

# *The* WORTH RECORD



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The

# WORTH RECORD

Vol. II. No. 3.

SUMMER TERM, 1949

## HEADMASTER'S LETTER

Never before have I had to write this letter away from Worth. Many people tell me that it is a good thing to have a rest every few years, and I am inclined to agree. At all events the germs which gained a brief mastery in April and May are now certified to be absent, and I have made a complete recovery, together with enough energy to last another ten years, if necessary. Thank you all very much who have written and sent me things and who have provided me with some consolation for absence from Worth, indeed to miss the three months of Spring there is a great loss. I have however, waxed lyrical once too often about the Seasons. That is not the subject of my letter to you this term.

More particularly at this time of year I find myself asking older boys what they are going to be. No doubt the first instinct is to agree with the boy who said he was going to be a retired banker. All our natural desire seems to be to get somewhere without trouble, and yet God told Adam that, because of his sin, he was henceforward to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; in other words, if a man does not work, neither shall he eat. Please do not think that I am writing this letter just to tell you to work harder; no, I am just giving you the fact that according to God's law you must work until you can work no more, and then at last God will take you away to your eternal rest.

So, then, the question is, what is the best kind of work to take up—soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor (no mention of the Royal Air Force in that rhyme: why not soldier, sailor, airman, tailor? Are there any tinkers nowadays?) But this leaves out one thing. There are vocations and there are professions. A vocation is a life to which God calls you—you will think at once: priest in a parish or priest in a monastery or friary; but surely there is more to it than that! Have you ever heard of St Benedict Joseph Labre? He had the strangest of vocations because God called him to spend his life as a tramp! And what about most men you know who marry? God calls you perhaps to get married and have a profession as well. The call or vocation of married life is very splendid. You came into this world because your father was called to the married life as the head of your family, and, if you have a family, think of all the efforts you will have to make to get your children to be as good and obedient and as happy as you want to be yourselves.

So far we have not made things very clear; but the ordinary vocations for men are the priesthood and the religious life or marriage. It will be made very clear to you what God wants you to do by all sorts of hints and perhaps misfortunes. Priests are very badly needed in these days, especially in the parishes. Perhaps a few of you may fill a gap there; but no one is going to push

you into it because it is a vocation and the call must be a clear one to you—not to me. I remember how, in the days when Worth first began, there were whispers going around the countryside—'keep your children close by you or those monks will kidnap them and make them into priests'. Of course we laughed; and now everybody round Worth knows it is untrue.

Take it that you have never wanted to be a priest and that—at present—the idea of being married is quite beyond you, what about the professions? There are out-door professions and indoor professions. Among the outdoor ones are, for example, the Services. Many boys want to join the Air Force or the Navy, some the Army; a few decide to be policemen or to join some important work in the Dominions or the Colonies such as the Sudan Political Service, where you may ride around with a bodyguard judging the natives. There are quite a few who want to be Farmers or Tea Planters, and it is very true that living close to Mother Earth is a great happiness. I myself, like most of you, started by wanting to be an engine driver until one of that fraternity told me that I should have to start by being an engine cleaner and go inside the boiler and rake it out: when I looked at the flames roaring inside I decided that it would be too hot, and gave up the idea of being a human chestnut. Then again, you may want to work among horses and other animals, taming them and breaking them in for the service of others. In my opinion the outdoor professions are the ones to go for. In the old days men had to live on the land and even now it is splendid to have three acres and a cow. Why should we be dependent on milk set on the doorstep in a hygienic sealed bottle? I much prefer to see the cow brought round to the back-door and milked on the spot: that is what almost happens at Worth. People were in some ways happier when they could have all they wanted around them and did not know that they were missing anything.

Sometimes, however, there are good reasons for going in for an indoor profession. The finest of these are the ones which are of service to your fellow-beings like medicine. You can spend your life as a doctor or a dentist or a pathologist in a laboratory, working hard to relieve those who are in pain and, although the reward is money, the real reward is a tremendous satisfaction and happiness. The borderline between doctoring as a profession and doctoring as a vocation is very thin. It is often both. Then there is the business world. The life of the Country has to go on, and you can either be a Civil Servant and help the machinery of government or a plain business man. I am not going to go into details—you know about factories, insurance offices, publishing houses, banks, stores and so on. There may be a family tradition which will place you in the business world. But whatever you do business and married life are not the only things—there is something else.

This great country of ours depends on people like you for a number of things. Quite apart from your home and your business you ought, especially as Catholics, to take part as volunteers in local government. You may not want to be a member of parliament: perhaps, even, no party will want you; but you ought to play a part in the elections for your local council and make sure that the right sort of people are filling the places in your town or county district. You must be keen, vote, and get others to vote. Do not stand by and

let the Communists get in because you, and others like you, are too lazy to vote against them. That is the reason why Communists gain control in so many factories: the others did not trouble to turn up to the elections for Shop Stewards and let the wrong man get in. Too many people are lazy about this. You must show a good example. Then, too, when you have finished with the Army, join the Territorials and keep your knowledge of military affairs from getting out of date. It will keep you busy sometimes when you would prefer to be lying on the sea-shore; but you are being a good citizen who does not let his arms get rusty and who will be instantly ready when the moment comes to defend his native land. Others will prefer the Auxiliary Air Force or the Royal Naval Reserve. At all costs do not be selfish. You cannot neglect your duty to God, to yourself, to your family or to your country.

There are bad professions as well as good ones. I do not need to urge you to avoid them, because you will know at once that they are wrong. You do not want to be a professional burglar, nor to be hired out as an assassin. There are borderline cases where it is not so easy to see clearly. No one wants to be a Spiv and live on the Black Market (which really means getting things by unfair means and selling them at high prices to people who can afford them): but you may easily find yourself on the edge of this sort of thing just because you will have something you need at whatever the cost.

Then—and I have left it until last—there is the vocation of teaching. To you, masters and mistresses, teachers of all kinds, are quaint people whose funny habits you observe, and about whom you will tell amusing stories until your dying day. (Do not forget that they also tell funny stories about you.) Like the Doctor, the Teacher is following a vocation which is also a profession; but he generally does it because he loves it. You must not think that one who teaches can ever make his fortune; he never does, and yet, unlike the father of a family who can rarely be the father of twenty children, the schoolmaster is often, in another sense, the 'father' of many hundreds. It may occur to you later on to try this profession and see whether it is your vocation: if it is, it will not only be your happiness, but the happiness of many children too.

I am afraid that a lot of this letter will be too difficult for some of the younger boys; but I hope you older ones will think and pray about it. Very few of you seem to know what you want to be before you leave Worth. Those few who know are usually those who want to be priests, sometimes doctors. There are a few who want to fly or to be farmers. Nine out of ten, however, have not the slightest idea. Why not get an idea and stick to it? You can always change it, if you want to, before you leave Downside; but do bestir yourselves and look around you. In the old days the children used to be left money by their parents and often had no need to work; but this was a bad thing for the children. Always in future you will have to earn your own living as soon as you can. It may even be your privilege to support your parents to some extent in their old age. 'Honour thy father and thy mother' and make them proud of you because you are good, not necessarily because you are successful.

With my best wishes to you all

MAURICE BELL

## OUR VILLAGE

by P. WRIGHT\*

Caister-on-Sea is a village three miles north of Yarmouth. The inhabitants are mostly fishermen, with a few builders, architects and a doctor thrown in. The sea front is sandy with patches of shingle. At one part of the sea front there is a cliff made of clay on top of which is a house. The sea keeps on washing away the cliff face at high tide in the Spring when there is a high North wind, so that the cliff edge is now only a few feet from this house. There used to be a Hotel called *The Manor House*, but that fell to bits when the sea washed the clay from under it. Two sorts of buses come to Caister every day: the Eastern Counties and the Yarmouth Corporation. The Eastern Counties buses are red and the Yarmouth Corporation buses are blue. These buses run fairly often. By the bus stop there is a garage called Allen's Garage. As this garage is not very big, most people only stop there for petrol. At the other side of the road a woman keeps a shop called 'Roses'. This is a small shop that sells anything from sweets to coats. It is rather a dingy place. The woman is tall and has plump cheeks; she also wears spectacles. There are several grocer's shops, but the two best are the Co-op. and the Curtiss Stores. The Co-op. even sells tin baths as well as groceries. The other shop is a much more regular shop, kept by Mr and Mrs Curtiss; Mr Curtiss is of medium height with blackish hair.

Caister-on-Sea has its own lifeboat. This is put into the sea on a sort of cart affair, pulled by a tractor. This contraption is taken down the beach into the sea, the lifeboat starts up its engine and goes off to the rescue. The lifeboat shed has corrugated iron sides and stands on the top of the Marram Hills—sandhills with a tough sharp grass called Marram grass growing on them.

There is a big water tower in the village, roughly rounded at the bottom and bigger near the top, looking as if someone had taken a pillar and stuck a bigger piece on top.

There is a Speedway track near the village called the Yarmouth Speedway. Its flag has a bloater in the middle and the Yarmouth riders are called 'The Bloaters' because of the famous Yarmouth bloaters. Coming into Caister on Speedway night nearly all one can see is surges of cars and people walking and cycling home after the Speedway. The population of Caister-on-Sea is only three-thousand five hundred.

## LIMERICK

by N. COLES\*

At a cinema show in the town  
The manager said with a frown  
'The picture is sad  
But the crowd's gone quite mad—  
Why, lumme, it's on upside down'.

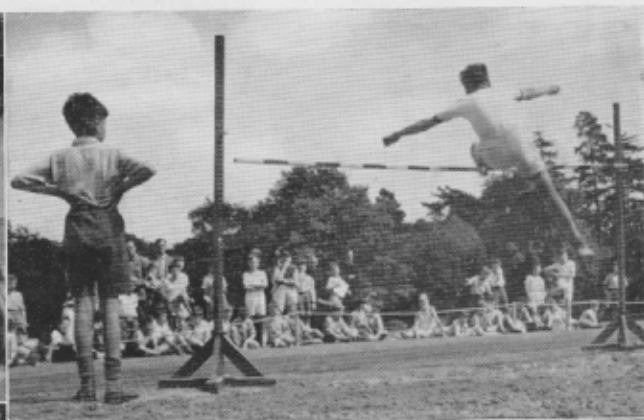
\*PETER WRIGHT, born June 22 1936; entered Worth, September 1947; left July 1949; 1st XV Rugger; Choir.

\*NORMAN COLES, born September 21 1939; entered Worth, September 1948.

*North Lodge from Tower*



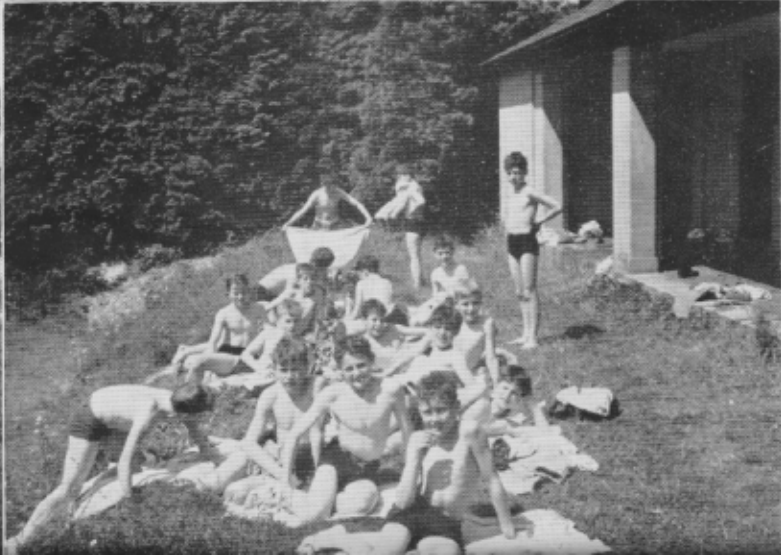
*Senior High Jump*



*Prize-giving*



*Junior Riding*



## HIGHWAYMAN'S FOLLY

by T. O'MEARA\*

It was the eve of November 7th, 1784. On Hampstead Heath there was a howling wind and the rain was pattering down on the highway from York to London. A mail coach pulled by four black horses came thundering along around a bend in the road, then suddenly a masked rider on a black horse galloped on to the road. The masked man called to the mail coach to stop. As they saw that it was no use trying to go on they stopped, then the masked man rode up and said 'Stand and deliver'. The masked man did not however notice how many people were on the coach, and a man who was on the back of the coach drew his pistol and levelled it to fire at the masked man's drawn guns, there was a crack as a bullet hit the guns from the masked man's hands. Immediately the other man sprang on the masked man dragging him from his horse. As soon as they had pinned him to the ground they tore off his mask to see that he was a celebrated and feared highwayman and his name was William Shanks. Then they tied him up and bundled him into the coach to take him to the London lock-up.

## FATE OF WAR

by M. CRONIN\*

If one turns back the pages of the history of the recent war, one finds that in 1940 a small town called Villeneuve just South East, is being blockaded by the Germans. Two thirds of the population of this town is civilian but because the Germans are about to attack it, a small military garrison of reinforcements is just coming to help defend the town. In a small side street just off the main street of the town lives a small, poor family by the name of Lemonies. It is with these people that we are concerned so let us have a look at them. There are five members of the family, Father, Mother and two boys John and Michael aged twelve and ten respectively and one girl Celia, aged five. John, who has just been out shopping for his Mother suddenly comes rushing into the house looking very hot and bothered. 'Mummy, Daddy, the Germans have arrived' he cries in an agitated voice. 'Its all right my dear,' says his Father comfortingly 'That's only our garrison of reinforcements coming to defend the town'. The next day the Germans receive reinforcements and begin bombarding the town with renewed vigour. It is evident that the town cannot hold out much longer so it is decided to evacuate the town with all possible speed. Accordingly everyone prepares to evacuate. The Lemonies begin to get all their possessions together which indeed are very few. They have managed to save up some food during the last days as they have anticipated the evacuation. On the next day, as had been ordered, everyone who is going to evacuate assembles outside the Town Hall at ten o'clock. At about twelve o'clock they start on their long trek to Calais. The Lemonies are walking near the front of a long string of people.

\*TIMOTHY O'MEARA, born July 5 1936; entered Worth Michaelmas, 1946; left July 1949.

\*MAURICE CRONIN, born October 24 1936; entered Worth, September 1947; left July 1949.

Celia is being carried by her father as they do not want her to become unduly tired at the beginning. When they have gone about four miles they see ahead of them a small detachment of German troops but the Germans do not appear to take any notice of them. All day they go on, only stopping twice for food until they finally find a suitable place to encamp for the night. During that day they have covered almost half the distance and at the rate they are going they ought to reach Calais before the next day is completed. An early start is made next morning and they are making good progress until about mid-day when they are passing through a cutting they see the Germans on the top of the hills on either side of them. These Germans start rushing down the hills upon them and as it is no use fighting against so great odds they all surrender at once. For some time the German officers talk to one another, then an order is given and they are told to proceed under custody towards the German Fort at Lygner where their position will be considered. The children of the Lemonies family are very frightened but by the consoling words of their parents they soon buck up once more. For two hours they march on until they are about two miles from the German fort. Suddenly they hear curses from the German officers in front. They soon however find out the reason for these curses as a detachment of British forces is seen coming towards them. The Germans do not put up much of a fight as they have no courage in such a situation. Soon therefore, these refugees from Villeneuve are on their way under British guard to the British lines where they will be well looked after until their own town can be retaken by the British.

## ANTARCTIC ADVENTURE

by ESME HOWARD\*

Jim and Dave, two young men, were travelling by plane over the Antarctic and their plane was not going along very well and it began to splutter. Soon, however, the engine went out completely and they were forced to make a crash landing. After they had landed they started trying to fix up the engine but that was no good as the engine was completely frozen so they decided to fix up a tent and to camp there until help came. They had food and provisions to last them about a fortnight and rugs which would come in handy for beds. That night they slept very well and the next day they explored the places and found an Eskimo igloo and also it had people staying in it as there was food cooking and lots of other things. 'Well', said Jim to Dave, 'I reckon we had better get back to our tent for lunch and find out later to whom this igloo belongs'. So they went back. On the way they were caught in a blizzard and they had to fight like anything to get through. At last they managed to get back and they started their lunch peacefully. That night Dave was awakened by a growling outside the tent and so he woke up Jim. 'Listen Jim, do you hear that noise outside?' 'Yes'. 'Do you know what it is?' 'Either wolves or Polar bears. Polar bears most probably', replied Jim. 'Alright', said Dave, 'take a gun and we will investigate'. The two of them walked cautiously to the door of the tent and peered out and there was nothing whatsoever there so they went out

\*ESME HOWARD, born August 29 1938; entered Worth, September 1947.

and were just in time to see the white form of a polar bear come up behind them. Dave levelled his gun and fired again and again and the polar bear fell wounded to the ground, so Jim fired his gun and put an end to the big white bear. Then they took it in and skinned it and with the fur they made a coat. The next day they went over to the igloo and peered inside to see if anybody was there and there sat a little girl, all alone. Dave said to her 'Do you speak English?' 'Yes', she replied. 'Are you alone?' 'Yes'. 'Well would you like to stay with us until rescue comes or do you want to stay here?' 'Oh, I'll come with you' she said in a pleased tone, 'cause I'm very lonely here'.

So they brought her to their tent and the next day a rescue party came and Jim, Dave and the little girl were taken back to England by plane.

## THE VOLE CRAZE

by M. T. ABBOTT\*

The vole craze was an idea that some boys got to catch voles and keep them as pets. These voles are usually kept in any old place such as a tuck-box or cages if they are available. The first one to be caught was a baby, about two days old which was found in a nest. He became very popular and he was named Alfie. Unfortunately he died about five days later. Altogether at least twenty voles were caught. The way they were caught was by standing still a little way from the hole and waiting till they came out. Then you all pounced on the hole and blocked it up. Then the vole, seeing the hole blocked, hides in the grass, but it is then easily caught by eager boys with their hands. Some of these voles escaped captivity after a few days in a tuck-box and were sometimes seen running about the school. But they slowly started to die and the craze started to stop. A few were still kept and they might still live. A little while later the rabbit craze started but only lasted a few days because the baby rabbits were hard to catch and soon ran away when they were taken for a run. There were only three rabbits caught.

## THE DOWNS FROM WORTH

by G. DE LACEY\*

Looking due South from Worth you will see the South Downs on which are clearly marked three landmarks. First of all Black Cap, which is a clump of trees and it looks over the town of Lewes. Second the 'V' which some people think stands for victory, but it really stands for Queen Victoria who put it up and she put on 'R' too, but it got worn out. Third 'Jack and Jill'. The difference between them is that 'Jill' has got some sails and is painted white, whereas 'Jack' has not got any sails and is not painted white. Just at the bottom of the 'V' is a little church where are buried the bodies of people that fought in battles since 1066. Five German airman from the last war are buried there too. Just for a matter of interest, between 'V' and 'Jack and Jill' is the Ditchling Printing Press where this *Worth Record* is printed.

\*MICHAEL ABBOTT, born December 3 1936; entered Worth, May 1944.

\*GERALD DE LACEY, born February 11 1939; entered Worth, September 1947.

## ESCAPE

by S. LANE\*

It was the winter of the year 1871 at the time the Prussians were besieging Paris. In one of the better houses in Paris a meeting was being carried on. At the head of a long table of eight men on either side, sat a small pale man called Marcel Dubois. He was speaking to all the men. 'Friends', he said, 'I have thought out a plan, and', he continued, 'I expect it to work. Here it is'. As he said these words he took from his jacket pocket a document. He then opened it. 'Here I have a plan of an escape from Paris, and if anybody would like to withdraw, now is the time'. He looked up and studied each man's face in turn. There was no reply. 'The plan', he continued, 'is to escape from Paris in balloons'. At these words most of the meeting sprang to their feet. There was a burst of applause, but Dubois remained calm. When all was settled each man was given orders and the meeting broke up. It was three weeks later when they met again. Only a few words were said and each man was ready for zero hour when he and his family would escape. Four days later at ten o'clock, thirty people were assembled. Attached to the ground were four balloons. 'All is ready', said Marcel. Then, when everybody was aboard the guy ropes were cut and the winter night swallowed them up. By morning they were one hundred miles from Paris so they descended by a small village and, being exhausted they slept. Next morning they pushed on to a town and there settled till the war ended.

## END OF THE U 3

by M. D. J. MAGUIRE\*

It was the 3rd of May, 1943. H.M.S. Shark was patrolling a section of the English Channel. From the bridge the white cliffs of Dover were just visible. 'Periscope on the port bow sir', shouted the officer on watch. 'Man the forward gun', shouted the Captain. Immediately the gun crew swung the gun round to bear on the submarine. 'Fine' shouted the Captain. The gun barked viciously. The shell hit the water just by the periscope. Immediately the periscope disappeared. The engine room telegraph rang and the destroyer surged ahead. As she passed over the spot where the submarine had been, three depth charges hurtled overboard. About five seconds later the officer pressed the plunger. There was a tremendous roar, then an upheaval of water. After the water had subsided there was a steadily growing patch of oil. A few seconds later the battered hull of the submarine rose to the surface. It was the U.3 which had sunk the Hospital Ship S.S. Eagle without warning. 'Fine', shouted the Captain. The forward gun barked. The shell struck the conning tower wrecking it completely. The submarine lurched drunkenly and sank like a stone. All that remained to mark the grave of the U.3 was a lot of wreckage and a large patch of oil.

\*SIMON LANE, born July 23 1936; entered Worth, Summer 1947; left July 1949.

\*MICHAEL MAGUIRE, born March 9 1936; entered Worth, January 1945; left July 1949; 2nd XV Rugger.

## KENNETH THE KANGAROO

by E. C. FALKINER\*

Once there was a kangaroo called Kenneth. (Most of his friends called him Ken but that didn't matter). One day as he was leaping along the jungle path a heavily weighted net came down on him. Kenneth fought and struggled as hard as he could but it was all of no avail. Two men dropped down from the trees and one of them said 'He's a fine specimen, isn't he Joe? we'll take him along to the van right now'. They put a big leather collar and a chain on him and led him away which was easy because he was very puffed from his strugglings. Then they shoved him into a big open van with bars on the sides and drove him away. Eventually they came to a very noisy, rush-about and busy place which the men called the docks. There he was put on a huge ship and given some food and drink. After a time he felt a terrific throbbing all round him, they were going! After six weeks rolling about and being sick they reached England where he was swung up in a net and slowly let down into a cage on a lorry. The lorry drove off and Kenneth was taken to the London Zoo.

## CHILDHOOD OF A FOX

by ARTHUR FITZGERALD\*

One day my mother had left me in our den. She had gone to the woods to get some food. She told me to stay at home, but about half-an-hour after, I got tired of staying at home and went out into the woods. Suddenly I heard some hounds and ran as fast as I could home but I couldn't find it and the hounds were closing in on me. At last I saw a rabbit burrow and ran headlong into it and got stuck half way down. The rabbits had heard me coming and had gone into the corner of their burrow. When they thought it was safe they came out and saw me. They got me free and asked what I was doing. I told them the story and they said they would take me home. The next day I was left with all my brothers and sisters. They said. 'Let's have a game of hide and seek' and we all said 'Yes' and we began to play. I hid in the woods. Suddenly I heard a gun firing three times and three bullets whistled past me. I was terribly frightened and didn't know what to do. At last my mother came past and told me to lie still. Then a bullet hit my mother in the head. She howled and by the time my brothers and sisters came she was dead. We didn't know what to do, but we lay still. After the firing had died down we went back to our den. We had a lot of adventures but I am only going to tell you about one of them. When we were getting some food one day, we heard some hounds and horsemen. They were about 220 yards away. We all ran as fast as we could. As I was the youngest I couldn't run very fast and the hounds came closer and closer until they were about ten yards off. Then suddenly one of them caught me but I got away quite easily and got back to our den. The hounds waited at the entrance but after half-an-hour they went away. After two years I got married and had two children which we called Siobhan and Alfred and we lived happily ever after.

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

\*ARTHUR FITZGERALD, born March 5 1939; entered Worth, September 1947.

## OUR DENTIST

by J. F. KEOGH\*

Always with spotless white coat Mr Garland the only dentist in Banshaw, a little village in the Lake District, answers the door to your knock. Some people who are used to town life may think it a bit strange that no pretty young girl in a white coat should come to the door, but then, that is just like Mr Garland who says 'Other people just get in the way, I like to look after things myself.' Mr Garland is a small man with a fat jovial face and blue eyes always fussing around trying to help you, asking you questions and talking to you so that you quite forget you are having a tooth out. Not at all like the big hawk faced dentist that most people imagine. One thing that strikes you as you walk in to his small surgery is that he has all the modern equipment that a most up-to-date dentist has (which shows that he thinks a great deal about his patients). The dentist's chair is facing the window from which you get a wonderful view of Banshaw Lake, and his chest of drawers in which he keeps all his little things which he pokes around with. In one corner of the room there is a wash basin and beside it there is a little trolley on which is a little basin and a mug of water and lots of other things. As you sit down he wheels the little trolley up, talking all the time so that you feel as if you are just going to have a chat with him. He has surprising energy for a man of his age (he is about fifty-three) for he plays golf well and does a great deal of yachting and is pleasant to go for a walk with. You really must visit him some day.

## CONVOY

by M. G. GRIFFIN\*

It was a foggy day at Liverpool on the 20th of January, 1942 when the S.S. *Maria*, a newly built tanker glided out of the great port. She was carrying three thousand gallons of benzolene for American fighter-bombers stationed in Pennsylvania. The S.S. *Maria* was under sealed orders. When the Captain opened the envelope he found that she was to join a convoy off Cape Clear in South West Ireland and to proceed to New York. Everything went well for the first day but at three o'clock a.m. the next day three enemy dive-bombers were sighted to westward of the convoy. Immediately action stations were sounded and a light aircraft carrier that was with the convoy sent off a flight of Barracuda aircraft to intercept them. Suddenly a look-out on one of the destroyers sighted a periscope cruising parallel with the convoy. Then a line of white foam sped at thirty knots at the leading destroyer. The Captain pushed over the engine room telegraph full astern and the destroyer stopped and then went astern letting the torpedo pass harmlessly by. Then the two destroyers swung about and shot over the submarine dropping depth charges. They missed the submarine but the convoy arrived safely.

\*JOHN KEOGH, born May 1 1936; entered Worth, January 1944; left July 1949; Junior House Prefect; 1st XV Rugger; important parts in *And With the Children*, *Aladdin*, *Toad of Toad Hall*, *St Francis and the Wolf*, *Stations in Mime* 1948 and 1949, *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*, *Sport of Kings* 1949.

\*MICHAEL GRIFFIN, born March 7 1937; entered Worth, January 1945; acted in *His Excellency the Governor* and *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*; Choir.

## WUFF, SNUFF AND FLUFF

by C. G. ROWBOTHAM\*

Once upon a time there was a little dog called Snuff, he was called Snuff because he always carried a pot of pepper around with him. One day Snuff wanted to sneeze but he could not, so he sniffed at the pepper pot and he sneezed so loud that all the other dogs came out to see what was the matter with him. He only wagged his tail. That night Snuff came out of his kennel and saw in front of him a little white puppy with black spots on him and his name was Wuff. Wuff wagged his tail and said 'Will you be my friend', which in dog language is Bow, wow, bow, wow woff woff Gr-r-r-, and Snuff said 'Yes' and so they were great friends too. The next time they met, Wuff had a friend called Fluff. He was fluffy all over and the three became great friends. They each spent a night in each others kennels. One day the three little dogs found a bone and they all wanted it but they couldn't break it so Snuff found another one but they couldn't find a third. So Snuff and Fluff bagged them and poor old Wuff cried and cried and cried but he soon stopped crying when he saw what his two friends had got for him. Can you guess? I don't think you can so I will tell you. It was a bone, a lovely big chop and he was so pleased that he shared it out with them all and they were happy ever after. Don't you think so? I do.

## THE GOLDEN RIVER

by A. W. R. BURTON\*

River of gold shining golden bright  
Like a shining dew of misty light—  
O God please grant me mercy  
To live while the river stays—  
O golden, golden river, stay with me all my days.

O very golden river  
Nothing doth please me more  
Than to see thee shining brightly  
As in the days of yore.  
But I do send thee chorus  
And sing my frequent praise—  
O golden, golden river, stay with me all my days.

Now in the brightest summer  
Quite early in the morn  
I see the golden river  
Like a field of shining corn.  
And looking from my window  
I repeat this frequent phrase—  
O golden, golden river, stay with me all my days.

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

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

## THE GHOST OF CLAYMONT SCHOOL

by M. BELL\*

Mr Bakewell sat in his study looking at the *Daily News*. In a moment the door opened and in walked Mr Tormy, the master of the sixth form. Mr Tormy said that one of his boys was missing. The headmaster thought for a moment and then said 'I am sure I saw him last night when I turned the lights out'. 'Probably the ghost got him', said Mr Tormy jokingly. 'You have been reading fairy tales out of the *Daily News*'. Mr Bakewell said he would do something about it if he could. Mr Tormy went back to breakfast deep in thought. Directly Mr Tormy had gone he phoned the police and told them what had happened. The police said they would get on his trail immediately. An hour later the police informed them that something like it had happened a week ago at Mr Tomkins' school. The missing boy was Stewert, the school prefect. The police searched the town and at last found a haunted house on the moor. They searched it and found a boy bound and gagged. They untied him and he told them that there was another boy in the next room. The boy also told them that a big man had kidnapped him, brought him there and he had gone off in a big saloon car to the town and said he would be back presently. Shortly afterwards the big man came back. The police arrested him and found a big hood and a white sheet. The boys were handed back and the man was sent to jail.

## WHAT SHALL I BE?

by J. A. LESSER\*

If I were a Kangaroo  
I could not be at all like you;  
And if I were a Clucking Hen  
I could not use my fountain pen  
An Elephant I'd sooner be  
And ask the Tiger in to tea;  
Or shall I be a Roaring Lion  
And have a heart that's made of iron?

## EPITAPH

by S. J. BINGHAM\*

Here beneath this tombstone lies,  
With her face towards the skies,  
Edith Summerskill who tried  
To prove that Snoek could be fried.  
Alas for her, she tried in vain;  
And the Snoek gave her an awful pain,  
Until upon that fatal day  
Edith Summerskill passed away.

\*MICHAEL BELL, born September 10 1939; entered Worth, September 1948.

\*JOHN LESSER, born January 17 1939; entered Worth, Michaelmas 1947; acted in *Sleep Holy Babe*, Christmas 1948.

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

## STAMP COLLECTING

by S. A. CUNNINGHAM\*

Most boys in America collect stamps. I have seen a boy get a letter: he rips it open, drops the envelope, and that is the end of that stamp. On the other hand I have seen a boy get a letter and, before opening it, carefully examine the stamp and then open the letter without damaging the stamp. I know someone who didn't really collect stamps, but when he got any he would put them aside in a box. One day a friend of his asked him if he collected stamps and he said that he did not. The next day it rained and as he had nothing to do he thought to himself that he might as well start collecting. So he sorted out all the stamps he had in the box and was quite surprised to find that he had so many. Then he bought an album and started working on his stamps. He found it a very interesting occupation, and with a little perseverance he put together a very good collection. So never throw stamps away. Even if you do not collect yourself you can always find someone who does and who would be glad to have what you can spare. If, by the way, you are a collector, always accept stamps offered to you since there may be one good one in a batch of ordinary ones; besides, if you refuse one offer you may not get another.

## LEPIDOPTERA CONTINUED

by P. E. CAMPBELL\*

The *Scarlet Tiger Moth* is the rarest of the Tiger Moths and you mostly come across it on a Fuchsia bush or on a clump of Hydrangeas. Its upper wing is scarlet with black spots and stripes; the under wing is black with scarlet spots.

The *Oleander Hawk Moth* is easily the prettiest Hawk Moth living; it is really a foreign moth but it has been seen in this country. Its upper wing is emerald green tinged with silver and black in a very beautiful pattern. Its caterpillar is green, dotted with orange spots. The *Elephant Hawk Moth's* upper wing is pink and green and its under wing is light brown and pale pink. Its caterpillar is the most hideous one of all the Hawk Moths. It is grey-black with white spots on each side from head to tail. It has a face like a snake with a wicked expression in its eyes. Its head, which is actually tucked in like a tortoise's, is much smaller than the body though big enough to be examined. The *Clouded Yellow Butterfly* is really a foreigner to England but its caterpillar has been found in this country and reared. It is yellow with black borders and on the fore wings it has a dot (one on each wing) and on the hind wings it has an orange spot (one on each wing) which gives a very pretty effect. You can often see a female—if you go into a field of clover—laying eggs (which later turn into caterpillars).

\*ANTHONY CUNNINGHAM, born November 1 1935; entered Worth, September 1948; left July 1949; took part of Joseph of Arimathea in *Stations in Mime* 1949; acted in *Sport of Kings* 1949; Secretary of Stamp Club 1948-49; Choir.

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

## BERLIN AIRLIFT

by MICHAEL BARRETT\*

You all know how Berlin is in the Russian Zone of Germany and how the Russians have blockaded the British Sector because they don't like the British being in Berlin. So they thought that the best way to get rid of us would be to stop all supplies from getting in. They wouldn't allow any trains or cars to get in so we had to think of another way. We would bring them in by air. As my Father is stationed out there I go out there every holiday and last holidays I was invited by someone to go and see how everything worked on the aerodrome. When I got to the aerodrome I was met by an airman who offered to take me round. First we went up to the top of the control tower from which I took some photographs. He then took me to the mail shed where all the letters and parcels are kept. Lorries drove up every five or ten minutes with mail. Next he took me to the goods sheds where everything brought in by plane was stored. There were bales of cloth, wines, tinned food, even cars and farm machines. There were other sheds for coal and all the heavy stuff like flour. A plane would land every three minutes and then a team of three lorries would go out to the planes, unload the cargoes and take them to the sheds. Later on they would be taken down to the lakes by lorry, put on the barges and transported to another part of Berlin. In another part of the aerodrome a petroleum plane was unloading its cargo of oil into underground tanks. After that I went and had tea in the mess room in which was a scale model of the aerodrome. After looking round the runways for a few minutes I got into a bus and went home. It was a most interesting day and I enjoyed it very much indeed.

## THE LAST STRAW

by D. CROSS\*

There is nothing more annoying in the whole world than a book on how to make things. These books are bound to come your way some time, so be prepared for them. Sometimes they appear as articles in magazines or as parts in books. They are just as deadly anywhere. The first one that I came across had the exciting heading *How to make a wireless set for 6½d.* This is a typical example. It went on, *Procure a wooden board and two circular cardboard discs and cut slits in the discs, then thread some 60 N.W.G. (whatever that means) about one-hundred turns in and out of the slits.* That is enough to begin with. First of all how are you going to get the board? Secondly where is all this wire coming from? It will surely cost more than 6½d. Then the article went on and on, telling me to make something called an 'inductance' which uses more wire. I had to set up a complicated aerial. (Even more wire!) Finally I was told I had to have a crystal. This was the last straw. I rose out of my chair and threw the book into the fire. So, beware in future of such things. Stop reading them the moment they get complicated unless you want to be driven mad!

\*MICHAEL BARRETT, born February 11 1937; entered Worth, September 1946; acted in *His Excellency the Governor*; took part of *Veronica* in *Stations in Mime*; Choir.

\*DENIS CROSS, born May 13 1938; entered Worth, September 1946.

## THE ORANGE THAT ALWAYS SQUIRTED

by P. M. CROSS\*

There was once an orange that always squirted so it was cut in half, but it still squirted so they put it in the dustbin. But it still sprayed and all the garden got full of orange juice and the cat drank it up, but it went on spraying so that the cat could not drink it all. And there was a flood of orange juice and everybody was drinking it, and all the sea got full of it so that when you went bathing you would have a nice drink of orange. And people came with bottles and they got tons of orange juice and the shops were full of it and you nearly had orange for every meal except breakfast. People soon got tired of orange juice so a lemon began to spray and there was a flood of lemon and people drank a mixture of lemon and orange juice. But when people got tired of the mixture they began to drink milk and lived happily ever after.

## THE 'PERIVALE'

by J. F. COWARD\*

The *Perivale*—square rigged she was—  
Once rode upon the ocean  
Her skippers' name was Alec Jones,  
And Andrew Briggs her bosun.

She carried cloth from Boston town,  
To San Francisco fair  
Where changed it was for cattle hides,  
That came from ranches there.

Now a gallant ship was the *Perivale*,  
With her royals and studs a-flying,  
Ploughing before a Sou' West breeze  
With all her crew a-crying.

'Hurrah for the gallant *Perivale*,  
May she ever sail the seas'.  
'May she never be scuttled but always plough  
Before a kindly breeze'.

'Hurrah for the gallant *Perivale*,  
May she ever sail the seas,  
May she sail and sail for ever and ever,  
Before a kindly breeze'.

But all good things must come to an end,  
To friend or foe alike;  
And she met her fate 'neath a northerly gale  
And sank like a marlin spike.

\*PHILIP CROSS, born October 30 1940; entered Worth, September 1948.

\*JOHN COWARD, born October 11 1937; entered Worth, September 1945; Choir.

# CUDGEL YOUR BRAINS

by P. E. J. FOCKE\* and M. T. MAGUIRE\*

## Quiz:

- 1—Is Wilfred Pickles a Catholic?
- 2—Who conducts the Hallé Orchestra?
- 3—When was the National Gallery opened?
- 4—Two great partners in Operetta?
- 5—Who discovered X-Rays?
- 6—When was *The Times* first published?
- 7—Who introduced antiseptic surgery?
- 8—When was London founded by the Romans?
- 9—Where is the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre?
- 10—When were the Pyramids built?

## Anagrams:

- |                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 1—Tin Please        | 5—In big Harm    |
| 2—Grin as Ted's Tea | 6—O Pal! Block   |
| 3—Pownce at         | 7—Fag Nani's Hat |
| 4—Br! 4/8d.         |                  |

## CROSSWORD

by T. J. WARRINER\*

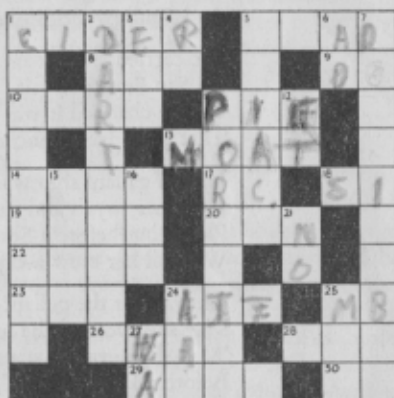
**Clues Across:** 1, Drink made of apples. 5, Groan. 8, Vote in favour. 9, —Guesclin. 10, Uncommon. 11, Compass Point. 13, Defensive water-filled ditch, around a castle. 14, Small child. 17, Roman Catholic (abbreviated). 18, Spanish for 'Yes'. 19, One of the woodwind. 20, —little nigger boys. 22, Expression of woe. 23, To make a mistake (jumbled). 24, Silly Donkey. 25, Tonic. 26, To be mad about. 28, Greek for 'of the' (masculine). 29, to use one's ear. 30, The Editor's initials.

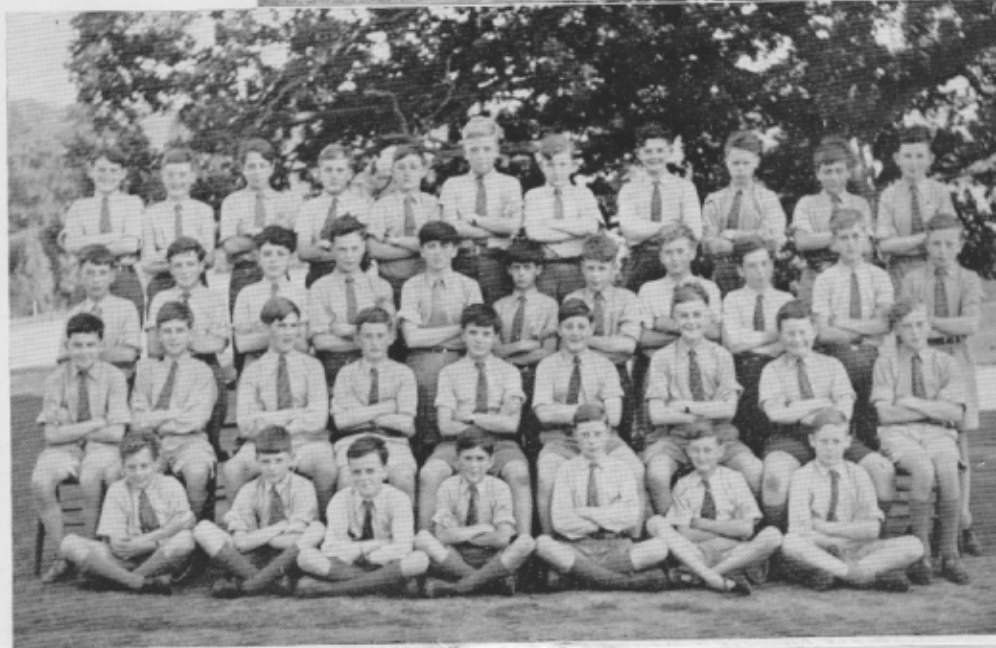
**Clues Down:** 1, Stiff paper with wood at one end. 2, Round cork target for pointed feathered missiles (4-5). 3, Optical organ. 4, Prefix meaning 'again'. 5, Dangerous nuisance. 6, Latin for motion 'to'. 7, Full of vitamins. 11, Sea between England and Denmark. 12, Latin for 'and'. 15, Clever. 16, Affirmative answer. 21, Negative answer. 24, Past tense of 'to eat'. 25, Alternative to a Dash. 27, Exclamation of surprise.

\*PAUL FOCKE, born May 14 1937; entered Worth, May 1946; leading parts in *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure and Sport of Kings* 1949; Choir.

\*MICHAEL MAGUIRE, born July 8 1937; entered Worth, Summer 1946; Gym Team (3 years); 1st XI Cricket; acted in *Sport of Kings* 1949.

\*TIMOTHY WARRINER, born August 18 1936; entered Worth, September 1948.







CENTRE LEFT:

*Senior Long Jump*

CENTRE RIGHT: *Riding Party*  
AT BOTTOM: *First Scout Troop*

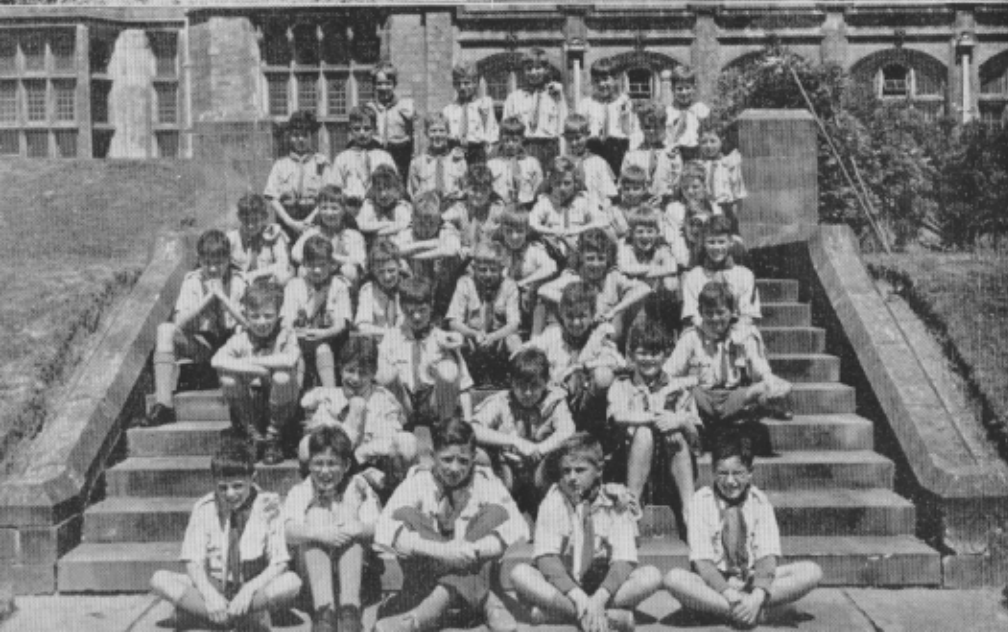
AT TOP: *Bathing*

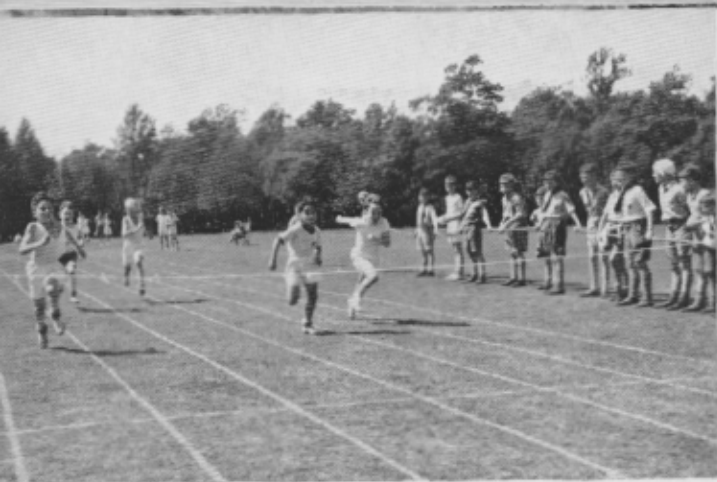


*Christi  
Procession*

CENTRE:  
*The Stations  
in Mime*

BOTTOM:  
*Sacristy*





## SUNSET

by T. GRIFFIN\*

The sunset in its colours  
Of blue, red and white  
Was outlined in a fiery light  
And like a flaming cauldron  
Ascending in the sky.  
Red, white and blue  
The English colours are;  
With all the English glory  
Ascending in the sky.

## LETTER FROM MEXICO

If you imagine that Mexico is a land where fat men in ten-gallon hats ride about on tiny donkeys, or sleep under cactus plants and wake up every now and then to shoot each other—you are not far wrong. They do all these things, and a few more besides. They never do to-day what they can put off till mañana (ask Mr Hyslop what that means), but it really is very hot, and it is so high up (7,700 feet above sea level in Mexico City) that nobody has very much energy.

The capital is built on a plateau between huge, rugged mountains, one of which is Popocatepetl, who hides his snowy head shyly in the clouds;—it is a very modern city of skyscrapers and terrifyingly fast traffic. Drivers seem to accelerate when they see you trying to cross the road, especially the beautiful three-mile Paseo de la Reforma, a tree-lined avenue which forms the core of the city, with parallel and intersecting streets. The roads are cracked and have potholes caused by earthquakes which happen quite often, and are rather disconcerting. At first you think you must be ill as you get a funny feeling inside; then you notice the electric light fixtures swinging and the furniture swaying, and you hurry out into the open in case the building collapses. Dogs bark wildly and there is a horrible feeling of insecurity while the earth is trembling.

A few years ago a farmer was ploughing a field when his oxen refused to go on, and he noticed a curious noise in the earth; that same evening his flat field was a thousand feet high and a new volcano, Paricutin, had been born. The molten lava swallowed up a village so that only the church tower was left showing, and even to-day the volcano is still belching out smoke and flames. All the surrounding country is covered with black ash and the charred stumps of trees—there are no birds or living things, and there is an eerie silence, broken only by a rumbling sound like an underground train in a tunnel. Ashes still float over Mexico City, three hundred miles away.

The main roads in the country are very good, and there is one great road called the Pan-American Highway which runs right through from Canada, and which will eventually reach to the tip of South America. Mexicans do most of their travelling by air as this is the quickest way of getting over the

\*TERENCE GRIFFIN, born June 7 1939; entered Worth, January 1946.

professional acrobat as he was, he did cartwheels before the statue of Our Blessed Lady. Do not think that we Northerners are to do things like that. We are not Seises or tumblers; nor are we Mexicans or savages; but when we get the chance to do a solemn slow dance in honour of Christ's passion then we do it in a way that expresses our sympathy (which means fellow-suffering) with Christ bruised for our iniquities. The sympathy was there among the Players as it was passed on by them to those who saw what they did.

The Mime this year was excellent: it was an improvement on last year's. You boys who played your parts might well be surprised how much and how intensely you brought home to people in the audience the real horror of what the Jews did to the Son of God. There are many who will never forget it and many who were the better for seeing it. It would be unkind and improper to select any of the players for special mention. If I were asked to pick out the most impressive parts of this production I should find it difficult to separate one from another; but the meeting of Our Lord with his Blessed Mother and St Monica; the dim lighting and expressive silence of the Crucifixion and the Descent from the Cross were very well done. All of you, both in rehearsal and in performance, carried it out with the utmost reverence, both at Worth and in Crawley. There was not one player whose acting was not just right, and the Reader was clear and forceful. Mr Johnson is to be congratulated on the fine performances he produced: we look forward to another series next Lent under his direction. I should like also to thank Mrs Marshall, and all others who did such good work behind the scenes. Mr Johnson has impressed the stamp of originality on this production of a drama nineteen centuries old, and still going on every day at every Altar in the Mass.

A.M.B.

## CONCERTS AT BRIGHTON

During Christmas Term, thirty boys from Worth went down to Brighton to hear the Southern Philharmonic Orchestra play. This was the first of five concerts that Worth boys have been to this year.

The first concert, on November 14th had an entirely Tchaikovsky programme which consisted of his Piano Concerto No. 1 and Symphony No. 5. Moiseiwitch was the soloist in the concerto. There was also a short Overture in the beginning *Les Caprices d'Oxane*. During the Easter Term there were two concerts, the first of which was on 6th February. Moura Lympny was the soloist in Saint-Saen's second Piano Concerto. Other works in the programme were the Overture *Oberon*, *On Hearing the first Cuckoo in Spring* (Delius) and Brahms' first Symphony. The performance on 3rd April was more varied with several short pieces including the ballet suite *The Sleeping Beauty* by Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto for which Gina Bachauer played the piano. The two during the summer term both had Guest Conductors, Herbert Menges being the normal conductor for the Southern Philharmonic Orchestra. The first Guest was Sir Thomas Beecham. His technique of the art was greatly admired. Betty Humby-Beecham played Mozart's Sixteenth Piano Concerto in that concert. Other works were Sibelius' first Symphony and *The*

*Walk to the Paradise Garden* by Delius. The last concert was given by the Hallé Orchestra under its conductor John Barbirolli who has recently been knighted. Evelyn Rothwell played the solo part in the Concerto for Oboe and Orchestra by Mozart. The Symphony of the afternoon was César Franck's, in D minor. Sir Thomas Beecham's concert was on May 15th and the Hallé's on May 29th.

We have to thank Mr Crossley very much for getting the tickets for these outings on Sunday afternoons which have taken place at The Dome, Brighton and have been enjoyed by everyone.

M. A. WILSON.\*

## CONCERT

March 24th, 1949

SIX	Percussion Band: 1. Winter's Farewell 2. Go from my window, go Conducted by Simon Sugrue.	German Carol
FIVE B	Folk Song: The Watchet Sailor Percussion Band: Minuet from Samson Conducted by Richard Oury.	arr. by Cecil Sharp Handel
FIVE A	Song of the Shoemakers Percussion Band: 1. Little Dance 2. Singing Game Conducted by Maurice Byrne.	Gustav Holst Slovene Carol Czech Carol
FOUR B	Flocks may Graze in Tranquil Safety Percussion Band: 1. Ainsi font les petites Marionnettes At the Piano: Simon Llewellyn Conducted by Marek Piasecki 2. Papillons, No. 8 Conducted by Peter Kennedy.	J. S. Bach Air by the Band Schumann
FOUR A	Fairest Isle (from King Arthur) Percussion Band: Minuet and Trio from Symphony in D Major (The Clock) Conducted by Anthony Lesser.	Purcell Haydn
THREE C	The Ash Grove	Traditional
THREE A & B	Jerusalem	Parry

\*MICHAEL WILSON, born Dec. 19 1935; entered Worth, May 1944; left July 1949; in *Stations in Mime* 1948 and 1949; Sacristy; Head of School Sept 1948—July 1949.

## THE SPORT OF KINGS

On Saturday July 9th and Sunday July 10th, the Worth Dramatic Society presented *The Sport of Kings*.

This performance was fully worthy of its predecessors.

The play, in the first place, was very well chosen. Nothing is more comic than the story of Amos Purdie. A pompous, bad-tempered and all too respectable J.P., he allows himself to be led shamefully astray, first into betting, and then into fraudulent bookmaking, and is only saved from the natural results of his action by a silly mistake on the part of his vague and unpractical wife. The theme is so rich in humour that it has an unfailing appeal.

To choose a good play, however, is comparatively easy. What is more difficult is to perform it with adequate skill. And here, as we have come to expect, our youthful players were equal to the occasion.

The star of the performance was undoubtedly Michael Lambert as Amos Purdie himself. Arrayed in a frock-coat, and rendered bald by an appropriate wig, he succeeded in expressing his assumed character, not by word only, but by walk, look and gesture. Here and there he misplaced an emphasis; here and there he fumbled for a line; but he certainly presented the living image of Amos Purdie, and by so doing he dominated the stage.

Next in importance to Michael Lambert was Martin Monico as Algernon Sprigge. The part of a rather worldly and daredevil young man is not very easy for a boy to perform. Martin Monico contended valiantly with the difficulties, speaking his lines clearly, and swaggering impressively. One certainly saw the sort of man he was meant to be. He was ably supported by David Barnett as Sir Reginald Toothill.

Another notable performance was that of John Keogh as the outwardly respectable but inwardly disreputable butler. Nothing could have been more smooth and dutiful while the pose lasted, or more coarse and unscrupulous when the mask was cast aside. The two manners were admirably depicted.

There were certain other performers who were quite outstanding in point both of make-up and of characterization. This is true in particular of Paul Focke as the patient and unbusinesslike Mrs Purdie; of Stephen Green-Armytage as Panama Pete, the bookmaker; of Michael Barrett as the barmaid; of Valentine Callaghan as the newsboy; and of Richard Brown as a racing tough. The role performed in the play by these various characters was of very different length and importance, but they all had this in common, that they looked and lived their parts in a really remarkable degree.

The leading lady was Robert Walker as Dulcie Primrose. He gave a competent performance, but hardly rose to distinction. He had his moments, however, . . . particularly his moments of scorn and defiance.

Of the remaining performers, Peter Rudd and Fergus Blackie made a charming son and daughter to Mr Purdie; Maurice O'Connell was a very professional policeman; Charles Petre, Maurice Cronin and Anthony Cunningham were admirable as race-goers and toughs; while Kevin Sheridan, Michael Maguire, David Westlake and Patrick Morris caused great delight as members of Mr

Purdie's domestic staff. Patrick Morris in particular made excellent use of his well-known gifts as a comedian.

The effect of the play was further heightened by the admirable scenery, which was painted and constructed on the spot.

Term by term the Worth Dramatic Society proceeds from triumph to triumph. Long may it continue to flourish in the life of the school.

H.H.

## RIDING

The Riding School has now six ponies of its own, and in addition has had the use of 'Bonny' and 'Topper', belonging to Miss Fleming, for most of the term. The School has forty-nine members, and there are twenty-five 'rides' a week. Some of us are novices in every sense and know far less about riding than the ponies do; but with their help we are gradually learning what to do and (if possible) how to do it; and if we do sometimes drop our sticks, hold on to our saddles, and even occasionally fall off, we hope in time to be as good as those who teach us and ride with such ease and grace.

During the holidays M. O'Connell rode 'Starlight' at the Fen Place Gymkhana at Turner's Hill, and did well to come third in the Pairs with Miss Fleming on 'Topper'. 'Starlight' and 'Topper' made a conspicuously good pair, although most of the practice they had was on the afternoon of the event itself.

On May 21st we sent M. Maguire, M. O'Connell, T. Phelan, P. Koe, M. Kennedy, T. Foley, the Hon. J. R. Drummond, and R. J. White to the Gymkhana at Worth Park. The classes were very large and expert, and we were pleased to come home with two rosettes: T. Phelan won a consolation prize in the Local Children's Riding Class on 'Bonny'; as this was Phelan's first Gymkhana and 'Bonny's' second, they did very well; and later M. Maguire came second in the Musical Sacks. We rode the ponies to and from the Gymkhana, and enjoyed our afternoon tremendously.

We were very sorry to say good-bye to Miss Fleming at half-term, as she has done so much for the riding at Worth. She is opening her own school at Epsom, and we are sure it will be a great success. We gave her a photograph album as a good-bye present.

D.A.

## THE SCOUT GROUP

During the Easter holidays the Group played its part in the National Bob-a-Job Week of the Boy Scouts' Association. During the six days beginning on April 18th, each cub, scout and scoutmaster was asked to earn at least one shilling for the benefit of the Headquarter's Funds. Our total strength in March was 119, and so we well passed our 'target' when we had earned £17 3s. 3d. The boys who earned the most were Hadkinson (Junior Pack), who was paid twelve shillings for his work, and Coward and Hallinan (1st Troop), M. Wilson

attack without fear or hesitation and he was only stopped when he came across the powerful straight left of J. Geoghegan in the semi-final. The latter boxed well and pluckily in the final, but K. Sheridan was too rough and tough for him.

R. Thompson was not challenged in the final of the 'Welter' weights. But this weight saw a memorable semi-final between M. Morris and de Domenico. These are School boxers who are both skilled and powerful punchers. They were watchful and careful and a very close and exciting contest ensued. de Domenico won the first round, with two characteristic rushes. In the second round Morris suddenly flashed out a lightning left which took his opponent completely by surprise and knocked him down in a daze. de Domenico just won the third round and the contest though Morris might easily have done so if he had attacked a little more. Both boys gave a perfect exhibition of boxing.

C. Moysey's weight contained a most powerful and promising boxer in O'Donovan. If he would persevere and gain more experience and confidence, he would go far. In his one contest he easily beat N. Thompson who stood up extremely pluckily to an older and stronger opponent. J. Coxon was unopposed in the final of the 'light heavyweight', after O'Connell had done well to overcome J. Wilson in one semi-final. And the School Captain of Boxing, G. Ortuzar, was unchallenged in the 'Heavyweight'.

B.M.S.

## CROSS COUNTRY

The course for the League Cross Country Race had to be changed this year. The big field to the south of the Stinking Pool had not only been ploughed, but had also been sown, so boys could not be allowed to run across it to the Bermondsey Hut. The altered course was a little shorter than the old one, and not so tiring. It began in the field by Worth Court, went to the Cricket Field, down to the Stinking Pool, up the red road to the metalled road, and then the old course was followed to the finishing post, in the field below the terraces.

During the practices for the race, great keenness was shown by the younger boys: but many of the older boys displayed little enthusiasm, some even trying not to be picked for their league team. In the final trial, in which ninety boys ran, four of the previous year's Blue team came in 54th, 61st, 71st, and 75th. But the sorry performance of these and others of the Senior House was somewhat counterbalanced by the sudden and surprising conversion of John Keogh. After being one of the slackest of the slack, he decided to run (as opposed to walk) in the final trial, and he finished first!

He and Stewart, last year's winner, decided to keep together during the actual race on March 18th. They were both in the same League, and according to our present system of scoring they would save a point for their League if they breasted the tape together. Wells and Coxon led as far as the Stinking Pool, but the lanky Coxon found the hill up to the metalled road rather trying. Stewart and Keogh went ahead here, and kept the lead to the end, finishing together in 14 minutes 26.5 seconds. They were praised on all sides, except one, for their

sportsmanship in putting the good of their League before the personal glory of coming in first alone.

Wells was a good third, and should come in first next year. After him came Coxon, and then little Maynard, who ran extremely well for a Junior House boy. Chapman and Moysey, also of the Junior House, ran well to come in tenth.

The Gold League easily won the Cup. They had a good team, and some excellent reserves as well.

The teams and their order of arrival were:

Blue		Gold		Red	
Coxon	4	Stewart	1	Wells	3
Petre, C.	13	Keogh	1	G-Armytage	6
Williams	15	Maynard	5	Mockler	6
Thompson, N.	16	Stirling, A.	9	Sheridan	6
Jackson	21	Chapman	10	O'Meara, T.	12
Hall	22	Moysey	10	Moran	18
O'Connell	23	Phelan, M.	14	Ortuzar	19
McEnergy, G.	24	Wilson, M.	17	de Domenico	20
	138		67		90

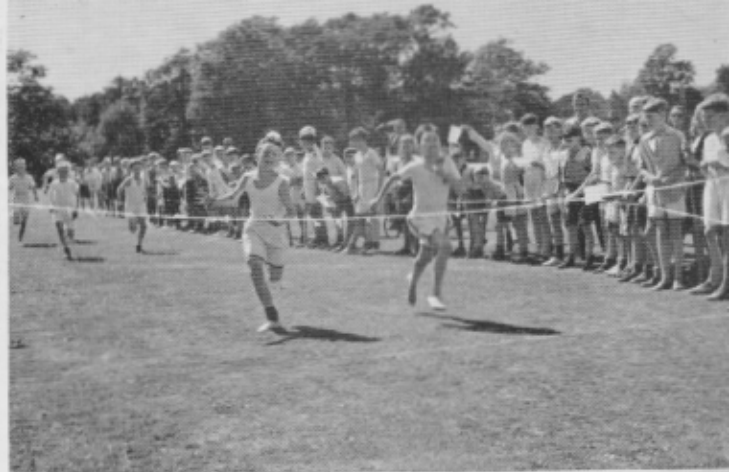
## HOCKEY

Captain: R. THOMPSON

The weather was kind to the hockey players this season, and enabled practice at this game to begin on February 25th. The next three weeks or so were spent in building an efficient team round the two 'Colours' who were left from last year, R. Thompson and Giggins. The former turned into an excellent centre-forward who had fine ball-control and a hard shot at goal. The latter was an outstanding centre-half, and once he had cured himself of a tendency to hang back instead of backing-up an attack, he was frequently found on the edge of the circle ready to shoot a goal following a partial clearance by the opposition.

Some of the boys who seemed promising last year failed to fulfil their promise this year. But others who began very moderately in one position, improved out of all recognition when moved to another. O'Hagan, for example, began as a forward, and would probably not have won his place in the team in this position: but as right half he played a very good game indeed. O'Donovan took to the game like a duck to water, and as left half he completed a superb half-back line. Coxon began the season very poorly: but as he gained more experience he became a very safe and hard-hitting back, though he was a little slow at times. His partner, D. Hawkins, also hit the ball hard, and he had a good eye for a first-time clearance: but he did not stop the ball first sometimes, when he had time to do so, before clearing, and thereby he once gave away a critical goal.

These were all grand players by the end of the Easter term. And the rest of the team fitted in well. The inside forwards combined magnificently with





Thompson, and their close inter-passing time and time again cut clean through the opposing defence. Their shooting in the circle, however, was often wild and inaccurate, and it was lucky for us that Giggins was so often present to put the finishing touch to a beautifully executed attack. Chapman, who only began hockey seriously this term, must be congratulated on playing for the 1st XI already. He is small yet, and lacks experience: but he was quicker in all he did than Thesiger, his rival for the inside-right position, and 'fed' Thompson admirably.

On March 16th a very useful match was played against the Worth Ladies. These were a stronger team than they were last year, and had powerful newcomers in Misses O'Connor, Clare, Matthews, Davis, Stephenson and Hussey. But the boys won 8-0, securing four goals in each half. Thompson scored five of these, Giggins two and Stewart one.

Then on March 20th came the eagerly awaited match against St Mary's Convent 'under fourteen' team from Ascot. This was most interesting, enjoyable and exciting. The girls were superior to the boys in the finer points of stick work in getting rid of the ball quickly and in tackling back. They also used the long pass across the field more often. But the boys were good at intercepting these long passes when the attack was nearing the circle and O'Connell was called on to save few shots in the first half. On the other hand the close passing of the Worth inside forwards frequently enabled Thompson to enter the Ascot circle and shoot. Pat Horne kept everything out of her goal, however, except—cruel luck!—a mis-hit by Giggins which bounced mildly over or past her foot. This was the only goal in the first half.

In the second half the play continued to move up and down the field at great speed. Monica Smyth saved many dangerous situations for Ascot by some bull-like rushes across the field, until at last Wells managed to send in a good centre from the right wing. The ball entered the circle about two feet off the ground—and the next moment it was in the back of the net: Giggins had scored an unstoppable goal with a first-time shot. Far from being dismayed, the girls attacked with renewed fury, and almost at once Hawkins missed a 'hit ahead. O'Connell came out of goal, but before he could clear, Elizabeth Simons had scored for Ascot. The Worth goal came in for some hot attacks now, and though O'Connell made some good saves, Worth would have given away some more goals if the Ascot shooting had been equal to their approach work. The Worth defence held out, and we just won 2-1. We all thoroughly enjoyed welcoming the visitors from Ascot for the first time, and hope they will come many more times.

On March 26th, a very weak 'A' XI went to Fonthill School to play their 1st XI. The latter were an older and more experienced team than ours, and they made our reserves look very crude at times. They led 4-0 at half-time and eventually won 6-1.

On April 2nd, we were very glad to welcome here a team from the Notre Dame High School, of Worth. The girls were older than our boys, but they found the speed and close passing of our forwards very difficult to deal with, in the first half. We led 7-0 at half-time, through four goals by Giggins and

three by Thompson. In the second half Giggins went to inside-right, as he wanted to play as a forward. But the change was far from successful, though he played very cleverly, he was too slow, and our attacks suffered in consequence. We only scored twice in the second half, through Giggins and Watty—and so did Notre Dame, Julia Sanders and Pamela Mackay taking their chances well.

On April 2nd, Mrs. Cowley, the Notre Dame Games Mistress, brought over her team again, to watch while she umpired for the match between the Boys and the Masters. Although the Masters won 11—0, after a most enjoyable game, the Boys played very well, and Barnett in goal brought off some fine saves, once with his face. Often the School forwards manoeuvred the ball past the Masters' half-backs, but they found Mr Clutton and Dom Brendan large stumbling blocks as backs, and Dom Theodore James, in goal, only had to deal with the ball twice.

The 1st XI was: M. O'Connell; J. Coxon, D. Hawkins; M. O'Hagan, A. Giggins, J. O'Donovan; J. Wells, P. C. Chapman or M. Thesiger, R. Thompson, R. Stewart and A. Watty.

Colours were awarded this year to Coxon, O'Hagan and O'Donovan.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

### LEAGUE MATCHES

The Golds possessed a good team this year, and well balanced fore and aft. They had Thompson, Stewart, Chapman and Thesiger in their forward line, O'Donovan at centre-half and D. Hawkins at back. They only scored three goals against the Reds, Thompson (twice) and Thesiger being the scorers, mainly because of the rough and energetic defence of Ortuzar and Mumford.

The match between the Golds and the Blues produced the better hockey. Thompson scored three goals in the first half, two of which O'Connell should have stopped. And in the second half Thompson and Chapman added others before C. Petre gained a consolation goal for the Blues. For the latter, Giggins and Coxon often sent perfect through passes down the field and into the Gold circle. But the Blue forwards were too slow or clumsy to take advantage of them.

B.M.S.

### PARAGRAPHS

Acting on medical advice, the Headmaster, Dom Maurice Bell, and Dom Brendan Lavery, Junior House Master, both of whom have been in hospital, will not return to Worth until September. Meanwhile, Dom Maurice's place has been taken by Dom Oliver Brayden and Dom Brendan's by Dom Edward Cruise.

The Choir have been at the top of their form throughout the Summer Term; we heartily congratulate them on such excellent singing, clear, bright, strong and accurate. It has been a real pleasure to hear them.

On June 20th, for their Outing, the Choir and Sacristy went to Portsmouth, where they enjoyed a cruise to Spithead, a conducted tour over H.M.S. *Victory* and a visit to the United States battleship *Missouri*.

Congratulations to John Birch, our prize Worth pianist, now at Downside, who has recently gained a Bursary at the Royal College of Music.

The Limerick on p.65 of the last number of the WORTH RECORD, printed as Michael Kennedy's, was actually by his brother Peter. We apologise for the mistake.

Last Term the following boys passed the Piano Examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal School of Music: M. Cronin (Grade 2), M. D. Kennedy (Grade 1), D. J. Westlake (Grade 1: Merit); and in the Summer Term the following boys passed: P. Campbell (Grade 2), P. Wright (Grade 1), M. Phelan (Grade 1), J. O'Donovan (Grade 1).

The Engagement between Dennis Anthony Wheatley of Grove Place, Lymington, Hants, and Miss Annette Webb was announced in *The Times* of June 15th, 1949.

### INWARDS

The following new boys joined the School in May, 1949:—  
D. S. Burnand, P. R. Capon, R. D. Clapham, P. J. FitzGerald, R. J. E. Foley, R. S. Geoghegan, M. J. Hawkins, S. ff. Howard, J. P. V. Hunt, J. Keenan, J. V. Miles, D. A. Plunkett, R. A. P. Rudd and A. J. Wright.

### OUTWARDS

These boys left the School in April, 1949:—  
C. W. Long, A. Mumford, M. L. O'Hagan and M. D. White.

### UPWARDS

The School Officials for the Summer 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, F. J. Wilson, A. M. Monico.  
*Dormitory Prefects:* M. V. Lambert, J. H. Moran, C. H. Petre, P. L. Wright, J. H. Motion, M. F. C. FitzGerald, N. G. Dolan, J. F. Keogh, R. G. B. Brown P. J. Foley.  
*Captain of Cricket:* R. H. Thompson.  
*Captain of Gymnasium:* J. Wells.  
*Masters of Ceremonies:* M. A. Wilson and J. Coxon.  
*Thurifers:* M. Thesiger and F. J. Wilson.  
*Acolytes:* R. H. Thompson, R. Stewart, J. Moran, G. Ortuzar.  
*Leaders of the Choir:* J. Crouzet and M. O. Connell.

### REWARDS

Prizes were won in the Lent Term by:—  
R. G. B. Brown (1a), P. A. J. Kennedy (1b), A. A. Walker (2a), C. L. A. Jerome (2b), P. H. Milmo (3a), F. C. Blackie (3b), S. A. Cunningham and P. J. Molony (3c), N. J. Bellord (4a), J. R. Drummond (4b), R. H. Ortiger (5a), M. C. L. Owen (5b), P. A. R. Leake (6).

### SOLUTIONS TO QUIZ

1—Yes. 2—John Barbirolli. 3—1838. 4—Gilbert and Sullivan. 5—Röntgen. 6—1788. 7—Lister. 8—A.D. 47. 9—Stratford-on-Avon. 10—B.C. 3650.

### SOLUTIONS TO ANAGRAMS

6—Palestine. 2—East Grinstead. 3—Cape Town. 4—Fo(u)rth Bridge. 5—Birmingham. 6—Blackpool. 7—Afghanistan.

### SOLUTIONS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

*Across:* 1, Cider. 5, Moan. 8, Aye. 9, Du. 10, Rare. 11, N.N.E. 13, Moat. 14, Baby. 17, R.C. 18, Si. 19, Oboe. 20, Ten. 22, Alas. 23, Rer. 24, Ass. 25, Do. 26, Dote. 28, Tou. 29, Hear. 30, T.S.

*Down:* 1, Cardboard. 2, Dart Board. 3, Eye. 4, Re. 5, Menace. 6, Ad. 7, Nutritious. 11, North Sea. 12, Et. 15, Able. 16, Yes. 21, No. 24, Ate. 25, Dot. 27, Oh.

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