

*The* WORTH RECORD



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# WORTH RECORD

Vol. II. No. 2.

EASTER TERM, 1949

## HEADMASTER'S LETTER

There seems little doubt now, cold as it is in these first days of March, that Summer is icumen in. There are stirrings everywhere and buds began to open a little into leaf and blossom before the icy east wind made them pause once more. By the time the printer has cast these words no doubt I shall be very out of date, for the end of April is often more lovely than summer itself; but I make no apologies, I write these words in mid-March, and March is living up to its reputation of coming in like a lion. I hope it will go out like a lamb.

This year the coming of Spring also heralds the end of sweet-rationing. Some of us here do not remember the time when it was possible to go into a sweet-shop and buy what we wanted, without having a paper marked D or E cut up with a pair of scissors. Things are getting better by degrees.

It is not easy to remember that you Tower House boys were born just before the beginning of the War or after it. The youngest of you was born on September 18, 1941, and the eldest in February 1939. How much do you remember of those early years? The oldest boys in the school were born in September, 1935, making them four when the War began and nine and three quarters when it ended! But the effects of it remain and will continue to rule our lives and your lives for generations to come. When people say that war with Russia is the only thing to clear the air and save the world, they forget that another war would or might be the end of the world as we know it. Almighty God sees what a mess men are making of His creation, and is waiting for our prayers and our willingness to aid Him before He gives us the help we need to put things right.

This last term has been a good one. We have had wonderful sunny weather, and few wintry scenes. The snow lay thinly one day, and was gone the next. All the usual diseases seem to have passed us by: the Old House has never been full. Classes have never been emptied as they often are in February. Everyone is glowing with good health.

I wonder how many of you try to be weather prophets? The safest rule to go by is, of course, the one about the red sky at night being the Shepherd's delight, and foretelling good weather; and the red sky in the morning being the Shepherd's warning. A blood red morning sun is soon covered by dark clouds. Now we kept records of the amount of rain that fell here before the war, and now Dom Oliver has two complete years of records since we returned. You all know the copper rainfall gauge on the flagged path of the lower terrace. Rain trickles into that, and the water is measured next morning by pouring it into a tall glass marked in inches.

At this point you may want to give it up; but read on a moment. An inch of

rain on the surface of one acre represents a weight of 100.992 tons! When you think that our estate at Worth is about 500 acres, you can see what a lot of rain comes down when there is an inch. On May 17, 1936, there was a very heavy shower lasting forty minutes: the cars in the Quad. were over their axles in water, and water poured down the hill, washing whole paths away. The red road down to the pool at the bottom of the glen was washed into the water to form a heap six feet high. In those forty minutes there fell 1.89 inches of rain. Otherwise it is rare to have so much as an inch even when it rains all day long.

I am going to give you a table of rainfall for the years 1935 to 1938 and again for 1947 and 1948. Try and see whether you can make out whether there is a wettest and driest month here. The total for the year will be found at the bottom of each column. At Downside the average over fifty years is about 42 inches: here over six years of records it is 34.53.

	1935	1936	1937	1938	1947	1948
JANUARY	1.06	6.01	6.64	4.09	3.13	5.99
FEBRUARY	5.02	2.47	5.68	0.93	2.49	1.71
MARCH	0.42	1.80	4.10	0.55	6.82	0.98
APRIL	3.66	2.58	3.17	0.10	1.92	1.50
MAY	1.78	2.18	2.33	2.57	1.62	3.30
JUNE	3.20	3.22	1.31	0.69	2.92	3.36
JULY	1.03	4.51	1.18	2.54	2.16	1.25
AUGUST	4.39	0.57	1.79	1.45	0.40	4.24
SEPTEMBER	4.99	2.26	2.53	3.42	1.67	2.40
OCTOBER	4.95	1.87	3.02	3.80	0.57	1.17
NOVEMBER	7.24	5.01	2.39	4.20	1.29	1.74
DECEMBER	5.08	3.39	4.78	4.63	2.67	4.46
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>42.82</b>	<b>35.87</b>	<b>38.92</b>	<b>28.97</b>	<b>27.66</b>	<b>32.90</b>
<i>for the year</i>						

It will interest you to know that the smallest amount of rain falling in a year was at Margate in 1921: the total fall for twelve months was 9.29 inches. The greatest rainfall ever known in England in one day was at Bruton, near Downside: this fall was 9.56 inches in twenty-four hours. Rain, after all, plays a great part in school life. In some terms it does not rain much, but spoils school games very often: in others it rains a lot but clears up when we want it to be fine. When the South Downs are clear and sharply outlined we may know for sure that it will rain for certain; when they are dim and misty it is a good sign.

On behalf of the school I want to thank Father Prior for the promise of two prizes for the best actor in the Worth Dramatic Society and in the Junior House to be awarded next term: also Mrs Taylor for a fine present of gramophone records for the school Radiogram; and Mr Thomas for an attractive Geography prize.

Two more Worth boys have gained their school certificates at Downside—T. G. Meek (five credits) and I. P. Kennedy (three credits).

With all my best wishes to you all

MAURICE BELL



## THE CORNISH SMUGGLERS

by F. J. W. WILSON\*

To anyone looking out to sea from the South coast of Cornwall in the evening, a sail might have been seen on the horizon coming towards the coast, perhaps heading for Falmouth. Actually the yacht was sailing across from Brittany carrying a contraband cargo of stockings, furs, and a small amount of jewellery. The yacht was fifty feet long and weighed twenty tons, she was painted white and looked as innocent as ever. She had spent the previous night at anchor in the mouth of a small cove, loading up her cargo. She belonged to a large gang of smugglers. Early in the morning, she weighed anchor and set sail slowly across the Channel, as her captain did not want to arrive until after dark. The crossing was slow as there was only a slight south-west wind. They met no ships on the way across except a tanker which was going up Channel. The yacht anchored in a smooth sea about a quarter-of-a-mile out. Soon after she anchored the signal came from a man on a narrow strip of beach, to start bringing ashore her cargo. The dingy was lowered into the water, loaded up and rowed ashore with muffled oars. She was unloaded, and while being rowed back to the yacht, the cases were carried up through a tunnel into the cellars of a dis-used house.

The cellar had packing cases all round the walls, with various smuggled goods in them. In the garage above it two lorries were waiting to be loaded. Just as the dinghy was being rowed back for the second time, the coast guards, who had seen something suspicious, turned a small searchlight on the yacht, from the neighbouring coast guard station on the cliffs. They saw with the help of the searchlight the packing cases on the deck of the yacht and two men bringing more on. When this happened the man in the dinghy turned round, and rowed back towards the shore. Meanwhile, two of the coast guards, went down to the village and got their launch ready. The others rang up the police at Falmouth to bring two police cars to the manor house. While this was happening the smugglers had raised the alarm, and one of the lorries, which was ready, was driven off towards Falmouth. The others brought the remaining packing cases into the cellar, locked it, got on to the other lorry and just as they were driving off in the other direction a police car came up. A long chase followed; the lorry was not quite as fast as the car but it got through to Penzance and got nearly as far as Newquay before it was eventually stopped by a road-block hastily constructed by the local police. The other lorry had been stopped by the first police car half-way to Falmouth, but the driver and two other men got away and made their way back to the house, just in time to see the coast guards going into the garage. The yacht had weighed anchor and started to go back towards France, but she had been caught up before long and taken possession of by the coast guards after a short fight and towed back to Falmouth where she was handed over to the police. Meanwhile the three who had escaped, locked the coast guards in the garage and went down to the cellar. But the police had

\*JEREMY WILSON, born December 4 1935; entered Worth, January 1947; Boxing Team; Sacristy; School Prefect.

found that they had escaped, and turned towards the manor house. They freed the coast guards and soon broke into the cellar, where they took the three unawares and captured them.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE CHIMNEY

by W. F. REYNOLDS\*

There was a man named Mr Haplicks who lived up in London, and every night he could not get to sleep. His doctor told him to go down to the sea-side. He went to a very cheerful happy place called Birley so that he would forget his worries. There was a very old house which had been empty for years. The furniture was still in the house. Mr Haplicks chose a room facing the sea and in it was a four poster bed.

That night when he got into bed a beautiful sense of peace came over him and he slept like a log. In the middle of the night some smoke came from the fire and formed itself into an old man with a beard. Then it disappeared and vanished.

The next day passed without incident but the next night at 12 o'clock he heard the tinkle of a bell then a rush of feet and a cry: the noise came from the chimney. Eventually he fell asleep and the next day he got hold of a ladder and placed it up the chimney of his room. He started climbing up, but found he did not need a ladder as there were some steps sticking out of the side. When he came to the end of the ladder he saw a little door at the side of the chimney. He went in and there saw a little room. There was another little door at the end of it; he went through and there on the floor was a skeleton in front of an altar with a little bell and a statue; above the altar was a window covered with ivy. Mr Haplicks went back down again and told the Police. They told him that was the place where a priest said mass during the time of Queen Elizabeth. A very anti-catholic man had discovered the window. The tinkling of a bell was at the elevation of the Mass and the rush of feet was the the man and some other men chasing the priest and the cry was the cry of the priest.

## VICTORIA FALLS

(by F. C. BLACKIE\*

Livingstone was the first man to explore the Victoria Falls. He must have been rather suprised when he saw the great bank of spray rising out of the ground, and when he asked the natives what it was they told him it was 'the Smoke that Thunders'. I visited the Victoria Falls about a year ago, when the Zambesi was in flood. I quite agree about 'Smoke that Thunders' as a name for the Falls, because of the continual booming noise made by the water pouring over the four hundred foot cliff. The smoke part comes from the immense cloud of spray rising up from the Falls. If you look at a map of the Falls you will see that they are formed by a crack in the earth. If you look again you will find that the Falls are divided into three parts, the main Falls, Devil's Cataract and Eastern Cataract. One very interesting place is the Boiling Pot. I spent a whole day exploring it. The path down to the pot was easy going at first, but as I got

\*NICHOLAS REYNOLDS, born July 29 1938; entered Worth, September 1947.

\*FERGUS BLACKIE, born July 18 1937; entered Worth, September 1948.

further down it got steeper and muddier. When I was at the bottom I could see the water surging in and round, under the Biet Bridge through the Silent Pool and down to the sea.

## ROADS

by M. D. KENNEDY\*

The first roads were mere tracks in between old camps. These grew to bridle paths, and so on to the modern roads. If you had heard of how straight and long the roads built by the Romans were, and then you saw one and compared it with the present you would realise how roads have changed. If you travel along the Spaniards Road near London, and see the Roman road beside it, you would understand what I mean. It is said that many of the lanes in Devon and Cornwall, if you look over the wall bordering the lane, can be seen stretching away across the country in zig-zag lines. People say that when the lane was being made, the workers wanted to keep the sun behind them to see better, and, as the sun moved, so the road changed its course. Many of the roads in France are long and dusty and straight, seemingly unendless, with trees dotted on either side. These seem desolate compared with some of the pretty lanes and roads of Great Britain, with their lilac bushes on each bank, going between ridges and high hedges, or through villages with quaint houses on each side.

## DAWN CHORUS

by R. G. B. BROWN\*

Dawn—the sun's rising o'er the hill  
All is quiet; the world is still.  
But hark! The skylark starts his joyous song,  
And now the robin joins the merry throng.

The mavis adds his notes—a treble clear.  
Now the birds are singing far and near.  
Every bird is singing his refrain  
From every English hedge, or field, or lane.

The chaffinch trills his song from tree top high,  
The blackbird's answering from oak nearby.  
The nightingale sings from the hawthorn hedge  
His lovely song. The warbler's answering from the sedge.

The tits chime in. The vulgar starlings whistle,  
The goldfinch trills his song from o'er his thistle,  
But now the birds grow silent, one by one.  
Now all is quiet. Another day's begun.

\*MICHAEL KENNEDY, born April 29 1937; entered Worth, September 1945; in *A Child is Born*, Christmas 1947, and *Stations of the Cross in Mime*, 1948; Choir.

\*RICHARD BROWN, born September 15 1935; entered Worth, September 1943.

## CRASH IN THE HIMALAYAS

by P. L. WRIGHT\*

On the third of March 1949 a Superfortress was battling its way over the Himalayas. There was a great blizzard raging round the plane. Time and time again the plane was sent into a nose dive or a spin but each time the pilot was able to pull the plane out. The plane was being forced lower and lower owing to the weight of ice and snow on the controls. The plane was now half way on its journey. Suddenly it sideslipped down towards the waste of ice and snow. The pilot used all his skill to get the plane to level out but it crashed heavily on to the snow. The crew of seven were knocked out, but ten minutes later one of them came to himself and managed to revive five of his companions; but the pilot remained unconscious and died two hours later. The men remained in the plane until the blizzard had died down. In a short time it ceased and they scrambled out of the wrecked fuselage and gazed around them. The plane had crashed on the brink of a gorge, the bottom of which was about two hundred feet down. A torrent of water rushed down this gorge casting spray up into the air. The water seethed and bubbled round the rocks. The sides were nearly vertical and very icy. On the other side of the plane was a plateau of snow. This snow was fairly level. At the end of this plateau there was a mighty peak with great outcrops of rock jutting out. Occasionally some of the boulders and scree slid down the mountain making a terrifying roar. At the top of this peak the airmen could see wisps of cloud and snow blown violently against the peak. The men then examined the plane to see if they could mend it but they found that it was an irreparable wreck. During this time the wireless operator was mending the wireless. He managed to mend it and to send a message to the aerodrome. He told them that they would climb to the top of the peak and signal so that the rescue plane could get there more easily. During this time a hurricane got up and the men were forced to keep inside the plane. The wind howled and roared; it blew bits of ice past the plane; the wireless aerial was blown off and the tail fin was smashed off by a blow from a lump of ice. When the hurricane died down the airmen decided to make for the top of the peak. The party set off across the plain equipped with improvised skis. The snow was soft and the going hard. Half way across the plain they came to a gentle rise which suddenly gave way to a deep crevasse. The walls were cold and icy and the bottom of the crevasse was out of sight. From where they stood they could hear the sullen boom of a torrent of water pouring over a waterfall into a deep pool. For some reason the river was mostly underground, the crevasse being about five hundred yards long and the rest of the river underground. The men came round this deep crevasse, and at last they came to the peak. They started to climb it and they soon had to put away their skis in a place where they could find them again. They tramped up a steep slope strewn with patches of scree between piles of gigantic boulders. Then the way led along a ledge three feet wide, high above the plain. This ledge was coated with ice, and it was hard for the men to walk as they were in danger of slipping over.

\*PETER WRIGHT, born June 22 1936; entered Worth, September 1947; 1st XV Rugger; Choir.



The tail gunner who was walking in front slipped over the edge and the five men left heard his last despairing cry as he hurtled down towards the jumble of rocks below. The ledge ended, and the men were forced to climb up a cliff one hundred feet high. It was a dangerous climb as the rocks flaked away at a touch but the climbing was better than walking along the ledge. When they reached the top they saw a rescue plane equipped with skis flying towards them. The airmen signalled and the pilot saw them and landed on the plain far below. The men slowly scrambled down the peak and reached the rescue plane where the navigator collapsed from sheer exhaustion and had to be carried into the plane. The rest of the crew left alive walked into it and at last they arrived safely back at the aerodrome.

## VOYAGE TO AFRICA

by V. CALLAGHAN\*

One day in 1932 I was sent on business to North Africa I got on a big steamer at Southampton called *Bajamar*. We set sail on a Tuesday at midnight. The ship was a very nice one with about nine hundred people on board and had accommodation for all. We were quite a long time ringing for the pilot but in the end we got one. We sailed down the English Channel and the day after we started we were nearly in the Bay of Biscay. We got as far as Madeira when we got into a fog (a very big one spreading for miles) and the captain had to be up on the bridge all day and all night. We were half way through the fog when a great storm arose and the ship pitched and tossed and nearly everybody was sea sick. But alas! a cry was heard from the bridge 'The ship is sinking'. At this everybody rushed to the lifebelt cupboard where the lifebelts were dealt out as quickly as possible and after that they rushed for the lifeboats. My lifebelt was one that was inflammable and had a whistle and a light on it for morse code. I got in the life boat just before the captain. We only just got away before the *Bajamar* made her final plunge. We rowed on for days and days without seeing any land so we decided to swim for it. I dived in and set out for the West. When I had been swimming about for about an hour I came in sight of the land so I immediately struck out for it. It took me about half an hour to swim to it as it was not as far off as it looked. When I arrived I walked around in what seemed to be a dense forest. Suddenly I came out into a big clearing with tents all around in a circle in which was a big statue and a roaring fire. Around this fire a lot of cannibals were dancing. I thought to myself 'I am not going any further in'. So I quietly went out of the clearing and away into the jungle. That night I slept up in a tree. In the middle of the night I got up and wandered around. I suddenly saw two big eyes staring at me in the dark. I turned on the light of my lifebelt and I saw a lion just getting ready to spring. I stepped aside and he sprung in the place that I had been in before. I tried to run away but he played with me and would not let me go; eventually I got on to my tree and climbed up it and then I was safe. In the morning I got up and walked round the island in search of food. The

\*VALENTINE CALLAGHAN, born October 15 1937; entered Worth, September, 1947.

only things that were eatable were a few berries. After I had eaten them I went along the coast to see if I could see any ships. After a long time I saw one about two hundred yards away, and I made signs which it saw and they sent a little boat to rescue me and I went on board and told my story and the ship went back to England and I got on another ship that went to North Africa.

## DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE

by T. M. PHELAN\*

Now look at me as if I were a rabbit; then you will get the idea better. The name of my house is 'Mr Rabbit's Home'. About half a field away lived Dr Cow. He was a nice and a very wise old fellow. One day when Mrs and Master Rabbit were out and there was only me at home I went to Dr Cow's house. The footman who answered the door said that I would find the Doctor in the afternoon room sitting back, taking a look at the *Daily Telegraph* and smoking a pipe. As I came into the room there he was just as the footman said only he was looking at last year's *Daily Mirror* and what is more he had a tray with his tea on it. I told him that I wanted some books to find out how to cure a cold and after a time he got up and got the books; then I went home. As I came in at the hole of my house I went into the place where I kept all my books. It was the room on the left of the passage and the only room far away from the dinner room. When I had put the books on the highest shelf by my safe I saw to my horror that the door of the safe was open. I got down from the shelf and took my pop-gun which I had bought at Mrs Manx's—she was a cat and a very nice one at that. I loaded the pop-gun and BANG—Oh what a fright I got! I did not know what I was shooting at but whatever it was I hit it. It was the countryside's thief, Mr Mole. I got him out of the house and threw him into the stream nearby. Then I returned to my house and rang up the police and they came and gave me £50.19s.4½d. and we all lived happily ever after.

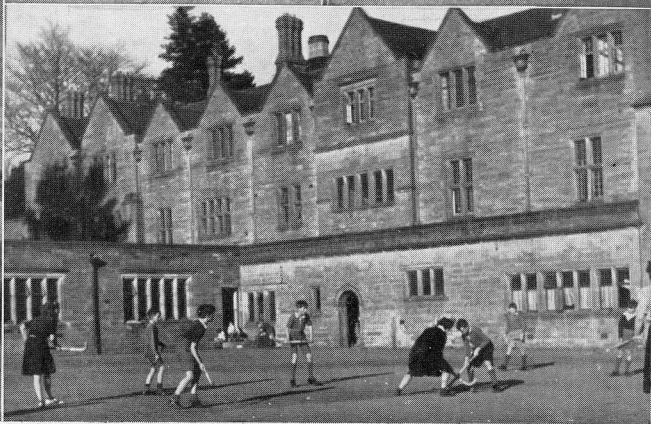
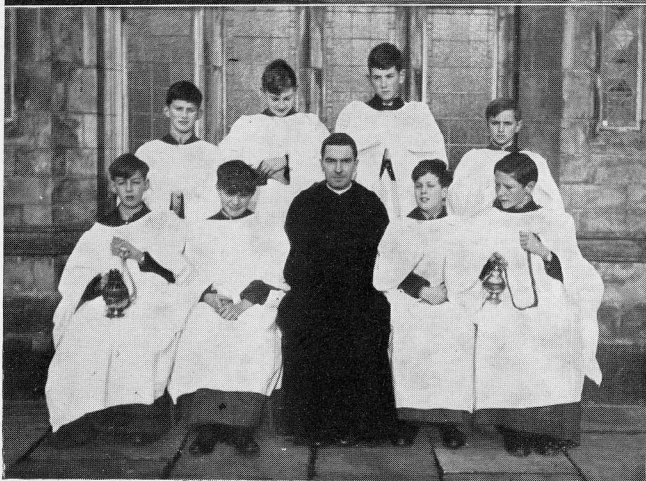
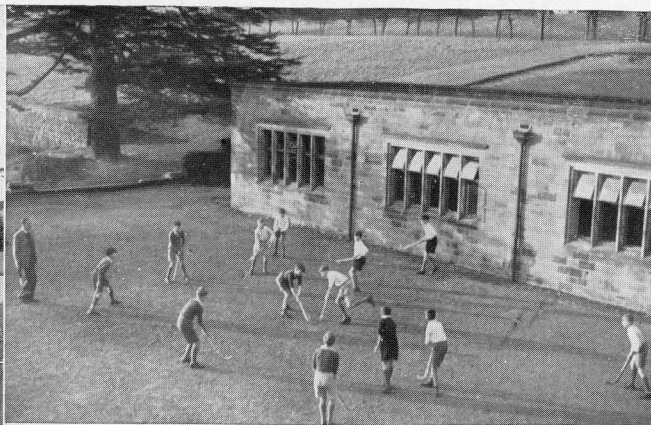
## SHIPS

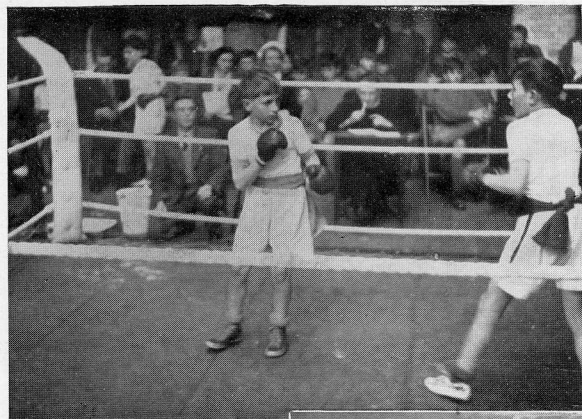
by JOHN MOTION\*

If ever you go down to a dockyard you will see all kinds of ships; warships, liners, cargo-boats, and perhaps a flying-boat. You probably would not realise that the dirty-looking tramp steamer, under its coat of dirt and rust, is one of the most important ships in the docks, but it is. It takes out to foreign countries cargoes that no smart cargo-ship would carry—coal, for instance—and brings home iron ore or rubber for our industries. Then there are the big liners which earn us money from foreign countries. One of these big liners might have six or seven decks and carry about two thousand people. A little way out from the piers would be the buoys to which the private yachts and motor-cruisers moor. During the summer months most of these private boats

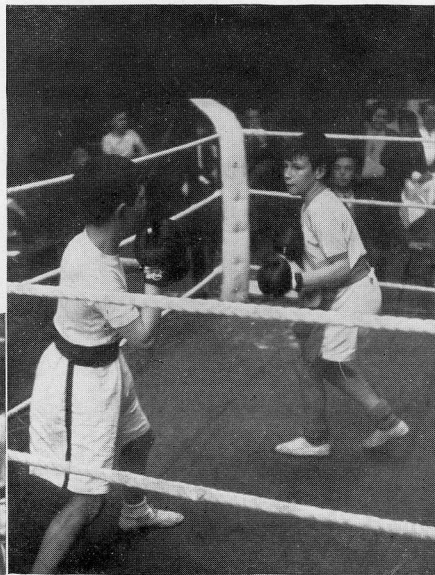
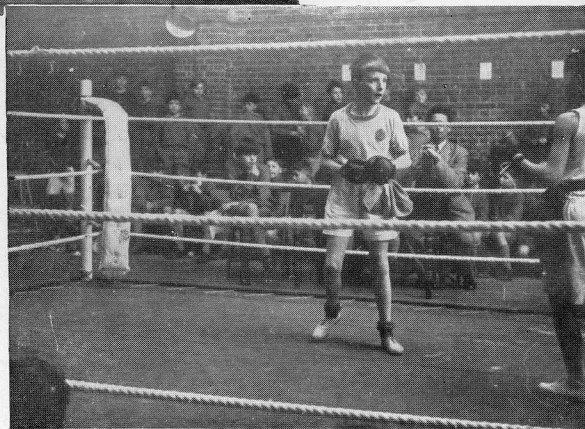
\*TERENCE PHELAN, born May 26 1938; entered Worth, September 1946; Choir; important part in *Sleep Holy Babe*, Christmas 1948.

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





*Inter-School  
Boxing*





would be on cruises around the coast and perhaps abroad.

Far out at sea are the light-ships, whose job it is to warn the big ships off shoals and sand-banks. These boats are very useful, not only because they guard the sand-banks but because they can be towed into harbour for re-fitting and they save the trouble of building a light-house where there is no hard ground for the foundations. One day you should go down to a harbour and see all the wonderful kinds of boats.

## THE SNAKE FARM

by S. A. CUNNINGHAM\*

It was about nine o'clock one morning in 1941, and my Father and I were on our way to the Snake Farm about ten or eleven miles out of Sao Paulo. We got there about half past ten. It was a very hot morning as is frequently the case in Brazil. We went into a big building and then entered one of the many laboratories with which it is equipped. There we met one of the staff doctors who said that he would show us around. First we went out to the snake pit. This snake pit is about twenty-five feet deep and thirty feet square; in the middle of it is a big tree and a pool about ten feet square for the snakes to swim in. The snake houses look like over grown bee-hives, and there are from three to five hundred snakes in them. Telling us that he was going down into the pit himself, the doctor said, 'Stand over there, will you, please'; so we went to a little platform on the edge of the pit. The doctor then went down some steps and opened a gate that stopped the snakes from going up the stairs. When he was in the pit, taking a small glass container out of his pocket, he grabbed hold of a snake that was trying to bite his boots and squeezed it about an inch behind the eyes, causing some juice that was really poison to fall from the snake's jaws into the container. In order to see better I hung on to the rail and leaned over as far as I could; but as I was doing so, a Brazilian came along and bumped into me, knocking me right into the pit. I gave a yell; but luckily I landed on my feet and started running towards the doctor. On my way I tripped over a poisonous snake which bit me on the knee (the scar still remains); then the doctor, who was by that time beside me, picked me up, took me to one of the laboratories and gave me an injection which hurt an awful lot for a time. After a delicious lunch of rice and Brazilian beans I felt fairly recovered, and the doctor—his name by the way was Gonzalez—said that he would show us the snake laboratory. We walked in and Dr Gonzalez lifted me onto a table and then opened one of the cages. Two green snakes shot across the floor; he seized them by the neck and dropped them into a bowl. He then tickled one of them with a feather and the snake acted exactly as though it was paralysed. Next, Dr Gonzalez squeezed the back of the snake's neck and the top of its head and drops of poison oozed out of its jaws. After that he gave me a six foot snake to hold: it coiled round my neck and stayed there. Then Dr Gonzalez gave me two smaller snakes to hold while my Father took a picture of us. Finally the doctor showed us over the museum containing all the rare Brazilian snakes. I think it was a most successful day.

\*ANTHONY CUNNINGHAM, born November 1 1935; entered Worth, September 1948; Choir.

## THE WOOD AT HOME

by E. F. MAYNARD\*

Midst bracken and bluebells  
In woods of pine,  
I played in my childhood  
When days were fine.

And deep in the shadows  
I built a strong hut  
Of bracken and branches  
From trees which I cut.

It had a wide open door  
And three windows or more,  
And I made a green carpet  
To place on the floor.

And once to my house  
Came a Gold Crested Wren  
Alas I have never  
Seen him again.

'Twill be Easter when I  
Am back there again;  
I pray I shall see  
My Gold Crested Wren.

And in the bright sunshine  
And in the warm rain  
I'll be in that wild wood  
At home again.

## AT THE CINEMA

by M. A. WILSON\*

Many interesting films were shown during the Christmas Term on Wednesday evenings in the School Theatre. They were all very varied and an excellent selection.

We started off, the day after we came back, with Will Hay in the *Ghost of St Michael's*. He goes to the School of St Michaels' in an island off Scotland as a master. He is later appointed to be Headmaster after two have already been murdered while he was there. It is a typical story of a Public School. Then there was *The Foreman Went to France*, a story of how an Englishman goes to France, just before the German occupation, to get some valuable machines back to England. By defying the Fifth Columnists and others, he eventually brings the machines safely home in a French sailing boat. Following that was *Fiddlers*

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

\*MICHAEL WILSON, born December 19 1935; entered Worth, May 1944; in *Stations of the Cross in Mime*, 1948; Sacristy; Head of the School.

Three. It was about the legend that if you are struck by lightning at midnight on midsummer's night, at Stonehenge, you travel back centuries. In this film, Tommy Trinder and his friends are transported to Rome as English Druids in the time of the Emperor Nero. Nero was played by Francis Sullivan. The next film was historical, about Dr Bell's discovery of the telephone, namely *The Modern Miracle*. George Formby was amusing in *It's In The Air*, when he joins the Royal Air Force and does many amusing acrobatics with his plane. *The White Savage*, the story of the shipwreck of some Americans on a desert island, was not very interesting. Jimmy O'Dea acted in *Let's Be Famous* when he is asked to come from Ireland to sing on the B.B.C. but all falls through. On another occasion, he pretends to be a parachutist under a French name attempting the record jump. In the end, they lock themselves in a B.B.C. recording room and make all kinds of 'noises off' with various instruments while a musical programme is on the air at the same time. *The Bells Go Down* was about the London Blitz in 1940. Tommy Trinder joins the Fire Brigade and assists in the putting out of many fires. There are many amusing adventures in this. In *Old Bones of the River*, Will Hay takes charge of a village in native Africa. Many thrilling adventures, including the rescue of a baby who was about to be sacrificed, lead to an exciting end. The last film of the term was the *Overlanders*, about the driving of herds of cattle from the north to the south of Australia when a Japanese invasion was feared earlier on in the war. Other films shown were *Mad about Music* (Deanna Durbin) and *A Canterbury Tale* (Eric Portman).

Dom Denis has operated the machine since his arrival from Ealing at the beginning of the school year. Our sincere thanks for many hours of pleasure on Wednesday evenings go towards him.

## A CRAZY MOUSE'S TALE

by D. J. WESTLAKE\*

Once upon a time a little mouse was wandering around, and it was feeling very hungry when it suddenly saw a big metal castle. The mouse went right round it and to his dismay he found no door or windows, and worse still, there was a lovely smell of cheese, bacon rind and potato peelings. At last, he cried out, 'Oh, castle', but was interrupted by the castle: 'Castle', boomed out a great hollow voice, 'I am a *dustbin*'. The little mouse was so taken aback by the dustbin speaking that it lost its breath. However, when he had got it back he said, 'How can I get in?' 'You will have to climb up that weed by me and jump in', said the dustbin. After lots of trouble the mouse jumped in and was soon greedily munching away. 'There is some Barrelled Beer third on the left', said Dustbin: 'soon some men will come and take me away and empty me', it went on, 'so I will tell you when they come'. The mouse just grunted and went on greedily eating. 'Ungrateful beast' said Dustbin to itself. Later he began again; 'Look-out' he said, 'the men are coming'. But the mouse did not listen. In a few seconds it felt itself being lifted off the ground and tipped into a dust-cart. What happened to the mouse nobody knows except the Dustmen, but that of course is their secret.

\*DAVID WESTLAKE, born March 29 1937; entered Worth, May 1947.

## THE DESERTED HOUSE

by C. J. TANTUM\*

I got into the car with my friend Prender. We were going down to the village, a nice old-fashioned place, called Langton near Birmingham. It had an old haunted house which nobody went near nowadays, because of the strange noises that come from it at night. When we got down to Langton it was nearly dark and by the time we got all the rations, it was nearly seven o'clock. We hurried back to the car, shut the doors and started up the engine. When we were passing the deserted house we heard the most awful shriek coming from it. This gave me such a shock that I, who was driving, swerved wildly and lost hold of the wheel. My friend made a grab for it, but missed. Then things began to happen. I saw a brick wall looming up before me. I covered my face with my hands. Then the crash came. I remember I was thrown from my seat and then came a complete blackout.

The next thing I remember was a rough voice shouting orders, then a glass of cold water was poured over my head which somewhat relieved me. I tried to move, but I found I was bound by ropes. I raised my head painfully to find myself in a very old room, in which were arranged quite a number of bunks. Then somebody came over to me. He was a giant of a man, and had what looked like flutes arranged in his belt. He undid my hands and brought me something to eat. Then after I had finished he undid my feet, clasped handcuffs on my hands and helped me up. For the first time I noticed my friend near me. His shoulder was bleeding and he looked worn out. They put us in another room. The room was completely bare, nothing in it whatsoever. Then they took the handcuffs off, thinking we could not get out.

After about two hours there was a creaking over the other side of the room; we went over to investigate. In another minute or two there was more creaking, a trapdoor opened and a young man's face peeped out. He said 'Follow me'. We did so, down a flight of steps into a very narrow passage leading upwards. At last we came to a big iron door. He opened it and we went up some more steps into the open air. I asked him to come to our house. He said he would. When we got to the house he said he would tell us his story. We went into the sitting room and he said: 'I am a detective from Scotland yard. I have been hunting these crooks for a long time. It was they who were making all those queer noises at night with flutes and other instruments. They were making forged five pound notes. I had been watching the house for many days preparing to raid it, and saw them take you in after your accident and managed to get to you while another body of police tackled the others and you need not worry about them now because the police have rounded them up'.

## NORFOLK WINDMILL

by C. LIND-HOLMES\*

One day last summer holidays my Mother and I came to bring my Father home from Norfolk. My Father was Commanding Officer of a Prisoner of

\*CARL TANTUM, born July 14 1937; entered Worth, September 1944.

\*CHRISTOPHER LIND-HOLMES, born February 12 1938; entered Worth, September 1946.



War Hospital in Norfolk and on some weekends he came home. This weekend we went down in our car to collect him. We arrived there at about two o'clock. He came out of the officers mess to meet us. At about four o'clock we had tea in the mess and then we set off home with my father driving. On our way we passed through Diss, Bury St Edmunds (where there is still some of St Edmund's castle existing) and Ipswich. About a mile outside Ipswich we noticed a windmill. There were three little roads leading up to the mill; we took one and soon came to a small farm with the mill about thirty yards away. Various men were working in the barn, so I was sent to ask if we might go inside the mill and see how it worked. The man I asked told me to wait a moment. Soon he returned and told me we may go into the mill. I beckoned to my Mother and Father and we all set off for the mill. When we arrived, the sails were creaking and buzzing in the wind. When I looked up I saw the sails going round and round and each time a sail came down it looked as if it were going to hit me! We entered and saw bags fastened to the roof and others stacked neatly against the walls. All the walls, stairs, floors and roofs were made of wood. Then I went up some wooden stairs, holding on to a rope. I came up to the next floor where everything was covered in flour. There was machinery, a manhole and some scales. Just before we went up the next flight of stairs the man in charge of the mill came so we went up to the next floor with him following. There was a manhole on every floor. On the next floor there was some machinery for separating bran from the rest. I then went up to the next floor where there were the mill stones going round but the danger is with the mill stones that if they rub together when there is no wheat in between them they soon set fire to the wood. Near the roof the cogs can be seen which drive the machinery. There seemed to be hundreds of floors, but really there are not. Anyhow we had to stop going further up and carry on with our journey. By the time we came down to the bottom of the mill we were covered in flour and had to knock it off. Before we went we thanked the man for letting us go over the mill. Then we went on with our journey very pleased with what we had seen.

## FAIRIES

by R. S. FOTHRINGHAM\*

At the bottom of the garden where the yew hedge grows  
—If ever you go down there you must go down on your toes,  
For behind it is the land where the fairies play all day  
And if you are very lucky you may see them in the hay.

If you go down at night time where the yew hedge grows  
(Remember to go down there on the tips of your toes)  
The fairies are a-feasting there for three hours long  
And if you go at midnight you may hear their dinner-gong.

\*ROBERT FOTHRINGHAM, born Aug. 5 1937; entered Worth, September 1946.

# MY LIFE IN AND OUT OF THE BURROWS

by P. R. CHAPMAN\*

All my life except on rare occasions I have slept in my snug little home underground. I am the father of four children, two boys and two girls. The names of the young rabbits are Tim, Tosh, Sally and Ann. I had mated with a young and playful wife four years ago. So this is my story. My wife whose name is Mary asked me to go and take a lettuce from the farmer's garden. When I had uprooted a lettuce Tim came running up and between puffs and pants he told me that Sally had gone out early in the morning to fetch some water from the well. (The well was on the other side of a small wood.) Sometimes the farmer's men laid snares in the wood, and as Sally did not come back we presumed that she had got caught in one. So I went home with Tim as fast as we could go. When we got to the entrance to our burrow we heard sobs from within. We went down and we found Ann trying to comfort Mrs Rabbit. I went round to some of our best friends, Mr Hare, Mr Hedgehog and Master Squirrel and asked them if they would come and help us search for Sally. Then we all gathered by our burrows and planned what we should do. Master Squirrel said that it would be a good thing if we spread out; this we did. As I was walking through the wood I found Sally's footprints. I went on walking till I came to a willow-tree about 50 yards from the well. There was Sally stretched out on the ground. I let out a call and all the animals came towards the tree. Tim was the first to arrive and I told him to go and tell his his mother that we had found Sally and to go and bring back some wire cutters. Tim came back in a few minutes with the wire-cutters. I soon had her free. There was a nasty gash in her leg and a lot of blood was coming out. We carried Sally home and in a few weeks she was well again, and so ends this adventure.

## A BICYCLE RIDE

by M. RADCLIFFE\*

One morning I decided I would go for a bicylce ride to Windsor and take a picnic lunch. I prepared ham and egg sandwiches and a bottle of milk and packed them into a haversack. I started off at nine o'clock. I arrived at Ascot at about half past nine after struggling up some hills. After a bit of time it began to get quite hot and I was beginning to get thirsty so I stopped and had a drink. I was going past Ascot race course and I could hear some horses coming so I got off my bicycle. I eventually got to Windsor. The first thing I did was to go and see the castle and I spent the rest of the morning looking round the castle. I had my lunch and enjoyed it very much. In the afternoon I hired a boat and went a good long way down the Thames. Then I had a bathe when I got back: the river was very cold and oily. It began to get dark so I came home very quickly with my lights on. When I got home I had supper and then played a game of Roulette.

\*PAUL CHAPMAN, born February 1 1939; entered Worth, September 1947; important part in *Sleep Holy Babe*, Christmas 1948.

\*MARK RADCLIFFE, born April 22 1938; entered Worth, September 1947; Choir; in *Sleep Holy Babe*, Christmas 1948.

## THE CATCHING

by E. C. FALKINER\*

Once upon a time there was a little rabbit who lived in a little stick house with his brothers and sister. One day he was wandering along the path when he heard a scuffling above his head. 'Could it be a Grey Squirrel' he thought. 'If so I must tell Daddy. Ouch!' (As a nut hit him on the head) 'Ow, I'm off.' He ran home very frightened. Mr Cornelius Rabbit was sitting by the fire, with his feet on the mantelpiece when his son burst into the room very out of breath, and in a state of great confusion. 'What on earth is the matter!' asked Mr Rabbit. 'I've seen a grey squirrel I think.' 'A grey squirrel!' He rushed to the telephone, 'Nine Nine Nine please, and be quick about it!' 'Inspector Squirrel there is a grey squirrel in the warren, send round some men at once.' In due course the men came with an American Detective. 'Wa-all what's the set up?' he drawled. 'We're going to the wood at sundown.' At sundown they went to the wood, hid in the bushes and waited. The clock of a distant tower struck twelve; the men were dozing. Suddenly a white ray stabbed the darkness. A skulking figure was on the prowl. The Detective said two words, 'Get 'im.' The men rushed forward. 'Look out he's getting away,' he yelled, 'Quick!' But a well aimed shot from Mr Rabbit's automatic revolver brought down the criminal. 'The wanted man', said the Detective, 'He's wanted for the robbery of Lady Bobtail's jewellery; £15,000 worth was stolen'. 'Well', said Mr Rabbit, 'that was a successful catching.'

## MICE AND RATS

by S. GREEN-ARMYTAGE\*

Our house is over-run with mice and rats,  
They eat our cheese and home-made bread;  
We keep no less than thirteen cats,  
It costs a lot to keep them fed.

The mice keep us awake at night,  
They squeak and patter in my room,  
And wake me up in such a fright,  
So I get up and use my broom.

The rats make holes in many a door,  
But that is soon patched up with ease:  
We lay down rat-traps on the floor,  
And bait them all with mouse-trap cheese.

\*EDMUND FALKINER, born June 24 1938; entered Worth, September 1947.

\*STEPHEN GREEN-ARMYTAGE, born March 13 1938; entered Worth, September 1945.

## THE GREEDY BARON

by C. WOOD\*

Once upon a time when the Normans ruled England, there was a miller whose name was Alfred the Miller. He lived in a village; but in the village there was a Norman Baron who was very greedy and wanted all the villagers' land. He was always trying to get their land by some trick. Alfred owned a mill which supplied the village with flour. He was a good man and he was very poor. But in the Baron's castle the Baron was thinking how to take Alfred's land. At last he had an idea. He sent a messenger to Normandy to fetch a good archer, but of course it took a long time to cross the Channel. Then the Baron sent for Alfred and said, 'The archer is a good one, so if you want the lands for keeps you must try to shoot farther than the archer.' So the contest took place. And Alfred beat the archer and kept his lands. The Baron was very angry and Alfred was happy once more.

## I WENT TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE

by M. P. MACKENZIE\*

It was very exciting when I heard my Father was going to Buckingham Palace to get the Distinguished Service Order which he had earned in the war. I went up to London on the 6.8 train in the evening. At Victoria I was met by my Mother who drove me to my Father's flat. I had supper and then went to bed. I woke up at half-past seven and then I had breakfast with my parents. At ten o'clock a car which my Father had hired came to fetch us. We were driven to Buckingham Palace where at the gate my Father had to show a pass which allowed us to go through the gates and into the palace courtyard; there we were shown into a beautiful hall with lovely gold designs on the ceiling and walls. We were then taken up one side of a staircase and my Father left us to go to a room where all the men who are going to be decorated wait till it is their turn to go before the King and receive a knighthood or a medal. My Mother and I were shown to our seats where we had a very good view; there were about four hundred people as well as ourselves. The room in which the ceremony was held was very beautiful and was lighted by six vast chandeliers. Presently five Yeomen of the Guard came in in their gorgeous Tudor costumes. They stood around a gold and pink chair on a raised dais which the King sits in. At eleven o'clock the King walked in and we all stood up while the National Anthem was played by the band of the Scots Guards in the Minstrels' Gallery. Then we were asked to be seated. A page then placed a crimson stool at the foot of the dais and an equerry handed the King a drawn sword and the King then knighted sixty people; after this about two hundred men got medals. When the ceremony finished we all went out into the palace courtyard and got into a car which was waiting for us. I then went with my parents and had lunch at my Father's club. After lunch I went to Victoria and caught the 3.18 train back to Three Bridges where I was taken back to school.

\*CHARLES WOOD, born November 20 1938; entered Worth, September 1947; in *Sleep Holy Babe*, Christmas 1948.

\*MICHAEL MACKENZIE, born June 25 1937; entered Worth, May 1946.



## IN THE WEST COUNTRY

by P. D. T. GALVIN\*

Cornwall is all very wild and desolate. In Mount's Bay you can go to St Michael's Mount, which hasn't anything to do with an inland mountain, but is a small peninsula going out for about four or five hundred yards into the sea. On top of it there is a small house with the ground sloping away on every side of it. If you travel along the coast on a north-easterly course for about six miles you would pass Lizard Head, the most southerly point in the British Isles, which is very rocky. Keeping on along the coast you come to Falmouth, the biggest naval port in Cornwall. Crossing Falmouth Bay and going out into the sea, you should carry on on a north-easterly course until you get to Mevagissey Bay; when you've got there, go and explore Mevagissey, a little fishing town. When you've seen it, carry on along the shore until you reach Black Head, which is nice to explore. From there you can go to Carline Bay and the Cornish Riviera Club used for swimming, tennis, ping-pong, golf, squash and billiards. Continuing along the coast you would come to Fowey; then you should go up the River Fowey where you would admire the sights very much.

Somerset is all very wild and desolate. You can go to Bath Abbey and look at all the beautiful old monuments and ruins of ancient times. You can still see the old Roman Baths and goldfish swimming in it (once I tried to catch one); look also at the river flowing through Bath, with wild moors on every side of it. Going east you would come to the old Roman road going from York to Exeter called the Fosse Way. Following it, you would come to Downside Abbey in Stratton-on-the-Fosse. Carrying on you would come to Midsomer Norton. Going west (not on the Fosse), you would come to Beacon Hill, a thousand feet high and the highest point in the Mendips. You can see the sea, sixteen miles away, from Beacon Hill. Carry on along the lanes and roads until you get to Wells, when you would admire the lovely cathedral, and the bishop's palace with a moat round it, and a drawbridge. Then bear inland and travel along the wild country for miles and miles until you reach Cheddar Gorge; and explore the wondrous caves with sheer drops of forty feet and cliffs with sheer drops of five hundred feet. When you've explored the caves go to Cheddar and get an ice-cream and walk up to the top of the cliffs from which you can see Glastonbury Tor. Descend the cliffs and get a bus to Glastonbury. Glastonbury Tor is a steep hill with a monastery at the foot of it where saints were buried.

## ADVENTURE FOR TWO

by PETER JOHN MOLONY\*

It was a bright and fine morning for boating. Gerald and John had decided to take their yacht, *Veronia*, out to an island called Savory Island where they were camping for about three days, it was about five miles distant from the shore. There was a north-west wind and they promised themselves to get there in, at the most, two hours. The *Veronia* was a yacht eighteen feet long, with

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

\*PETER MOLONY, born August 17 1937; entered Worth, September 1947.

one mast. Gerald and John were brothers; Gerald was seventeen years of age, and John was just a year older. Their father had given *Veronia* to them. 'Let's get going', said John who was considered as captain as he was oldest. 'I'm all for starting now.' After a lot of bother they started for Savory Island. Before they had been out more than half-an-hour, John remarked on the weather, that there was a big swell without any wind, and before another half-hour was out, there was a terrific storm on. 'Our best chance is to make for the Island', remarked Gerald. After battling with the sea for what seemed ages, they arrived at the Island, but what puzzled them most was the complete absence of any kind of gale. Next day they decided to explore the caves. After some time they found a kind of cave which was half under water. Half way round the Island the cliff fell sheer into the sea, and it was here that they found the cave, with only a small opening above water-mark; it was now high tide. Gerald and John were both good swimmers and they decided to swim under-water into the cave and turn back if necessary. After swimming under-water for about ten seconds they found out that they could tread water without hitting their heads on the top of the cave. Then John switched on his watertight torch and both boys got the shock of their life. They found themselves in a huge cavern with the roof hardly showing, but it was not this that shocked them. On one side of the cavern was a platform and moored to it was a submarine. By the activity they guessed it was getting ready for sea. Before they had a chance to take any bearings, one of its crew spotted them, but before he could do anything the boys had turned and were swimming under-water for the open sea. But there must have been another way out because some of the submarine's crew, armed with tommy-guns, were soon standing on the shore waiting for John's and Gerald's heads to break the surface. When John's head broke water he saw at a glance what had happened, and turning he swam in the opposite direction, in other words away from the pirates (as he guessed they were). Trusting Gerald to follow, he made for the yacht and clambered on board wet and cold. Soon Gerald followed, and they sailed for home where they were going to tell the coastguards what they had seen. 'I wonder if they are pirates', said John, 'I think they are'. 'I hope so', said Gerald. 'I wonder how they get the submarine out.' 'I should think', answered John, 'that when it is low tide there ought to be a big enough opening to admit a submarine'. The storm had calmed considerably, and with the use of a small marine engine, they made the shore in just over an hour. In another fifteen minutes they reached the coastguards' hut and knocked on the door. 'Come in', said a voice. After they had gone in John said 'We've got something important to tell you'. And they both related all they had seen. 'You were lucky', said the coastguard. 'There was an earthquake about a hundred miles away, causing a terrific disturbance under the sea: that was why there was no wind. Everybody thought you were drowned.' It was about 6 a.m. when a fast cruiser made its way towards Savory Island, a seaplane circling overhead. They arrived at the Island just in time to see the submarine leaving. As the machine-gun, with which the cruiser was equipped, opened fire with a hail of lead the submarine began to submerge. But it was no good, a bullet had buckled one of the submarine's plates, and

oil has pouring out. So even under water the submarine left a trail of oil. Almost at once the seaplane dropped two bombs where the submarine had been seen last, while the cruiser let out two depth-charges. Presently a dark object rose out of the water taking the shape of a submarine, the hatch of the conning-tower opened, and a figure appeared with his hand up in a token of surrender. They had captured the submarine. Next day the door of Sergeant Watley's office opened and a policeman came in, 'Two boys to see you', he said. 'All right show them in', said the sergeant, 'I was expecting them'. Gerald and John entered looking very red in the face. 'Well', said the sergeant, 'you know what you are here for. It was because of you that we caught that submarine yesterday: its captain was a pirate.' 'Gosh!' said John and Gerald together. 'He used to attack shipping for its loot, and usually succeeded in doing it too. The reward for him is £50 which is all yours. Although you are not eighteen yet I have arranged for you to train for the Navy.' 'Thanks a lot sir, it's jolly kind of you', said Gerald and John. 'Not at all', said the sergeant. So two happy boys left Sergeant Watley's office.

## SPOOKS

by R. WALKER\*

There's a house on the way to Pongite,  
Where people don't linger at night:  
'Tis haunted—May give you a fright!  
The ghost—he tolls a great big bell,  
And throws intruders down a well;  
And there's lots more but I must not tell!

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas! our ghost was nationalized,  
That fact he soon now realized;  
And now he's only rationalized!

## ALPINE HOLIDAY

by J. E. CROUZET\*

On the morning of December 26th we boarded the train at Victoria station outward bound for Switzerland, leaving the fog and bitter cold of London behind. By the time we reached Dover the sun was shining brightly. We cleared Customs quickly. The sea was very calm and in an hour we reached Calais. Then through the French Customs and into the train for Paris. This part of the journey was quite uneventful as the country was very plain and flat. We left the Gare de Lyon, Paris, at 9.15 p.m. and I felt that my holiday had really begun. Sleeping until 4 a.m. when we arrived at Valloche, on the Swiss frontier, once again we cleared Customs. The next part of the journey to Brig took three hours. There was a little while to wait there, so we washed and

\*ROBERT WALKER, born 17 April 1938; entered Worth, September 1946; important part in *The Night of His Coming*, Christmas 1947.

\*JOHN CROUZET, born April 19 1937; entered Worth, April 1944; Choir; in *Stations of the Cross in Mime*, 1948.

generally tidied ourselves. Taking a long time over this we only just caught the mountain train. This took us to Stalden-Saas, a mountain village where we got on to the bus for Saas-Grund. From there was an hour's walk up a mountain path to Saas-Fee. About halfway up one of the party had a heart-attack and I was sent forward to fetch brandy. However, eventually we all arrived safely at the hotel and the invalid was put to bed.

The thing that struck me at first about Saas-Fee was the mountains and the lovely still, dry air. There was not very much snow when we arrived, but there was a snowstorm or two later on. The food was excellent and there was plenty of it. The hotel, completely built of wood, was in the form of a chalet. Each bedroom had two balconies facing different sides. There was a wonderful view from these. Saas-Fee is better known as a summer resort because of its height (just on six thousand feet), and because it is surrounded by many of the highest mountains in Switzerland. But it was also a very good winter resort. There were a lot of excursions to do on skis. One day we went up one of the smaller mountains and had a picnic lunch on top. There was a lovely view from there and blazing sunshine all the time. One night we all went out ski-ing in the moonlight. I found this much easier than in the daylight, because you couldn't see any of the obstacles. I went over one of the jumps by mistake and fell down the other side. On another day we went into the grotto of the glacier. It was not a grotto of one's imagination. There were no icicles, there was just plain grey ice. It gave you an eerie feeling. However, the twelfth of January had to come. It was in the afternoon that we climbed the slopes behind the church. They were very steep and we went right up to the top. At last came my turn to go down. I started off and just where the ground began to level out I fell forward on my face, twisting over several times during which I felt my bone snap. Then I came to a standstill. I was carried back to the hotel and put on my bed until the doctor came. The next day a sleigh arrived. I was carried down and put in it. All the guests gave me a terrific send-off and a minute or two later, with a chorus of sleighbells, I was already on my journey home.

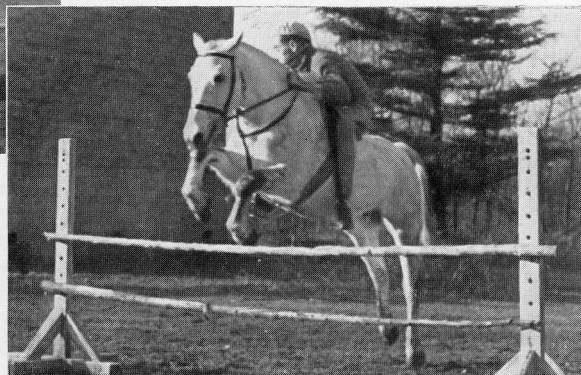
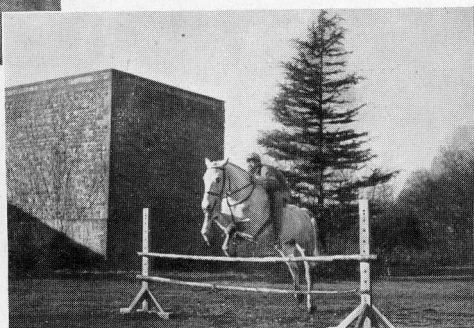
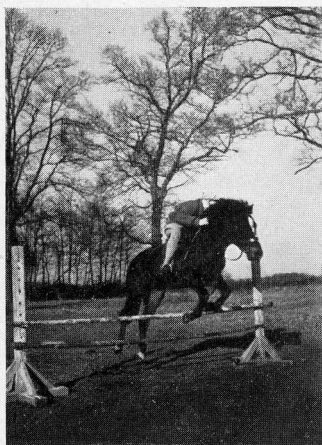
## TWO CHILDREN IN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

by M. THESIGER★

Here is a story of two children in the Arctic Circle. The two children came from quite a rich Eskimo family. They lived near the Mackenzie River, about a mile away. The names of the two children were Mary and Michael. They were very lonely and had nothing to do, so one day they asked their mother and father if they could go and see a friend of theirs about two miles away, at first their parents would not let them go as they thought they might get caught in a blizzard. However, the two children at last persuaded their parents to let them go. So the next morning their father gave them three of his best huskies, and they also took two pairs of goggles in case they did encounter a blizzard. At last they were ready to go and they started on their way at about

★MICHAEL THESIGER, born January 13 1936; entered Worth, September 1946; leading parts in *His Excellency the Governor*, 1948 and *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*, 1949; 1st XI Hockey; Sacristy.





*At the  
Riding  
School*

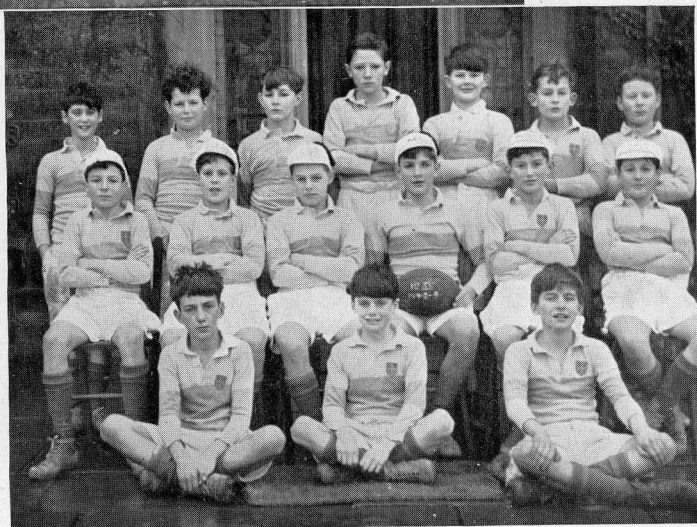


*First XV  
Rugger*

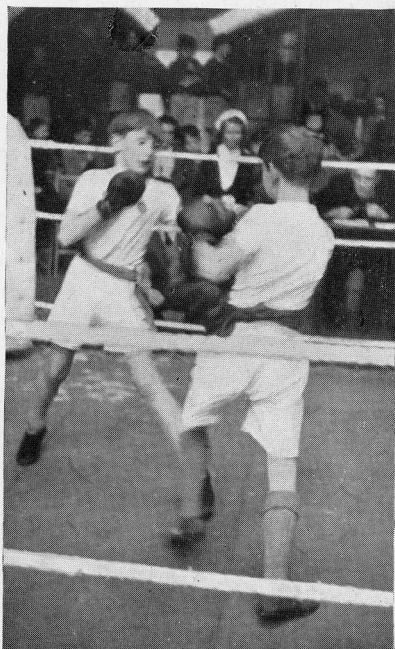
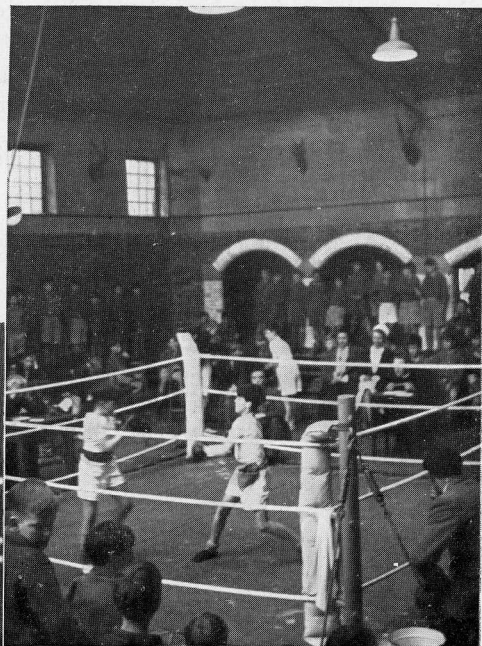




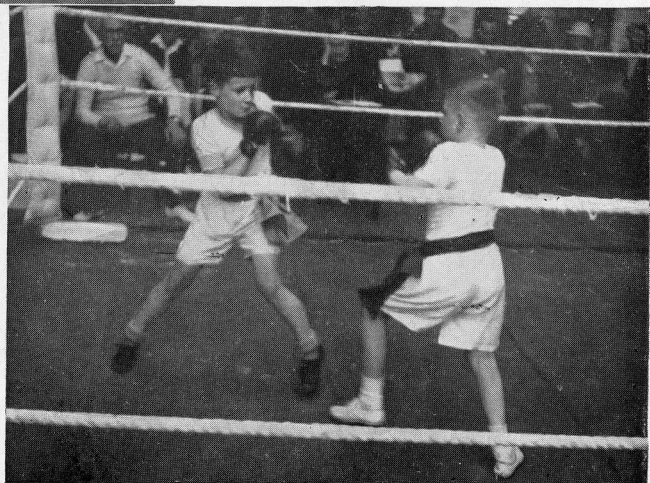
*First XV  
Rugger*







*Inter-School  
Boxing*





twelve o'clock. They reached their friend's igloo in safety and spent the afternoon there. At five o'clock they started home and when they were in the middle of their journey back it began to snow, then to sleet, and then a terrific blizzard developed. They struggled on for half-an-hour, but had to give up; for the huskies were tired and the blizzard was blinding. They decided to build an igloo and spend the night where they were. So they set to work and finished the igloo in an hour. Luckily their friends had given them some food, so they ate it; then they rubbed noses (a token of kissing) and then they went to sleep. When they woke up they saw two of the huskies lying at their feet shivering. The other one had gone; on the way back they saw him lying stiff in the snow—obviously he had tried to get home. When they reached home they told their parents about their adventure. They then rested for two days as they were very tired after their journey.

## THE FIRST DAY I WENT HUNTING

by W. P. DWYER\*

It was on January 1st that I went out hunting for the first time. It took me half-an-hour to hack four miles. Then when we started off for the first cover it was one more mile. The fox broke cover very soon and we all went after him. We soon came to a big walk down. I was waiting till near the end, but my pony would not wait and jumped down, not even near the walk down, and was cantering up the other side before my mother knew where I was, and I raced her up the hill. It suddenly started to rain very hard and I had to shelter under a big tree until the fox left cover again. When it left the cover the first time it only made a big circle and came back. We then went through a gap in a fence into a ploughed field. My pony saw the fox and got very excited and went off after him before I could get him into control. He went cantering past the Master before I could stop him. The Master started to yell and shout at me and then I stopped my pony and I was told not to overrun the hounds in future. I was getting very wet by now so I took my pony up to my uncle's farm and put him in the stable and went home.

## LIMERICK

by M. D. KENNEDY

There was a young lady of Kent  
Who couldn't afford all the rent;  
So she said very meekly,  
'I can't pay the weekly',  
And instead of remaining, she went!

\*WILLIAM DWYER, born June 10 1938; entered Worth, September 1948.

## ST CATHERINE LABOURE

by C. J. HOPE\*

Catherine was one of a family of eleven children who lived in a little village in France. When she was young she used to work on her father's farm, especially on the dovecot where there were about six hundred doves. When she grew older she thought of becoming a nun in the convent of the Daughters of Charity. Her mother agreed, but her father was very firm and forbade her. She waited quite a long time then she asked again, her mother agreed but at first her father still said no. But at last he had to give up, so she went to Paris to join the Daughters of Charity and be a nun. At first she was sent to a different place from what she expected. Then she went to Rue de Bac, number 140. She was a nun there for a long time. Then suddenly one night she awoke to see a little boy beside her bed; he was her Guardian Angel and he told her to come down to the chapel, where he said that Our Lady would come in twenty minutes. She waited. Suddenly there was a great wind and Our Lady appeared and sat in a chair and beckoned Catherine to her. She went and knelt beside Our Lady for two hours. The chair Our Lady sat in is still there. Two more times Our Lady appeared to her. When Catherine grew old she used to sit at the entrance to the convent and sell medals and books. Then she died, and when fifty years later they dug up her body it was incorrupt and in perfect condition. So they put it in the church of the convent under one altar (there are five) where you may see it now.

## MORE LEPIDOPTERA

by P. E. CAMPBELL\*

The Tiger Moths are a family of moths and they have very queer caterpillars; they are very furry and hairy, and if you hold them for any length of time you will probably get a rash wherever the hairs touched you. The Garden Tiger is a very pretty moth although it is a night flier. Its fore-wing is mottled with black, cream, red and brown. These colours are arranged in spots all over the wing. The hind-wing is mostly dark brown, spotted here and there with creamy yellow and scarlet. The underside of the moth is practically the same, only it is more clouded and the hind-wing is light brown only. The Jersey Tiger has two varieties: one kind is yellow and the other kind is red. The yellow kind is quite pretty. Its fore-wing is black with yellow stripes. Its hind-wing is yellow and black again, but this time it is a yellow background and black spots. The under-wing is a bit different: the fore-wing is jet black and the hind-wing has a yellow background with black spots and curved dashes. The yellow variety of the Jersey Tiger is the rarer of the two. The red variety of the Jersey Tiger is practically the same as the yellow except that it is red instead of yellow. The fore-wing is black with red stripes and the hind-wing has a red background with black spots and curved dashes. Its under-wing is exactly the same as the yellow variety except that it is red. This moth is very pretty as you will see if you happen to come across it.

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

\*PETER CAMPBELL, born February 9 1939; entered Worth, May 1947.

## A PIGGY NEAR HIS DEATH

by B. McHUGH\*

A little Piggy in his sty—  
Poor little Piggy started to cry  
It was because a-flying high  
A blackbird was a-passing by.

The blackbird which was passing by  
Descended just outside his sty:  
He said 'hallo why dost thou cry?'  
'Because I saw you passing by.

I do not like it in my sty  
Because I know I'm going to die  
And be eaten as a pie  
That's why I cried when you came by.'

## CLIPPER

by C. ROWBOTHAM\*

Once upon a time there was a little pony called Clipper. He was called Clipper because he made such a noise when he trotted along. One day he was told to pull the cart with the milk in it, but just as his master came along with the whip, Clipper jumped up and ran away and all the nice fresh milk came out and ran down the drain. The master's name was Dumpy. Dumpy sat down and cried at all his milk going down the drain. But Clipper had knocked one of the bottles of milk down and was having a lovely drink. That evening his master Dumpy locked the door of his stable; and that night, when Clipper came back, he found the stable door locked. He cried and cried and cried. In the morning Dumpy came down and saw Clipper. He came running and said 'Now are you sorry for what you've done?' Clipper brayed and licked Dumpy and from that day Clipper never ran away again. He stayed at home and was very happy.

## LIMERICK

by S. J. BINGHAM

There was a young fellow of Surrey,  
Who was often in such a great hurry,  
That to get to his meals  
He tripped head over heels—  
Straight into his nice plate of curry!

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

\*CHRISTOPHER ROWBOTHAM, born January 23 1939; entered Worth, September 1948; in *Sleep Holy Babe*, Christmas 1948.

\*SIMON BINGHAM, born October 25 1937; entered Worth, September 1945.

## A TREASURE TRIP

by T. H. N. FISHER★

I sail upon the ocean blue  
 With more than four men for my crew  
 My ship has a sail all white and gay,  
 And mast upon the sky does lay.

As I was sailing the ocean blue  
 I sought to find a treasure-O  
 We followed the map as best we could,  
 But failed the first day-O.

The next day we hunted high,  
 To find this glorious treasure-O.  
 At last we came upon a chest,  
 That held the treasure in it-O.

We seized upon it full of glee,  
 Our hearts were thumping as can be.  
 We broke it open with a tree,  
 To see the things that glitter free.

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE

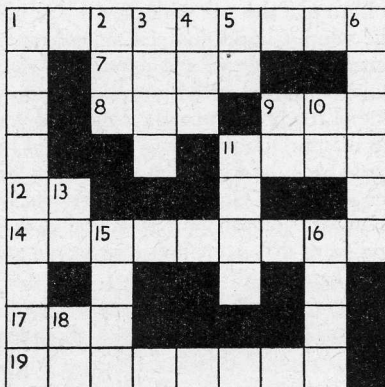
by R. THOMPSON★

*Clues Across:* 1, Drink from magnum. 7, He wrote Limericks; his royal namesake was written in blank verse. 8, Snake-like fish. 9, It's a gift. 11, Sole (anagram). 12, Father dear. 14, County in North Scotland; cape anywhere. 17, Nothing at all, as the Romans used to say. 19, Some of their tracks are made of No. 6 down.

*Down:* 1, There are eight of these in boxing. 2, Kind of beer (nut-brown, methinks). 3, Humble. 4, Friend. 5, Part of verb to be curtailed. 6, Cinders. 9, Green for —. 10, Almost a donkey. 11, One of the cat tribe with tufted ears. 13, A before a vowel. 15, Horrible. 16, Remain or prop. 18, Abbrev. for Imperial Police.

★THOMAS FISHER, born May 29 1938; entered Worth, May 1946; in *Sleep Holy Babe*, Christmas 1948.

★RICHARD THOMPSON, born August 6 1936; entered Worth September 1945; in *Stations of the Cross in Mime*, 1948; 1st XV Rugger; Captain 1st XI Hockey; 1st XI Cricket; Boxing Team; Sacristy; School Prefect.





## ADVICE TO AUTHORS

'Mummy, what is that Beautiful Object that I can see on the far-distant Horizon? It looks exactly like the *Worth Record*. And, Mummy, isn't it a fine thick volume! . . . I wonder what it will be like inside!'

'That, my lamb, will depend largely on you. Look beyond the Great, Vacant Spaces, the *Tabula Rasa* of your mind, to the vast Horizon—can you spy a contribution to the W.R. there? Let me lend you my nice Spy-glass: it's an old one but it will do. . . . There now: what can you see?'

'You'd never guess! The old, old Alphabet, S. O. M. Ebod's English Grammar, reams of paper, a good, serviceable Pen and a Gigantic Bottle of Quink. Whatever are they for?'

'They are your tools, my love. With them you can do almost anything; for the Pen is mightier than the Sword (and so is the Paintbrush—but we musn't wander from the point). All the rest depends on what you can do with the Great, Vacant Spaces—that *Tabula Rasa* of yours.'

.....

And perhaps the Great Spaces are not so vacant as you think. Even a Desert has its Oases here and there. So take the kind Lady's Telescope, or even a microscope; it doesn't matter what kind of scope you use provided it helps you to find Material for your Pen. Never mind how slight the Material seems to be. What you first thought to be a mere Acorn may turn out to be an Oak; what looks like a Ridiculous Mouse in the distance may be a normous great Hippopotamus at close range (don't let it Trample on you).

So send in everything to the Editor, Acorns or Oaks, Mice or Hippopotamoi. By Acorn or Mousie you may understand a Limerick (but it must be Good) or a pithy Storiette; by Oak or Hippo you may understand a Poem as big as a Grand Piano or a fine, upstanding, intelligent, instructive, descriptive, racy, scholarly Article or Long Story in thirty-one volumes.

All Contributions will be filed away in the Editor's Filing Cabinet—at least we promise you that much. And when the Editor has nothing better to do, he will glance through them, blue-pencil them, accept or reject them. (His decision is Utterly Final).—Rejected stuff will be burned with fire or cremated, the Ashes will be placed in a Grecian Urn and then handed over to the Contributor.—Accepted stuff will be typed out by the Editor's staff of stenographers and sent by King's Messenger to the Ditchling Press: Printer's Devils will see to the rest.

When your effort has been safely filed in the E's F.C. you may put aside the telescope, tidy up the Materials, let the Great Open Spaces resume their Vacancy and allow your *Tabula* to be completely *Rasa* once again.

Now let us get down to brass tacks (don't sit on them).

PLEASE do not write any 'Biggles' stories. The Editor has wasted hours studying Biggles, knows him by heart and has had enough of him. And don't, as one child did last term, present the Editor with a poem already thought of by Mr Shakespeare.—However poor a thing, it must be your own (ditto: however good, etc.). And don't write 'ditto' or 'etc.' Remember, too, that scenes of SHOCKING VIOLENCE & BLOODSHED, liable to cause TEARSHED, are always either *Taboo* or *Tabu*.

Now then: who can write a good *Animal story*? We have had some nice ones about dogs and wabbits, but poor pussy has been quite neglected, and so have her Giant Relations the King of Beasties and the Child-eating Tigger. And what about Horses, Donkeys, Camels, Bicycles and other Dumb Friends:—You mustn't forget the *Sea* either, whether it be the Atlantic, the Pacific or the Red Sea. Here is a nice subject for an adventure story: 'My stay among the Bongo-Wongos—a short life and a merry one—but don't do anything really dangerous.' (The B-W's are a very affectionate tribe of Cannibals, greatly given to the Pleasures of the Table).—Another suggestion: why not write on modern Politics? Here is a good and suggestive title: 'Causes of present unrest among the European Tribes'.

Humour is not ruled out. Let us have some jokes that will set the table in a roar. But they must be New Jokes: the Editor knows all the old ones and is sick and tired of them. If you *must* submit an old joke, de-bunk it, disguise it, dress it up in new clothes, give it a new flavour, alter it so that no little fish may poke his head out of the water and squeak out 'I know that story'.

Some excellent articles have already been filed (in the Editor's F.C.): you must send in more; we are anxious to file as many as possible.

A last word: put your favourite names in the right hand top corner of your article; give the hour, day, month and year when you began your Childhood, (if you can remember all this), as well as the date of your entry on Worth-hood; than add a list of the decorations conferred on your by the school Authorities, e.g.: Colonel, Cantor, Chief Ping-Pongster, Warder of Chain-He Gang, Chief Swat, and so forth (Consult your Diary for this or ask your Dad). *Don't Cheat*: the Editor has ways and means of controlling every scrap of evidence you set down: he even knows your Pet-names. *No one has ever yet deceived an Editor and got away with it*. Besides, there are dreadful penalties—but hush!

Thirteenthly, or thereabouts, learn from this Notice that anybody can write *anything* about anything somehow. But be careful. Split your Infinitives (with a loud report) if you must, but make it quite clear that, like Joseph Conrad (a noted Splitter of Infinitives), you know all the time that you are defying one of *Nature's Laws* and that you are prepared to take the consequences. This caution applies also to breakages of the delicate Parts of Speech. On the other hand, don't worry about your Spelling: it may be grief and sorrow to your Teacher, but it only amuses the Editor; you see, Proof-correction is so easy when the Editor knows beforehand that your spelling is all wrong. And when I say 'wrong' I only mean 'not quite the latest fashion in modern science'. Just look at Shakespeare! Could he spell? Not on your life. Nor could any of the others. But I told you all about Spelling in an earlier number of the W. Record.

Seventeenthly, or so, Write Clearly. Use D. James' Typewriter (if he will lend it, which I wouldn't if I were he or him), or Noh-Bong's Catswhisker (the one given to him by Pu-sieh and which he mislaid, you remember).

Good luck to you—*Tabulae Rasae* and all—Your loving little

DIogenes PHILATELISTA

P.S. Please see that your Crossword Puzzle fits nicely. Nothing is more

vexing than a Cross Word gone wrong. (Don't mistake the meaning of Cross Words).

P.P.S. Put *Fragile, This side up, With care* on both sides of your Contribution. Don't read this article if you find it too long.

## CHOIR

The Choir is keeping up its good singing. On December 17 the Carol Concert was given and on December 21 the Carol Service took place. Another four-part motet was added to the Choir Repertory: Farrant's *O Sacrum Convivium*. We all look forward to more Polyphony.

## CAROL CONCERT

God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen	<i>Traditional</i>
When Christ Our Blessed Lord came on Earth	<i>D. Thomas</i>
The Holly and the Ivy	<i>Traditional</i>
Verbum Caro Factum Est	<i>from Piae Cantiones</i>
Sweet Baby Sleep	<i>D. Thomas</i>
The Night so Dark the Wind so Cold	<i>D. Thomas</i>
The Noble Stem of Jesse (Four Parts)	<i>from Piae Cantiones</i>
Rorate Coeli (Four Parts)	<i>Tye</i>
The Son of God is Born for All (Four Parts)	<i>from Piae Cantiones</i>
This Gospel sang the Angels Bright	<i>M. Bell</i>
Christmas Song	<i>Words by Mary O'Hagan</i>
The Lord at First had Adam made	<i>Traditional</i>
The Magi from the East are We	<i>D. Thomas</i>
The Virgin Unspotted	<i>Traditional</i>
Regnavit Dominus (Four Parts)	<i>D. Alphege</i>
Adeste Fideles	

## CAROL SERVICE

<i>Processional</i>	Veni, veni, Emanuel
<i>Reading</i>	Isaias VII. 10—14, Prophecy—H. FRENCH
<i>Carol</i>	The Noble Stem of Jesse vv 1 & 2.
<i>Reading</i>	St Luke I, 26—35, Annunciation—D. BARNETT
<i>Carol</i>	Verbum Caro Factum Est.
<i>Reading</i>	St Luke II, 1—20, Shepherds—M. O'CONNELL
<i>Carol</i>	The Son of God is Born for All
<i>Reading</i>	St Matthew II, 1—12, Magi—D. MAURICE
<i>Carol</i>	The night so Dark, the Wind so Cold.

## BENEDICTION

*Adeste Fideles* after the Prayer for England  
 After Adoremus: *Sweet Baby Sleep*

## AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE

The performance of *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure* by the Worth Dramatic Society on Saturday February 5, and Sunday February 6, was a deed of considerable daring. The play is a full-scale comedy in three acts, and the scene is laid partly in the library of a quiet and respectable house, and partly in a pirate-ship. The leading parts are therefore so long and so varied that it might have been feared that the memory and versatility of our youthful players would be hopelessly overtaxed.

Any such impression would quickly have been dispelled when the curtain rose and the play began. It is certain that never for a moment was the attention of the audience in danger of flagging; and people were heard to say as they issued from the theatre that the Worth Dramatic Society had excelled all its former efforts.

The undoubted success of the play was largely due to the admirable performance of David Barnett. He sustained his exacting part with extraordinary vigour and adaptability. He was properly respectable as the conventional Ambrose Applejohn of Act I; he was appropriately ferocious as the notorious pirate Applejack in Act II, and he mingled the two manners with uproarious success in Act III. He was consistently audible, and showed a nice command of gesture and of facial expression.

David Barnett was strongly supported by Martin Monico, whose appearance as Anna Valeska, arrayed in furs and all the accoutrements of female elegance, astonished and delighted the audience. His foreign accent was extremely convincing, and his prowess with the powder puff was a sight to see. He dropped his voice too much in narrating his dramatic but fictitious interview with Joseph Stalin, and there was one pedantic spectator who regretted his pronunciation of the words *bonne chance*—but these were quite minor failings in a very worthy performance.

Other striking performances were given by Michael Thesiger as the truculent and disconcerting Ivan Borolsky, by Paul Focke as the gentle and agreeable Poppy Faire, and by John Keogh as the prim and temperamental Aunt Agatha Whatcombe. Michael Thesiger was even more convincing at the dress rehearsal than he was at the final performance on Sunday, February 6.

Hugh French as Mrs Pengard, Anthony Mockler as Horace Pengard, and Peter Davies as Dennet, were adequate but not spectacular. Anthony Mockler came nearest to distinction as the Chinaman in Act II.

Among the minor parts, a very special mention is due to Michael Lambert as the Butler Lush, and to Anthony Martin as the maid Nellie. These two performers were so convincing that they left an impression out of all proportion to their prominence in the play.

Anthony Mumford as the scapegrace Johnny Jason was admirable in appearance, but spoke too quietly and unexpressively.

Michael Fitzgerald, Maurice O'Connell, Charles Petre, Michael Griffin and Gerald de Domenico made excellent pirates.

A very large share of the credit for this admirable performance is due to Mr Walter Stanford, who constructed and painted the scenery; to Mrs Marshall,



who presided over the make-up; and, above all, to Mr Maurice Jonnson, our indefatigable producer. The effect of the scenery was enhanced by a recent rearrangement of the stage lighting.

For the Worth Dramatic Society, *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure* was something of a new departure. Its perfect success is full of encouragement for the future.

H.H.

## JUNIOR HOUSE PLAYS

The Junior House produced two plays on Sunday, December 12. The first, *A King till Twelve O'Clock*, was a comedy. The King of Argumania (N. Bellord) sleepy and only desiring to be left alone is being attacked by the terrible Ogaranias. Within the palace all is consternation. Plans and counter-plans are discussed by the King, his queen Bertha Bella (M. Duffield), the Lord High Chancellor (M. Kemmis Betty) and the incompetent general of the army (P. Kennedy). Flight is counselled when Crown Prince Ivon (P. Milmo) and his irrepressible companion Tommy Smith (N. Sibley) upset all plans by the discovery of a document which makes the prince king for that day. The elder members of the court are ordered off, after a sound smacking, to various household duties. Then in through a secret panel wanders a vision of loveliness, the Princess Blowflower (R. White). Love at first sight! Love finds a way to subdue the terrible king of Ogarania (D. Shaw) when he arrives full of threats and bluster.

Great credit is due to the young actors for their rendering of a by no means easy play. A quick give and take of cues was necessary. Only once was a mistake made and this was so cleverly covered up that the only person to suffer was the producer. Every part was a definite character. N. Bellord as the stupid king deserved the many laughs which he got. At times he was too soft in his speaking. He had the difficult task of getting his words across to the audience and at the same time giving the impression of quiet speaking. P. Milmo, one of our experienced actors, was well up to standard. His acting is full of life and he makes his audience share his enthusiasm. His faults are speaking too quickly, tending to shout and turning his back on the audience. M. Duffield's rendering of the overbearing queen was considered by many to be the best presentation of the evening. He spoke very clearly and distinctly. N. Sibley gave a very amusing study of the mischievous Tommy Smith. The part seemed to come natural to him. Richard White was a charming princess and won more hearts than of her dashing and royal suitor. The screams from the torture chamber were truly rending. Peter Kennedy was excellent. His declamation of the general's two pompous speeches was particularly good. He is to be congratulated on his first appearance in the Junior House plays. He speaks very clearly. Mark Kemmis-Betty presented the character of the fussy Lord Chancellor excellently. He speaks his lines clearly and puts much meaning into his words. He has a tendency to forget that he must act all the time and not only when he is speaking. Robin Martin, although perhaps too mild in his acting, was excellent. He had several very important and difficult cues to take all of which he took with great success. David Shaw, in the part of the king of Ogarania, was well up to his usual high

standard. He stamped and blustered about the stage in a most realistic manner. Gerald McEnery and Simon Matthews made two very imposing soldiers although perhaps a tendency to stand on one leg while on duty was not up to the best military traditions.

The second play *Sleep Holy Babe* was written by D. James. He is to be congratulated on it. The first scene is the bedroom of two boys who are going to bed on Christmas Eve. The boys were played extremely well by Antony Lesser and Paul Chapman. They kept to their natural selves. The reading by Lesser in this scene was very pleasing. Michael Owen as their mother was kind but firm. When she said that it was time to go to bed, George and Michael went and there was no nonsense about it. When the boys are in bed their guardian angels (David Monico and Terence Phelan) appear. They talk about Xmas and decide to bring the boys back through time and space to the Holy Stable at Bethlehem. The stable scene shows Our Lady (Simon Matthews) and St Joseph (Christopher Moysey) grouped around the crib. The children and two angels enter, followed by the shepherd. Chapman and Lesser are to be congratulated on the beautiful way they spoke in this scene. Monico and Phelan are also to be congratulated on the quiet dignity of their acting and their clear enunciation.

Interposed between these scenes there is one which brings us to Rachel's tomb on the road to Bethlehem. Two robbers are lurking there. These robbers, we gather, are the robbers of the crucifixion. Their parts were taken splendidly by Esme Howard and Christopher Long. In comes a wayfarer whom they attack and rob and throw into a ditch. Anthony Mandeville was the wayfarer and his few words were said clearly and with feeling. Our Blessed Lady and St Joseph then came on, on their way to Bethlehem. The robbers have intended to attack them but a mixture of fear and reverence prevents them. It might be said that the speaking of Simon Matthews in this scene was one of the most beautiful things in the play.

The parts of the shepherds were taken by Peter Courage, Tom Fisher, Christopher Rowbotham and Michael Hegarty.

A great part of the success of this play was due to the untiring efforts of D. Bruno and the choir. The choir was: Timothy Markes, Peter Kennedy, Esme Howard, Christopher Long, Jaimie Drummond, Paul Chapman, Antony Lesser, David Monico, Thomas Earle, Charles Wood, Terence Phelan, Nicholas Bellord, Edward Maynard, Christopher Rowbotham, Tom Fisher, Gerald McEnery, Peter Courage and Mark Radcliffe.

The solo singing of Markes was particularly fine and received a great ovation from the audience. There were three performances. At the second performance owing to the temporary illness of Markes his part in the choir was taken by Peter Kennedy and taken with equal success.

We must again congratulate Dom James on this his first play. The Junior House intend to reproduce it next Christmas. In criticism of the play it might be said that there is a certain 'fizzling out' in the last two scenes after the splendid climax reached in the third scene, the stable scene.

Denis Cross, A. Monico, John Keogh, Richard Brown, Gerald McEnery and Mark Radcliffe did excellent work behind the scenes.

## ST GREGORY'S GROUP OF SCOUTS

This year the First Troop is almost completely new. Only eight members of last year's troop were left in September, and now the troop numbers thirty-four. The newcomers have settled down remarkably well, and patrols wholly composed of tenderfoots have proved most capable and efficient on many day expeditions to their patrol sites in the Bluebell Wood area.

The Storks, led by two 2nd Class scouts, P. L. Coxon and Sec. Stewart, have had little difficulty in keeping at the head of the patrol order each term. John Wells has helped them to do this by winning the Master-at-Arms Badge. They have been joined at their site by the Swans, led by another 2nd Class scout, P.L. Wright, whose Second, Timothy O'Meara, at last won his 2nd Class Badge this term. These two patrols spend most of their time in lighting huge fires and cooking thereon gargantuan meals, taken mainly from tins from Egypt, Ireland and America.

The Pheasants are repairing their dug-out. The Peewits, consisting of the newest and youngest boys in the troop, have been excellently led by Warriner, and have made wonderful progress in all scoutcraft except the actual tests. Coward, for example, has cooked a recognizable apple pie: but he has not yet made 'porridge for two'. The Peewits have built such a lovely turf hut that the Ravens and Woodpigeons have been enticed to their position from their own sites, and the Ravens are now building a hut of turf for themselves.

All the patrols owe great thanks to Dom Bruno and Dom Edward for being in charge on several occasions when the G.S.M. was unable to go out.

The second Troop are not as numerous as they were last year, and some of them are 'non-practising' scouts at the moment. The others, however, are helping to build their fifth bridge to the island in their pond. The spars of this bridge are being bolted into position, instead of being lashed, so as to give more permanence to the construction.

The Cubs have also made good use of the grand weather this winter. The Senior Pack have often been out for lunch in the Hole Farm area, and they are now expert in the art of making stews. They have had many extensive games, and yet have not neglected their test work. The Junior Pack have spent most of their time in playing exciting games and going on paper-chases. Coming home from one of the latter, the 'hounds' seemed to have half a ploughed field on their feet—except for those hardy ones who had taken off their shoes and stockings. And rumour has it that in one tough spy game Miss Corbally was overpowered in the Tower House dayroom, bound and gagged.

## RUGGER

The keenness and progress at rugger shown throughout the school is most encouraging for the future. The youngest boys are started on the right lines by Mr Clutton, and they are then moulded into a fierce Tower House team by Dom Jerome. Frequently they go straight from his Sixth Game to the Second Game, where Dom Denis advances the Under 11 and Under 12 teams along the road to scientific excellence. Meanwhile Mr Johnson and Mr Moggridge, in

the 5th and 4th Games respectively, give grand training to those Junior House boys who progress slowly, and to the Senior House boys who have begun to play the game later than their contemporaries. Mr Keating inspires enthusiasm into the boys at the 3rd Game, and they play most enjoyable matches against the other Games of the School. Thanks to the efforts of these masters, Dom Michael has little difficulty in forming a fine 1st XV each year, and more and more excellent reserves are at hand to fill the gaps in the team caused by illness or accidents. This year the 2nd XV played some very good rugby in practice games, and won a match against another school's 1st XV.

**1st XV:** Captain: G. Ortuzar, Vice-Captain: J. Norman.

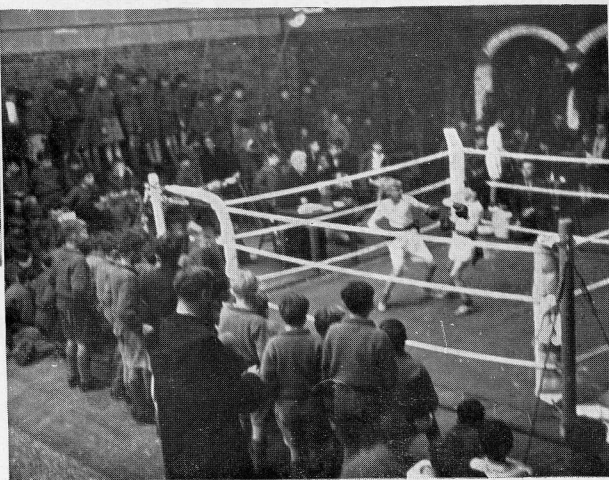
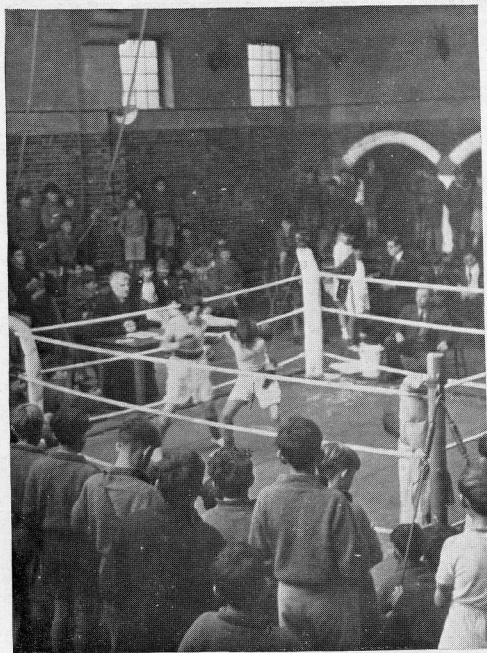
The fifteen took longer than usual to settle down, but eventually turned into a very useful team, well balanced and clever, and gave some fine exhibitions of rugby. Eight matches were played: five were won, one was drawn, and two were lost. Worth scored 88 points and their opponents 43. Of these 43, two teams scored 40, so that in five of the matches there was no score against Worth.

On the whole the defence of the team was better than it was last year. Though there was a tendency to tackle too high in some cases, and to fall on the ball half-heartedly, on the part of the backs, the covering off by the forwards was usually so good that mistakes were soon rectified. R. Thompson, G. Ortuzar and M. O'Connell were forwards who excelled in defence, tackling magnificently, and they frequently led a counter attack with an electrifying foot rush of forty yards. At full-back O'Donovan was a devastating tackler of anyone within diving distance; but he still has much to learn in other matters. Among the threequarters, J. Norman and C. Petre were outstanding in tackling and falling on the ball.

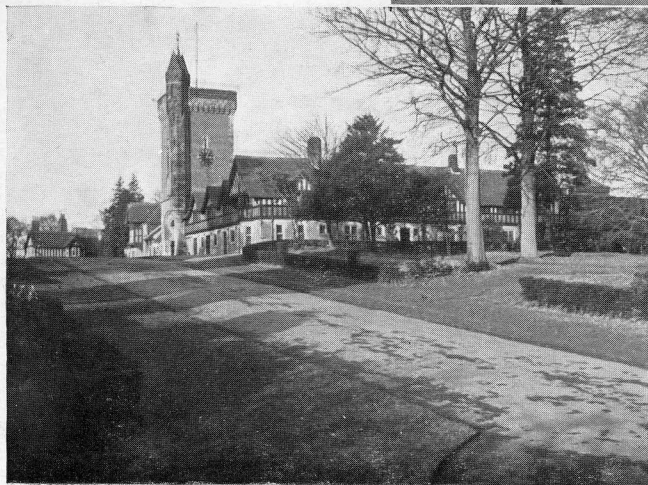
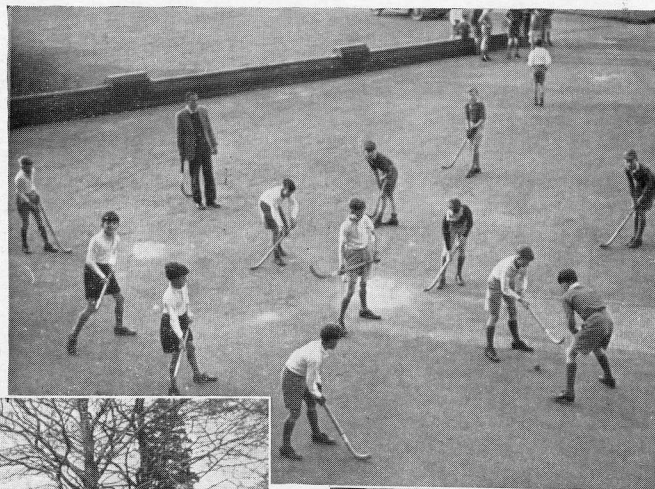
Most of our scores were the result of good, at times brilliant, co-operation. When a boy is mentioned in these pages as having scored a try, very often it was 'made' for him by another member of the team, or by a whole collection of members. For example, four typical scrum-half's tries from a quick heel near the enemy goal-line were largely made possible for Wells by the forwards who had rushed the ball to a scoring position. Again, a passing movement from the centre of the field to the wing *and back again* along a line of intelligently positioned players, forwards as well as backs, often left one of the team with a clear run in: but it might easily have been his neighbour. The backing up of the man with the ball, on both sides of him, by forwards and backs, was amazing on many occasions. Dom James' excellent photographs have frequently proved this: a Worth boy is shown scoring a try with two or three others at hand to whom he could have passed, had it been necessary.

A feature of this season's forward play was the pack's success in the tight scrums. The forwards packed compactly and low, and O'Connell hooked superbly. But what made the tight scrumming so successful was the admirable shape and weight of French and Lambert in the second row. The ball came back to Wells ever so often in every match except one, but not, unfortunately, always with sufficient speed. Wells and O'Hagan were often smothered by the opposition before the attack could develop. But when it did develop, Norman at





*Inter-School  
Boxing*



inside centre-threequarter was a fine forcer of openings, and when the ball reached Gilshenan and Petre on the wings they usually made good headway. These two wings scored eight tries between them. De Domenico, as outside centre-threequarter was very good at selling dummies, but at times his handling was very weak, and he will not fall on the ball in defence.

.....  
On October 20, 1948, an 'A' XV—the 1st XV minus the 'Big Four' left over from last year (Ortuzar, Norman, Thompson and O'Hagan)—went to Beaumont to play the St John's 1st XV. A close and exciting match ended in a victory for St John's by a runaway try scored in the last few minutes, to nil. This match, besides being most enjoyable, was most useful to us. It revealed that several of our boys had not yet found their true position, and that the defence of others was more than questionable. Our forwards were grand, but the backs were poor.

A week later we received a visit at Worth from the Abbey School 1st XV. The latter were a large side, but Worth were more experienced. Our three-quarters gave a good display, receiving the ball often, and Norman cut through the centre time and again. He opened the scoring for us, and Giggins converted—only two of our tries were converted throughout the season. Before half time Ortuzar scored from a line-out, Wells sent in Gilshenan with a neat blind side pass near the corner flag, and Wells himself scored. In the second half Wells scored again, then O'Hagan scored an opportunist try in fine style, Gilshenan came again, and finally the whole scrum went over and touched down. We won easily by 26 points to nil.

On November 6 we went to Weybridge to play the St George's under 13½ team—all our boys, by the way were under 13 at the beginning of the season. We began badly against a larger and faster team. One of our side kicked the ball backwards over our own goal line, and before anyone could decide what to do about it, one of our opponents trotted up and touched down for a try—near the posts. This encouraged St George's who quickly scored two more tries. An intercepted pass when we were attacking gave them another try so that they led 14—0 at half-time. We had had as much of the game territorially, and our forwards hooked the ball every time, but St George's marked up well, and our backs could not often start moving. Well's passes were often taken by the opposing stand-off ! We did better in the second half and scored six points to three, and our backs made an impression on the spectators by their clean passing. Following one run, de Domenico scored a try, and after another brilliant run by him, Ortuzar scored from a line-out. Our opponents' try was again from an intercepted pass. We lost 17—6, but during tea Father Murtogh, the St George's Games Master, said he thought Worth would win the return match by thirty points. It sounded like a polite exaggeration.

The following week we met the Wimbledon College Under 13 team, and after a most enjoyable game we won 12—3. But it was anyone's game up to the last eight minutes. At half time we led 6—3. Gilshenan scored a try and the pack went over in a body: the Wimbledon try came when we dropped a pass near our own line. In the second half O'Hagan scored a dream try after a fine

combined movement had given him a clear run in, the excellent Wimbledon defence being for once completely overcome. The close struggle went on until suddenly Norman scored a drop-goal with a kick quickly taken on the run. We had won, 12—3.

The next week we went to Epsom College to play the Under 14 team of their Junior House. A thrilling encounter ended in a draw: there was no score. Both three-quarters line came near to scoring, but the defences of both sides held out, O'Donovan saving our line several times by breath-taking tackles. The Headmaster of Epsom was watching, and he said that both packs of forwards impressed him by their tireless covering off in defence. Coxon, Wright, O'Connell and Thompson worked very hard among our forwards, and Norman's defensive kicking was invaluable.

On November 27 St George's came to Worth for the return match. The Worth team gave what was perhaps their best performance of the season, playing mature, fast, open rugby, the ball being handled excellently. For a long time there was no score, the St George's defence being as firm as before. However, Wells eventually got his scrum half's try. Then C. Petre scored three tries in quick succession, the first going left towards the corner flag, the other two cutting inwards through a crowd of players towards the goal-posts, so that the defence was caught on the wrong foot. In the second half Ortuzar, R. Thompson, O'Hagan and Wells added other tries, the last of which Norman converted. We won by 26—0, and Father Murtoth's prophecy was almost right!

On December 11, King's College Junior School beat us convincingly by 23 points to nil. They had a much bigger, faster and more developed side than ours, and played good football as well, but no better than we had played in our previous match. At half-time, they led by a penalty goal and two tries, and gradually wore us down in the second half. We missed the tackling of O'Donovan at full-back, and our normal hooker was also away in the Old House.

On January 29, 1949, we went to Ealing to play St Benedict's Under 13 team. St Benedict's, who have only just begun to play rugby again, tackled superbly, and played with great spirit. But the Worth team produced the better rugby and won 12—0. C. Petre scored two tries for us, Coxon and M. Monico scoring the other two. The final match of the season, on February 12, was a tense struggle between the Epsom and Worth forwards on a field deep in mud and water. The forwards were caked with mud at the end of the match whereas the three-quarters were comparatively clean. Worth won 6—0, the closely packed scrum scoring once in each half, heeling the ball in the tight, keeping it in the second or third row, and pushing the heavier Epsom pack back over their own goal line and touching down for a try. What an advantage it is to have a perfectly fitting scrum which can bind tight and low and *shove*!

The 1st XV was: J. O'Donovan, A. Gilshenan, G. de Domenico, C. Petre, J. Norman, M. O'Hagan, J. Wells, J. Coxon, M. O'Connell, P. L. Wright, J. French, M. Lambert, R. Thompson, M. Monico or J. Keogh, and G. Ortuzar. Also played: Giggins, Sheridan, S. S. Lane and Mumford. 1st XV Caps were awarded to Ortuzar, Norman, Thompson, O'Hagan and Petre and 2nd XV Colours to the rest of the team.



The 1st XV Matches were thus:—

v. Abbey School	Home	Won	26—0
v. St George's Weybridge, <i>Under 13½</i>	Away	Lost	6—17
v. Wimbledon College, <i>Under 13</i>	Home	Won	12—3
v. Epsom College Junior House	Away	Drawn	0—0
v. St George's Weybridge, <i>Under 13½</i>	Home	Won	26—0
v. King's College Junior School	Home	Lost	0—23
v. St Benedict, Ealing, <i>Under 13</i>	Away	Won	12—0
v. Epsom College Junior House	Home	Won	6—0

**2nd XV:** Captain: R. Stewart.

Thanks to the sportsmanship of the Headmaster and Games Master of Ashfold School our 2nd XV were able to have a match this season for the first time for some years. Ashfold have only begun to play rugger recently and they only play in the Easter Term. On February 23 their 1st XV came to Worth to play our 2nd XV and a most enjoyable match took place.

It was anybody's game right up to the last whistle. The Ashfold forwards obtained the ball from the majority of the set scrums but their backs did not run very straight. Their left wing was dangerous and as Worth's tackling was not very good it was lucky for us that he did not have the ball often. Our backs played well when they had the ball, running straight, and passed well; but they lacked the speed necessary to overcome some good tackling.

In the loose the Worth forwards and the Ashfold pack were about even though the height and stride of Mumford made him the most impressive forward on the field. He backed up a breakthrough by Stewart in our opponent's twenty-five and gave a perfect pass to Hawkins who just reached the line to open our scoring. Later our forwards tried to take the ball over the line in a body, in 1st XV style, but the ball went loose. Luckily Hawkins was at hand to touch down for a try and the same player similarly completed an identical movement in the second half. One of these tries he also converted so that he was responsible for all the Worth points. Ashfold scored two tries, one following some faulty passing by Worth in front of their own line and one following a kick ahead and follow up. One of these tries was converted, so Worth only just won by 11—8. The second XV consisted of N. Dolan, G. Oury, M. Phelan, J. Moran, A. Giggins, R. Stewart, D. Hawkins, P. Foley, K. Sheridan, T. O'Meara, C. Moysey, M. D. Maguire, A. Mumford, M. Fitzgerald and N. Thompson. 2nd XV colours were awarded to Stewart, Mumford and Hawkins.

## LEAGUE MATCHES

The League Matches were very close this season and they revealed that the younger boys are not far behind those who will be leaving this year, either in skill or spirit. In the 1st XV competition the Reds were expected to win the Cup as they had both the 1st XV halves and two of the three-quarters while their forwards were led by Ortuzar himself and he was backed up by Mumford, Sheridan, O'Meara and M. D. Maguire of the 2nd XV.

However the Blues gave them a shock in the first match. The Blue pack was as usual terrific, O'Connell, Coxon, Wright, M. Monico, French and N. Thompson playing wonderfully throughout. Starting with a rush they manœuvred the ball to the Red line and enabled C. Petre playing at scrum half to slip over for a try. Very soon afterwards Giggins dropped a penalty goal to make the Blues lead 6—0 at half time. In the second half however the Blue forwards were gradually worn down and first Wells and then M. D. Maguire scored tries for the Reds and O'Hagan won the match for them with a dropped penalty goal. In the final it was a struggle between the Red attack and the Gold defence in which R. Thompson, O'Donovan, Keogh, and Moysey excelled. The Reds won 9—0 through two tries by Wells and one by Davies following a good forward rush.

The 2nd XV Competition was also won by the Reds who obviously had the best side. But they were well held in both their matches by a dour defence and it was only when they began to throw the ball about in the proper way that they found their way to victory. In the first match they beat the Blues 15—0. Andrews opening the scoring and Green-Armytage and P. Kemmis-Betty scoring two tries each. In the final they beat the Golds 14—0, Kemmis-Betty again scoring two tries and Green-Armytage and Hardy one each, Green-Armytage converting one of them.

## BOXING

The School boxing team have had a most successful term. All three matches have been won by comfortable margins.

On Wednesday, February 2, Worth met St John's Beaumont, at Beaumont and won by eight fights to two. At Home they were successful against Wimbledon College, February 10 (won nine fights lost six), and the John Fisher School, February 19 (won eight fights, lost four.)

Ian McDonald is a boxer of great determination. He won both the contests in which he took part. T. Griffin boxed in all three contests and won his three matches. He is a grand fighter and a hard hitter. He sometimes however takes things too easy. In his fight against O'Hara of the John Fisher School he lost his first round through his own fault. Apparently he got good advice from his seconds and so he went in to win in the remaining two rounds. Paul Chapman boxed in the three matches and was successful in all. He is a very finished boxer and hits his opponent on the head and body. It may be said that he never let his adversary claim even a round from him. James Bourne has made a very good start at boxing this term. He had three very close contests, the decision going against him in two of them. He has the makings of a clever boxer but must keep a more careful eye on his opponent. L. Williams met an older and more experienced boy and lost the one fight in which he took part. Richard Stewart was somewhat disappointing this term. He seems to have lost the accuracy of last year. However, of his two fights he won the first and lost the second by a narrow margin only. Peter Geoghegan has shown himself a really clever boxer. He won both his fights against older boys. We expect to see his name in the future boxing records of both Worth and Downside. Michael Morris won two

of his three fights. He is a determined and brave fighter but has not got rid of his tendency to wild and misdirected hitting. G. de Domenico, as is his custom, won all three contests. Someday however he will lose a match by taking things too easy at the wrong moment. R. Thompson always does take things easy in what should be the second and third rounds. But then he has finished the matter by giving his opponent enough in the first round. He has a very deadly swing and uppercut. He stands close in and hits hard. He does not seem to mind a few hits back. In his swings he must be careful to hit with the right side of the glove. F. Wilson, although he lost both his contests, fought well and bravely. He never considered himself beaten till the decision was given against him. In one contest he lost the first round rather heavily and yet fought on so bravely that he probably won the remaining two rounds. Owing to various circumstances John Wells boxed in only one match. This was a very close contest and his opponent must just have got the decision from the judges. Wells' body hitting is particularly good. Kevin Sheridan lacks accuracy but he goes for his man with great vigour. He lost both his fights by fairly small margins. T. Chetwynd put up a very good fight to lose against an older and heavier boy. Antony Lesser and P. Kavanagh, two skilful boxers, won their fights in the match against Wimbledon. Both these boys showed fine footwork. Charles Petre showed himself a hard hitter and left no doubt that he was the winner in his fight in the St John Fisher Match. G. Ortuzar with more practice would become a good boxer. As it is he lacks finish and style. He lost his fight by a narrow margin. Christopher Moysey is one of our best boxers. He fought twice, winning both times decisively; in one case his fight was stopped at the end of the second round. His footwork is excellent. He goes for his opponent's body not forgetting to give his face a little attention. All round he boxes with coolness and intelligence.

Mr Wallis is to be congratulated on the fine performances of his team. It was easy to see that he had infused a fine fighting spirit into the teams. The Worth boxers were noted for the vigour of their attack. We hope to see many more inter-school contests at Worth next year.

## INWARDS

No new boys joined the School on January 18, 1949.

## OUTWARDS

These boys left the School in December, 1948:—

K. F. Cunningham, M. Deane, J. W. Norman, B. D. A. Pazzi, G. M. Rollo.

## UPWARDS

School Officials for the Lent 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. B. Brown, M. L. O'Hagan, M. V. Lambert, M. F. C. Fitzgerald, J. H. Motion, J. F. Keogh, A. Mumford, P. J. Foley, C. H. Petre.  
*Captain of Rugger:* G. Ortuzar.  
*Captain of Hockey:* R. H. Thompson.  
*Captain of Gymnasium:* J. G. Wells.  
*Masters of Ceremonies:* 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.  
*Leader of the Choir:* M. W. O'Connell.

## REWARDS

Prizes were won in the Michaelmas term by:—

R. G. B. Brown and A. B. P. Mockler (a), M. D. Kennedy (1b), L. H. W. Williams (2a), M. T. R. St J. Maguire (2b), C. W. Long (3a), V. E. Callaghan (3b), P. J. Molony (3c), P. R. Chapman (4a), A. A. Walker (4b), M. D. C. Cuss (5a), J. B. Voelcker (5b), P. A. R. Leake (6).

## SOLUTIONS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

*Across:* 1, Champagne. 7, Lear. 8, Eel. 9, Gab. 11, Lose. 12, Pa. 14, Inverness. 17, Nil. 19, Speedway.

*Down:* 1, Champions. 2, Ale. 3, Meek. 4, Pal. 5, Ar. 6, Embers. 9, Go. 10, As. 11, Lynx. 13, An. 15, Vile. 16, Stay. 18, I.P.



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