The WORTH RECORD

Vol. III, No. 3 1951 SUMMER TERM

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The

WORTH RECORD

Vol. III. No. 3 SUMMER TERM, 1951

HEADMASTER'S LETTER

When you grow older you will find that people often say to you that you ought to read this book or that, a book that everybody is reading, and a book which has caused a tremendous sensation. Quite lately I was told this about one which appeared a few months ago called *I Believed*. It is by a man called Douglas Hyde and it is the account of his life in the Communist Party. In this Party he spent about twenty years of his life and ended up as News Editor of the Communist daily paper called *The Daily Worker*. I think it was about September 1948 that I wrote you a letter on this subject. If you are already bored with the idea about hearing about it again I simply ask you to read this letter through and see whether that boredom is not rather dangerous. Even you at your age ought not to be bored about Communism. It is a thing which may affect the course of your whole future lives. I read in this book how a man who had been brought up without any real background, but at the same time carefully brought up and was going to be a Protestant preacher, got mixed up with people who were working for the unemployed workmen. Thirty years ago there were a great many unemployed workmen who were living sad and miserable lives because they had very little aim in life. Now there are very few.

Now what I want you to understand is this. These Communists really do believe most passionately in what they preach. When they work against England they do not feel they are not patriotic Englishmen. What they want is an England with a Communist Government. They want a Communist Government and a Communist England because they feel in their heart of hearts that it is the best thing for England. It does not matter to them that most people would think it would be the most dreadful thing. What they want is an England that has gone the same way as Russia where working people are supposed to get their share of everything. What Mr Douglas Hyde discovered was that it was not quite so much that the people in the future were to have fair shares of everything; but that they should take away all that belonged to other people and give it to a few.

All his life in the Communist Party and at the offices of his newspaper were spent in hard work and more than hard work. He and his wife were in it together. They had a daughter who was not baptised. He tells us in his story of the enormous keenness of the people who worked for the Party. Just think of this one thing; thirty thousand Communists in England do now produce a daily newspaper. Some people say that this is because they get their money from Russia; but he says that this is not true and that the money is gathered in from the efforts of poor people. Is it not a surprising thing that four million Catholics in the United Kingdom have not been able to do the same?

I think we have to ask ourselves, how have these people grown up? The answer is that they are the children of the Reformation. One of the Protestant Bishops, named Latimer, who lost his life as a heretic, said: 'We shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as (I trust) shall never be put out'. That was in 1555. Now in 1951 where is this Protestant candle? The great Cathedrals and Abbeys, once Catholic churches, together with the Parish churches, have been nationalised under Henry VIII and Edward VI and Elizabeth. There is no doubt whatever that the Protestants were full of zeal and energy; but this has become less and less. We know perfectly well how a great many Protestants still love God and worship Him in the way they were taught four hundred years ago, but we have to face the fact that more than thirty millions of Englishmen at the present day never go inside a church at all. The candle that was lighted by Latimer has in the end turned out to be only a damp squib. All the same it would be a dreadful thing if we as Catholics were to give the impression, or in other words should make people think, that we believe that they are not worshipping God. Among the Protestant inhabitants of this island there have been very fine and saintly men and women. What we want to do is to understand them better. What we want to do is to make them see that we ourselves have the means to live good lives and that we are not the sort of people who were described four hundred years ago as being children of hell and sons of the devil. One of the most important things in this life is to get together with people who do not agree with us, and to make them realise our point of view while at the same time trying to understand theirs. We are not allowed to join with them in worship; but we can pray for them as we hope that in their way they pray for us. Even the followers of the prophet Mahomet, who was not a real prophet but a rather bogus one, are now beginning to realise, in the face of Communism, that all of us who believe in God should get together to fight the Evil Beast.

Douglas Hyde began to realise as time went on that in everything he had to follow the orders given by Moscow, which is the capital of all Communist ideas. He found at the beginning of the war that he was told to fight against it as a wicked war. A little later on when Russia was attacked by Germany he had to change his opinions and call it a good war. When the fighting was over he was told it was his business to make this country as uncomfortable as he could. He had to work amongst the unhappy and discontented in the factory and elsewhere and try to get them to join him. Wherever a man began to grumble he was fair game and would soon find himself invited to grumble to Party members. Before long he was another new recruit. All this made him very unhappy and he began to find that his interest in his work was departing. It was almost by accident that while reading the Catholic papers for any story that he could find that would be useful in his speeches or in his writing, he began to see that the Catholic Church was something different from what he had believed it to be when he was a very young man. Towards the end of his time as a Communist he was going regularly morning and evening to the back of the only Catholic Church in London that goes back before the Reformation, St Etheldreda's, Ely Place, and there he used to sit and think. He never went in

at the time of Mass or Benediction and only when there was no one there. He described how the turning point came when he noticed the happiness of a girl who had come in looking unhappy. It was this that made him go up to a statue of Our Lady and kneel before it, not knowing what to say. Kneeling there, he did not know one single prayer but he managed to put something into words and went away feeling better than ever before. Not long after this he discovered that his wife was going in the same direction. And before long both of them were being instructed in the Catholic Faith and their daughter was baptised. They themselves were received into the Church, and now he is working hard against those for whom he had worked for years.

I think the great test of his sincerity is that he writes of men with well-known names who are still leading Communists, but he always speaks of them kindly and with charity. If his book had been one long narrative of unpleasant remarks about these people one would have felt differently. After all, charity is one of the great signs of a practising Christian. It shows that God really is living in him. Mr Hyde is one man who has come this way from Communism to the Catholic Church, but there are many others who are making the journey away from Communism as well. Not all of them have found their way to the Church. Only last year six Communists who gave up their belief in it have been brought together in a book called, *The god that failed*. Their god was the god called Karl Marx, but they have not found Almighty God Himself and for the most part have merely left Communism for a great emptiness.

When I was in Rome this year just after Easter I went out to Tre Fontane. There is a grotto in the hillside where a Communist bus-conductor is said to have been converted from his Communism by Our Lady. I have not time to tell the story here now, but I think some of you know it already. Here was a man who was living the full life of a party member and who had sworn to kill the Pope if he could. Here was a man who after that day was completely changed, and has ever since that time been a most splendid example to everybody. There can be little doubt that Our Blessed Mother wishes us to go to Her and to Her Divine Son with the weapons of Faith and Prayer in our fight against the biggest danger that this world has ever known. Here you are growing up in a country where there are about thirty million people who do not practise any form of religion, and before long you will be going out into that world. Perhaps you already want to be up and doing. I do not think that anyone would listen to you if you started speaking in the market place or in front of the town hall. Your duty is to be remembering all this in your prayers the whole time. Through prayer and the devout saying of the Rosary there can be no doubt that we can end up as victors in this struggle. Your prayers are useful now. Your Rosaries are useful now. They are as valuable as anyone else's. One may almost go so far as to say that God will listen to you even more carefully just because you are the people who are going to have to live in this world in the years to come. When you grow up the example of your life as a practising Catholic who goes often to the Sacraments will be a living witness to those who have no Faith. They will see that you have something that they have not. Even without saying anything they will be affected by you. When

I said at the beginning that the times were dangerous and your work was important I want you to be sure that this is so. If you only go on as you have begun here at Worth you will end up without knowing it as great warriors in this fight. Do not be afraid of saying what you think. Do not hold your tongues when people attack your faith. Make them realise that you have got something which is really splendid and which is not only worth living for but worth dying for.

When I told the Holy Father that it was your wish as Worth boys to say the Rosary nightly for the conversion of Russia, his eyes gleamed for a moment with pleasure and he said twice, 'That is very good! That is very good!'

With all my best wishes to you all at home and abroad.

MAURICE BELL

JERRY AND THE OVEN

by A. STAVEACRE*

Once upon a time there lived an old hag called Betty. She had a cat called Tom whom she petted and fussed over all day long. She sent Tom to chase a wicked little mouse called Jerry, but he could never catch him. One day Jerry was walking in the kitchen looking for some crumbs, when he heard some hammering and banging in the pantry. He saw a huge black thing being banged into the ground (it was an oven, of course). Jerry went back to his hole wondering what it was. In about a week, he went into the kitchen and saw a big piece of toast on a kind of tray. He got onto it and started to eat. Suddenly someone picked up the tray and shoved it into the oven (with the bread and Jerry too). Jerry was very surprised when he found himself in the big black thing (as he called it). Suddenly everything felt hot and the bread felt very hot to stand on. He soon was dancing with pain. He had a vision of Tom saying 'Dance, dog, dance!' And dance he did. 'Ooh! Eeh! Ow!' he shrieked, with perspiration pouring down his fat cheeks. Suddenly the heat stopped and the tray was carried off. Immediately Jerry jumped down onto the ground, but he saw Tom coming quietly up, so he bounded away. But Tom was after him in a flash. Jerry bounded into another thing, white this time (a refrigerator of course). Suddenly everything went cold, and again Jerry danced with pain. He again got a vision of Tom saying 'Dance, dog, dance!' 'Ooh!' he shrieked. At last it stopped and out he jumped and ran straight away, straight to his hole. Never again would he go to either the oven or the refrigerator.

FIRST FEW MINUTES OF A GAME OF SOCCER

by E. C. FALKINER*

If there's one thing I love it's watching a game of Soccer
You come to the ground and you knock upon the knocker
A uniformed attendant opens up the door,
And you're welcomed to the stadium by a great big roar.

You go to your place and you buy a little ticket
You buy a little rattle and then you start to click it
The teams run out from beneath the painted stand
And then there comes a fanfare from a big brass band.

The ball is in the centre and the whistle gives a 'peep'
The players trip each other up and fall into a heap
One dribbles up the field like a mouse runs to his hole
There's an awful lot of shouting of the one word 'Goal!'

*Anthony Staveacre, Born May 24, 1942; entered Worth, September 1951.

*Edmund Falkiner, born June 24, 1938; entered Worth, September 1947.

THE RAG-AND-BONE MAN

by R. E. A. WEBB*

One day there was in town, a Rag-and-Bone Man. He collected old bits of iron and rags and old kettles and all things like that. One old lady gave an old bed. Then, when the Rag-and-Bone Man had got all he could from that town, he went to another one. When he had gone, a man came from his cottage shouting 'My bed, my bed. Who has taken my bed, thieves, thieves.' Another man told him 'I saw a bed on the Rag-and-Bone Man's cart, that might of been yours'. So the man went running off to the Rag-and-Bone Man and he said 'I sold that old bed to Mr Rogan. An old lady sold it to me.' So the man went off to Mr Rogan to find that *he* had sold it to Mr Rannigan, and *he* said: 'Oh! that old bed? I sold it to Mrs Rose.' So off went the old man again (who was very tired and angry by this time) to Mrs Rose. And at last he got there. Mrs Rose was just about to sell it again. The Man got his bed back and went home. As soon as he got back home, his wife came up to him and said 'Where have you been all the time, and what's that thing on your back? Why! it's your old bed, and I sold it to the Rag-and-Bone Man. But now you've got it back I shall spend the money on some flowers for myself.' The man gasped, then fainted.

THE SCHOOLMASTER

by E. P. MORRIS*

He's extremely weird,
For he wears a long beard,
And some specs of the largest variety,
Which take their repose,
On the end of his nose,
Which is high, with an air of society.

He's perfectly vile,
For a grin or a smile
Will at once bring the thunder and lightning,
For he's not like a child,
His temper is wild,
And his voice and his glare are quite frightening.

If you think that these verses
Are harsh untrue curses,
'Bout any particular man
I make one last request,
That I think 'twould be best,
If you banished the thought if you can.

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

*The Hon. Patrick Morris, born December 9, 1937; entered Worth, September 1945; acted in *Sport of Kings*, *Dumb Wife of Cheapside*, *Stations in Mime*, *Babes in the Wood*, *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime, *Cox and Box*; left, July 1951.

GIANT SELFISH

by S. POETT*

Once upon a time there lived a giant who was selfish. He had a big garden, and in the midst of the lovely garden was a great big castle in which the giant lived. Now this giant, as I said before, would never let anybody into the garden. Now one day one of the villagers said to the giant 'Bad things will happen to you if you don't let all the little children come and feed the swans and play about at hide and seek and all the other games'. But the giant just said 'No, I won't'. About two weeks later the giant went blind and then all the children came into the garden and as soon as the giant heard all the noise he asked one of his servants 'What is all that noise?' 'It is the children', said the servant, 'they are playing in the garden.' 'I am glad they are, because if I am kind to them I may get my sight back again. I must go on being kind to them'; and soon he got his eye sight back again and was so pleased that all the children were happy, and the giant lived happily until his death.

JONATHAN HECTOR, PHILATELIST

by J. F. COWARD*

Now let me acquaint you with Jonathan Hector,
A very ambitious stamp collector,
A very friendly decent chap,
But suffering from one great drawback,
And none so commonplace mishap
As confronting you or me,
But completely ruining the man.
Come, listen how it all began.
Now, Jonathan had a Blue Mauritius,
Which, so they say, is very precious.
But showing it to friends one day,
A jackdaw stole the thing away.
When Jonathan his stamp beheld,
Between two grimy talons held,
He shouted out aloud, 'Don't scratch it',
Then ran outside to try to catch it.
But—
The jackdaw lived in Aberdeen
Tho' here in London now was seen
Still Jonathan ran out of town,
And hills and valleys up and down
He wore his poor legs right away,
And on his knees home made his way
Into his bed wherein he stays,
For the remainder of his days.

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

*John Coward, born October 11, 1937; entered Worth, September 1945; School Prefect; Boxing Team; Gym Team; Choir; left, July 1951.

POINT TO POINT

by W. P. D. DWYER*

One day last holidays I went to the Point to Point Races. They were being held at a place called Ballendenice which was about ten miles from home. We took a picnic lunch with us. It happened on the day of the Grand National. We got there at about twelve-thirty. It was not a very nice day. We had lunch at one o'clock then I went to buy a program to see what was happening. There was going to be a race at two o'clock and another at two thirty. Then the Grand National was going to be broadcasted on the loudspeakers. There were going to be three more races after that. In the first race I walked out along the course to watch it from where is was not crowded. I did not bet. In the second race I put a shilling on some horse and I watched it from the winning post. The horse that I betted on did not win. I then went and put two shillings on a horse in the Grand National. His name was Broomfield and I had heard that he was a good animal. He was doing very well and was in third place when there was only two more fences to go but he fell. He was the last horse to fall. The booky got my money again. For the next two races I lost two shillings and was very angry. The horses that I back always seem to have bad luck. The next race was the hunt race and men and women could ride. There was someone in this race who I knew who was riding her own horse. I put my last two shillings on her. She was winning untill the last fence when she had a bad fall and we thought the horse was killed. I lost more money. And so ended a bad day at the races from my point of view. I left minus seven shillings. It could have been worse.

ON THE WAY TO OLD HOUSE WARREN

by M. F. DUFFIELD*

When the wind does blow,
And the scouts do go,
On the way to Old House Warren,

The birds do wing
And the scouts do sing
On the way to Old House Warren.

The trees are green
And snakes are seen
On the way to Old House Warren,

The larks do fly
High in the sky
On the way to Old House Warren.

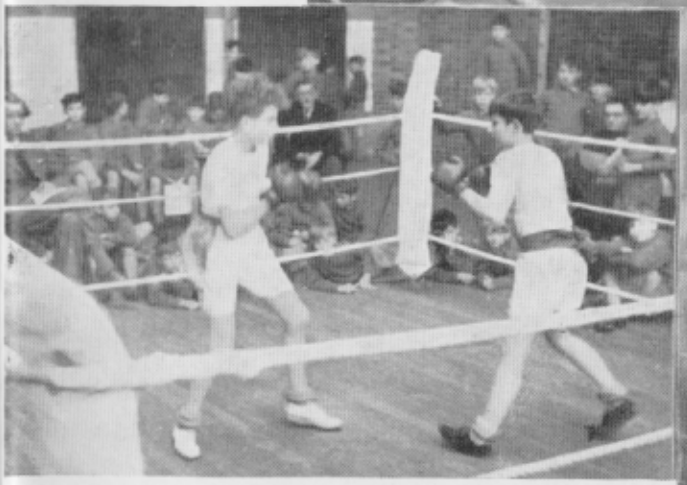
When we get near
We stand and cheer
On the way to Old House Warren.

*William Dwyer, born June 10, 1938; entered Worth, September 1948; left, July 1951.
*Michael Duffield, born July 23, 1938; entered Worth, September 1947; Choir; left, July 1951.

League Boxing Finals

Bourne (Blue)
v.
Williams (Blue)

Geoghegan (Gold)
v.
Chapman (Gold)



Squash Finalists

Chapman
v.
Chignell
(Winner: 9-2, 9-1, 9-2)

A 1951 Hockey XI

Hoopla!

The Catapult Range

Horse and Trap rides

'Have a go . . .'

COMMON ENTRANCE

by J. MILES*

At the end of every boy's Preparatory School life, comes the Common Entrance Examination. At first it is looked upon with awe, then with terror and finally with excitement. For the first three years or so you hear nothing of it, though in the middle of every summer term the oldest boys vanish into the day room from which they emerge at the most unorthodox times. Soon, however, the words 'You may get that in the C.E.' occur more and more often, and you are shown for the first time copies of the papers. The exam looms nearer and nearer until you come to your last year when you practically learn all the previous papers by heart. At last the time comes, and in three days the results of six years' work is summed up. The papers are sent off, and after cursing the idiotic mistakes you have made, you wait for about three weeks trying to work out your percentage. Then the results come and you start all over again, this time for the School Certificate.

POLES APART

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

Percy was an artist,
He went to study art,
One day the teacher told him
To draw a horse and cart.
Then Percy had an idea
To him t'was very smart,
He went and drew the horse first,
And left the horse to draw the cart!

. . . . .

Atomic war!
What a thought,
Can't we live,
As we ought?
H Bomb now;
Terror reigns
In the cities
And the plains,
Soon every living thing shall burn,
And unto dust we shall return.

*John Miles, born November 12, 1937; entered Worth, May 1949; acted in *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime; left, July 1951.

*Norman Coles, born September 21, 1939; entered Worth, September 1948; acted in *Robinson Crusoe, Burning Babe, Reluctant Dragon.*

REDCOAT

by W. O'M. ARMSTRONG*

Redcoat was a retired officer of the Imperial Army of the Czar. His rather quaint name was given to him because of the red hunting coat he always wore. In a way he was a good fellow but his one weakness was beer. So when he wanted some, he would bring us British soldiers eggs for which we would give him a pint of beer. We did not know how he got the eggs but the inhabitants of the village, in which we were stationed did, and proceeded to fortify their hen houses with barbed wire and other such things. So Redcoat who badly wanted some beer decided to try the neighbouring village, he arranged this to be on a Sunday evening when all the inhabitants would be in bed. He stole one of our packhorses, and cantered off. When he came near to the village, he dismounted and tied his horse to a tree and crept quietly to the nearest hen house or what he thought was a hen house. He entered by the door but something got entangled in his foot and he fell to the ground. To his horror, he heard a gobbling sound and the next thing he found he was being attacked by five turkeys, angry with him for interrupting their beauty sleep. He managed to get out of the hutch but he tripped over something and fell into the horse trough from which he rolled into the manure heap. By this time the village had awakened and poor Redcoat had to tramp back to where his horse was waiting, amid the catcalls and jeers from the other villagers. Redcoat got no beer that night nor did we get any eggs.

THE FISHING FLEET

by R. H. W. FANSHAWE*

Waves, waves, waves,
Waves all around us,
Yonder lies a fishing fleet,
And seagulls surround us.

Brown sails idly flapping,
Dinghies towing astern,
A flag drooping on the mast,
Nets hanging over the stern.

Ships of a deep sea-green,
Blue waves gently rolling,
The roof of the deep blue sky,
O'er the horizon stretching.

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

*Richard Fanshawe, born August 24, 1939; entered Worth, September 1947.

BRITISH BUTTERFLIES

by P. E. CAMPBELL*

Green Hairstreak: this butterfly, which is common in early spring, is a fast flyer and is very difficult to see. The upper side is a copper brown colour all over, but the underside is green. When it settles on a leaf, the green on the underside renders it practically invisible. It is usually found in meadows or in wood edges.

Purple Hairstreak: this butterfly comes later on in the year than the Green Hairstreak and also flies higher than it. The upper side looks black, but if the sun catches it on the wings at a certain angle it shines purple. In the female there is less purple than in the male, and it is only of the forewing. It is found in much the same places as the Green Hairstreak.

Orange Tip: the upper side of the female greatly resembles that of the Small White (smallest of the Cabbage White group) and is usually quite rare because it is often mistaken for the Cabbage White (which are usually persecuted rather heavily in the summer months). The Male has two orange tips on the forewings of the upper side and is mottled green on the hind wings of the underside. The female has no orange tips but is recognised by the mottled underside. It is found in hedges and meadows in April and May.

MABEL

by A. M. RIGBY*

Oh! what a naughty girl was Mabel,
When meals were set upon the table,
She would peck and pick at all her food,
And in her very worstest mood,
She would put her fingers in the jam,
And make a horrid face at Mam.

BIRDS-NESTING

by E. F. MAYNARD*

T'was the nest of a linnet,
In the furze and wild rose briar,
Spotted blue, the eggs within it,
T'was the nest of a linnet,
What joy I knew that minute,
When I heard the woodland choir,
T'was the nest of a linnet,
In the furze and wild rose briar.

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

*Ambrose Rigby, born April 7, 1940; entered Worth, April 1951.

*Edward Maynard, born October 15, 1938; entered Worth, September 1946; 1st XI Cricket; Boxing and Gym Teams.

TERRORS OF A TROPICAL NIGHT

by J. E. FAY*

My name is James McNut. I'm a red squirrel of exceptional size. I was born in the grounds of Worth Priory two years ago. My present master saved me from death at an early age, and brought me up, as my parents were dead. Also I might mention that my squirrel brain is a very good one. At the moment I'm in a far off tropical land in the jungle with my master and his father who are hunting. As we pressed deeper into the jungle, an enormous beast of gigantic size (I believe the humans call it an elephant) charged us. To me it seemed as if some hill had come to life (remember I'm only a little squirrel). As my master fled through the undergrowth a branch swept me off his shoulder. I must have been knocked out because by the time I woke up it was sunset. I was helpless except for a sword which my master had taught me to use. At first I was panicy, but I pulled myself together and decided to trail my master back to camp which was only about four miles distance. But I had to travel on the ground to follow my master's scent. I had only progressed about twenty yards when there was a rustle and I came face to face with the first rock python I had ever seen. If you can imagine a giant snake about two hundred feet long and about twelve feet wide you will know how I felt, as I stared into the face of this monster. Actually the python was only thirty feet long. As I stood there petrified, quite sure the end had come, there was a sudden flurry of activity behind the snake. The flurry turned out to be an animal something like a hedgehog but bigger, it was a porcupine. As the porcupine charged, the snake's hypnotic spell was broken and I ran off into the undergrowth. I picked up my master's trail again and traversed a mile before I got into trouble again. As I was walking over a mound of dead leaves a very ferocious insect, about nine inches long—it was a scorpion—attacked me. I expected it to try and bite me but just in time I saw a wicked forked tail come flashing over its back. I dodged out of reach and drew my sword. At the next attack I stood my ground and paried the tail. As it recoiled its tail for another charge, I thrust my sword at its side, but I hardly made any impression on its very tough side. The next time it struck I took a terrific cut at its tail, and half the tail fell to the ground. At this the scorpion lost heart completely and fled. After I had gone another two miles I had my last battle that night, with a giant lizard. The lizard was about three feet long, but to me it was gigantic. As I was walking along the ground suddenly gave under my feet. I must have fallen about four feet. Luckily I got into a good landing position. Because of this I landed safely. As my feet touched the ground I heard a rustle. Instinctively I threw myself sideways. It was lucky that I did for something pretty big crashed past me. As my eyes got used to the light I saw a particularly ferocious looking lizard with funny little horns charging me. I sidestepped and drove my sword into its side. It squealed and ran off into the darkness of the pit. As soon as it ran off, I scrambled out of the pit and set off home again. I got home safely, and my master was overjoyed to see me.

*John Fay, born June 21, 1938; entered Worth, September 1947; left, July 1951.

MY FIRST HUNT

by N. C. THOMPSON*

One Wednesday afternoon in late December, my mother said to my brother Christopher and me 'There is a Children's Meet at Park End for the Pony Club on Thursday. Would you like to go?' 'Oh, yes, please!' yelled the two of us. 'Well, Christopher, you must look after Nicky well, remember he is only ten and his first time out with the Stag Hounds.' 'Yes, mother', said Christopher solemnly. Christopher was now thirteen and well able to look after himself and me. 'Well, boys, get cracking and clean your tack, make plans and no squabbling!' said Mother, determined that there should be no delay. We had our tack cleaned with bits and buckles shining, while Mother was scrubbing riding gloves and making ham sandwiches for the Hunt. I was getting very excited by now and was rubbing my jodhpour boots so hard that I nearly made a hole in them. That night my brother said 'The Meet is at half past ten, so Topper and Feather must be up at seven, groomed and fed by breakfast, so they will have digested their food properly'. The next morning Christopher woke me at half past six. At first I did not realise why he had woken me, but in a trice I knew it was hunting. I hopped out of bed, sploshed the water over me, slung my clothes on and was cycling hard after Christopher who was half way down the road already. When I caught him up he said 'Excited, I bet you are'. We had Feather and Topper up at five to seven. Topper is a fourteen hands one inch height (there are four inches to every hand) a hardy brown coloured cob. Feather is twelve hands height, a grey Welsh Mountain pony. We had them watered, fed and groomed by breakfast, which was pretty good timing by Christopher. At ten o'clock we set off at a walk to the Meet. I felt very posh riding in my tweed jacket, hard hat, new jodhpours and clean boots. The ponies looked very fine too in their clean tack and oiled hooves. The meet had a few grown ups and a score of children. We shook hands with master, Mrs Wimbush, and said it was my first hunt. She said 'I hope you enjoy it and go on till the finish'. After about five minutes hounds came. Jack, the whip, on a very sleek chestnut and Gilbert, the huntsman, was on his favourite horse, Pilot, a dark brown horse and very fast. 'Mornin', Gilbert, Mornin', Jack', said the yokels. 'Harboured a Hind' (that is a female deer). 'Yes, she's in Winddown.' After a few minutes we moved off. We jogged on to Winddown where we were going to draw. Feather and Topper looked on with pricked ears and stood perfectly still. Ten minutes past, my brother and I suddenly heard a 'Holloa' which is a cry of 'gone away'. 'Holloa on the left, sir' said my brother to the field master who was talking to somebody. 'Er, thanks, son' he said. Then before I knew where I was I was cantering up a hill next to my brother towards Cothelstone. 'Look, Nicky', said Christopher 'see the deer with hounds twenty yards behind her.' 'Wow', I said 'that looks wizard.' We soon passed Park End where we had met. We galloped by Muchcare wood and trotted down to Stout Lane. We had a check there. My brother and I got off to give our ponies five minutes rest.

*Nicholas Thompson, Born March 7, 1938; entered Worth, May 1946; 1st XV Rugger; Boxing Team; School Prefect; left, July 1951.

We were soon off again galloping hard towards the Stowey road. We turned righthanded towards Bicknoller Post. At Bicknoller Post we had another check. Suddenly I saw the hind. She was dead beat. So we had the last gallop to the Deer Park where we saw her at bay. Next minute I heard a loud bang, the hind flopped earthwards. I was then blooded and received the Slot (that is a foot). The Huntsman said 'Well done, sonny'.

SUBMARINE VOYAGE

by P. D. T. GALVIN*

One day, just after the summer holidays had begun, I was exploring a cave which I had only recently discovered, when I heard voices outside. A large powerfully built man entered the cave followed by a small, thin man. The former then proceeded into the depths of the cave, while the latter stayed on guard only to follow on after about thirty seconds. I followed the small man and was surprised to see him touch a certain stone which immediately opened to admit him; I followed him in by the same process to find myself confronted by a short flight of steps hewn out of the rock. I could see light ahead of me and could hear the sound of voices, which as I drew near could be distinguished as English. I soon found myself in a vast underground cavern with a river running through the centre, and great buildings on either side, all flooded with a brilliant light of which I could detect no visible source. The object that attracted my attention most was a glorified submarine which had two conning towers and which I judged to be about three hundred feet long. The chief occupation that I could observe was the continual activity of white clad men on the submarine.

Suddenly I heard my name being boomed out and a voice ordering me to advance to beside the great submarine. I did this almost automatically. I was seized by a powerful hand and firmly thrust inside the submarine. I was pushed into a very comfortable room with a dazzling array of screens, knobs, and dials. Seated in a comfortable armchair looking into a screen with a few knobs, and a small phone in his hand was a tall, powerfully built man, with a high intelligent forehead, and a fine face in which two cold eyes were widely set. He spoke clearly and quietly, and told me that I couldn't leave now that I had come this far, and that I would have to stay on board. Suddenly he opened a scuttle and I had the impression that I was in a glass tank in the middle of an ocean; he told me that we were on the bed of the English Channel, making experiments. I was looking out of a window about three feet high and five feet wide. The captain was giving orders through the phone to the forward conning tower, and startling submarine scenes were appearing on his marvellous screen. He informed me curtly that we were just entering the Atlantic and were travelling at a depth of half a mile at sixty-five knots. He told me there were three propellors and that there were four small one-man submarines each armed with two small but deadly torpedoes and capable of seventy knots.

A week later I was still in the submarine, but I had had a quarter of an hour

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

outside on deck each day, and ten minutes I wiled away under the ocean in one of the captain's special diving suits. I saw many strange creatures of all weird shapes and sizes on the submarine voyage. I also saw strange hundred feet high growths and several wrecked and crushed (by the pressure of the water) ships of many ages together with marine pits and mountains. I also learned of many wonderful gadgets on this new submarine; for instance there was a huge screen occupying one side of the forward conning tower which would accurately give a picture of the surface (as if you were looking from a surface craft) and could be trained on any place within four thousand miles. The air inside the submarine was just like that on Dartmoor and the food was the best I had ever tasted. The submarine's total armament was eighteen torpedoes, six rockets which could travel through the water at a tremendous speed as well as through the air and could be directed from the forward conning tower and be kept on the big screen, a gamma ray projector, two perfected three inch guns, four machine guns, two pom-poms and each man was armed with a three thousand yard rifle and an automatic. There was also ten tommy-guns. The captain was a very nice man who called himself Captain John Halfield, R.N. The crew was made up of ten officers, and sixty A.B.'s. We cruised about the Atlantic for a month before we finally returned to the wonderful underground harbour where I was enlisted as one of the crew, starting off as cabin boy.

NEW TABLES

by M. D. B. and A. D. H. WINDER*

3 tinkles = 1 dink
4 dinks = 1 clang
6 clangs = 1 clatter
5 clatters = 1 bang
8 bangs = 1 bomb
10 bombs = 1 hullaballoo
50,000 hullaballoos = 1 split atom
(∴ 1,440,000,000 tinkles = 1 split atom)

WORTH DAYS

by D. C. J. LUNN*

The flowers are out at Worth
All beautiful;
And sounds of merry mirth
From out of school,
Mix with the echo of a batsman's block,
And the long-drawn notes of the Tower Clock.

*Michael Winder, born July 17, 1940; entered Worth, September 1949.
*Adrian Winder, born September 15, 1942; entered Worth, September 1950.
*David Lunn, born February 28, 1940; entered Worth, Autumn 1948; Choir.

THE BALLOON

by J. V. HADKINSON*

Long ago a man said 'I will make a flying balloon and fly it with me in it'. So he got working on it. Soon he finished it and tested it on a nearby field. He said 'I'll risk my life'. He got into the huge balloon, and released the anchor, which was pinning it to the ground. At once the balloon rose up into the air 'with the greatest of ease' and flew to the west. He was delighted with his new experiment. The balloon was going at top rate, and my, you should see the hair of the man, who was a professor, who made things which could fly, blowing in the wind. It was very long hair. Suddenly an awful thing happened. The air was coming out of the huge balloon, and quickly too. I'll tell you how the professor knew about the air coming out. You see when you are flying in a balloon, you usually fly across, but you don't usually go upwards, except when you go up from the ground. He felt the cold air from the balloon. Then suddenly he looked up and saw the air escaping. He tied the rope to the mouth of the air balloon. Before that he had pumped some more gas into the air balloon with a gas blower. All this time the air balloon was going down slowly and gently and smoothly, because the wind had dropped a little. Suddenly the gas had effect. The air balloon went up suddenly and blew the balloon right up into the air again. Soon he changed his course, and flew home again. Today the R.A.F. have Spitfires, Tempests, and Hurricanes, and when we fly, we fly comfortably. But the professor didn't fly comfortably, when he was in the balloon. Oh, no! As a matter of fact he felt really uncomfortable, except when he went up. So we're very lucky, to fly comfortably.

SUMMER

by M. W. P. LEGGE*

In summer all the trees are green,
And all around gay flowers are seen,
While little birds sing in the trees,
And in the flowers are the busy bees.

The fish swim up and down the streams,
And the sun throws down bright yellow beams.
The sky is blue, the clouds are white,
And rabbits play all day and night.

Men go fishing with their lines,
And catch the fish—all sorts and kinds;
The children play around all day,
While farmers rake and turn the hay.

*James Hadkinson, born December 31, 1939; entered Worth, September 1948.
*Michael Legge, born November 15, 1938; entered Worth, September 1948.

MUSIC

by B. W. M. MOORSOM*

My favourite subject is music. I spend most of my free time in the music rooms. I like to hear Elgar's Twelve Variations on his friends, and I can play some of them. It is wonderful. It is sweet and the melody is so gentle. I enjoy also Chopin's music, it is very fast and frightening in some parts. I love to hear Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, it is the best piece I know. I like to hear many other musicians' music like Bach's, or Handel's, or Mozart's, Ravel's or Brahms'. There are many musicians in this world and I hope to be one some day.

MARKET SQUARE

by A. I. MALLET*

In all country towns, market day is of great importance. It is held on a fixed day of the week, and every entrance to the town is full of cars with trailers, containing all kinds of livestock. The richer farmers have large vans also containing animals. On the edges of the road are seen men and women pushing large barrows of vegetables and flowers. The square is usually divided into two; one half for the livestock and the other half for the stalls containing eatables and flowers. In the former half of the square there is a lot of activity and noise: the mooing of the cows, the grunts and squeals of the pigs, the baaing of sheep and a whole host of other sounds. The bustle is tremendous and above everything one can hear the loud clear voice of the auctioneer selling the various animals. In the other half there is the noise of men and women trying to sell their wares, which include large fresh fruit and vegetables. The flowers are, of course, best in June, but there are always some flowers. In the evening, when the sun is setting and the noise dies away, the market becomes empty, but one can never remember what the scene looked like.

SWALLOWS

by M. W. PIASECKI*

The clouds are sailing west,
O'er the dark blue windy seas,
And the swallows sing their best,
Conscious only of this breeze.

So when the swallows play
O'er dark blue windy seas,
I ponder in my little bay
And write the lives of these.

*Bruce Moorsom, born May 3, 1939; entered Worth, September 1949.
*Anthony Mallet, born January 3, 1938; entered Worth, September 1948; acted in *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime; Choir; left, July 1951.
*Marek Piasecki, born July 29, 1938; entered Worth, September 1948.

THE OLD SHEPHERD

by T. W. EARLE*

In a small village in Scotland there is an old Shepherd, his name is Jock McKay. He lives at a small farm where he looks after his sheep. He is an old man with white hair. Life begins in the day for Jock at about seven o'clock. He gets up and goes to look after the sheep. In the summer, holiday-makers take an afternoon walk and stop to talk to Jock. He will tell them endless stories, and very good ones too, for the holiday-makers listen with a bated breath. Old Jock has a little shack nearby where he has his meals. Sometimes Jock brings his sheepdog with him and rounds up the sheep, but Jock spends most of his day smoking an old pipe, and sitting on a stile. In the winter Jock has to bring in the sheep. Sometimes he has to find stray sheep. Jock has a peaceful life. He is a queer figure with his old crook, sitting on a stile and smoking an old pipe or telling tales to people. When Jock goes home in the evening he usually goes to the village pub and has a pint of beer, and talks things over with villagers. This is the life Jock lives.

A DOG-FIGHT

by P.W. A. RUDD*

On June 7th 1940, there was great excitement at 293 Fighter Squadron stationed at Ramsgate. The reason for the excitement was that there were reports of an enemy dawn-raid in London. I was just in the middle of a snack, consisting of a cup of coffee and three or four biscuits, when the report came through. We all dashed to our Spitfires which were ticking over. I got into the bucket-seat, revved up the engines and carefully glanced over the dials and instruments. Seeing that everything was alright, I put my thumbs up. The mechanics immediately whipped away the chocks and my machine went lumbering up the runway. At the end of the runway I turned my machine into the wind. On either side of me were the other two members of Flight 1. We again checked our instruments and revved up our engines. I looked round and saw that the others were ready. I then slowly opened up the machine, began to move. When the speedometer reached 30 m.p.h. I pulled the stick towards me. Suddenly, the sound of wheels on the runway stopped and we were airborne. When the squadron were in formation at 1,500 feet, I heard the position of the enemy. 'Heinkel 117's with an escort of 20 M.E. 110's over Maidstone at 1,900 ft. Approximate speed is 220 m.p.h.' I heard in the earphones. The squadron leader ordered us to climb to 2,200 and cut the enemy off at Chatham. We immediately dashed there and met the huns just north-west of Chatham. We immediately spread out and dived upon the enemy. There were tracer-sparks everywhere. I dived straight at a Heinkel and riddled it from tail-plane to nose in one short burst. It immediately dived and burst into flames. I dived

*Thomas Earle, born August 8, 1938; entered Worth, September 1946; left, July 1951.

*Peter Rudd, born September 1, 1937; entered Worth, September 1947; acted in *Sport of Kings*; left, July 1951.

straight through the place it had been, pulled out and came up in an upwards swoop and took a short burst at a M.E. 110. I followed round and just got on its tail. I gave him a short burst but he whipped round and came tearing straight at me. Both of our guns were rattling away when suddenly I felt a bullet go through my right arm. I clutched at my arm but let go when I saw the M.E. 110 begin to zoom above me. Then I did a roll on the top of a loop. This brought me on his tail and I finished him off. I looked around and saw that the Heinkels were going on towards London in a rather scattered formation. I immediately tore forward and yelled 'Tally-Ho!' I picked out the tail-ender and let him have it. I attacked him from all angles and at last shot him down. I suddenly realised my ammo. was running low but, fortunately for me, I saw a squadron of Hurricanes approaching. 'Pray, finish them off,' I said through the wireless. 'Thank you', came the reply, and they quickly finished them off. Now that the excitement was over we returned in twos and threes. I returned as quickly as possible because I was beginning to feel weak from my wound. I landed and taxied up to the hangars. I got out and fell to the ground unconscious. The next thing I remembered was that I was in bed.

LAST SUMMER HOLIDAYS

by I. P. WHATLEY*

Last summer holidays I went to Malta. My father is Assistant King's Harbour Master there. My mother and sister are also out there. I went out by plane. It took us eight hours to get there. We went over France, and landed at a place called Nice, which is in the south of France. We got to Malta at about six o'clock in the afternoon. My mother and father were there to meet me. I got off the plane and went into the customs house. I had my luggage weighed, and then went out. I met my brother and father outside. My father had an old car which he took us home in. I saw my sister who was in bed. On some days I went to the dockyard with my father. I went on some of the tugs. One day two American cruisers came in. On another day an Italian battleship came in. There were two Italian cruisers in on two other days. We also went on some picnics. My father and I went sailing quite a few times. One day when we were out sailing, the wind fell. My father started to row the boat. We passed hundreds of jellyfish. We went on rowing for quite a long time. Then the wind came back again. We sailed round into a bay. We had a bathe, and then had lunch. We had another bathe and went home. We went in the car to quite a lot of places. We went to one place called Rabat which is on the top of a hill. In Valetta, which is the capital, there are some huge bastions. They were built by the Knights of Malta. We went to another place which has got a church with the third biggest dome in the world. They are very Catholic out there. And on big fiestas they have processions and fire-works. On the journey home there were only about eight people on the plane. I had to get up quite early. We had a good journey home. When we got to England it was raining hard. I got on a bus and went up to London. There I was met by my grandmother and grandfather who took me home.

*Ivan Whatley, born March 5, 1939; entered Worth, September 1948.

MOONLIGHT

by H. D. MACDONALD*

One day, as I was walking along a country road (for I was staying in the country for my Summer holidays) I looked into a field and saw a lovely little pony. Its owner was coming into the field with some oats. I hadn't got a pony and my father said he would buy me one if I could find a good one. This pony suited me, so I climbed over the fence and ran to the owner. I asked him if it was for sale. He said it was. So I ran all the way home and told my father. He said he would go down there in his car. I asked him if I could come. He said 'Yes', so that afternoon we went down to the field where the little pony was. We went to the side of the field and looked about for the pony. We saw it in a corner of the field rolling on the ground. My father liked it and said he would buy it. We went to a little farm nearby where the owner lived and asked him how much it cost. The owner told my father and my father bought it. We went back to the field and I led the pony out of the field and led it back home to my stable and put her in it. I went back to the house and wondered what to call her. After a while I called her Moonlight. And Moonlight lived happily ever after.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION

by E. HALLINAN*

It is appropriate to write on the Great Exhibition of 1851 as we all know that this year is based on commemoration of it. The Prince Consort Albert got the idea of having an Exhibition to display the produce and goods of the various Nations of the World. The gardener of the Duke of Devonshire, a certain Mr John Paxton, was given the task of designer to the building. It was in the shape of a vast Green House and was so huge that large trees were covered by the structure. All the nations of the world were asked to exhibit their goods, the proper title was 'The Great Exhibition of the Wealth of Nations 1851'. When the necessary funds had been collected for the building of the project, the final finishing touches were made; the opening was ready! Her Majesty Queen Victoria declared the Exhibition open and wished it every success. What a wonderful sight to behold the many goods and articles which were on view. Thousands of people from at home and abroad flocked through the turnstiles to see something which was a novelty to the world. This was the time of the Industrial Revolution, many new scientific inventions were displayed, other arts and classical cultures could also be seen. The Exhibition, although unpopular at first, turned out to be a grand success. Not only was a new idea born, but Britain mounted yet another rung on the ladder of social respect.

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

*Edward Hallinan, born October 20, 1937; entered Worth, September 1948; acted in *Babes in the Wood, Stations in Mime, Passion of Our Lord* in Mime; left, July 1951.

BY THE RIVER

by J. P. GEOGHEGAN*

One Tuesday night, my brother, my friends, my sister and I were planning what we would do the next day. After a long and heated discussion we decided to go to an old aeroplane dump with our lunch and from there to a nearby waterfall. The day dawned sunny and with such a heat haze that I could hardly see an aerodrome which was only a mile away. After rather a prolonged start because there was an argument about whether to wear Wellingtons or not, we set off with a whole day at our disposal. We first had to cross a river by a very old and insecure bridge. We stayed there sometime having boat-races—each boat was made of a twig or a reed. At last we arrived at the dump. We got into it by climbing through a very prickly hedge. After about five minutes a lorry and two men arrived and we were immediately thrown off the premises. We did not really mind because we had meant to go on to the waterfall later. When we arrived there we had lunch and afterwards a bathe near the waterfall. My brother even ventured onto a plank bridge which crossed the falls; from there he swung down and let his legs dangle in the swirling current. After we had stayed there three or four hours we were told very curtly by an old gentleman that we were trespassing and were to get off his ground. We arrived home to a delicious high tea to which we did full justice and we went to bed feeling as though we would not be able to eat again for at least another week.

MY DAYS AT WORTH

by DAVID SHAW*

I came to Worth in May 1946. I did not mind coming to school, because I had a cousin there. He looked after me well, and saw that I was getting on well. All through my years at Worth, I have been very happy, and have enjoyed myself at work and play. In the Tower House it was very nice. I made friends with some boys very quickly. I started to learn how to stick up for myself, when I occasionally had a fight. Worth has changed a lot since I first came. The old monastery is now the Infirmary. The old Junior House has been changed to Monastery. The Junior House was very nice. We had a lot of freedom in the Junior House. We had the big Garden of Eden to play in. Then there was Dinkie Land, where you would spend many hours. The Senior House is nice. You begin to grow up when you are up at the top of the school. You cannot look untidy like you would when younger. In your last year you have a lot of freedom and privileges. All through my days at Worth everyone has been nice to me. I will not like leaving Worth.

*John Geoghegan, born September 19, 1938; entered Worth, September 1948; Boxing Team.

*David Shaw, born June 15, 1938; entered Worth, May 1946; acted in *Christmas on the Common, Dumb Wife of Cheapside, Cox and Box* and in practically all W.D.S. productions.

A RAILWAY STATION

by R. J. C. PRENDERGAST*

On the London to Brighton line there is a small station. I do not know its name, but I have passed it many a time on my way to Brighton. It has a steep hill behind it and a tunnel about fifty yards along the line towards Brighton. It is a sleepy place and there are hardly any people on the platform. (Except at eleven o'clock when a train stops: it comes back at six o'clock in the evening.) Once I had a look round the station and saw the station-master asleep in his office. The village that it serves is at the top of the hill and there are 251 steps up to it. When I did eventually wake the station-master up and asked him for a porter he said 'There is not one to be had'. When our train came along, we found it was a goods train with two carriages on the end. The station-master helped us with the luggage and the train started. It went very slowly and stopped at every station, but we eventually reached London. The funny thing was that there was only one platform in that station.

THE CORK MONASTERY

by G. D. DE LACEY*

High up in the Cintra Mountains, overlooking the Bay of Cascais in Portugal, is a Monastery with a unique name. This Monastery is called 'The Cork Monastery' so called by the people of Portugal because the doors, shutters, benches and roofs are covered with cork, so as to give extra warmth. During the eighteenth century twelve Capuchin friars hewed this Monastery out of solid rock. I visited this Monastery just at dusk one day, just before the sun was setting, and as we rang the old bell the Keeper came and began to show us round the ancient Monastery. The first thing to catch my eye, when we entered through the gate, was two statues of monks buried up to their waists in earth, for this was a punishment they inflicted on themselves for their publicly confessed sins. The first building we came to was the small confession room where the monks came privately to confess their sins. Leading from this was the chapel and the sacristy, where the public came to hear mass on Sundays and Holy Days of Obligation. Next to this was the small chapel, dedicated to Our Lord, where the monks came at all hours of the night to say their prayers. After that we visited the main building, where the monks had their cells and Infirmary. These cells were so very small that the average boy of ten would have great difficulty in getting in and moving about. Leading on from this were two medium-sized rooms; these were for the sick monks, but as the monks were very seldom ill they only had two rooms. Next we visited a very small cave, about a thousand feet from the main building; this cave was even smaller than the cells, and was inhabited for thirty years by a saint named Saint Honorius. Then we left the 'Cork Monastery', and outside the gate, just as the sun was setting, I thought how these monks had such a life of poverty and holiness for the love of Almighty God.

*Robert Prendergast, born October 21, 1941; entered Worth, May 1950.
*Gerald De Lacey, born February 11, 1939; entered Worth, 1948.

SMUGGLERS' COVE

by M. J. HEGARTY*

Once upon a time many years ago, in the time of smugglers, there lived three boys whose names were Peter, John and Martin. They lived on the Cornish coast. One day they decided to go for a picnic, because there was nothing else to do. 'Where shall we go?' said Peter, 'I know', said Martin, 'You know that cove which we were going to explore? Well, the day we said we would go, it began to rain. So we didn't go. Let's go there.' 'All right then', said John, 'We will have to ask our mothers to make us some sandwiches.' 'There is no point in going today, it looks like rain.'

Next day the sun was shining brightly. They set off early so as to get to the cove as soon as possible. It did not take them long to get to the cove, which they found very nice. They changed into their bathing things. They were all good swimmers and they enjoyed themselves. They splashed about and played for a long time. At last they decided to have their lunch. After they had had their lunch they went to the back of the cove. And to their surprise they found a cave. 'Let's explore it', said Peter. 'We haven't got a torch', said John. 'I have', said Martin (who always carried odds and ends on him). So they went into the cave. They found that water was dripping from the roof. When they started to explore the cave it was getting on towards three o'clock. 'We will have to hurry', said Peter. They soon came to a fork. 'To the left', said Martin. After some time they came to a stout door. Martin opened it and it led into a room.

All round the sides were boxes. 'Let's open them', said John. So they did. Inside they found silk stockings which were very beautiful. Also they found spirits and lots of other things like that. 'I bet this is a smugglers' meeting-place', said Martin. 'Let's warn the coastguards', said John. So they ran down the passage. On and on they went. At last they came to the coastguard station and told their story. Then they were sent home. Next week they heard from the coastguards that the smugglers had been caught. Later in the week they got £10 reward from the coastguards.

ST PAUL'S

by M. CUSS*

Last holidays my cousin came to stay a week with us, or nearly a week. On the Thursday of that week we decided to visit St Paul's Cathedral. We started off one morning and arrived in London at about twelve o'clock. We went round a few shops, then so as to have plenty of time to look round St Paul's, we had an early lunch at about half-past twelve. It was a nice lunch, and soon we felt fit enough to take a bus to St Paul's and have our stomachs turned upside down by ladders and spiral stairs. We went in and walked round the tombs and side-altars and also had a look at the slabs of marble with names of the dead on them.

*Michael Hegarty, born October 10, 1938; entered Worth, Easter Term 1948.
*Martin Cuss, born November 22, 1939; entered Worth, September 1948; 1st XV Rugger; Boxing Team.

We had to wait a bit before the heavy oak doors were opened that led up to the Galleries. Soon a clergyman came along and opened them for us. Inside was a sort of booking office where we bought tickets for the Whispering and Stone Galleries. We went up about two hundred wooden steps each about four to five inches high. They went round and round like a helter-skelter. At the top were some doors that led into the Whispering Gallery. There were lots of people with us and it was quite a time before we were all inside. This Gallery is completely round. There is a row of seats all the way round. In front of these is a narrow path with railings (also in a circle) boarding it. On the other side of the railings is a sheer drop into the church itself. It is nearly a hundred feet in diameter. We were told to cross to the other side and cupping his hands he spoke into the wall; as it was completely round we heard every word he said about St Paul's.

After this were more spiral stairs, stone ones this time. At the top was the Stone Gallery. There was a lovely view from it, as it was on the outside, also it was a nice clear day. Next, we went up some spiral staircases made of steel, that led to the Golden Gallery. This was also a Gallery on the outside, but not so big as the Stone Gallery; but in the middle of the building was a pane of glass set in the floor. We looked down and saw right down into the church itself, about three hundred feet. After this we went up some step-ladders; the last one being absolutely vertical; at the top of this was the Cross and ball on the top of St Paul's. The highest people could go was just under the ball on the inside. It was terribly high and the cars looked like Dinky cars. St Paul's is three hundred and sixty-five feet high. Altogether up and down there are one thousand two hundred and fifty-four steps. We came down, and still feeling very dizzy we travelled home.

RUINS

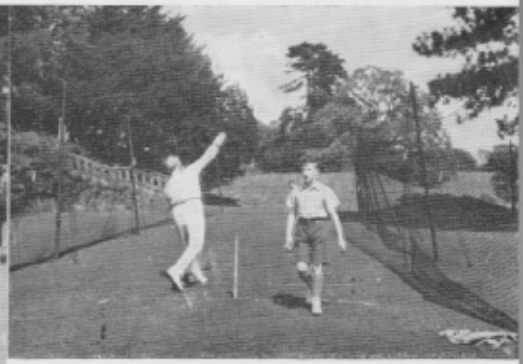
by T. P. GRIFFIN*

Among the jagged rocks so bare
In the rolling heather there
Lie the ruins of a castle
Ruined in some highland war.

Outside are ivy-covered walls
Inside are dark and musty halls
Where owls in early morning cry
That cry of lonely solitude.

And everywhere there's ne'er a sound
Except the cry of a hunting hound
Down in the green and fertile valley
Guarded once by these fallen walls.

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

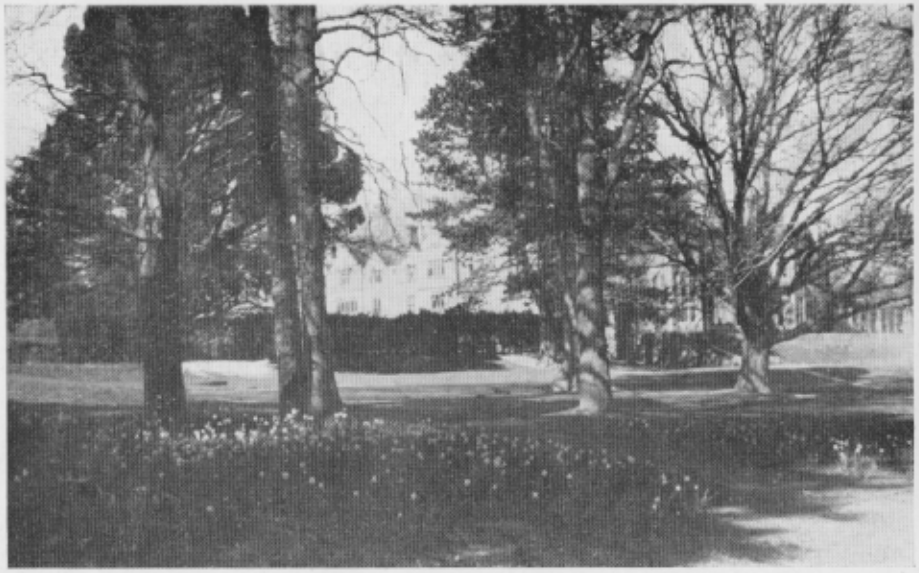


In the Nets

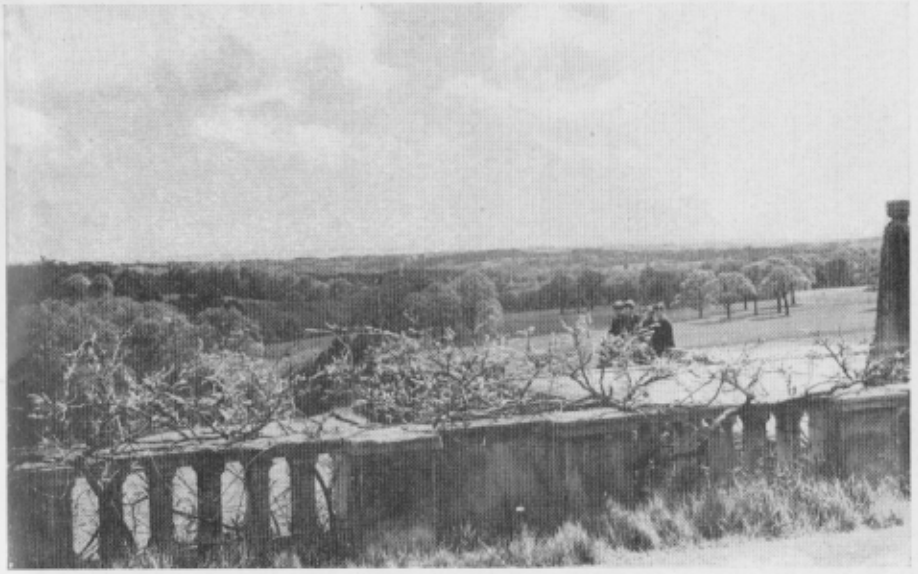
THE PARENTS' MATCH

Opening batsmen

The 100 up



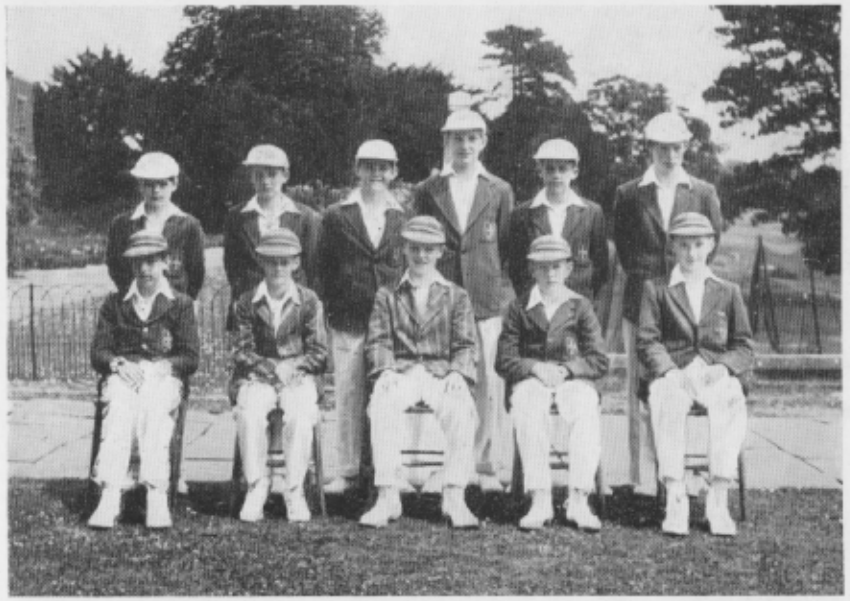
Early Spring at Worth



Late Spring at Worth

The Sacristy, 1951

V. E. Callaghan, D. R. A. Hardy, P. W. A. Rudd, E. F. Charnaud, H. D. Plunkett, P. J. Molony, Dom Michael, G. R. C. Hall, J. Keenan.



The First XI, 1951

M. P. Callender, P. R. Chapman, H. J. Conlin, M. D. Morris, J. A. Lesser, A. L. Turnbull.

(Sitting): *D. R. A. Hardy, A. H. Chignell, N. J. Martin (Captain), E. F. Maynard, P. A. Kavanagh.*

Among the Bluebells

Bright Intervals

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE

by J. M. BELL*

I find myself in a large Constellation bound for America. There are about twenty passengers including myself. The Constellation is a large air-liner and very comfortable too. Suddenly on the port wing I see a squadron of Vampires sweep past us; their Ghost engines taking them along at the rate of about five hundred miles per hour. They are soon lost to sight, sweeping above and beyond the horizon. A lone Spitfire can be seen crawling across the sky, its Rolls-Royce Merlin speeding it along full pelt. Nothing more happens until I touch down at the Terminal Airport, New York, where I see some friends awaiting me. This airport is a large one and on the far side hangars can be seen either housing some B.29's or possibly a B.36. Both of these are, of course, long range bombers. The B.36 is feared by all because of it's 'sting' in both nose and tail. It has a large bomb-rack capable of carrying a large amount of bombs. I walk across to my friends and after a little handshaking and conversation they tell me they have a friend here who is a pilot and he has asked them if they would like to stroll round and look at the planes. As I turn round I see the Constellation that I had flown in being towed across to a hanger where it was going to be refuelled and have a thorough overhaul by the mechanics before setting out on another journey to England. Just then the friend came up and introduced himself, whereupon he immediately began to show us around. The first hangar we came to housed about ten Grumman Wild-Cats and the friend remarked that these planes were reserved for the navy because of their being capable of dropping torpedoes at a very high altitude. The next shed held two Comets, and Michael, the friend, said that these were the only two in the country at the moment and that B.O.A.C. had ordered twenty of them for transport. The next thing we saw was the Constellation I had flown in being refuelled and overhauled. It was a marvellous sight with men swarming over her and a large swinging pipe containing high-octane towering above her. The next shed was large and held a B.36. We were taken inside the bomber, although the ladies could not come because of the high step into the fuselage. In here there were old sacks and crates. But when we got into the cockpit it was much cleaner. Michael asked me if I was familiar with the controls of a Chipmunk. I said 'yes' and when we got into the fresh air again one was waiting for me on the side of the tarmac. I was really excited as I had not flown for a year. I climbed into the cockpit and at a green flash from the control tower I slowly taxied to one end of the runway. My friends at the other side of the tarmac could tell that I was enjoying myself. Then two green flashes from the control tower and I was off. I was gathering speed every second and when I pulled the joy-stick back I soared aloft. It felt nice to be in the air once again after some time. At the height of about two thousand feet I levelled off. I performed a few aerobatics before circling as a sign that I was coming down. The runway came towards me at great speed and just as I began to think that my under-carriage would

*John Bell, born September 10, 1939; entered Worth, Autumn 1948; acted in *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime, *Babes in the Wood*; Choir.

buckle up I felt the soft bumpety-bump of the wheels as the plane slowed down to a stop. I waited until the plane had come to a complete stop before jumping out and running to my friends. Michael said that the control tower was the only place left, so we went up there. This room commanded a view of all the runways and planes to be seen. Small phones were dotted about and a man was speaking through one of these to a man circling round. There was also a large panel with lots of lights flashing on and off. My friends then said that it was time to go so after thanking Michael we saw that my luggage was in the car. In their fast Buick we soon covered the many miles to their house in Detroit, Michigan.

THE SUN

by ANTHONY BURTON*

It rises up and pours its mirth,
Upon the babbling stream,
And shining on the grassy turf,
Displays its golden mien.

It dries them up, those pearls of dew,
With all its beauteous light,
And gives the starting day a new
Atmosphere of delight.

But shining all the sunny day,
It must at last go down
And by the reddened clouds of May
Takes off its radiant crown.

MY CRICKET BALL

by W. J. KNOWLES*

I have a little cricket ball,
As round as round could be,
He's very fat, his cheeks are red,
And he owes his life to me;
For I found him in the brambles
About half a mile from school,
So I gave him in to Father James,
Because that's a good school rule;
But no one came and asked for him,
So I've got him for my own,
He's very, very happy now,
Because he's not alone.

*Anthony Burton, born August 9, 1939; entered Worth, September 1947; acted in *Babes in the Wood*, *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime; Choir.
*William Knowles, born December 1, 1938; entered Worth, May 1947; Choir.

CANTERBURY

by H. D. PLUNKETT*

During the Easter Holidays I went to Canterbury to see all the places of interest there. I went by car down the Dover Road and I passed the house, at Dartford, from which Wat Tyler had started the Peasants' Revolt, and I also passed Gadshill where Charles Dickens died. I passed into Strood and over Rochester bridge and I was able to see the walls of Rochester Castle which are about twelve feet thick. Then I passed through Chatham and Sittingbourne and I came to a place called Harbledown about a mile out of Canterbury. There used to be a Lepers' Hospital there but now there are a number of almshouses. There is a very old Church and in the museum they have a buckle from one of St Thomas Becket's shoes. On reaching the top of the next hill, I got my first view of Canterbury Cathedral. I could see the two twin towers which, up to a hundred years ago were different, but since then one of them has been rebuilt to look like the other. Behind the two twins I could see the huge Bell Harry Tower, so named from the great bell which is at the top of it. There was to have been a third tower but it was hardly even started. On the same afternoon I went to look at the Cathedral from the inside. I saw the chapel dedicated to the men of the 1st Kent Regiment who lost their lives in the war. There is a book with all their names in it, and every day, at eleven o'clock, a soldier marches to the Cathedral from the barracks and turns over a page of the book. There are about fourteen churches scattered all over Canterbury which are all extremely old. One of them, St Martin's, is said to have been the church where King Ethelbert of Kent was baptised by St Augustine nearly fourteen hundred years ago. These churches were all at one time Catholic, but became Protestant at the Reformation. I visited the Westgate towers which form the London entrance to the city. I saw a condemned cell with a ball and chain for securing prisoners and I also saw many different kinds of torturing instruments. I found the whole of Canterbury very interesting and well worth visiting.

WORTH

by PETER MOLONY*

I came to Worth in 1947, Michaelmas Term, and went to the Junior House. The then Junior House is now the Monastery. The Junior House which was the Infirmary is now in a separate building by the North Lodge. Now the Infirmary is in the main building on the top floor where the Monastery was before it moved. When I had been in the Junior House for a year, I and about thirty other boys had the fear that everyone has of going up to the Senior House. Somehow you get to like the Junior House (now being thirteen I can't imagine how I ever did), and the thought of going to the civilised Senior House

*Dudley Plunkett, born September 14, 1937; entered Worth, Summer 1948; Gym Team; School Prefect; left, July 1951.
*Peter Molony, born August 17, 1937; entered Worth, September 1947; Sacristy; Head of the School; left, July 1951.

almost brought tears into your eyes. Except for going to bed at a quarter past eight instead of a quarter to, the prospects of Senior House seemed very forbidding. Things were rather more strict, and to an already Senior boy, the thought of making some respectable piece of land into a maze of water-ways and mud, canals and dinkie car garages was almost unthinkable. But soon (as can be imagined) we got used to the Senior House and thoroughly enjoyed the comparatively boring and uneventful life. On a Mass day the bell goes at 7.35, and on a sleep day half an hour later. Breakfast ends at 8.45 and the bell for classes goes at 9.5 a.m. At 11.5 there is a twenty-minute break. Dinner is at one o'clock and rest ends at two. On Tuesday and Friday, Wednesday and Saturday there are games. On the two latter days, both being half holidays games go on till four o'clock. On the two former days and Monday and Thursday, classes go on from 3.30 to 5.40 with a ten-minute break at 4.5 for 'buns' which consists of a cake, tart or scone, for everyone in the School. From 6.30 till 7.20 there is prep for everyone in the first ten forms or so. The beginning of each school year is in itself an exciting event, but when your own 'generation' comes to its leaving year, it is even more exciting. If you have a hope of becoming a School Prefect you are very excited, and even if you don't become one you are bound to become a dormitory prefect; when you are in your last year anyone that isn't is considered as a brat—a point which greatly mystifies my mother. Whenever the thought that 'I am in my last year' occurs to you the following thought is always 'At the end of this year I will be doing the Common Entrance and then I'll go to Downside'. To most boys this is just an indifferent matter and as they have to go sometime they just take it as it comes. But the thought of growing-up, stiff collars, and striped trousers, and the exciting stories you hear always occupies some of your mind. The Common Entrance over and the results in and the term over, most boys are thinking of Father Maurice and Worth and then Downside and of what is it going to be like!

HOLIDAYS

by N. G. de SALIS*

Summer is the hottest season,
Which I think is the best reason,
To go for holidays near or far,
Travelling by train or car.
When you reach your choice resort,
Just do everything you ought
Or they'll think you are unpleasant
Like the old days with the Crescent.
When you're in the icy water
You'll catch cold when 'didn't oughter'
Then you'll go home with a chill
Saying 'T'was my fault but still,
I'll come later, that I will'.

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

THE CRASH

by M. S. MOORHEAD*

I was walking along quietly, approaching the level crossing when a car passed me. Suddenly, a little girl ran out from the side of the road onto the level crossing. The car, which was travelling quite quickly, swerved and skidded to a stop, crashing into the girl as it did so; there was a cry and then silence. . . . Suddenly there was a scream from the girl's mother and everybody ran to the spot. Then, in the distance was heard the long, drawn-out wail of the whistle of an express train approaching. The rails were humming with the vibration of the immense train and the speed at which it was travelling. The next moment it came in view thundering along majestically. Then crash . . . the loud hiss of escaping steam, screams, and a babble of voices, and even louder screams as one of the coaches caught on fire. Then an ambulance came along, and another, and another until there were five there, and, last of all came a fire-engine and soon the fire began to die out. Two coaches were overturned and at least fifty people were killed. The little girl, I am sorry to say, was killed outright. Her mother was taken to hospital, where she died from shock. The fireman and engine-driver were both killed also. The trains were late for a whole week due to repairs. There were no level-crossing gates there for a very long time. Next week the rails were again humming with vibration and speed. Again an immense engine hurtles along majestically, but now no little girl runs out and there is no car for it to crash into. It is safe to speed along to the next station. And now a tombstone is built at the edge of the rails in memory of the little girl who was killed.

HIAWATHA

C. G. P. ROWBOTHAM*

In and out of pampas grasses,
Through the winding Injun passes.
Hiawatha stalks his prey,
Till the middle of next day.
Through the jungle paths he follows
Creeping through the slopy hollows.
In the middle of the night
A panther 'tacks him out of spite.
Hiawatha shoots him dead
With an arrow through the head.
Hiawatha the next day
Sets about to skin his prey.
In and out of pampas grasses
Through the winding Injun passes.

*Martin Moorhead, born October 9, 1938; entered Worth, Autumn 1949.
*Christopher Rowbotham, born January 23, 1939; entered Worth, September 1948; acted in *Sleep Holy Babe*.

FOX HUNTING

by G. J. S. ABBOTT*

The meet is always about 10.30 unless it is cub hunting, which starts at about 6 o'clock, and as time goes on it becomes later and later. Some hunts are very slow and others fast. The slow hunts do not have much of a field compared with the faster ones, which cometimes have up to a hundred or more. At the opening meet of the season, and other important meets, you get many more people in the field. At cub hunts there are not nearly so many because it is too early for most people; some join on later. At cub hunts you always try to keep the fox in the wood. Some farmers are very much against hunting because it spoils their crops if you gallop over them, and they always do their best to prevent hunting, however most farmers like it. Sometimes the hounds pounce on a fox asleep or diseased. If it is diseased one of the Whips has to throw it into a pond or up a tree so that the hounds will not catch it. If you get given a brush you have to have it cured because it smells. If you want to hunt two days a week you need a big, heavy, strongly built horse. Every year there is a children's meet, so as to give them a chance (it is too slow for most people because of the babies about 4 or 5).

TWO HAPPY DAYS OF MY LIFE

by P. R. COURAGE*

I woke up in the morning. The sun was shining brightly through my dormitory window. I was very happy as it was the last day of term. I got up when the bell went, and went down to breakfast. It seemed to go very slowly, as I was going home that day. At last my parents came and I rushed out to meet them. I went back to get my trunk, and then came outside again. In a quarter of an hour we were outside the gates of the school, and were heading for home. We had a good trip back home. I was as pleased as Punch. I enjoyed myself when my father had to get out at a harbour to collect some rope from some merchants nearby. I got out of the car and had a look at the boats there. There were some lovely sailing yachts and motor yachts and small craft of that sort. I did not have very long to look at the boats, because my father did not take long getting the rope. Then I went back and got in the car. When we got home we had a good lunch, and then went to the cinema. Afterwards we came back, had dinner and went to bed. In the morning we had breakfast, and then went out again. I had a jolly good time because I was taken aboard a destroyer, and went out to sea. It was a lovely day; there was a good breeze in the air, and I was taken out in a cutter to do a little fishing and sailing. We came back to the ship in three hours and I was given a good lunch in the crew's quarters. And I was taken back to port, and then went home.

*Geoffrey Abbott, born April 19, 1939; entered Worth, Summer 1946.

*Peter Courage, born March 15, 1939; entered Worth, September 1948.

PAPYRUS

by L. H. W. WILLIAMS*

While digging a grave for a member of their tribe who had recently died, two Persian peasants in the upland district around Teheran discovered an old battered manuscript. Experts have classified it as the work of the poet Sohrab Anodugah, who lived in Persia about 900 B.C. Here is a rough translation of the Papyrus:—

A winged bird flies o'er the sea
And 'lights on a shady tamarind tree,
The skies are blue: the seas are green,
And glitt'ring in their turquoise sheen.

The bird consumes a skin of ghee,
Salted by the summer sea,
The skies are blue; the seas are green,
And glitt'ring in their turquoise sheen.

The ghee melts in the shimm'ring heat,
And drops on a butter-orchid sweet,
The skies are blue: the seas are green,
And glitt'ring in their turquoise sheen.

The flower grows up: becomes a tree
Under th' influence of the ghee. . .

Presumably the skies are still blue and the seas still green, but we shall never know, because most unfortunately the manuscript had been torn away, possibly by the poet himself, or more probably by other hands in the twenty-eight centuries that have passed between his epoch and ours.

TROUT AND STAR

by M. J. N. HAWKINS

One night I went out
And saw a tiny trout
It lifted its tail
As if to hail
A tiny twinkling star.
It then lifted its head,
And suddenly said,
'You dear little star
How beautiful you are'
And then dived under the lake,
And only the star and myself were awake.

*Lawrence Williams, born April 9, 1938; entered Worth, May 1946; acted in *Babes in the Wood*, *Passion of Our Lord* in Mime; Boxing Team; left, July 1951.

*Michael Hawkins, born December 29, 1939; entered Worth, Summer 1949; Choir.

BOOKS

by S. GREEN-ARMYTAGE*

There is a great variety of books of different shapes, sizes and qualities; huge volumes, some of them about nothing at all, just to show how much nonsense man can write: collections of the most senseless and impossible boy's stories, and the innumerable novels in which some unfortunate person is murdered and a private detective, completely despising the police, uses the rest of the writer's ink discovering 'who done it?' The authors of these huge volumes decide that they know rather too much about nothing, and their first generous thought is to share this knowledge with others. I think it is rather pathetic to realise how much trouble was wasted on that shelf of dusty volumes. Think of the work of that busy author: 'Now I'm sure there is something wrong with that, it just doesn't sound right; what will my readers think when they see that? In fact, the whole paragraph is rather . . . Oh, dash it! To the waste paper basket with it!' Then it starts again, until eventually his knowledge is scowled at by a doubtful publisher, and appears in a few minor bookshops, with several of its chapters left out. It is hard to imagine a 'School stories' author's impression of his books when reading them himself. I suppose he just hopes that small boys do not notice grammatical mistakes, being too thrilled with the idea of caves leading into smugglers' cellars, shrubs saving the hero from 'certain death at the foot of the cliff', and the question of whether Perkinsfroth is going to fall into the trap prepared for him and his racing car by The Gang or not. These novels have very few rules, the chief one of which is to avoid heroines, unless you are so annoyed with the story that you wish it to be torn out of the book and burnt gleefully in the drawing-room fire. Murder books seem to sell the best. Published in 1s. 6d. editions, they are sold and borrowed with tremendous speed and enthusiasm. The authors have studied men and know how to please most people. The thrill of the murder, the admiration of the detective and the puzzle of the crime holds the reader in worried suspense, until the last chapter unfolds the mystery. War-time escape books, amusing stories, whose attraction does not lie in the theme of the story, and children's books seem to sell very well nowadays. If you wish to study a book full of worthy writing, take up your Bible, of which you surely have a copy.

SNOW STAR

by E. D. F. STAVEACRE*

In the old manor house next door lived Mrs Richards; she was a widow; she lived alone except for a young girl who did the housework. There wasn't much ground except for a small garden and a paddock; in this paddock there was a beautiful chestnut horse, with four white socks and a white star. He was

*Stephen Green-Armytage, born March 13, 1938; entered Worth, September 1945; School Prefect; 1st XV Rugger; Gym Team; acted in *Sport of Kings, Christmas on the Common, Dumb Wife of Cheapside, Stations in Mime, Babes in the Wood, Passion of Our Lord* in Mime; left, July 1951.

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

the most lovely horse I had ever seen in my life. One day during breakfast, the telephone rang in the hall; I rushed out to answer it; I was very surprised to hear Mrs Richards talking. 'Is your father in please?' she said. 'I would like to speak to him.' 'Just a minute, please', I said and went to fetch him. Then I sat down and went on with my breakfast. Soon he came back with a smile on his face: 'Mrs Richards has very kindly asked if you would like that chestnut horse of hers because she is going to live with her son in Devonshire; I have got to ring her back in an hour to tell her if you want it or not.' I was amazed at what my father had said and I only just managed to say 'I . . . I'd l-love it', so in another hour after my father had rung up Mrs Richards, I crossed our garden and climbed over the wall into her drive, then up to the house, I rang the bell and the maid answered it. 'I suppose you are the boy who has come for Billy; the missus said you was to fetch him yourself. I'll fetch you the saddle and bridle now.' 'Thank you very much', I said, as she disappeared into the house. A moment later she came back with a saddle and bridle. 'Here's a bit of rope to take Billy home with. Good-bye now.' 'Goodbye, and thank you very much', I said, and went towards the paddock. 'Billy, Billy, come on', I said; he trotted up to the gate, I opened it and stroked him, then I put the rope round his neck and the saddle on his back, then with the bridle over my shoulder, we walked side by side home. 'Mummy, Daddy, come here', I cried as we stopped outside the front door. Soon they both appeared. 'Isn't Billy lovely?' I said, 'But I don't like his name, do you?' 'I don't very much', said my parents, 'but what are you going to call him?' 'I was thinking of Snow Star, because of his white star.' 'What a good idea', said both my parents. 'It will suit him very well.' And so that was his name. 'Where are you going to keep him?' I asked. 'In the old stable. We ordered some straw and some fodder while you were fetching Snow Star; it will arrive this afternoon. In the meantime he will be all right in the stable with some porridge to eat', said my mother. So I tied him up and went in to fetch him some porridge. Soon I came out with a big bowl full of porridge which I brought over to his stable and gave it to him; then I went in for my lunch. After lunch a big van drove up outside with a sack of oats and a sack of bran and some hay, also several trusses of straw. We took Snow Star out of his stable and tied him to a post on the lawn so that he could graze. I went back to the stable and put some straw down for his bed. 'Where shall I put the rest of the straw and the fodder?' I asked my mother. 'In the old shed', she said from the scullery, 'when you've done that, come in and wash your hands for tea, as it is nearly ready.' 'All right, I'll soon be ready', I said. I dragged the straw to the shed as it was too heavy to carry, and I lifted the sacks of fodder; I stowed everything neatly into the shed, then I went into tea. 'Can I go to bed early tonight, because I want to get up early in the morning for an early morning ride?' I said.

When I had washed and got into bed,
I put a lovely thought in my head:
Snow Star was really mine;
Nothing could have been more divine.

VISIT TO ITALY

by R. D. CLAPHAM*

First we got up at 5.15 at Worth. And then we left London at 9.30. We went over in a Viking plane. I was in the cockpit most of the way over France. We landed in Nice for forty minutes, and then we went on to Rome. From Nice to Rome it took an hour and a half. The runway was about 2 miles. At Rome we went to the Excelsior Hotel. Two days later we had a private audience with the Pope, and on the following Sunday we went to the Pope's Mass in St Peter's. The next day we went up to the top of the dome, half-way up we went into an inside balcony; when we were at the top, we went outside, we got a lovely view of Rome. On the next Wednesday we went down to Capri and in Anacapri which is a town, at the other side of the island. In Capri we went to the Blue Grotto and the Red Grotto. We went to Sorrento, and Pompeii and saw the volcano Vesuvius, and then to Naples. Then back to Rome again.

ENGLISH RAILWAYS

by A. J. B. BROWN*

There are very many railway stations in England. The biggest of them of course are in London. In London there are lots of stations. Some London stations belong to the Transport, which are the Tubes, and the 'Inner Circle' one of the oldest railways in London still existing. London is the centre of England's railways. The railways are:—London North Eastern, London Midland and Scottish, Great Western, Southern and maybe some others. Every station has its difference if it is big or small, town or country. The biggest of the stations are in London, as they are the beginning of the railways, and also they allow the room for the thousands of people travelling; they may have twenty platforms. The ordinary town stations have about six platforms. Smaller still are the country stations. They usually have two platforms, and two rails—one going one way, and the other for going the other. Besides all these other stations there are goods stations, which take goods such as coal all over the place.

RAILWAY STATIONS

by C. J. AHEARNE*

Busy city railway stations are usually very dirty, anyway they are in England, because most of the trains are driven by steam. They are so dirty compared with the Continental ones that it is said of a great American station built of marble that, if you want to, you can eat your breakfast on the platform. Our sleepy country stations are very quaint compared with the dirty, busy, London stations; the country stations with their names in daffodils on a sloping bank and with oil lamps that have to be lit every night. The things that make the

*Robin Clapham, born July 20, 1940; entered Worth, May 1949.
*Sandy Brown, born April 20, 1940; entered Worth, April 1948.
*Christopher Ahearne, born December 26, 1939; entered Worth, Summer 1947; Boxing Team; left July 1951.

busy stations dirty and grubby are the smoke and the dust from the coal,and the stations are hardly ever cleaned. One of the quaintest sights of the English countryside is a sleepy station with weeds growing in the tracks and with a very old porter with a quite long white beard. A goods railway station and an ordinary passenger station are two very different things, and I mean different. A goods railway yard is a mass of rails, warehouses, and men. Various things come into a goods railway yard from all over the world, and many things go out that are for export only. Now an ordinary station sometimes has its own kind of goods yard because lots of people come from all over the world to England and lots of people go out, and there is always a quantity of luggage which is handled by the porters who are usually very good. One of the most important people is the station-master who has a great responsibility in the station. English stations are absolutely filthy compared with some of the ones on the Continent. There is one in America that is made completely of white marble—it is called Cincinnati. One thing that makes American stations so clean is that the trains are almost all electric, and the stations are cleaned. In France, as in England, the trains are mostly steam and very dirty. There is another marble station: it is in Russia and was built by the last Czar. The Americans do have steam trains, but they use them chiefly for going across the plains. Some of the American trains are very nice, but some of them are too streamlined. They have the fastest trains, but we have the better mile average. I think our fastest train is the 'Flying Scotsman', which does the London-Edinburgh run.

WORTH SCHOOL

by P. KING-ROSS*

Worth is a very big school in Sussex. It has a lot of extra things that other schools have not, for instance, extras like riding, which other schools have not usually got, carpentry and shooting. Also it has violin lessons and piano lessons. Father Denis's railway is also very popular. 'Stamps' run by Father Thomas is a very popular hobby; his room is filled when it is raining, and a lot of boys who are very keen are in there even when the sun is very hot. Worth's acreage stretches over about five hundred acres. The view from Father Maurice's room is a most beautiful sight. A long terrace stretches out, beside the Monastery and side-dormitories, also there is a big quadrangle in front, with a low wall about a foot high, and following these there are two big lawns with a row of azaleas, and at the top the main inner gates. At the bottom of the terrace there is a big field with a most beautiful pond surrounded with trees at the back and sides, with a bridge and a side pool beside it. Worth has two big cricket fields one at the bottom of the big field and one at the top of a hill at the back. Also there are tennis courts and a squash court and Badminton court. At the west side of the school there is a long avenue called 'Conker Avenue' where there are two long rows of chestnut trees each side of the avenue. The Tower House is a separate building from the main school; it is for the boys who are about 7 to

*Philip King-Ross, born December 10, 1938; entered Worth, September 1946.

9 years old. The Junior House is also a separate house. In the main building there are three houses: Chapman (for boys from Junior House), Ford and Butler. Classes last for about three quarters of an hour. Spanish, which other schools have usually not got, is taught at Worth. Latin, French, Greek, History, English, Geography, Catechism and Maths are taught very well, and they, of course, are the most important. Worth also has a Choir, Singing, and a very good Gym Team. Worth has its own swimming-bath with a chute to slide down, a diving board, and a raised platform made into three portions, two at one height and one at the top. There are five small swings, and one big one, with two chains and a bar going through them. Then Worth has the Infirmary which is looked after by Sister. In the linen room there are several Matrons to make the beds and to give you clean clothes. I think Worth is a lovely school.

SCOUTS

Since last term the Troop has had a lively time, with many and varied activities. In the course of these, more keenness and spirit have been shown than have been seen for a long time.

During the holidays, for example, the Troop, though almost twenty fewer than last year, earned a little more than last year in the National Bob-a-Job Week. The total amount earned was £15 17s. 7d., which gave an average per head of 6s. 6d. A. Burton (Swans) earned the excellent sum of £1 5s. 6d., and was the main cause of his patrol having the best average earning of ten shillings exactly. Other boys who returned in the summer term with good amounts were D. Hardy with £1 0s. 6d., M. Cuss with 18s. 6d., M. Kemmis Betty with 16s. 6d., and M. Paine with 16s.

Three weeks after the term began, we had our annual Fête. There did not seem to be so many people present this year, but those who came had as good a time as ever. More prizes were won this time than ever before, and as these were all of an edible or potable nature, the enjoyment of the prize-winners can be imagined. In this connection we thank very much Mr Andrews and Miss Kennedy for their gifts of very welcome prizes. Grateful thanks are also given to Dom Denis, Miss Moore and Miss Sacré, who let us have rides on their ponies, to Miss Bryett who added a new feature to the fête by giving drives in her pony and trap, and to Christopher Innes, who lent us his air-rifle for the shooting range. Fisher distinguished himself on the latter by hitting two electric light bulbs with one shot. One of the most popular competitions was throwing darts for a luscious cake: in a close finish Tom Crawley just beat C.S.M.I. Wallis.

On most Sundays this term we have been to the pool in Oldhouse Warren, following a lovely path through Worth Forest. At the pool we have lit fires and cooked gargantuan lunches, and bathed, in ideal surroundings. On one occasion some of us helped a visitor from Horley to find her young son who had wandered away into the woods.

Meanwhile very satisfactory work has been going on at tests. I. P. Whatley and J. P. Geoghegan (Doves), and A. A. Walker and C. G. Rowbotham

(Ravens) have completed their 2nd Class tests this term. The last-named did this before he was enrolled, and has now made a good start on the 1st Class tests, work at which has not been better throughout the Troop for many years.

The Cygnets have been specialising in Proficiency Badges. M. F. P. Duffield set the fashion by gaining the Hobbies and Stamp Collector Badges in quick succession. D. C. Shaw and N. C. Thompson then won the Rider Badge, G. R. C. Hall the Hobbies, and R. J. White the Master-at-Arms. The Master-at-Arms Badge was won also by S. Llewellin (Cygnets), P. Kennedy (Ravens) and H. Plunkett (Owls).

Thus the year's Scouting ended on a very promising note. Many keen and efficient Scouts will be here in September to set a fine example to the newcomers, and to help them on their way to success and happiness.

B.M.S.

LEAGUE BOXING

The League Boxing Competition in the Easter Term was yet again a very enjoyable, close and exciting affair. It went on for three weeks, and during this time many very close contests took place, and much pluck and skill were displayed by the contestants. The Gold League obviously had the most powerful team, having twice as many members of the School boxing team as their nearest rivals, the Blues. The Silvers began the competition with high hopes of beating the Blues for second place, but they did not succeed in doing so.

The Blues, in fact, pressed the Golds all the way, and when the finals took place on March 20th, they still had a chance of winning the Competition. If three of the finals were to end in a certain way, the Blues would win. As it was, two of these three finals were extremely close. But in each case the result was unfavourable to the Blues. The Golds thus, deservedly, won the Competition for the first time, with 31 points. The Blues scored 26, the Silvers 17 and the Reds 13.

The results of the finals were:—

Heavyweight	A. L. Turnbull	(G)	beat T. H. N. Fisher	(R)
Light Heavyweight	C. C. F. Moysey	(G)	beat M. D. Morris	(G)
Middle Weight	H. J. Conlin	(S)	beat R. B. Petre	(B)
Welter Weight	J. P. Geoghegan	(G)	beat P. R. Chapman	(G)
Light Weight	L. H. W. Williams	(B)	beat J. J. Bourne	(B)
Senior Feather Weight	E. F. Maynard	(G)	beat T. P. Griffin	(B)
Junior Feather Weight	H. D. Macdonald	(G)	beat P. J. Fitz Gerald	(B)
Senior Bantam Weight	R. J. White	(B)	w.o. A. T. J. M. Fitz-Gerald	(B)
Junior Bantam Weight	G. B. Hanbury	(S)	beat R. A. J. Eady	(S)
Senior Paper Weight	R. A. P. Rudd	(G)	beat M. S. Cane	(R)
Junior Paper Weight	A. R. R. Echevarria	(R)	beat P. V. E. Howard	(S)

B.M.S.

HOCKEY

Captain: P. R. CHAPMAN

The hockey season this year was almost completely washed away by rain, and the only practices we had at this game took place in the quad. These enabled the stick-work of the scratch 1st XI to become good, but gave little help towards an experimental grasp of the tactics of the game.

On Holy Saturday we had the traditional match against the Worth Ladies, and it was as enjoyable as ever. The Ladies had a better team than ever before, and for the first time they scored some goals against the boys. Miss Kennedy added punch to the forward line, and Miss Whittard was as dashing as ever. Miss Sacré, following up an attack by the forwards, opened the Ladies' score in the first half, and Miss Marshall later added a second goal. Thanks mainly to the excellent defence work of Miss O'Reilly, a really experienced back, the boys could only score two goals in the first half, through Green-Armytage and M. H. J. Radcliffe.

In the second half the 1st XI played a more speedy and open game, and gradually overcame their opponents' defence. Five more goals were scored, two by Radcliffe, and one each by A. L. Turnbull, Chapman and Green-Armytage, without reply from the Worth Ladies. Chapman was a clever leader of the forwards, and Turnbull showed great promise at outside-left. Martin was a good centre-half, but was slow at backing up his forwards' attacks. Hardy and Kavanagh were a cool and sound pair of backs.

The 1st XI was:—Chetwynd; Kavanagh, Hardy; Milmo, Martin, Moysey; Radcliffe, Green-Armytage, Chapman, L. H. W. Williams, and Turnbull.

RIDING

The summer term is undoubtedly the best of all for riding, and full use has been made of the long rides in the woods which surround Worth. These long canters, with streams and ditches to jump, sudden turns to get round and branches to duck under, have been the complement of the patient winter instruction in the Riding School, when saddling and bridling, grooming, mounting and dismounting, and the 'points of the horse' were more usually the order of the day. The result has been a very marked progress by all, from the experienced riders at the top of the school to the beginners of eight and nine; all seem much more at home in the saddle, and well on the way to acquiring that skill which will bring them many hours and days of enjoyment later on. Our leaving boys, too, will take away with them memories of the Sussex countryside which are not easily equalled in other parts of England.

During the Easter holidays we bought 'Solo', a grey roan pony of 13.2 hands. He has been ridden for several years by children, and is a useful and popular addition to our stable.

There are still two big events to occur this term, the Prize Day Display and the Gymkhana. These we hope to record in our next issue.

J.D.A.

STAMP CLUB LETTER

My dear young Philatelists,

I suppose you have all secured good specimens, mint and used, of the two new Festival stamps. The colours are pleasing enough, but the designs, though at first sight attractive, are not too happy. Take the twopence-halfpenny (red), for instance, on it you will find a *cornucopia*. As *cornucopias* go it is a jolly good one; but it is out of place, for *cornucopia* is the last thing from which we are suffering today. Besides, scientifically, *cornucopias* haven't got a leg to stand on. Don't think that I am prejudiced against science. I am all for it. I once had a scientist friend who taught me many things. How well I remember one day walking with him in a bluebell wood. I was anxious to make conversation and, in an unguarded moment, said 'How strange it is that among all these bluebells there should be a few white specimens'. Not for one moment did my friend hesitate: 'Strange?', he snapped, 'Not at all. It's just want of pigmentation.' You may imagine I was thrilled to hear it. Some hours later, when I had recovered, I referred idly to a certain mutual acquaintance of ours as 'cracked'. But the man of science was ready for that, too: 'Not in the least cracked', he said. 'The man's a paranoiac.' That was that, and two up for science.

And now that we are on the subject of science, let me tell of a curious ornithological discovery that I made recently. I actually found some leaves from a Nuthatch's diary, the kind of thing that bird-lovers have been seeking since the year dot. I give the precious fragment just as it stands:

May 1st, 1951—Returned to the ancestral nest for the new season. Found it occupied by a baseborn starling. Kicked him out. No villainy to which a starling will not gladly stoop. As the wife remarked, it's *our* garden, and the nest has been in our family since time began—and even before that. *May 2nd*—We are being observed. 'There's Fr Thomas', I said to my better half. 'Nonsense', she replied. 'That's a scarecrow, my dear'. I was not convinced, but for safety's sake I stood up on my favourite branch and practised my alarm trill. *May 3rd*—Couldn't see the wife anywhere. Made lament noises until I heard a voice telling me to shut up. And there was the wife. So crooned gently for a bit instead. But I was right about being observed. And it *was* Fr Thomas. I saw his beautiful face. For a moment I was all of a flutter. 'I told you so', said the wife. *May 4th*—That horrid starling again. It actually laid an egg in our nest. What to do? 'Tell Hardy', said the wife. *May 5th*—O happy day! Hardy, one of Nelson's captains, removed the *corpus delicti*. The house is ours again . . . I hung up the pictures, laid the stair carpet and arranged the furniture. Of course we don't go in for heating or electric light or cooking stoves or any such tommy rot. We Nuthatches or, as Cross says, we intellectuals, stick to our age-long traditions and keep our freedom. *May 6th*—Told the wife I was going over the Mountain to the monkey-nut place. 'I suppose you mean over the high roof to Fr Thomas' balcony', said the wife who, although she is one of the best hens going, knows everything. She added that her dear papa often used to take her there. *May 12th*—I've been every day for monkeynuts. I always go the same way—over the Mountain. O I am the most sudden of birds! Fr Thomas never

sees me coming; I just appear to him out of the blue like a radiant vision. O I am streamlined! Not for nothing am I a Nuthatch! Music! *May 13th*—Mrs N. presented me with a fine clutch of eggs, all of the correct size and colour. Celebrated with a drink. Now I shall be busier than ever. Its easy for the Missus: all *she* has to do is to sit on our eggs, but *I* have to work from morn till eve trying to make both ends meet. Lucky I've got plenty in the bank. Of course it's not a real bank, like *I know a bank* or *Ye banks and braes*. I call it a bank simply because all humans call their store-place a bank. . . .

Here this staggering and almost human document closes. A variety of questions could be asked about it. Where, for example, did the author get his writing materials from? What possessed him to commit his views to paper? What became of the remainder of the Diary? Green-Armytage's excellent essay on *Books* may throw some light on these points, but I fear we shall never know the Complete Answer to this extraordinary riddle.

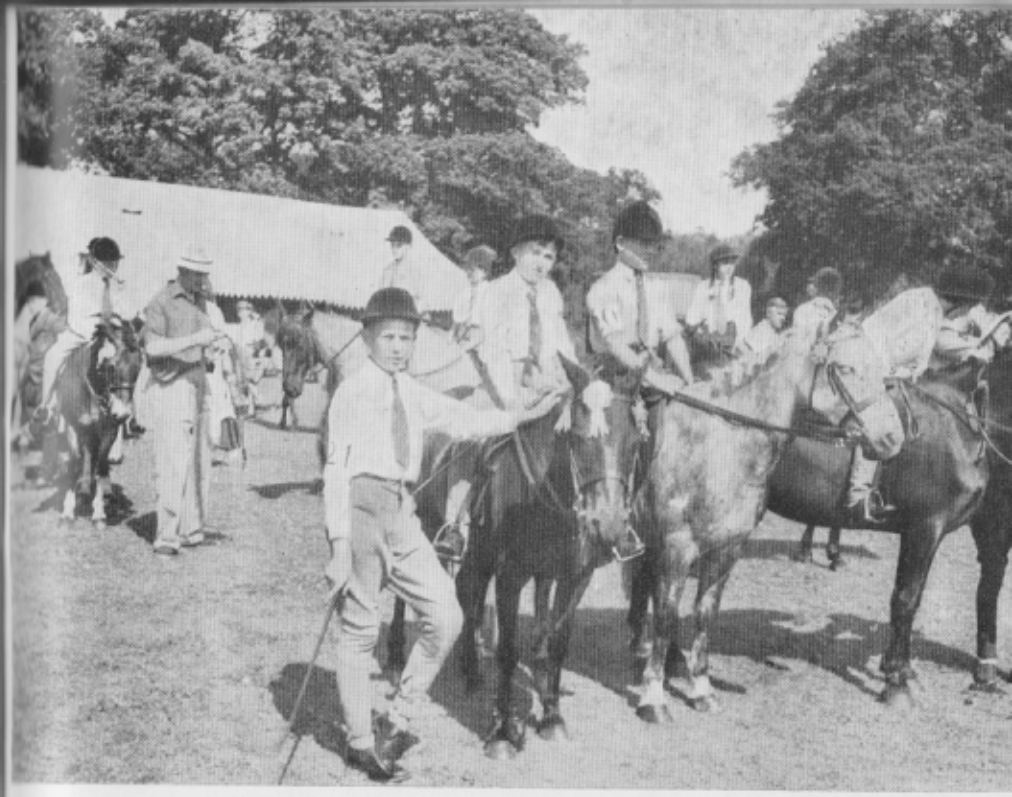
Talking of riddles, what exactly is a farthingale? Is it properly referred to in any of the five following sentences?—(a) the Queen of Spades wore a scarlet farthingale on her head. (b) 'By my farthingale', growled the Lord Despencer. . . . (c) The Lesser hairy spotted Farthingale is one of our sweetest songsters. (d) Armed only with old-fashioned farthingales, they nevertheless put up a good fight. (e) 'You owe me three farthingales, say the Bells of St Martindale's'.— You must all consult your dictionaries and send me your answers; the neatest one may with luck be printed in the next Worth Record.

And now to return to philately after our pleasant ramble: do please pay great attention to all that I have taught you about stamps. It would be tragic if you were to arrive at your Public School only to discover that you had never been taught the 'elementary principles'— to use another man's comparatively pejorative expression—of philately. Read and re-read all my Stamp Club Letters. Have at them! Written in *Timeless English*, covering every aspect of that and most other subjects, they will be found to give that 'proper grounding'—another man's expression again—which every collector should receive 'earlier on'.

Space forbids more than a passing mention of some of the Club's activities. Stamps printed upside down have been by no means rare this term; Bright has suggested mounting them the other way up, and I think he is probably right. Cross, who for many years has maintained an attitude of rigid aphilatelism, had the good luck to be able to produce a copy of the English Penny Blank, or Blank Penny—something unique in the Stamp world—and on the strength of it now collects stamps. Nicerland stamps and those of the Falkiner Islands, particularly the sixpenny black (with Molony's battleship on it), have proved very popular. But there—the postman is making his rounds and I must now close.

Your loving little

DIOGENES PHILATELISTA



GYMKHANA

LEAVING BOYS

Back Row: J. Miles, Charnaud, Markes, Bell, E. Howard, E. Falkiner, D. Cross, Crosthwaite, Dwyer, E. Morris, Hardy.

Second Row: Callaghan, Monico, Williams, Reynolds, Milmo, M. Morris, Ahearne, J. Vega, Fay, Hallinan, Keenan, Mallet, Radcliffe.

Sitting: Chetwynd, Petre, Fisher, Green-Armytage, H. Plunkett, Molony, A. Turnbull, Thompson, Bingham, Llewellin, Coward.

Front Row: P. Rudd, G. McEnery, Duffield, Kemmis-Betty, Shaw, Stirling, White, de Salis, Earle, Mandeville, Drummond.

ABBOT KENDAL

The death of Dom Edmund Kendal, Abbot of St Albans, removes from our midst a saintly and very lovable character and brings to a close a long family connection with St Gregory's. Between 1778 and 1951 four Kendals have been members of the Community: D. Edmund himself, his uncle, his great and his great-great uncles. The great uncle, D. Nicholas, received the habit in 1824 and died in 1883, while D. Edmund received the habit in 1879; thus between 1824 and 1951 we have an unbroken line of 127 years. The uncle, D. Gregory, died at the age of thirty-one and, on the same day, August 22nd, his nephew arrived at Belmont for his own clothing. The great-great uncle, D. Peter, clothed at Douai in 1778, became Prior in 1808, effected the purchase of Downside in 1814 and died a few weeks before St Gregory's left Acton Burnell for Downside. Abbot Kendal was the last link between Downside and Acton Burnell; as a boy he knew D. Jerome Jenkins who had been clothed at Acton Burnell, and, as a novice, he came in contact with Bishop Brown, also clothed at Acton Burnell. He was born at Preston on August 16th, 1861, came to Downside in 1872 and left in 1878, received the habit at Belmont in 1879 and was professed in the following year. The greater part of his priestly life was spent in teaching Theology at Downside, where for some years he was Sub-prior; he also worked for some time on our parishes of Dulwich and Bath. But it was as a giver of Conferences and Retreats that he was most widely known, and he will long be remembered as a master of the spiritual life. In 1934 he stayed a year at Worth and in 1947 he returned here for good. His last years were spent in continual devotion—he was able to say Mass almost to the end—and in thought for others. His intellectual faculties remained unimpaired and he never lost his interest in Theology and general reading. He died on June 15th 1951, fortified with the last Sacraments. May he rest in peace.

PARAGRAPHS

The Choir has been in grand form this term and have probably never sung better; it has been a real pleasure to hear them. Both Choir and Sacristy Outings took place on July 5th. The Choir, under Dom Brendan's charge, went to the Arundel part of the county; there was a splendid picnic lunch at Amberly, a visit to the Roman Villa at Bognor, boating at Arundel, and so forth. Dom Michael took the Sacristy to the sea, near Littlehampton.

* * *

The sloping garden between the Monastery and what used to be called the 'Bothies' is once again a blaze of colour. This time it is Sweet Williams at their very choicest in variety, abundance and growth: a magnificent show.

* * *

In the Lent Term the following boys passed the Piano Examination of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music: S. O'Connor and John Bright (grade I), A. Marsden (grade II), P. E. Campbell (grade IV). Congratulations.

Our sincere congratulations go to B. A. S. Barnes (1936-1939) on his engagement to Miss G. I. Morris; and to P. J. Agius (1934-1935) who was married in April to Pauline, daughter of Mrs Smith of Clitheroe.

* * *

The thanks of the School are offered to Mr John Roberts of Culpeper for his generous present of a framed El Greco print in full colour of Christ driving the traders from the Temple. This is a Ganymed print, and Mr Roberts is well known as the power behind these first-class reproductions of paintings.

* * *

The Strathallan Prize for the best contribution in the Lent term number of the Worth Record has been awarded to S. G. N. Green-Armytage for his 'Railway Journey'.

L. G. WICKENS

(late C. A. Jones)

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THREE BRIDGES : SUSSEX

OUTWARDS

These boys left the School in March, 1951:—

N. J. Bellord, J. D. Bright, G. J. Cahill, F. J. Caufield, A. A. R. Echevarria, M. S. Lane, C. M. L. Lind Holmes, and N. T. Sibley.

INWARDS

The following new boys joined the School in April, 1951:—

P. B. Cordier, G. C. Gleadell, A. M. Rigby, R. N. Rudd, A. J. Staveacre, J. R. Stokes, M. A. Wilkinson, and M. Williams.

UPWARDS

The School Officials for the Summer Term are as follows:—

Head of the School: P. J. Molony.

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

Dormitory Prefects: T. W. G. Chetwynd, D. R. A. Hardy, J. Keenan, M. W. Kemmis-Betty, P. H. Milmo, P. W. A. Rudd, J. L. Stirling, D. C. Cross D. J. Monico, L. H. W. Williams, and A. I. Mallet.

Captain of Cricket: N. J. Martin.

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

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

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

Leaders of the Choir: D. J. Monico and J. L. Stirling.

Librarians: S. J. W. Bingham, L. H. W. Williams, J. Keenan, J. L. Stirling, A. I. Mallet, J. V. Miles.

REWARDS

Prizes were won in the Lent Term by:—

S. G. N. Green-Armytage (1a), A. I. Mallett (1b), E. G. F. D. Charnaud (1c), E. C. Falkiner (1d), P. D. T. Galvin (Remove), A. T. J. M. FitzGerald (2a), R. H. W. Fanshawe (2b), M. S. Moorhead (3a), M. D. B. Winder (3b), G. B. Hanbury (4a), R. A. J. Eady (4b), B. N. Barrett (4c), A. D H. Winder (4d), R. J. E. Foley (5), A. de P. J. M. Bueno (6).

SCHOOL STAFF

JULY 1951

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