.L.A.M., *Music Master*
B. W. Blay, *Violin*
Miss G. Garnaud
Miss J. H. Herrick
Miss A. M. Wolfe (Froebel Cert.)
Miss F. M. Stevenson (Froebel Cert.)
Miss E. Fleming, *Riding Mistress*
Miss E. Shaw, *Riding Mistress*
R. Matthews, M.A., M.B., B.CH. (Cantab.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., *Medical Officer*
Miss M. O'Regan, S.R.C.N., *Medical Matron*
Miss J. Edey, S.R.C.N., *Infirmary Sister*
Miss M. K. Young, *Supervisor*
Miss B. Corbally, *Assistant Matron, Tower House*
Miss A. Hollins, *Assistant Matron, Senior House*
Miss P. Pirie-Watson, *Assistant Matron, Senior House*
Mrs Marshall, *Assistant Matron, Junior House*
W. J. Gittins, *Secretary*