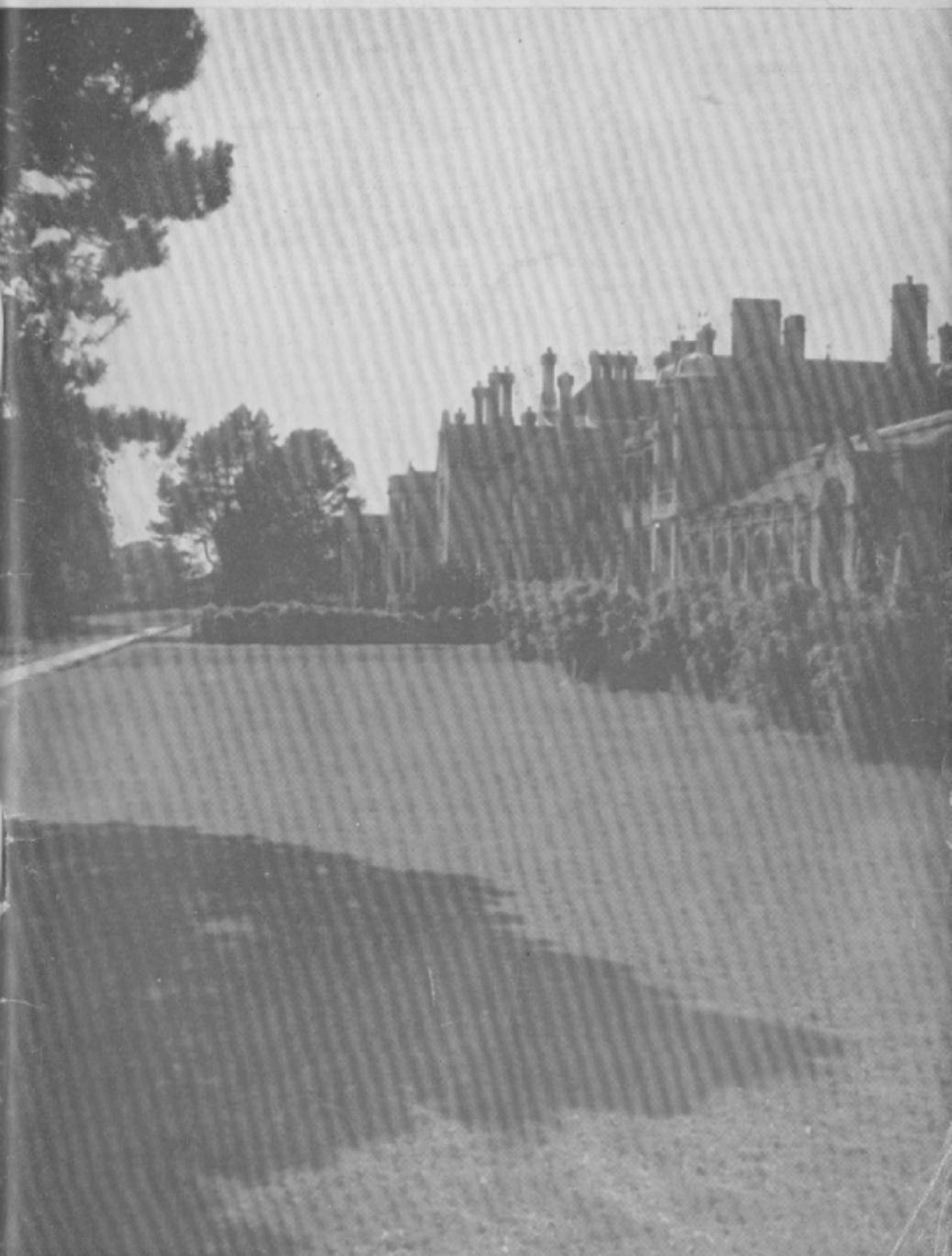


# *The* WORTH RECORD



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE HEADMASTER'S LETTER ...	1
THE POLICE DOGS ...	by D. Legge ... 4
A HELICOPTER RIDE ...	by W. J. M. Gissane ... 4
THE FOUR GNOMES ...	by R. Chichester ... 5
CHRISTMAS MORN ...	by M. J. Tunncliffe ... 5
MISADVENTURE ...	by J. Worstall ... 6
LIMERICKS ...	by M. Cuss ... 6
SCAMP ...	by M. W. Piasecki ... 7
WINTER HOLIDAYS IN THE ALPS ...	by P. A. L. Walravens ... 7
A NEAR MISS ...	by C. Innes ... 8
EMMANUEL ...	by M. J. Kauntze ... 8
MY FIRST SOLO FLIGHT ...	by R. Ortger ... 9
A VISIT TO A GOLD REFINERY ...	by J. R. Burns ... 9
BABY THE KITTEN ...	by P. Moorsom ... 10
SUMMER TIME ...	by P. V. E. Howard ... 10
MUSIC OF THE PAST AND PRESENT ...	by G. De Lacey ... 11
BETHLEHEM ...	by O. D. Plunkett ... 11
BRITISH MOTHS ...	by P. E. Campbell ... 12
FROZEN WINTER ...	by R. A. J. Eady ... 12
THE ASSASSINATION OF MR ROUSE ...	by C. Wood ... 13
ARSUF ...	by T. P. Griffin ... 13
INCOMPLETE ANGLER ...	by G. B. Hambury ... 14
QUACK-QUACK SPORTS ...	by R. Strickland ... 14
THE CHRISTMAS SEASON ...	by A. J. Staveacre ... 15
THE FIRST CHRISTMAS ...	by F. D. H. Birkett ... 15
LIMERICK ...	by A. D. Winder ... 15
BOSCOBEL ...	by A. J. B. Brown ... 16
NATIVITY ...	by P. S. de Weck ... 16
LAMENT AND LIMERICK ...	by W. O. Armstrong ... 17
ADVENTURES OF AN ENGLISH PILOT ...	by J. M. Bell ... 17
A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT ...	by J. A. Lesser ... 18
A DAY IN ADEN ...	by R. A. P. Rudd ... 19
CORNWALL ...	by P. D. T. Galvin ... 19
CHRISTMAS ...	by M. Mellotte ... 20
BADMINTON HORSE SHOW ...	by P. King-Ross ... 21
A TIN DREDGE ...	by J. B. Voelcker ... 22
CAIRO TO BASRA BY AIR ...	by J. M. Gentry ... 22
THE INVASION OF BRITAIN ...	by P. R. Chapman ... 23
TRINITY ISLANDS ...	by J. E. Howard ... 24
THE OTHER SIDE TO CHRISTMAS ...	by P. G. Kennedy ... 25
CHRISTMAS-TIDE ...	by A. Burton ... 25
LOST IN LONDON ...	by D. Keane ... 26
CHRISTMAS DAY ...	by J. V. A. Hadkinson ... 26
TWO YEARS IN GERMANY ...	by M. Legge ... 27
THE CROAGH PATRICK PILGRIMAGE ...	by M. S. Moorhead ... 28
THE DOWNSIDE SCHOOL SONG BOOK ...	... 29
STAMP CLUB LETTER ...	... 30
RIDING ...	... 32
FILMS ...	... 33
SCOUTS ...	... 34
THE CUBS ...	... 34
ATHLETIC SPORTS ...	... 35
CRICKET ...	... 35
PRIZE DAY ...	... 40
WORTH SUCCESSES AT DOWNSIDE, JULY 1951 ...	... 41
PARAGRAPHS ...	... 41
REWARDS ...	... 42
INWARDS ...	... 42
UPWARDS ...	... 43
OUTWARDS ...	... 43
SCHOOL STAFF ...	[Inside back cover]

The

# WORTH RECORD

Vol. IV. No. 1

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1951

## THE HEADMASTER'S LETTER

I have just been doing something which none of you would do unless it were suggested, probably, and that is to take down the English dictionary and look up the meaning of the word 'inspect'. Of course I know what the word means, and yet I wanted to know what the dictionary said because of what I wish to write about this term. To inspect seems to be to look closely into a thing or to examine it particularly. Certainly I have had many inspections in the past. They have mostly been military ones. Sometimes they were inspections in the old Officer's Training Corps when everything had to be as good as possible. Others were in the Army itself when the highest degree of polished cleaning was needed. Of these a few were in England and others were on active service. I have very many memories of inspection of our tank battalion by people like General Sir Hugh Elles and General Sir John Capper. I have particularly clear memories of General Elles because he was a most determined person, and I remember to this present day how his jaw really made me think, as I stood there waiting for him to come round, of Bulldog Drummond.

However I have, for the last thirty years or so, been involved in looking after boys, and the word 'inspection' has meant to me some people who come round our schools and see what things are like. I suppose many of you have read funny stories about Inspectors coming into schools, and if there are stories written for boys it is invariably the boy who comes off best and the Inspector who comes off worst. I am afraid this is not always the case.

At all events, His Majesty's Inspectors from the Ministry of Education have at last been here to Worth to see how we run our school here. They have a right to do so by a recent Act of Parliament which says every school must be inspected, so that those who rule the country may be sure that there are no bad schools like Dotheboys Hall, written about so brilliantly by Charles Dickens. Surely if Worth were not what it hopes it is, it were better that it should be closed. It was towards the end of June that three Inspectors came here and spent three days with us. They were a very pleasant quartet and they went about most busily from morning to night, seeing everything they could, and asking to see this that and the other. They picked up your exercise book. They came down and looked at the Games. They penetrated into the Gym. One of them came to Benediction to listen to the choir, whilst others went into singing classes. Everything except Religious Instruction was carefully examined by them. Our Religious Instruction classes belong to the Church and not to the State. They recognise, as we do, that we must 'render to Caesar the things which are Caesar's and to God the things which are God's'. The only depart-

ment of school life that they did not see was therefore, quite naturally, the period between bed-time and the end of Mass the following day.

The report which they sent in to the Minister of Education has now been printed and makes really very interesting reading. The Minister has been good enough to write and say that he recognises Worth as being an efficient school. All through the pages of the report we can see ourselves as others see us during this official inspection by His Majesty's Inspectors.

You would be very weary if you tried to read this long document. I will tell you roughly what is in it. The first part was all about the history of the school and how it was founded by Downside Abbey in 1933 when a few boys were moved from there to Worth; and there was no longer a Junior school at Downside, but a real Preparatory school here for Downside. It explains how, starting with 60 boys in 1933, the total reached 100 in 1938, rose to 160 in 1945 and now has grown to 230. There is then a description of the school buildings. I am glad to see that the next paragraph speaks about the Library and about the wisdom and enterprise of the Master, who is not named, who has done so much for the books and the furniture of it.

We then go on to a description of the staff of twenty-five and a long stretch of several pages about the work. I suppose nothing could be more dull to you and therefore I will leave it out. All I will say is that both the Geography room and the Art room seem to have attracted the attention of the Inspectors, who liked them very much.

There is quite a good description of the music of the school. Not only are the music teachers and lessons mentioned, but also the singing classes and how so much of our musical life takes place outside the classroom. There is of course the choir, and then older boys have a chance to learn more of the world of music in my room during the winter terms when we listen to good music by firelight.

There is a very good section about the education of one's body. Of course, not only do we want to fill our lives with what is useful and make them better instruments for our future professions or vocations, but also we need to bring out anything we have got. We have not only got minds but also bodies, and therefore we ought to train our hands and our feet as well as our heads. Our hands can be trained in so many ways. Quite apart from the way in which we use our eyes and ears, our speech and our thoughts in the classroom, there are the ways in which we use our muscles in the gymnasium and on the games ground. The Inspectors were very pleased indeed with the gymnasium, and everything that goes on there, and with the school games. After all, we do play quite a lot of games: cricket, rugby and hockey, tennis, squash racquets and badminton. Our system of having two free afternoons a week makes it possible for boys to have time for both team games and games with one another. All these things play a very valuable part in school life.

We must not, however, run away with the idea that this is everything. There is one way in which we must try and bring out the best that is within ourselves, and this is perhaps the most pleasant way. We have got to try to train our eyes and our sense of touch by making designs, our ears by music, our muscles by dancing (even if it is very extraordinary dancing), our speech by reciting poetry

and acting in plays, and our thought by Arts and Crafts. Any of these things are interesting enough, even though we are not absolutely complete; but we cannot all of us expect to be able to attain everything. Some of us, for example, have not the right sort of ear for music, nor perhaps the right sort of vocal chords to produce the right sort of noises. In that case we must just offer it up.

The last part of the Inspectors' report is a general one, and it is nice to read how they had seen how Worth leads a very full and happy life outside the classroom. They mention the film shows and lectures during the winter terms, and I think they were surprised to find that here you boys can come and see us in our rooms and read and talk and play games at any time when we are not too busy. You who have not been at other schools perhaps do not realise how different this is from the custom in many other places. The result is expressed by the Inspectors in these words: 'The boys themselves have a natural ease of manner in behaviour and conversation, a strong sense of fun and a power of self-control, the outcome of the ordered liberty which characterises the discipline of the school.' Having read that, no doubt most of you younger ones who have read this will wonder what it means! Perhaps you will remember that the present Head Master at Downside in a speech two years ago mentioned how he distinguished the Worth boys by their sturdy and rugged independence. I will put it in another way which is easier to understand. So often one finds boys in a school whose manners are in every way perfect and who give the idea that they are always holding themselves back. Here at Worth I am always glad to think that you do, in every way, behave naturally in the best sense of the word. You have a really good sense of humour, and when the time comes to be restrained you can do it as well as anybody. Anyone who came into the Assembly before dinner, and saw you sitting there in rows waiting for me to come in at five minutes to one, would be agreeably surprised at this orderliness of behaviour.

No one who was about in the early morning, at the time when you get up before Mass, would be able to make out how it was that without any thought of apparent compulsion there is no talking at all. Surely this is the meaning of 'ordered liberty'! And what is the thought behind this? It is the power of our religion. You know quite well that when we get up in the morning we are going into Mass or into chapel for morning prayers and that we do not want to disturb either the quiet of the early morning or other boys by any thought of disorder. We all of us therefore work naturally to bring this about, and it is a very rare thing for anyone to need to be spoken to on this subject. The Power that lies behind everything was not visible to His Majesty's Inspectors. They could only guess at the habit of mind that brings it all to pass. Their last words may indeed make us feel proud of Worth and everything it stands for. 'In a space of eighteen years the school has successfully harnessed to its needs the resources of its fine buildings, built up its complement of numbers, and established a high level of competence both in work and play. These are solid achievements in which all concerned may take a pride.'

With all good wishes to Worth boys at home and abroad.

MAURICE BELL



## THE POLICE DOGS

by D. LEGGE\*

About four years ago my parents, my brother, my sister and myself were in Germany. We decided to go to a show. There were horses and lots of other good things. The best one was police dogs—they were very clever. They climbed up a ladder and jumped off the other side, and of course there were some burglars who escaped with their loot, but not for long. The police dogs were on their trail and jumped on them and knocked them off their bicycles on to the ground; then the police came and handcuffed them. There was also a clever little dog who was after a crook and smelt a box which belonged to the crook, so the clever little dog hid in it. The crook put it on his bicycle and rode off with the little dog in his box. The dog got out and knocked his opponent off the bike onto the ground. Just then the police came and took him away. And that was the show for the day.

## A HELICOPTER RIDE

by W. J. M. GISSANE\*

It was 6.30 on a September morning when we got into the car and drove off to Hay Mills Rotor Station. We arrived there at 6.45, but the helicopter was not in. Soon we heard a humming noise to the South-West which was the helicopter. We watched it come nearer and nearer; it was going very fast and soon it came down and landed on its circle. It was on time as it usually is and we went to have our things checked up.

The Helicopter was about 30 feet long and 8 feet wide; it had a glass cabin and it held four people including the pilot. The seats were very nice and soft. Its colour was silver and it had two propellers; one is very big on the top and the other a small one at the end.

Seven o'clock came and we boarded the helicopter. Now the pilot was putting on his gloves and strapping himself in, then he told us to do the same. He started the props turning slowly and gradually faster, then we took off and climbed to a height of 600 feet and started up the speed. There was a lot of noise but we grew used to it and now we had reached the speed of 90 m.p.h. We had been in the helicopter quite a time and were out in the country following the Paddington-Snow Hill railway lines. You could see with comfort all the countryside below you. There were maps and paper bags supplied (with greaseproof lining to be sick into). We had some sweets to eat and I had a few. We were going along at 100 m.p.h. now, but it hardly seemed like anything. We passed quite a few clouds on the way.

About half-an-hour had passed and now far below was a small town—at least, it looked a small town from where I was. We were still following the railway and now we were overtaking a goods train. I was feeling very air-sick

\*WILLIAM GISSANE, born September 12, 1940; entered Worth, 1948.

\*DAVID LEGGE, born January 24, 1941; entered Worth, September 1949.

when we suddenly swerved off our course and started going earthwards at an angle of about 50 degrees and I was holding on to the paper bag for all I was worth. We touched down and all of a sudden we all felt air-sick.

I said: 'But surely this is not Northolt?' The pilot said: 'This is Aylesbury; we are now 30 miles from London.' We got out of the helicopter and went to a small hut and had a cup of tea while the pilot rang up the Rotor Station in Birmingham and Northolt to say that we had had a forced-landing. After about one hour we got into a taxi to the railway station and we went to get our tickets. The train was in, so we got into it and started on a short and slow journey to London. We arrived at London, our destination; it seemed to take all morning but it was only ten o'clock.

## THE FOUR GNOMES

by R. CHICHESTER\*

There were once four Gnomes who lived in a silver birch tree which was in a big wood. One day a lot of men came into the wood with pieces of chalk in their hands; the first one pointed to the silver birch and said: 'That is a fat tree, he will do.' The gnomes were completely bewildered, but when the men came with an axe the next day they began to figure things out and were soon busily discussing together what they should do. One said: 'Move all the furniture onto our little cart, and find another house', which they did; and could you think what they used for a house? An overturned flower-pot, which someone had carelessly left in the wood. They made a little ladder to the top and then made a door to the little hole in the middle and made another ladder leading down to the ground. And there they made a cosy room to live in.

## CHRISTMAS MORN

by M. J. TUNNICLIFFE\*

As I was lying in bed one morn,  
I looked outside, and it made me yawn,  
To see the snow on the frosty lawn,  
And the trees bare, tattered and torn,  
But then I realised I was not forlorn,  
It was but a Christmas dawn.

Then I heard a church-bell ring,  
And my heart began to dance and sing,  
As I thought of Our Lady with Christ the King,  
And the three wise men that had come so mild,  
Just to see her blessed child,  
Born in the cruel winter wild.

\*RALEIGH CHICHESTER, born July 31, 1942; entered Worth, September 1951.

\*MICHAEL TUNNICLIFFE, born May 28, 1939; entered Worth, May 1950; Choir.



## MISADVENTURE

by J. WORSTALL\*

Perhaps 'plump' is the best word to describe Mr Thomson, although he weighs about eighteen stone. He once tried to take up yachting, but he despaired of learning to swim. A few weeks ago he brought a 1922 Austin Seven and now spends his time driving (?) round the countryside, much to the horror of the many dogs, cats, and pedestrians who inhabit it. One fine Sunday afternoon, as he was doing his usual fifty through a large village (leaving behind him a crowd of old men cursing violently), he suddenly discovered that he had left his brake on and that it had been burnt out. After having beaten the world speed record down a hill and gone round a 'hairpin bend' on two wheels, he decided to stop and smoke a cigarette, so he charged up a hill with the engine off and stopped fairly near the top. Then he suddenly remembered that he had burnt his brakes out and he let out a hoarse yell, as the car rolled down the hill backwards. A few minutes later, as he crawled out of the hedge and 'de-thorned' himself, there was a loud bang and a back tyre gradually took the 'downward trend' on his Austin. A passer-by would have seen a small and extremely fat man, with an extremely red face, sitting in the middle of the road, mopping his brow and not exactly improving his vocabulary. Tools, bottles of lemonade, and so on, would be spread all over the place, and a car (more in the ditch than in the road) would be jacked up. A back wheel of the car would also be in the middle of the road being hugged by the man. If the same passer-by had walked down the same road a few hours later, he would have seen the car disappearing in the distance, towed by a breakdown lorry. A few days ago it was discovered that Mr Thomson has taken up sailing again; after all, he has to cool off somewhere.

## LIMERICKS

by M. CUSS\*

A nice little boy from Torquay  
Used to stand on the edge of a quay,  
But one day with a pin  
He was pricked, and fell in,  
And quickly was washed out to sea.

There was an old man from Thibet  
Who invented a new kind of jet;  
But to his dismay,  
It shot him away,  
And no more has been heard of him—yet.

\*JOHN WORSTALL, born April 2, 1939; entered Worth, September 1949; Choir.

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

## WINTER HOLIDAYS IN THE ALPS

by P. A. L. WALRAVENS\*

We arrived at a small ski-ing village in Switzerland at five past five in the afternoon. The road had very little snow on it, but on the side of the road it was higher than four feet. We got to our hotel which was at the top of quite a long hill all covered with snow and with people ski-ing down it. The next day by five past nine my brother, Peter, and I were already ski-ing down the hill. We thought it would be a job to get back up the hill to the hotel again, but when we arrived the day before we had not noticed a ski-lift which went from the bottom of the hill to the hotel. My brother fell off the ski-lift and he started going down the hill backwards. He could not keep his balance for long and he tumbled head first into the snow. I jumped off the ski-lift and went down to his rescue. He was not hurt, but a bit shaken and after a few minutes we were ski-ing down to the bottom of the hill to get the ski-lift again. After lunch a blizzard started which went on for three days. On the fourth day it stopped, but to leave the hotel we had to get out of a second-floor window and climb into the snow. From the top of the hill we saw the villagers clearing away the snow from the road. We were only staying a week at the hotel, so we had to start packing soon. We spent the last two days, when not packing, building snowmen and having snowball fights, and when we were going back in the car we felt that we had had a very happy time.

## SCAMP

by M. W. PIASECKI\*

I had a dog called Scamp,  
No ordinary dog was he,  
I trained him in our private camp,  
And he turned out to be—  
A winner!

We went out for a walk,  
Towards our private camp,  
My rifle deigned to 'bag' a hawk,  
And with some help from Scamp—  
I found it!

Scamp dived a graceful dive,  
Into the swimming pool,  
And when my watch said half-past five  
He went and played the fool—  
As usual!

\*PHILIP WALRAVENS, born October 30, 1939; entered Worth, May 1950; Choir.

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

## A NEAR MISS

by C. INNES\*

The plane I nearly missed was the plane back from Hong Kong to England at the end of the summer holidays. It was scheduled to leave Kai Tak airport at 7 a.m. My two sisters had packed and weighed our luggage the day before. As we had nothing to do till we left for Kai Tak, we were all feeling very snappy and unhappy. At last it was time to go, so we all piled into the car. We started the engine and moved off, but suddenly the car started wobbling from side to side of the road. A puncture! We all jumped out, very frightened that we were going to miss the first ferry and have to wait a quarter of an hour for the next one, so while my father was trying to put the spare wheel on (yelling at people to get out of the light) my mother was telephoning for a taxi, which arrived soon after! We all got in, and left my father getting the spare wheel on. We arrived at the ferry about a minute before it left, and just as the gangplank was going up my father jumped aboard. We arrived at Kai Tak just on time, and nearly thirty-six hours later we were in England.

## EMMANUEL

by M. J. KAUNTZE\*

When the prophets had foreseen,  
A present from our Heavenly Queen,  
—A baby born unto the world—  
A lot of interest was unfurled.

At first no one on earth believed,  
That such a thing would be achieved,  
But soon the time of year came when  
All flocked around to Bethlehem.

The time of taxes had drawn nigh,  
And Joseph and Mary, however high  
Or low they looked, they could not find  
A shelter from the storm and wind.

At last they found, within a hill,  
A shelter from the winter's chill.  
Inside their cave no wind was felt,  
And to bless the Lord, our Lady knelt.

On the following Christmas morn  
A pretty little babe was born,  
And was visited by three Wise Kings,  
Who brought him gold and valuable things.

\*CHRISTOPHER INNES, born May 3, 1939; entered Worth, September 1950.

\*MICHAEL KAUNTZE, born April 16, 1941; entered Worth, September 1951.

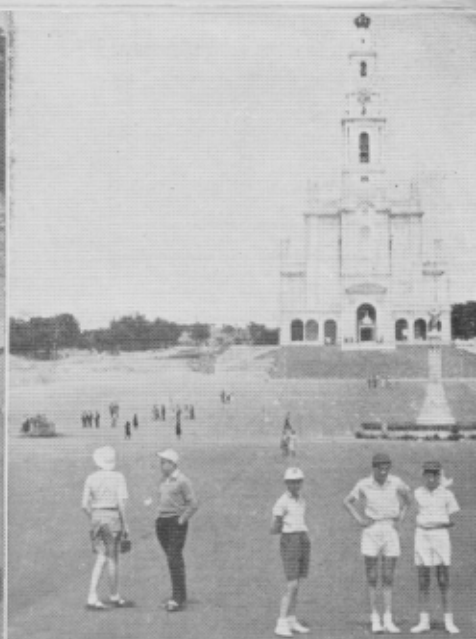


*'... forests ancient as the hills, Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.'*





A VISIT TO OUR LADY OF LOURDES



AND FATIMA, AUGUST, 1951



## A VISIT TO A GOLD REFINERY

by J. R. BURNS\*

One day my father took me to a gold refinery in London. We went to the main gate, and a guard let us in through a small door in the gate, then we were shown into a waiting-room. An engineer took me round and explained things. First of all we saw silver bars being weighed, and silver coins being melted or refined. Then gold bars were being stacked; after this we saw gold being refined. I put my hands into a bucket full of gold and handled the gold. It was in rough little pieces and quite heavy. I had to rub my fingers to make sure no gold had stuck to them. I was allowed to sit in an old chair which had been used by the first owner of the refinery. Then I saw nitric acid being recovered by heating in a furnace, and also saw it being stored in tanks. Then the engineer took me to the laboratory, where there was a very fine weighing-machine. He put one of my hairs on the scale and weighed it. Then we saw copper being rolled into strips, and they came out quite warm after being rolled in the machine. Then I was taken back to the waiting-room, and said good-bye and went out past the guard at the gate.

## MY FIRST SOLO FLIGHT

by R. ORTIGER\*

It was the 17th July in the year 1953. As soon as I awoke I remembered that today was the day which I was doing my first solo flight. I had been learning to fly at an aerodrome called Fairoaks aerodrome, and today was the day when I would go flying alone for the first time. I felt very excited, and as soon as breakfast was over I started out for the aerodrome on my motor-bike. I arrived there at about half past ten, and after I had put away my motor-bike I went out to the waiting plane. I put on my flying-suit which had been put in the cockpit, and got into the plane. I strapped myself in, and then switched on the petrol. Then I switched on the engine, which burst into life. After warming up the engine for about five minutes, I taxied out to the runway and turned the nose of the plane into the wind. I then looked round the cockpit to see if everything was all right, and having assured myself that it was, I released the brake. The plane went faster and faster down the runway, and when the speed-indicator showed forty-five miles per hour I pulled the joystick back and the plane rose lightly into the air. I climbed to three thousand feet and then levelled off. I then moved the joystick over to one side and the plane started to turn round. Then I straightened out and raced off in an easterly direction. I circled the aerodrome twice and then climbed to six thousand feet. Next I decided to try a spin, and so I pushed the throttle forward and pulled the joystick back. As soon as I was facing vertically upwards I closed the throttle, put my foot hard down on one

\*JOHN BURNS, born January 10, 1940; entered Worth, September 1948.

\*RICHARD ORTIGER, born February 21, 1940; entered Worth, September 1947; Choir.

rudder bar, and pushed the joystick forward. I spun right down to four thousand feet and then I levelled out. But now I had to land and so I went down to a thousand feet and circled the aerodrome once. Then I came in line with the runway, cut the engine, and started to glide down. When I was about ten feet off the ground, I levelled off. The ground came closer and closer and suddenly I felt a bump. I had touched down, and so I taxied along the runway for a bit and then turned round and taxied towards the hangars. When I got there I switched off the engine, undid my straps and got out. My instructor was there and he congratulated me, but I felt very frightened while I was doing it.

### BABY THE KITTEN

by P. MOORSOM\*

There was once a cat who had two kittens. Their mother liked them very much. Every day they would wait by the refrigerator for the maid to bring out the milk. The maid put the milk into a saucer, then they would lap it up very quickly. After about two months one of the kittens died. The other kitten was terribly lonely. No longer could he play games with his brother. This kitten was called Baby. He was all black except for a white patch under his chin. One day this little kitten ran away. He went for miles and miles across fields until he came to a farm. The farm dog chased him away. Then he came to another farm, but at this farm a lady received him kindly. There was some milk outside the door and the lady said he might drink some; he lapped it up very quickly. He stayed at the farmhouse for a long time. All day he would prowls about in the fields. Sometimes a dog would come to the gate of the field and growl at him. This the kitten didn't like and ran away. Once a very big dog came to the gate and jumped over and chased the kitten to the farm house. The kitten never went into the fields again. The kitten was now quite old enough to be called a cat. After he had been with them for six years he became very ill and died.

### SUMMER TIME

by P. V. E. HOWARD\*

Summer time is beautiful  
With its coloured flowers,  
Its pretty little babbling streams,  
Shaded o'er by bowers.

Summer time is beautiful  
With all its pretty birds;  
They sing and chirrup all day long,  
Although they sing no words.

\*PATRICK MOORSOM, born October 30, 1942; entered Worth, September 1951.

\*PATRICK HOWARD, born January 19, 1941; entered Worth, September 1949; Choir.

## MUSIC OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

by GERALD De LACEY\*

During the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were many great musicians and composers such as Bach, Beethoven, Strauss, Handel, and Mozart, but now during this century there are very few and the only one I know of at the present is Sibelius. These musicians of the past are still remembered in their music. And they will never be forgotten for their music is really appreciated by those English people who still love music.

Some of these great musicians died young and their music was not recognised till after their death. One of these was the genius Mozart who died at a very early age, and he also died in poverty, but not long after his death people all over the world were playing his marvellous music.

The music of the great masters has to have many delicately-tuned instruments to play their beautiful music, but instruments such as the rowdy trombone are hardly ever if ever used for this. These great musicians and composers wrote many different works, such as symphonies and concertos and orchestral pieces, and the musical people of this world often greatly differ in their judgments as to which is the best. Some believe that the rather common jazz is the best, some that solos are, some that melodies are, but there are a great many who believe and always will believe that the music of the great masters holds first place.

We owe a lot to the music of the great masters, for music plays a great part in our entertainment today. For if Mozart, Brahms, Strauss, Handel, Beethoven and many others of their time had not written their great music, where would we be? There would be no really good concerts with concertos, solos and symphonies on the wireless. We should just hear over and over again the same rowdy jazz and music like it. So I believe that we ought to be really grateful to the great men who have composed the wonderful music we now hear played all over the world.

### BETHLEHEM

by O. D. PLUNKETT\*

One dark and crispy morn  
Then our heavenly Lord was born.  
When Mary's heart was yearning,  
And the light was dimly burning,  
When all the friendly Magi kings  
Are coming forth as if with wings,  
And the shepherds hear the joyful tidings,  
And the sheep dogs come with low-down whinings.

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

\*DAVID PLUNKETT, born December 8, 1940; entered Worth, September 1949.



## BRITISH MOTHS

by P. E. CAMPBELL\*

*Pine Hawk-Moth.* This is one of our rarer hawk-moths and is seldom found in Britain. Its wing-span is about 3 inches, and the length of its body is about 2 inches. Its forewing is grey with three brown transversal lines. Its hindwing is brown, and its underside is grey. The caterpillar is green, and feeds on pine needles; the chrysalis is black. *Bee Hawk-Moth.* There are two types of Bee Hawk-moths: the broad bordered and the narrow bordered. In both cases they look like bees but in the broad bordered form, the border is rich brown and in the narrow-bordered the border is very dark green. On the forewing there is a brown dot, but otherwise they are transparent. The caterpillars are green and feed on honeysuckle. *Drinker Moth.* Even though this moth is called the Drinker, the moth itself does not drink. The name refers to the caterpillar, which is brown and very hairy, and is liable to give an unpleasant rash if picked up. It is said to drink the water that collects on a leaf. The moth is rich brown with a silvery streak down the middle of the forewing, near the top of which is a black dot. The antennae are feathered in the male. It is a fast night flyer. The female is seen far less frequently. The caterpillar hibernates during the winter, and forms a cocoon-chrysalis in the early spring.

## FROZEN WINTER

by R. A. J. EADY

O what a snowy, snowy day!  
The fields are white,  
And the horses neigh  
When they lie in their cosy beds of hay.  
I'm sitting by the fire  
With a hot cup of broth  
Which I drink slowly  
When I shiver and cough.  
It is time for bed, you know, I'm sure;  
So up the stairs I will swiftly hop  
Where I'll finally come to my bedroom door,  
And there I'll hang up a great big sock,  
Tomorrow is Christmas. Hurray! Hurray!  
I can hear Santa Claus and the bells of his sleigh!  
Goodnight! Goodnight! to bed I must creep,  
For Santa Claus comes and I'm not asleep!

\*PETER CAMPBELL, born February 9, 1939; entered Worth, May 1947; Assistant Librarian 1951.

\*ROBIN EADY, born November 29, 1940; entered Worth, September 1950.

## THE ASSASSINATION OF MR ROUSE

by C. WOOD\*

Mr Rouse was a millionaire; he was a very proud and ambitious man. After the second world war he went to Germany to live there; he built a nice mansion and a beautiful garden and an aerodrome, all on some land which belonged to the Germans. He behaved like a proud conqueror and for this he became hated. Among the people who hated him was a once wealthy land owner, Herr Smicht. Herr Smicht hated him so much that he formed a plot to assassinate him; but the millionaire got to hear of the plot and he hired a bodyguard to protect himself; but Herr Smicht bribed the bodyguard to stand away from Mr Rouse so he could get a shot at him. When the day fixed for the assassination drew near, Herr Smicht made his preparation; the bodyguard was to stand away and Herr Smicht was to fire at Mr Rouse from behind a bush and then to escape. On the day fixed for the assassination, Mr Rouse was walking through his garden, when a shot rang out; it missed him by inches; Herr Smicht escaped. After this Mr Rouse decided to leave the country; he was to sail a week later. On the day of the voyage a mysterious crate was taken on board the boat, inside which was Herr Smicht. That night at 7.30 Mr Rouse retired to bed; at midnight a shot rang out and Mr Rouse was killed; Herr Smicht was caught, but he committed suicide by jumping overboard.

## ARSUF

by T. P. GRIFFIN\*

Loud rolls the warlike thunder,  
Around King Richard's knights,  
The wild barbaric hordes advance  
And are driven back by flights  
Of clothyard shafts and quarrels  
Humming through the sky:  
Humming loud their deathsong  
The arrows swiftly fly.  
The knights spur on their chargers  
And advance upon the Turks.  
'Ride on and win the Holy Land,  
A coward he who shirks;  
We fight for God and Christendom,  
We fight for glory all;  
And there's glory always waiting  
For those that do not fall.'

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

\*TERENCE GRIFFIN, born June 7, 1939; entered Worth, January 1946; Choir; Boxing Team; 2nd XV.

## INCOMPLEAT ANGLER

by G. B. HANBURY\*

I woke up at half-past six on a lovely May morning in my bedroom at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, where we were staying for our Summer holidays at a guest-house called 'The Willows'. I crawled up to the end of my bed, drew back the curtain, and saw that it was a lovely sunny day. Soon Mrs Annice brought up the morning tea. She put the tray on the dressing-table. Mummy told me to hand her the tray, and while I was doing so I spilt some on the eiderdown. When Mummy had finished the tea, I went into my bedroom and put on a sweater, a pair of corduroy trousers and a pair of gymshoes. Then I went downstairs with Daddy to breakfast. We had a very nice breakfast: cereal, a hot cup of tea, fried eggs and fried bread, and a plate of toast. Mummy came downstairs a little after Daddy and me. After breakfast we went down to Mr Riley's Kiosk, to arrange for going out fishing in a boat, out by the lifeboat buoy. We asked Mr Riley if we could go out in a launch if there was one available, but there wasn't, so that was that. We had arranged to come down to the Kiosk at nine o'clock to fetch the boat. When we got back to the guest-house, I asked my friend if he would play quoits with me outside on the lawn. We played quoits for quite a time, and nine o'clock seemed as though it would never come. At last we heard nine strike by the village clock, and suddenly the whole house seemed to come to life. Everyone rushed out of the house, piled into the car, and drove away down to the beach. When we arrived at the beach we all jumped out of the car and rushed to the Kiosk. Mr Riley wasn't there, but he appeared after a while, and showed us the boat we were to use. Soon we were all in the boat and we had set out. The sea was rather choppy, and the boat was tipped up and down. It took us about two minutes to get out there. We got out our tackle, baited our hooks, and cast. Soon my friend thought he had a bite. He pulled in, and on the end of his line was a small red mullet. Suddenly a wind sprang up and the rain started absolutely pelting down. Soon it was so bad we had to go in. When we were coming back the current was against us, so it was all we could do to get back. When we got back we all had a hot cup of coffee, and that is all.

## QUACK-QUACK SPORTS

by R. STRICKLAND\*

Ducks like swimming on a pond  
Especially when it's raining;  
Unlike us, when they are young  
They need no swimming training.

\*GUY HANBURY, born November 24, 1940; entered Worth, September 1949.

\*RICHARD STRICKLAND, born September 4, 1940; entered Worth, January 1951.

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

by F. D. H. BIRKETT\*

The First Christmas was when our Lord Jesus Christ was born to save us from sin. Mary and Joseph were going to Jerusalem to pay their taxes. They went from Inn to Inn looking for a room, but all the Inns were full. At last they came to an Inn where the Inn-keeper said he had a stable if they would like to sleep in it, and they said yes they would; so the Inn-keeper's son took them to the stable, and they settled down for the night. Jesus Christ was born that night. Some shepherds with their flocks were on the hillside. The angel of the Lord appeared to them and told them to go to the stable to adore Jesus Christ. They went to the stable and adored the Lord. Three wise men saw the star and followed it to the stable to adore Christ the King, and they gave him presents of frankincense, myrrh and gold. That is the story of the first Christmas.

## THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

by A. STAVEACRE\*

When snow is falling heavily  
And all the ground is white,  
And shops are decked out cleverly—  
It is a lovely sight.

I like to eat roast duckling  
And burning hot mince-pies,  
And sugary apple dumplings  
As my presents bring surprise.

When days are always raining  
And all is very cold,  
And the wind is loudly wailing  
We then some parties hold.  
At parties we have lots of fun  
And many crackers pull,  
And in the snow we play and run,  
And eat till we are full.

## LIMERICK

by A. D. H. WINDER\*

There was an old man of Siam  
Who was trying to eat a great ham;  
He said to his mate,  
'O give me a plate,  
This ham is as big as I am'.

\*DESMOND BIRKETT, born February 23, 1940; entered Worth, September 1948.

\*ANTHONY STAVEACRE, born May 24, 1942; entered Worth, April 1951.

\*ADRIAN WINDER, born September 15, 1942; entered Worth, January 1950.

## BOSCobel

by A. J. B. BROWN\*

Just over the South-west Staffordshire border into Shropshire, there is a house called Boscobel; the word Boscobel comes from the Italian 'Boscobella', meaning 'Fair Woods', for in the old days it was thickly wooded. You can tell that by the villages nearby, whose names have 'wood' in them, i.e. 'Bishops Wood' and Bre-wood. Boscobel House was built in 1581, by a member of a great Catholic family called the Giffards who lived nearby. It was built originally as a priest's hiding-place. On a chimney there is still the secret sign left, showing that a priest is welcome. In 1551 Charles II was escaping from the Roundheads and came to Boscobel. First of all he went to White-Ladies (a convent which was made into a farmhouse in Henry VIII's time and which is now in ruins) then, I think, he went up an oak, whose seedling you can still see. He was up the oak with Colonel William Carlos, whom the King had to call Carlo. He owned Boscobel at the time. After being in the oak for twenty-four hours he went into the house, where he went down the cheese hole in the cheese room. The floor was covered with cheese so that it would put the bloodhounds off the scent. The lady of the house, all the time the Roundheads were in the cheese room, was standing on top of the cheese hole, trying to persuade the Roundheads that the King wasn't in the house. Often when the coast was clear, the king used to sit in a little summer-house, where a secret passage, which led up into the house, was. At the side of the house, on the path, there is an engraving which is a memorial to when King Charles II came to Boscobel. On September 9th, 1951, they planted another seedling to mark the centenary of that occasion.

## NATIVITY

by P. J. de WECK\*

Christmas Time is coming near  
With lots of Turkey and good cheer,  
The snow is falling thick and fast,  
Ah, here comes Santa Claus at last.  
Here he comes! Sleigh bells ringing!  
Lots of toys and presents bringing!  
He gives one to each boy and girl,  
Whether a peasant or whether an earl,  
So merry Christmas I do bid:  
Adore the infant in the crib,  
For he's Our Lord and our Salvation,  
Through Mary and His Incarnation.

\*SANDY BROWN, born April 20, 1940; entered Worth, April 1948; acted in *Robinson Crusoe*.

\*PHILIP de WECK, born November 9, 1939; entered Worth, September 1947.

## LAMENT AND LIMERICK

by W. O. ARMSTRONG\*

Why Rugger was invented I do not know. I have vague notions of hearing of a man who picked up a football and ran with it and thereby invented the game of Rugger; Oh! that that man had died at that moment. Rugger at its best is on a dry day, when the ball is easy to catch; but anyway you are always cursed for being offside by an irritable captain at blind-side wing forward or a more irritable one at centre-threequarter. On wet days with the ground like a quagmire, the ball skids round the field like an electric eel and by some coincidence when you get the ball you are standing in the region of a large puddle into which you are immediately tackled. On cold days Rugger is at its worst. The ground is like rock with nasty little spikes where people's studs have been. Your hands are quite numb and the ball almost knocks your fingers off. When you are valiant and try to run you are crashed down on to the hardest bit of the field. Of course, on these days you are called upon to tackle a burly six footer who is whirling down the wing; you make a pitiable attempt to tackle but he strides mockingly past you and scores a try; you are then cursed by your captain who says of course he would have tackled him (but I'm not so sure). Oh, well, the cricket season will be here soon.

There was once a most learned old sage,  
Who lived to a fabulous age,  
But, 'alas', said his pupils,  
'His vices and scruples,  
Impel us to terrible rage.'

## ADVENTURES OF AN ENGLISH PILOT

by J. M. BELL\*

On March 14th, 1943, at nine o'clock, a bomber squadron under Squadron Leader O'Connell headed towards the city of Hamburg to put another thorn in Hitler's side. The roving searchlights made things hard for them, but only once did one pick out a bomber and even then it was put out immediately by machine-gun fire from one of the protecting Spitfires. They were due to arrive at Hamburg at 10.35 p.m. The last hour and a half went slowly, but at last they saw the high-powered searchlight up ahead which they recognised as their destination. Four Spitfires went ahead as a decoy and the bombers were to attack from the other side. At 10.40 the first bomb was dropped. It hit its mark fair and square, and 'Conny', as he was named at the 'drome', congratulated his pilot

\*WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, born November 9, 1938; entered Worth, Autumn 1949; Boxing Team; Choir; acted in *Babes in the Wood* and *Mime* 1951. Dormitory Prefect.

\*JOHN BELL, born September 10, 1939; entered Worth, Autumn 1948; acted in *Mime* 1951, *Babes in the Wood*, *Mother Goose* 1951; Choir.



and he himself now got ready to drop his 'eggs'. He dived and let all his bombs drop. They, in turn, also hit their objective with very loud explosions. When everybody had got rid of their bombs, they were ordered to bunch at four thousand feet and wait for the Spitfires. But, whilst waiting, eight Messerschmitts dived on them from two hundred feet higher. 'Conny' suddenly realised that all the bomber crews were still quite young and might lose their heads, disobey orders and turn back. However, this did not happen. They realised that the Messerschmitts were all going for one or two planes only. With horror, 'Conny' realised that he was one of these. He put up a stiff resistance, but was forced to bale out as his plane was in flames. The rest of his crew had all been killed. He realised this, and had now to get ready to start running to break his fall. In two minutes he had unharnessed his straps and had already started to run, he knew not where. Already he could hear the German soldiers quite a long way behind but gaining steadily. Suddenly he saw a light shining from the window of a farmhouse. He rushed up the door and thumped on it. Immediately it was opened, and he stumbled in. An old man opened the door and he was very kind. The man turned out to be a person who hated the Germans and would help 'Conny' to escape to England. The next night after supper 'Conny' remembered that his 'drome' was sending out a squadron of fighters which, he reckoned, would pass over this farmhouse. He dashed outside and heard the familiar drone of Hurricanes. He took a special pistol from his pack and loaded it with a cartridge. Just as they were going to pass over he pressed the trigger: a loud report followed, a hissing sound, and then another smaller report as the bullet burst into green, red, yellow and blue. The Squadron Leader in charge recognised this special emergency call and cut his engine to glide into a field. When he jumped out he was greeted by 'Conny'. The other pilot had thought that 'Conny' was dead. In less than five minutes he was on his way back with an escort of two planes. When he arrived back he was told that everyone thought he was dead, but 'Conny' was very much alive.

## A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

by J. A. LESSER\*

When snow doth lie in blankets on the ground,  
There is for those who think of naught but to be gay,  
Another awesome thought to pierce the brain:  
The thought of Him Who died for us that mournful day.

Yes, t'was our Redeemer, born on Christmas Day,  
Who saved us all from sin and sempiternal suffering.  
Just ponder what it meant to Him and us,  
And give to Christ our joyful Christmas offering.

\*ANTONY LESSER, born January 17, 1939; entered Worth, September 1947; Choir; 1st XV Rugger; Boxing Team; acted in *Mime*; Dormitory Prefect; 1st XI Cricket.

## CORNWALL

by P. D. T. GALVIN\*

Cornwall is well-known for the smuggling that was carried on there a few centuries ago. This was possible because it was so bleak and few people live there, as it was far from London, perhaps three or four days travelling. The coastline, which consists of three-quarters of its boundaries, is rocky, and there are high cliffs, against which the spray rises some forty feet. The whole county is hilly, more so in the north than in the south. The south coast consists of rolling hills, mostly cultivated fields, with villages scattered around. There are many inlets and coves, mostly separated by rock headlands. The climate is warm but wet, and palm trees can be seen, because the Atlantic gales blow in hindered by no obstacles. The sea is usually calm and very blue, although it is colder than in Sussex. The north can be described more as rugged grandeur, than pleasant, open hills. The hills rise to about fourteen hundred feet above sea level, the highest of which is 'Brown Willy'. These hills, the Bodmin Moors, are bleak and sparsely populated. The Cornish natives would refer to those from other counties as foreigners, and themselves as Cornishmen. They are mainly fishing or sea-faring folk, farmers becoming more common as one gets further from the coast. In such towns as Looe, Polperro, Fowey, Mevagissey and Falmouth, all on the south coast, there are regattas and carnivals each year. Fishing in Cornwall is prosperous. In Fowey, for instance, mackerel out at sea, and as one goes further up the river pollock, wrasse, bass, and finally trout are to be caught. I thoroughly recommend Cornwall for a pleasant summer holiday, the route being from Paddington to Penzance, via Exeter and Plymouth. Just beyond Par where the train stops, there is a club with a veranda, swimming bath, tennis courts, badminton, golf, billiards, etc. It is on the beach, which is wide and very sandy with cliffs at the back.

## A DAY IN ADEN

by R. A. P. RUDD\*

'Where is Aden?' 'In the Near East.' 'Where is that?' I was asking my father, when we arrived. After he explained, 'Here is the Red Sea. Africa is here: look on the left. The Red Sea is as it were a division line from Africa and Arabia. Aden is here, in the south.' It was evening when we arrived, so I and my mother went to bed. I woke up early next morning, and got dressed. I went to the Rhormk sar Riding Club. In the riding club we were riding and jumping. We had great fun. Small races and what-nots. After all that fun we went home. Eggs and bacon were served to us by the servants. I tucked in and could not notice what Mum and Dad, my two brothers and sister were doing, as I was so busy eating. I had two bits of toast, and the others had three. About half an

\*PATRICK GALVIN, born March 20, 1939; entered Worth, September 1946; 1st XV. Dormitory Prefect.

\*RICHARD RUDD, born December 5, 1939; entered Worth, May 1949; Boxing Team.

hour after, we went for a swim, after seeing my parents off. My father is the Chief Judge of Aden, so he goes to Supreme Court. My mother helps in a hospital, and massages people. When we got to the bath, the first obvious thing to do was to change; so we changed. Then we saw some Air Force officers coming in. They were great fun, because we had races with them. I raced with a man with yellow hair and a yellow bathing costume; we called him 'Yellow man'. Another was quite brown: we called him 'Brown Man'. The third's name was Jerry, so my poetry called him 'Sherry'. At midday we went to have lunch. We had cold chicken for lunch with boiled potatoes, and beetroot. Followed by a big fruit punch, it was delicious. When I had eaten all that I felt as though I had eaten too much. So after lunch I rested for about quarter of an hour, and set on my old hobby of taking pieces of aeroplanes from the aeroplane dump to bits. 3 o'clock exact, I was at the Riding Club polo pitch. I asked my mother and father if they were Red or White. Soon I heard the whistle say 'Peep, peep': a horse was galloping up the pitch. 'Clack' went the sound of the connection of the stick and ball. The ball is white, solid wood and extremely light. It is three inches in diameter. The stick is like a hammer, and with a noose for your wrist. I don't know what the rules are; a chucker is a space of about eight minutes. I was keeping time with one of my brothers. The other had to ring the bell for the end of each chucker. My sister was playing with Vicky, our fox. After four chuckers a conse, Reds eight, Whites seven. I went home after seeing the horses have their drink. We had for tea cakes and sandwiches. After tea at six o'clock I helped my mother wash my brother of three months. After his bath, he had a bottle of milk. We played Canasta, and went to bed at a quarter to nine. When I woke up next morning, I was satisfied about yesterday.

## CHRISTMAS

by M. MELLOTTE\*

When Christmas comes and summer goes,  
And one looks forward to the snows,  
Many know it is the day,  
To make up friends and to be gay.

Our Lord was born on this great day,  
In a manger on the hay,  
And so we celebrate this feast,  
From north to south and west to east.

Many know our Lord did die,  
And on a cross for us did lie,  
But we know that before He was killed,  
Many hearts with joy He filled.

\*MICHAEL MELLOTTE, born September 16, 1938; entered Worth, January 1950; acted in *Mime*, *Mother Goose*; 1st XV Rugger; Sacristy; School Prefect.

## BADMINTON HORSE SHOW

by P. KING-ROSS\*

At Badminton Horse Show, the trials took place for the Olympic Horse Show which will be held at Helsinki. Many famous horsemen were there—some of the best riders in the world—for instance, Col. Llewellyn and Col. Hans Buher, and Mrs Drummond-Hay. There were three days consisting of the Dressage (first day), Cross-country (second day), and Jumping (the third day). The course for the cross-country was about 20 miles long. The Dressage started about twelve o'clock in the morning and went on until five o'clock in the evening. Not half the amount of people were there who were there for the other two days. Dressage is dull because all the horses have to do is to go round in circles, turn on their haunches, do the aids, and many other things. But it is not dull if you are interested in just watching the horses. The Cross-country was a very stiff one. Many of the jumps were very queer. One consisted of a hen-coop, another a jump and a ditch about three feet away from the jump and sloping about four feet down, another four pig-troughs (big) standing on bricks with a bar over the top; another a hedge and a road covered with sand with a foot ledge with a fence the other side; the object was for the horse to jump the hedge, land on the sand and then get onto the ledge and then over the other hedge. Many of the men were just sweating to bits because it was a very hot day. The first part of the Cross-country you did not see, but you saw quite a lot of the rest of it. It started off by a short steeple-chase and then went into the Cross-country course. Some of the jumps which were going to be used were not. Some were quite difficult, but some were quite easy for the competitors, so it did not make much difference to the course having a few jumps left out. The Swiss were the best, I thought, in the Cross-country; Col. Buher was very good and so was Col. Shwarjammack. Mrs Drummond-Hay (British) was also very good. She cleared the jumps beautifully. The Jumping was situated in front of Badminton House in a very big Park. Many people came to it. There were several jumps which were very difficult, for instance the Bars, where the jump was about 5 feet high. It was constructed of five bars each a foot higher than the other. There were the railway-gates which looked a very difficult jump. It was painted very gaily, which would have frightened any horse that was not broken in properly or had not got a good rider. The easier ones were the brush and the danger box which they used on the roads to keep people and cows off a broken road. The Jumping lasted from 12 o'clock to about 5.30 in the evening. Round the arena were tents where books, jumps, caps, ties, jodhpurs, canes, and anything to do with horses were sold. The Swiss did very well, and they got the jumping final. The British came second. Badminton Horse Show was very interesting. Programmes were sold to the spectators for their guidance. In the end the Swiss won the Three-Day Event; the British came a very close second but lost several points on the Jumping; the Irish came third. It was a pity they did not do better, but they lost their points, as I was told, on the Dressage.

\*PHILIP KING-ROSS, born December 10, 1938; entered Worth, September 1946.

## CAIRO TO BASRA BY AIR

by J. M. GENTRY\*

I left my house at 6 a.m. and got into my car. It was a nice day, and as far as I could see it was going to be very hot. I had been in Cairo for two years and had just been sent on a visit to Basra for two weeks. It took me twenty minutes to drive to the airport where I was to catch a B.O.A.C. plane. I arrived at the airport safely, an hour before I was told to embark. I had been through the customs and seen the health doctor, and the passport office. When everybody was abroad, the plane's engines started, the first, the second, the third and the fourth. The plane was an Argonaut. We taxied to the end of the runway, turned and then took off. In about five minutes we were over the desert. Three-quarters of an hour from Cairo brought us to the Suez Canal. From the Suez Canal to Basra it is all sand. You can sometimes see caravans and camels. In four hours from the Suez Canal we came in sight of Basra. We flew very low over Basra and crossed the river. You could see all sorts of boats in the river, tankers, passenger ships and little native boats selling fruits and other things to people on other ships. The river was very muddy. There seemed to be lots of date trees growing around the houses. All the people on the ground looked up at us. Shortly afterwards we were told to fasten our seat belts. The wheels went down and the flaps also. Just before we landed we flew over a canal. The plane must have been about twelve feet from the water. We made a good landing, taxied till we were in front of the main buildings and then stopped. I was out about tenth. When I had passed through the customs, I got on a B.O.A.C. bus that took me to a hotel in Basra.

## A TIN DREDGE

by J. B. VOELCKER\*

When I was in Malaya last holidays, one of my friends who worked for the Pacific Tin company took me to the dredge. We went through a big resettlement holding about 6,000 squatters, many of whom worked at the dredge. After we had gone about a mile out of the squatter resettlement we came upon the lake which the dredge was working. Behind the dredge was a range of hills infested by bandits. Nearly all the people I met had a weapon of sorts. We were in one of the worst districts for bandits who often came down and raided us. The dredge was on the other side of the lake. We were rowed over in a sampan. It took a quarter of an hour, and was very hot. At last we got into the dredge. We first went up into the control room. There was a native working the controls. The dredge is moved by the winding or unwinding of steel ropes attached to the land. The machinery for doing this is huge. The mixture in which the tin is contained is brought up in big buckets, which are dragged along the bottom of the lake and then hauled up. They can work at a depth of a hundred feet. Often the dredge has to stop because in the buckets there are big

\*JEFFREY GENTRY, born October 10, 1938; entered Worth, April 1948.

\*JOHN VOELCKER, born July 12, 1939; entered Worth, September 1947.

stones or logs. These are taken out of the buckets, and the contents are then tipped into a big tank where they are mashed up and diluted by water. The mixture is then passed through screens. The big rocks are discarded and the rest goes down a chute, where it is juggled up and down. The tin sinks to the bottom because it is much heavier. It is then taken to a place near the resettlement camp. There they get out all the impure particles. The 'fool's gold' is disposed of when the tin goes through an oven, where it burns. The magnetic particles are disposed of when the tin goes under a very powerful magnet. It is then put in small bags and is sent down to Singapore or Penang. I asked how much the dredge cost to buy and bring out to Malaya. The cost was roughly about £70,000. The dredge is run mainly by electricity from the company's own power station. On the dredge there is a look-out post with a bullet-proof shield and a searchlight, because of the bandits. The dredge takes its own lake with it. This dredge had travelled nearly five miles. The ricks and the leftovers go into the lake and then the lake overflows with the help of dams, and the dredge goes on. It is an amazing fact. We got back just in time to have our curry tiffin.

## THE INVASION OF BRITAIN

by P. R. CHAPMAN\*

In the evening of the year A.U.C. 698, a number of long Roman galleys were loading at with stores at Gesoriacum. When, eventually all the stores were on board, the Emperor gave a command and the soldiers marched to their respective ships. The soldiers were men of the Ninth Legion, of later fame. I am Paulus Crassus Pompeius, the standard bearer and second-in-command. We left Gesoriacum in the early hours of the morning. The sea was choppy and many of us vomited before we reached Britain. I was in the leading ship, and Caesar and his officers were holding a consultation on the fore-deck with the Belgic guides. After three hours sailing we had our first glimpse of Britain. We saw the coastline faintly at first, then it became clearer and we recognised the white cliffs of Dover. We saw that we could not land at Dover, so we sailed along parallel with the coast until we came to Deal, where we beached our ships and landed. On the cliffs above, a horde of war-painted warriors were hurling stones and brandishing clubs. At the first sight of these Britons our men lost courage, but Julius Ceasar jumped overboard closely followed by myself. Caesar's imperious voice rang out: 'Come on, men, don't let your standard be taken'. With a loud cheer the men followed him, to do battle with the Britons. Immediately, a fierce hand-to-hand conflict ensued. They outnumbered us by about three to one, and also had the advantage of the slope. The battle swayed to and fro until at length we began steadily ascending the cliff path. Eventually, with Ceasar in the lead we reached the top and our military experience and discipline triumphed. Two of our veterans, Marcus Valentius and Paulus Tiberius Vontius, killed the British leader, Cassivellaunus,

\*PAUL CHAPMAN, born February 1, 1939; entered Worth, September 1947; Choir; Librarian; 1st XI Cricket; School Prefect.



King of the Regni. Seeing their leader killed, the Britons fled. We pursued them, capturing and killing many. We then buried our dead and found that our numbers had been reduced by half. We interrogated the captives and learnt that among the warriors we had slain was Cassivellaunus's son, Carl. We pitched camp and had a well-earned meal. We then turned in for the night, but before I turned in I posted sentries. On the following morning we sent forth two expeditions of three hundred men to bring in more provisions. They came back laden with provisions and also loot. We stayed two more days in Britain, then we boarded our ships and sailed back to Gaul. As the coastline of Britain receded we thought of our dead comrades and when we would next visit Britain. Little did we know that only next year we would be back in Britain again.

## TRINITY ISLANDS

by J. E. HOWARD\*

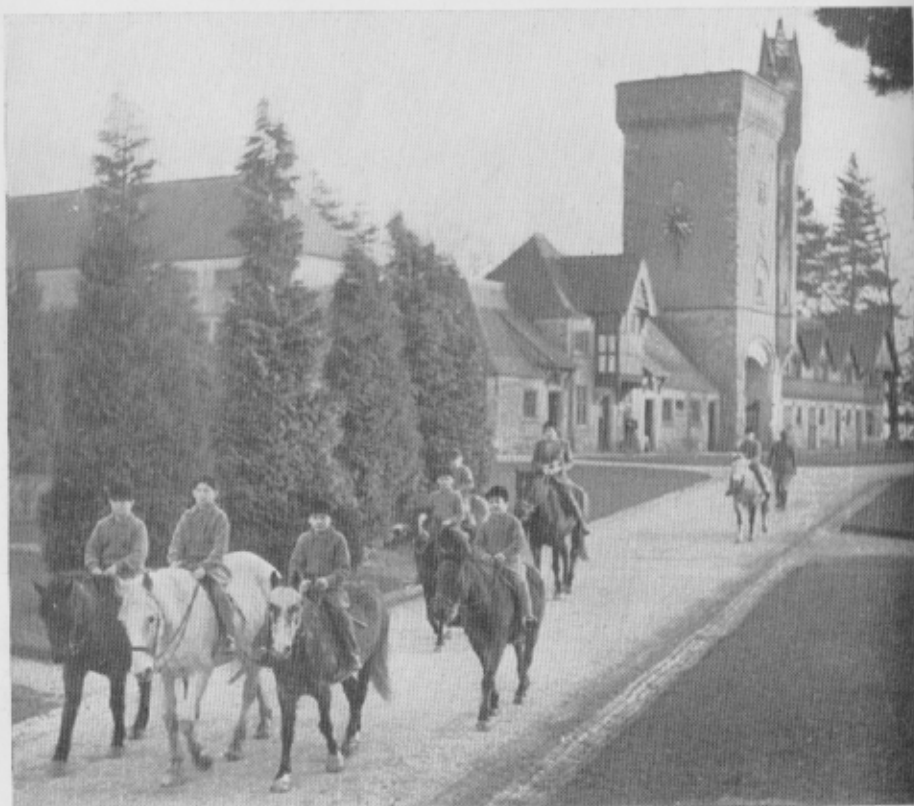
'Whack! Ouch!' The rope's end came heavily down upon my sleeping form, a voice scowled: 'Git up and light the galley fire'. I jumped out of my bunk, dressed hastily and ran out to light the fire. I was just rushing into the galley when I bumped into the second mate with a tin of oil in his hands. 'Oops—sorry sir.' The oil was oozing out of the tin, and I felt a heavy hand crash down upon my ear. I got up sulkily and walked into the galley, where I met my friend Tim. I lit the fire and brought the captain his breakfast. When I returned to the galley I found Tim, with a steaming hot plate of porridge, laying the table. After lunch I was just washing up the plates and cutlery when I heard the look-out cry out: 'Ship ahoy!' The ship proved to be a pirate of small size but very well armed, and our captain sang out: 'To arms'. I ran down into my cabin and got out my sword and my pistol, and then I got a few biscuits and pieces of bread; then I ran up the stairs and out on deck, where a knot of men were standing and looking at the other vessel. Bang! A cannon-ball wizzed past my head, narrowly missing the mate and plunging with a splash into the water on the starboard side of our ship. Bang! A second cannon-ball came zooming towards us; this time it hit us in the bows and I heard the rush of water under the decks. Then, as I was looking round desperately for some means of escape, I saw a thing which put hope into my heart—a thing which nobody had noticed before in the excitement of the pirate appearing. My eyes were looking past the fore-hatch and in the middle of the ocean I saw three dots which I knew to be islands. As I was looking I saw a figure, the figure of Tim; he had seen me looking so attentively out upon the ocean, so he too looked and he too saw the islands. 'Quick, get into the dinghy', he whispered hastily in my ear. I jumped into the dinghy, and then I remembered that if we were on the islands we would not have any food or ammunition, so that we would not be able to eat or catch. I got some and piled it into the boat and then we shoved off. To cut a long story short, after two days and two nights, we woke to find ourselves moving slowly with the waves into a small bay or inlet with a beautiful golden beach in front of us,

\*JOHN HOWARD, born June 2, 1940; entered Worth, September 1950.



FIRST XV v. EPSOM COLLEGE JUNIORS





THE SCHOOL LIBRARY



*Below: Finishing Touches*



*Riding School; woodcutting;  
'I'll huff and I'll puff'.*





#### THE FIRST XV, 1951

(Standing): I. P. Whatley, K. P. Andrews, M. D. C. Cuss, M. J. R. Mellotte, P. A. Kavanagh, P. D. T. Galvin, H. J. Conlin, A. J. MacKenzie.  
 (Sitting): A. J. Lesser, P. R. Chapman, C. F. F. Moysey (Captain), J. J. Bourne, N. J. Martin.  
 (In Front): E. F. Maynard, M. P. Callender



JUNIOR HOUSE PLAY—'Under the Skull and Cross Bones.'

and a rough mountain-side covered with palm trees and other tropical plants and trees. We landed, and after a long sleep in a small cave that we found, we woke up to find that we were extremely hungry, so I said to Tim: 'Let's go down to the shore and get some food'. Tim nodded and we both ran down the sandy beach towards the boat. We had a good dinner and I shot a small parrot which was very tasty. Next day we explored and found that there were two other islands each about a hundred yards away from ours, which was in the middle. Three months later we sighted a ship that took us back to England. We had discovered what we named the Trinity Islands!

#### THE OTHER SIDE TO CHRISTMAS

by P. G. KENNEDY\*

He lay there, under a group of elms long bereft of their leaves, shivering with cold. A bank of moss served as his pillow, and a thin scattering of snow as his bed. As his eyes wandered restlessly, they suddenly fixed themselves on the little village half a mile down the road. Distant sounds of merriment reached his benumbed ears, and as he rested under the starry heavens, he thought of Christmas tomorrow. He was but a weary tramp in ragged attire, and his sole possessions were a thin mongrel, which he had found by the roadside the preceding winter, and a sixpenny piece, with which he would buy some bread on the morrow. Christmas was no joy for him, but just another cold and frosty winter's day. He thought of the many gifts and joys of Christmas which were so far from him. Nevertheless he was contented with his lot, for he was used to hardships. Everyone, except himself, would have something to gladden their hearts. He breathed a short prayer and, snuggling close to his dog, fell into a peaceful sleep of pure fatigue.

#### CHRISTMAS-TIDE

by A. BURTON\*

Christmas approaches. . . . One might think of this great feast as a general party day, or believe the flabby centenarians who are strongly in favour of Victorian Christmases, and picture a pig roasting on the spit together with a big, flaming Christmas pudding. Probably carol singers have a different view of the matter, Christmas starting for them on Christmas Eve and ending in the early hours of the morning of Boxing Day. But for Christmas there must be two essential factors: snow, and Christmas cards. At the coming of Advent the weather chills, and soon the snow starts to fall. Unfortunately the snow would decide to thaw a few days before Christmas, resulting in an increasing flow of melted snow running down the garden path. Finally, on Christmas Day itself,

\*PETER KENNEDY, born March 28, 1939; entered Worth, September 1948; Choir; acted in *Babes in the Wood* and *Mime*; School Prefect.

\*ANTHONY BURTON, born August 9, 1939; entered Worth, September 1947; acted in *Babes in the Wood* 1951, *Mother Goose* 1951; Dormitory Prefect; Choir.



there is such a gigantic river on the move that one can only walk at all comfortably in wellingtons. Queerly enough, Christmas cards flow in at the same time as the melted snow. Within a week of Christmas Day they start coming in, becoming more and increasingly numerous, cluttering up every room, brightening every nook and cranny on the mantelpiece, and on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day itself, they arrive by every post as thick and fast as the election results on the afternoon of October the twenty-sixth. We must admit that the traditional makings of Christmas have their discomforts, but as snowballing is a pleasant pastime and it is fun reading the cards, discomforts are repaid by fun and all helps in the jollification of Christmas.

## LOST IN LONDON

by D. KEANE\*

In September, when I was coming back to school, I met with a most alarming incident. Usually I had met somebody at Paddington who took me across London, but this term it could not be arranged. I had to go to a dentist whom I had never seen before. When I arrived at Paddington I had three hours in which I had to go to the dentist and then on to Victoria. I took a taxi to the dentist, where I had to wait for twenty minutes before being seen by her. She filed my bottom plate and then gave me a card on which was written the time of my next appointment. I walked outside and found that a breeze had blown up and that it was raining heavily. I wandered about for about half an hour without seeing a taxi-rank anywhere. Now I began to get alarmed, because I found that I had wandered near the centre of London. I went into a small café where I ordered a snack. After finishing it I felt very drowsy and before I knew where I was I had fallen asleep. I was suddenly awoken by one of the attendants, who told me that the time was ten past three and that they were closing. When I heard what the time was I nearly panicked. I had ten minutes to get to Victoria. Luckily for me a taxi had stopped a few yards away. I got into it. I arrived in Victoria just in time to get on the school train.

## CHRISTMAS DAY

by J. V. A. HADKINSON\*

It was on December 25th that Our Lord was born. So on Christmas Day everybody should be happy and glorify Him, because He redeemed us. On that day nobody should fight, because it is a day of peace. There also should be no killing. Just think of it! Our Lady, and St Joseph didn't have any toys to give to Our Lord, because they were so poor, but we have lovely toys, and we also have a nice warm room. Do you think Jesus had a nice warm room? Of course not! It is lucky that Jesus didn't die of coldness and starvation. On

\*DESMOND KEANE, born August 21, 1941; entered Worth, September 1949; acted in *Dick Whittington* and *Under the Skull and Bones*.

\*JAMES HADKINSON, born December 31, 1939; entered Worth, September 1948; Choir.

Christmas Day we have a lovely Christmas tree with hundreds of candles spread about the tree. It is lovely to hear the peal of bells, to announce that it is time for midnight Mass, and when you go to church, you see only the candles, which give light, whilst outside it is all dark and silent except for the children singing carols. If you notice, on Christmas Day it is always fine. Early in the morning all the children come to see what presents they have got, except for the poor children whose mothers can't afford to buy them any. Later on in the morning most of the children make snowballs and snowmen, if there is any snow. Some lucky children go to parties, where there is perhaps a Santa Claus, but some don't.

## TWO YEARS IN GERMANY

by M. LEGGE\*

About five years ago, when I was eight years old, my mother decided that she and me and my brother and sister would go out to Germany, because my father was in the army out there. The part where we were going was occupied by the British. A few months later we set sail. The journey was quite long and boring, and I cannot remember much about it. When we got to Germany it was very cold, for it was winter, and it is twice as cold in Germany as it is in England in winter. We got off the boat and got into some buses which were waiting. We were driven to a town quite far off, and the road was very bumpy. My father met us there and we went to a hotel near-by. After we had had a meal we got into a jeep and drove to our house (which my father had bought) about fifty miles away. When we got there it was nearly twelve o'clock so we went to bed almost immediately. The next day was very cold, the snow was about two feet deep, and it was still snowing. We had a Christmas tree and we celebrated Christmas because Christmas Day had been on the way here. In the afternoon we went for a walk round about the place. The hours, the days, the weeks, the months, and almost a year went by. We had a very good time, skating, ski-ing, and tobogganing in the winter, swimming, picknicking in the summer. The summer is very hot in Germany. As I have said, for the best part of a year we stayed in the same place, until we decided we would move. We then went to a smallish town on the outskirts of Hamburg. We had a very big house there and a lovely garden with a big pond at the bottom. By then we had two dogs, an Alsatian, and a cocker-spaniel. The next winter we made up our minds to stay at a place about one hundred miles away, to do some ski-ing. We packed all our clothes, and a few days later we set off. It was the worst journey I had ever experienced. One hundred miles on slippery roads, because the snow very was deep, in mid-winter, in a cold jeep. We often skidded and missed the ditch by inches, and saw lots of machines for clearing snow off the roads. We got there late that night so we could not see what the place round about was like. The next morning we got up quite late on account of the long tiring journey, and after breakfast we went out. The hotel was quite high up so

\*MICHAEL LEGGE, born November 15, 1938; entered Worth, September 1948; Cross-country team 1950.



that there was a long way to ski down. We had no skis so we went out to try and buy some. But they were very scarce and after a lot of trouble we managed to get some. When I put mine on for the first time and had a go, I fell flat, but later I got better and could ski down with only a few falls, if any. Once or twice we got into a big sleigh drawn by horses and went to a small place called the Witch's House. It was a very small cottage or house which looked like a witch's house. You could go in and have a nice cup of cocoa or Ovaltine and a few biscuits. Sometimes we skied or tobogganed down the mountain-side. After a few happy weeks at this place, which I think was called 'Badhartsburg', we had to leave. The journey back was nearly as bad as the coming one, but nevertheless we arrived home safely. The next summer we went to a beautiful sea-side place quite far away. The hotel in which I stayed was very comfortable and only a few yards away from the beach. When we got there they were building a pier, and the next year when we went there it was completed. There was a fair-ground near-by. The weather was very warm there. We spent many a happy day there. We went to a lovely swimming-pool if we could not go to the sea. Nothing much more happened in my two years in Germany. We had a good journey back to Ireland and soon afterwards I came to Worth.

## THE CROAGH PATRICK PILGRIMAGE

by M. S. MOORHEAD\*

If any of you had been on the Croagh Patrick pilgrimage you will know what a terrible ordeal it is, but I doubt if that has happened, or ever will. If you live as far away from Westport (which is the town nearest to the mountain) as I do, I expect that you will start at about 11 o'clock at night and get there about twelve-thirty. That is just the beginning, and before I dive headlong into the story I would like to tell you a little bit about the mountain, etc. The pilgrimage was made in honour of St Patrick's forty days' fast on top of the mountain and has been going on for a very long time, much longer than I can remember. I think that it is the stiffest pilgrimage in the British Isles. To get back to the story: when you get out of your car you are practically surrounded by people selling luminous badges, medals, staves and all kinds of things. When you have got away you get to the bottom of the path that leads up the mountain, and you see stalls where they sell statues of St Patrick, drinks of orange-juice, and refreshments. Soon you get up a bit further and in the middle of the path there is a statue of St Patrick. The people who are doing the pilgrimage well (which I wasn't) have to walk around it a number of times and say Hail Marys, Our Fathers and other prayers. After that you go up to the top of a mountain (not Croagh Patrick), then you turn to the right and go down a bit between the two mountains. Just at the bottom of the dip there is another statue of some sort where you have to walk around saying more prayers. When you have finished that you go up Croagh Patrick itself. This is the worst bit of the pilgrimage: it

\*MARTIN MOORHEAD, born October 9, 1938; entered Worth, Autumn 1949; Assistant Librarian.

is the steepest mountainside I have ever been up. It was so steep that you could walk up it with your hands touching the ground with the greatest of ease, the boulders were big and sharp, and they rolled away from under you so that every step you took you almost rolled back two. If you started rolling really quickly, it would be impossible to stop until you hit the bottom. By the time you get to this bit you are nearly dead beat and I am sure that if you could see that mountain towering above you in all its splendour you would faint. Luckily I couldn't see it. When you are about half-way up, the first grey streaks of an Irish dawn can be seen in the east. By the time the sun has risen you are about three-quarters of the way up. When you look up to wipe the sweat off your brow, or to collapse from sheer exhaustion or something of the kind, you see, stretched out below you, the most beautiful scene that I should think you ever have or ever will see. You look down on Clew Bay which is studded with small islands and is almost surrounded by mountains. It hits you like a bomb, the lovely beauty of it. Then, after you have torn your eyes away from the scene and looked behind you, it is just as beautiful—the mountains with small lakes in between them and a few cottages dotted here and there over the countryside. Then you look up at the mountain above you and you see how far you have to climb, it half spoils the view. Well, after a short rest you struggle onward (or should I say backward?) over the boulders. After about half an hour of this you reach the first few stalls before the top of the mountain. All the time you are doing this you are getting bumped into by people coming down the mountain, which makes it more difficult. When you do at last stagger on to the top, you have to queue up to get Holy Communion. When you have received Holy Communion you are meant to walk around the chapel on the top saying prayers, but I, I am sorry to say, did not do that, but ate a few wafer biscuits and chocolate. After that, my friend and I struggled down, which is just as difficult as coming up. We did not go down by the path, we went off it and went down by the heather. When we had got down the mountain itself, we went back on to the path, and reached the bottom almost fainting. We nearly missed the car, but found it eventually. We immediately plopped into the seat and were soon asleep, only to be woken up when we got home so that that we could go to bed. We slept all that day and woke up in the evening and had supper and discussed the journey.

## THE DOWNSIDE SCHOOL SONG BOOK\*

When, in 1934, a small volume was produced by D. Thomas Symons under the title *Some Songs of Downside School*, he made it clear that this was a purely private venture, designed partly to mark the end of a period of nearly twenty years during which he was in charge of the school choir, and partly to lead up to the publication of the official Song Book. Now at long last D. Alphege Shebbeare's *Downside School Song Book* has appeared in print. For nearly thirty years the songs in this collection have been known to many Gregorians, while some of them have passed the test of public performance. The School Song itself

\*Obtainable at Downside Abbey, price 7s. 6d.

has been sung on all public occasions ever since its publication. The words of some of the songs may now sound out of date; but many of the good things that we once knew are out of date, and if we cherish the happy memories of past days and celebrate and perpetuate them in song, so much the better for us.

All the musical settings in this volume are by D. Alphege, the words being contributed by the late Stephen Hewett (author of the School Song), Mr J. O'Connor, Neville H. Watts, D. Lucius Graham, D. Ambrose Agius, the late D. Roger Hudleston, and D. Alphege himself. Some of the songs deal with the Mendip countryside, some with traditional Downside pastime and custom, others, serious or in lighter vein, are occasional. To mention on a few, we have the *Fosseway*, with its splendid march rhythm; the *Roll of Honour*, truly a 'solemn melody', noble and majestic; the *Romantic Valley*, in which the accompaniment forms a masterly set of Variations; *Great Bede*, enshrining many a hallowed association. As for the School Song, we may recall here the words written by Outram Evennett in the *Raven* for the Summer Term 1951: 'If Dom Alphege had given nothing more to Downside than the music of the School Song . . . that alone would have been sufficient to win for him one of the highest places in the roll of her [Downside's] benefactors. What other School can boast a song remotely approximating the greatness of *Patriae domus decorem*?'

D. Alphege's work is too well known to the musical world to need commendation here; nevertheless, we cannot refrain from remarking on the singular originality and beauty of his muse. You will not find in this Song Book the ordinary, the common, the obvious. There is no pandering to a supposed low, 'popular' or 'hearty' taste. All is on a high level of musicianship and Downside may well be proud of her songs. We have only one regret: that the House Songs were not included in this fine volume.

## STAMP CLUB LETTER

My dear young Philatelists,

I was so glad that no one attempted to solve the 'farthingale' riddle propounded in my letter of last term, since I am left in possession of the prize—a beautiful stamp, free (as they say in the schoolboy trade) and without the obligation of buying other stamps sent 'on approval'. No doubt you will think this sudden announcement of a prize to be one more clever piece of juggling (all done with mirrors, of course); but actually my failure to mention it before was quite accidental—the sort of thing which a person in my position might overlook any day. In any case we shall now change the subject and talk of stamps and their treatment. 'Be gentle and kind, O soft-fingered hands of a child'—that is the general line of argument adopted by poets who collect stamps, and the warning could not be bettered. When I behold the way in which you boys handle your lovely specimens I get all hot under the collar; can't you understand that the poet meant you to use tweezers? Take it from me, *cum grano salis*, that no stamp should ever be touched by human hand, above all not by the—Oh!

—hands of a child. Has it, by the way, never occurred to you that the last Queen Victoria stamps of Britain were issued in 1887 and that that year was the year of my birth? Putting two and two together and making all necessary additions and subtractions, you can now guess not only my age but also the real reason for printing such nice stamps. And that reminds me that I was born with a blue ribbon (inscribed 'Vote for Winnie') round my little neck. So that although you may guess my age, you will never, never guess my politics. Of course, as a matter of pure historical interest, I don't mind telling you straight that I voted the right way, aided and abetted by the two Junior House pussies, Charles and George, who spent the best part of a week electioneering in the neighbourhood. My word, how they went at it! Tooth and nail! And the music of it! 'Every note was worth a vote.' Ah me! Music used to be 'a lovesome thing, God wot'; but ideas have changed. Nowadays no one dares to describe music as 'beautiful', 'sonorous', 'majestic'; '*nobilmente*' went out with Elgar and '*dolce*' with Brahms. Such qualities as these have no meaning for the modern person. The music of today has to be 'cynical', 'sardonic', 'ironical', 'satirical'; indeed, things are so topsy-turvy that a recent musical review quite seriously praised one of the themes of a certain Sixth Symphony for being *banal*—a thing that used to be regarded as mildly damning. It is true that the great classical composer had their off-days, even their 'gaga' periods (usually the last infirmity of their noble minds); some of them had moments of being '*aufgeknüpft*', others lost the thread of their argument in 'heavenly lengths'; a few ended up in Music Asylums. But by and large they all played fair. We may not be able to appreciate everything they wrote, but we know at least that they all tried to write music. Much the same may be said of painting and sculpture. Today these two arts are hardly allowed outside our Museums and Art Galleries. For exhibitions and ordinary consumption anything will do: chunks of stone, wood, marble or other medium are called 'mother and child' or 'family group' or 'lions at play', regardless of their actual shape and contour, when a little more imagination and some harder work with the chisel might have put the breath of life into the senseless blocks. I have before me a *lusus naturae*, a freak of nature, picked up by Duffield on Chanctonbury Ring, that could quite well challenge comparison with anything exhibited at the Battle of Britain Festival. In one position it looks exactly like an intelligent cow, recumbent; turned upside down it gives an admirably life-like impression of a 'mother and child'—quite in the modern manner. But I must pass from Music and Art to Letters. You may remember that I once told you all about the *Freedom of the Press*. For me, this Freedom means that I am allowed to write these interesting letters; for you, dear contributors, it means not only that you may read my letters but also that each one of you is free to hand in a literary effort of some sort to the Editor of the *Worth Record* (who is no other than myself: note the wheels within wheels). *Freedom of the Press* must never be confused with slipshod prose or with verse that neither scans nor makes sense; nor is it any guarantee that what you offer will be immortalised in print. As regards your actual contributions, do please give (1) your name and initials: Editors get so confused between the various Hoskin boys (major, minor, minimus) and the several Joskin boys

(maximus, major, minor); (2) the date of your birth (February 29th or April 1st, as the case may be); (3) the date of your entry, surreptitious, adventitious, suppositious or what not, into Worth ('three years ago come Lammas Tide', or 'years before reaching the age of discretion'—choose your own method of calculation). In the case of those who have or have not been Smiled upon by Fortune, state, with all due modesty, whether you are Prefect, Subject, or as they say in the Latin Primer, just 'wanting'. A few last words of advice: write as many Limericks as you can, but don't send them in. (Remember the Law of Diminishing Returns—not that you will understand this Law until you have had as many birthdays as I have.) Beware of puzzles, anagrams, monograms, cryptograms and such-like: the Editor doesn't understand riddles; and in any case the *Worth Record* was never intended to be a substitute for the Intelligence Test. If I can remember anything more I shall tell you in my next letter. Good-bye, and may your swords be mightier than your pens.

Your loving little

DIOGENES PHILATELISTA

P.S. Sorry, but I can't decide which way round my last sentence ought to be. You had better shut your eyes and open your mouths and choose for yourselves.

## RIDING

On Saturday, July 21st, we had our second annual Gymkhana. This year the weather was fine and sunny, and the show went with even more than its usual precision in the experienced hands of Mr R. F. Barnett and Mr G. B. Shaw. The riding classes were judged by Mr and Mrs Slane Fleming, and we were pleased to see more of our boys and ponies winning rosettes than we saw last year. Patrick Milmo won the jumping for riders of 12-14 years, having a clear round after the jumps had been raised, while Nicholas Thompson got second and fourth places on 'Bay Rum' and 'Flashlight'. As both these horses have been taught to jump at Worth, and 'Bay Rum' had only been ridden for five months and was competing in his first Gymkhana, this was a splendid achievement by Thompson and says much for the training both of horse and rider by Miss Sacré and Miss Moore. D. Keane and R. Foley won rosettes in the pony pairs under 13.2 hands, and R. White and N. Martin in the Open Pairs. Our pony 'Jimmy', at the venerable age of nearly twenty, crowned his career at Worth by winning a rosette in the class for 'Best Riding School Pony'. He was ridden by Desmond Birkett.

Among the many friends who help each year to make the gymkhana such a success we were very glad to welcome Miss Walsh and Miss Fleming, who both did so much for our Riding School. Suitably enough, they won the Open Pairs together. We would also like to record our debt to the Matthews family, who arrive with ponies and riders in such large numbers and who are obviously out for enjoyment rather than rosettes; to Captain Barran and Mrs Scott, who assisted in the judging; and to Dom Michael, who provides such smart Scouts to act as messengers.

One of the most pleasant events in connection with riding at Worth occurred during the summer holidays, when some thirty-five children of the Chiddingfold Farmers Hunt Pony Club came for a week's camp. For seven days the neighbourhood of the Junior House, where, thanks to Fr Prior's generosity, they were quartered, was a busy scene of ponies and riders of all ages and sizes; those of us who were here admired the smart turn-out and keenness of their morning classes, with the indefatigable Mr Shaw ever prepared to revive weary spirits with lemonade and chocolate biscuits. One afternoon a joint Gymkhana was held with the Turner's Hill Pony Club, and the Trotting Race produced a fine spectacle of some fifty ponies coming in line up the Park. The camp was much enjoyed by all.

We offer our sympathy to Miss Moore, who was unlucky enough to break an ankle three days before the Autumn term began. Her place has been ably filled by Miss Z. Collins. Although we have lost many of our best riders to Downside, there is a crowd of newcomers who, we hope, will one day be good enough to take their places.

The Riding Cup this year was awarded to Terence Phelan.

J.D.A.

## FILMS

The season opened with an old favourite, *Bulldog Jack*. Although this film has been seen several times already at Worth, and the costumes date it as roughly 1935, the antics of the Hulbert brothers drew the usual riotous laughter, and the sequence of the runaway tube-train has lost nothing in the passing of years. *Gulliver's Travels* was a rather uneasy mixture of an English classic with transatlantic idiom, and the sugar-cake hero and heroine produced a tediousness which only the diabolical agents of King Bombo and their thunder-machine could dispel. In contrast, John Mills was a realistic submarine commander in our third film *Morning Departure*; far from proving gruesome, the quiet end of four men trapped in sixty fathoms excited an intense feeling of admiration for the calm bravery typical of the Royal Navy.

The next three films were historical, *Tudor Rose* dealing with Lady Jane Grey, *Trapped by the Terror* with the adventures of a boy in the French Revolution, and *Christopher Columbus* with much else in technicolour besides the discovery of America. Apart from their intrinsic interest, these films have great value in making history come very much alive for a young audience. In three weeks we visited Hampton Court Palace, Somerset House, a French Chateau, and the Escorial, and met Henry VIII, Edward VI, Ferdinand and Isabella, and a host of nobles and ruffians of England, Spain, and France in bygone centuries. The singing of the *Salve Regina* on board the *Santa Maria* gave the audience a bond with Columbus and his crew.

If the next film was hardly history, it certainly recorded some remarkable achievements with the Marx Brothers swinging across the ceilings of their *Big Store* on roller skates and the electric lights. As in other American films, there were some tedious interludes of canned music, but the speed of the subsequent



action soon redeemed them. Perhaps the same can be said of *The Small Back Room*, where only the thrill of dismantling a new type of bomb on the sea-shore could compensate for much that went before. Four more films remain this term, and will be noticed in the next issue.

Finally, a word may be said about our own film. During the past nine months D. James, with a camera kindly presented by Mr Wells, has been filming our day-to-day activities in colour. Sports, Prize Day, Gymkhana, bathing, cricket, rugger, all are recorded with a professional touch. In a short time we hope to have all the pieces edited, and possibly a sound-track added. We are very grateful to those parents who have kindly given us the film to make this possible.

J.D.A.

## SCOUTS

After the end of the Summer Term, the annual Camp was held in the field by the Archway Lodge. Dom Denis and Dom Bruno most kindly came along to help the G.S.M. to run the Camp, and so the nine boys who came to it had a very enjoyable time. Their spare-time activities chiefly consisted in swimming, riding ponies and bicycles, and shooting. A Camp Fire was held every evening, and many visitors came to join in the singing, including the young monks from Ealing Priory, who were staying at Worth at the time. The fact that the boys benefited from their seven days under canvas is shown by the amount of weight which they all put on in this time. M. Cuss went up the most—by ten pounds!

In the Michaelmas Term the Troop dropped considerably in numbers. It is hoped that the quality of the Troop, however, will steadily increase. At the beginning of the term three Sundays were spent in the Bluebell Wood, where lunch was cooked by the Scouts at their patrol sites, and work on their permanent shelters or huts made good progress.

Work at tests has been slow and disappointing. But P.L. M. Cuss (Storks) has at last gained his 2nd Class Badge. And before the end of term some more Scouts ought to gain this Badge, and a Proficiency Badge or two, as well.

B.M.S.

## THE CUBS

This term we have formed our new Cub Pack with Alexander as head-sixer, and Keane, Turnbull II, Rowbotham II and Plunkett II as the other sixers. We have had some very enjoyable Sundays in the woods. Rowbotham and his six once even forgot about lunch! Another time Keane and his six lost themselves so thoroughly (typical of Cubs!), that it took the others boys an hour to find them. On All Saints we had hot soup and smoky eyes by Hole Farm, and then a game of 'French and English'. On wet days we once had a fine paper-chase, and once an indoor steeple-chase and other games. We have nearly all passed most of our first star tests; and sometimes we remember to do our daily good turn! Until it became wet each six was busy building its den, and so far Turnbull's den is the best. But whether it is wet or fine, we can usually find something to do, which we all can enjoy.

P.R.B.

## ATHLETIC SPORTS

The Sports Finals were decided on Saturday, July 14th, in dull weather, before a good company of spectators. The Scout Troop provided very efficient stewards, and for the first time we had a loud-speaker system, provided by 'Tannoy', whereby Dom Denis was able to make the usual announcements before and after the events. He thus had the pleasure of informing us that during the afternoon four new records were set up.

The best of these was A. L. Turnbull's improvement by .7 sec. on the old record for the Senior 220 yards. He ran very well all the way to win in 28.3 seconds. Coward ran strongly, but not with very good style, to win the Senior 440 yards in 66.3 seconds, which was .3 seconds better than the previous record. The Junior 440 yards provided an epic contest between the powerfully-built M. Cuss and the slightly-built A. Rigby. The two ran about half the race with an inch or two between them. Cuss just managed to keep his chest in front at the tape, and his winning time of 72.2 seconds knocked .1 second off the old record. The Junior 220 yards had already produced a remarkably close race between these two runners: on that occasion Rigby had just won, but not in record time. The fourth record of the afternoon was set up by Strickland, who won the Division IV 100 yards in 13.2 seconds.

The Cup for the League which gained most points in the Sports was won easily by the Golds. They gained seven points (out of eleven) from the first race of the afternoon, and were never overtaken after that. The Blues were second when nine of the sixteen events had been decided. But thereafter they fell away, and gaining only six points from the last seven events they were first overtaken by the Silvers and then by the Reds. The final scores were: Golds 78, Silvers 40, Reds 34, Blues 28.

On other days the Relay Races and Tug-of-War took place. The Golds had a powerful team in the Senior Relay, and they won it comfortably: the Reds were second, the Blues third and the Silvers fourth. The Junior Relay was much closer. The Blues led for most of the way, and were leading in the last lap: but Rigby ran superbly to snatch the victory for the Silvers in the last few yards. The Reds were third and the Golds last, in spite of a fine effort by Cuss at the end. The Tug-of-War was won by the Golds in a most exciting final, after the Reds had easily beaten the Blues.

## CRICKET

The 1st XI has had one of its more successful seasons. Of the 11 matches played, 7 were won, 3 drawn, and 1 lost. And there were several encouraging features. For instance, on seven occasions boys from the 1st game made individual scores of over 50 runs in matches; Maynard by scoring 90 against Font Hill made the highest score reached so far by a Worth boy in a school match; Chignell was the first boy here to get over 50 wickets in a season. Neither of these boys is in his last year. And finally Ardingly was beaten for the first time since the war.

The side was a solid one, and although it contained several players of real



promise, it did not rely on just a few. There was batting, with some elements of stroke play, right down the side. All this was obviously not created in a season; it was based on the individual coaching, in the case of most boys, of the last four seasons, and indeed founded on the work of Dom Jerome in the Tower House. Yet there is no one here who can doubt that if it had not been for our senior coach, Mr Bott, the boys would not have developed so very well this year. Patience, industry, a profound knowledge and love of the game, and the gift of the memorable phrase (he was never known to be at a loss for an answer), were all his, and we hope he will continue for long to strengthen our Cricket here at Worth. Mr Bott was ably assisted in the nets by Mr Cordier for the whole term, and by Kevin Wylie, Captain of Cricket at Downside in 1950, once the Oxford term was over. This made it possible for over a hundred boys to have individual coaching in the nets.

The averages are given at the end of this account and on the whole speak for themselves. N. J. Martin, the Captain of the side, is the one to whom they do least justice. His largest score, a 54 against St George's, Weybridge, he made in an under-13 match and so it is not counted in the 1st XI averages. Even allowing for this, it cannot be said that his average indicates his quality as a batsman. He is a really promising stroke player with, apart from one defect, a sound defence. He was out nearly every time l.b.w. through stepping back too casually to play a defensive stroke. He has to learn to play this, and indeed all his strokes, more crisply. He is an excellent fielder and was a good captain on and off the field.

Conlin was the most improved player on the side. His 52 in the last match of the season showed him to be developing into a really solid left-handed batsman. He is still rather a slow scorer (his 50 took nearly 2 hours), but he has the strokes and powerful shoulders and, if looked after, should become a very good player. Hardy watches the ball excellently and plays an impeccably straight bat, but at the moment he allows a defensive outlook to dominate his play. His fielding was as careless as his batting was careful. And it must be said of the team as a whole that although they greatly improved, their fielding was below the standard of the rest of their game. Michael Morris, our opening batsman with Conlin, always looked, with his beautiful off-drive and his firm defence, as though he should make big scores, but at the moment he lacks the patience and the poise to bring this about. He should, however, with his enthusiasm and his basic soundness be able to develop a score-building temperament.

Six members of the team will be at Worth for another season, and the fact that two of these 12-year-olds headed the bowling averages and four of them were in the first five places in the batting averages, while the Fielding Cup was awarded to one of them, Anthony Lesser, offers high hope for next season. That Maynard and Chignell should both at their age have made over 200 runs in matches is remarkable. They were, together with Martin, awarded Cricket Bats by the *London Evening Star* for outstanding performances during the course of the season.

We won our first match, against Epsom College juniors, by 10 wickets. Epsom batted first and were got out for 12 runs, Chignell taking 7 wickets for

4 runs. We were 18 before the 1st wicket fell. In our second match, against Avisford, we batted first and made 133 runs for 6 wickets before declaring. Scores of 19, 18 and 17 by Martin, Kavanagh and Chignell were followed by a sparkling 52 not out by Maynard, who looked like a little professional making runs all around the wicket. Avisford were all out for 65 runs. Chignell took 4 for 17 and Maynard 3 for 20. Our third match, against Ardingly Junior House, was probably our hardest game of the season, and so we were pleased when we won it by 6 wickets. They were all out for 55. It was Chignell's match, for after taking 6 wickets for 27 runs he made 42 runs.

Our first home match was against St John Fisher School. We made 114 for 8 wickets declared (Maynard being 58 not out), and got our opponents out for 32 runs. It was in this match that Kavanagh showed us how much his bowling was improving. We went to Ashfold for our next match, confident of an easy victory against opponents we have beaten easily in recent years. We received a most healthy shock that made Mr Bott's work in the nets more fruitful in the weeks to come. Against very bad fielding our opponents made 104 on an easy wicket. We lost several early wickets cheaply, and then terror gripped the batsmen, who only managed to poke up 52 runs.

In the next match against St Benedict's, Ealing, the team returned to its true form and scored 138 for 8 declared, while getting Ealing out for 35 runs. The outstanding feature was 35 made by Kavanagh, scored principally with a number of lovely cover drives. In a return match against Epsom we won by nine wickets. They made 28 runs. During the course of our innings Chignell made 57 runs.

The Parents' Match is the one the boys usually enjoy most, and this year's was certainly no exception. The School, put in first, were allowed to make 146 runs, the Parents only occasionally showing their venom. For instance, Mr Andrews as wicket-keeper accounted for 4 wickets in truly County style, and might have had many more had he not been encouraged by Mr Chignell, their Captain, to be kindly. Even so, the score was creditable, particularly the last-wicket stand of 57 runs by Lesser and Callender when the Parents were only too anxious to retire, if they could, to the deck chairs and the shade. Anthony Chignell proved to be on the top of his bowling form, and ably assisted by Kavanagh and Maynard, dismissed the Parents for 86 runs—but not before we had seen a delightful 23 from Mr Hardy.

The Ladycross match was at Worth this year. Unfortunately the game started late and they were thus able to force a draw. We declared at 127 for 7 wickets, Chignell scoring an excellent 32, making his strokes with a control and an orthodoxy that was new for him. Ladycross were 46 for 8 when stumps were drawn. Our bowling was erratic, showing the obvious effects of the boys being too conscious of the lack of time. Nevertheless, Chignell's 6 for 20 was a very good performance. Our last match, against Fonhill, was also drawn, but again very much in our favour. We made 184 for 5 declared, Maynard making a splendid 90 and Conlin his first 50. The declaration was probably delayed too long to let Conlin get his 50 and Fonhill were 71 for 9, Chignell again taking the bowling honours with 5 for 15.

This summary will have made it clear that Chignell, Maynard and Kavanagh, three boys not in their last year, were the most effective members of the XI, but their achievement should not be allowed to put into the shade that of those members of the team mentioned in the beginning of the account who are going on to Downside this year.

The team was: N. J. Martin\* (Capt.), A. L. Chignell,\* E. F. Maynard,\* D. R. A. Hardy,\* P. A. Kavanagh,\* H. J. Conlin,\* Hon. M. D. Morris, P. R. Chapman, A. L. Turnbull, J. A. Lesser, M. P. Callender.

\* Indicates Cap

#### 1ST XI AVERAGES

##### BATTING AVERAGES

Name	Innings	Not Outs	Runs	Highest Score	Average
1. Maynard	11	3	244	90	30.6
2. Chignell	11	—	214	57	19.136
3. Lesser	6	3	54	24 n.o.	18
4. Conlin	9	—	124	52	13.73
5. Hardy	10	3	79	31	11.284
6. Kavanagh	11	—	122	35	11.1
7. Chapman	10	1	93	18	9.27
8. Martin	10	—	68	19	6.6

##### BOWLING ANALYSIS

Name	Balls	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
1. Chignell	812	174 $\frac{2}{3}$	44	221	51	4.35
2. Kavanagh	465	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	26	90	17	5.29
3. Hardy	230	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	11	50	8	6.3
4. Maynard	286	47 $\frac{2}{3}$	10	113	16	7.06
5. Conlin	222	37	14	61	7	7.71

##### CATCHES

Chignell 8; Maynard 5; Conlin 4; Martin, Kavanagh, Turnbull 2 each.

The 2nd XI played only two matches, both against Ardingly. They won them both most convincingly. In the first match Ardingly batted first and made 58, Milmo and Markes taking 3 wickets each. Worth passed their score with only one wicket down, Moysey making 54 runs and Green-Armytage 24. In the second match we made 113 for 7 declared (Green-Armytage 33, Radcliffe 32) and got Ardingly out for 48. Green-Armytage made an excellent captain and he, Radcliffe, Moysey, and Thompson all greatly improved in their batting this year and may well become useful cricketers. Markes, Radcliffe, Hallinan and Milmo all show some promise as bowlers.

As more than half the 1st XI were under 13 it is not surprising that the under 13 won their only match convincingly. It was against St George's, Weybridge. We made 121 (Martin 54, Conlin 14) and got St George's out for 27 (Chignell 5 for 13, Maynard 3 for 11).  
J.E.C.

The Under Twelves had a fair season. They began slowly, and suffered their worst defeat early in the season, against the John Fisher School. After this setback they settled down to some strict training, and they won their next match against St Benedict's convincingly. An extremely narrow and unlucky defeat by Ardingly followed, and then came the two matches against Christ's Hospital. The first of these ended in a clear win at Horsham, but in the return match at Worth we were lucky to draw. We missed the bowling of Macdonald, who was ill, and two of the visiting batsmen could not be dislodged. After our visitors had declared, Worth went for the runs, and threw away wickets carelessly in an effort to force a win. Eventually our last two batsmen, Hanbury and Griffin, were called upon to play out twenty minutes of time, and in a thrilling finish they just succeeded in doing so.

The strength of the team lay in its bowling. Hanbury, of the Under Elevens, was the best bowler. He bowled right-armed, round the wicket, and his well-flighted, good-length balls on the leg stump were difficult to play. Nine of his twenty-four overs were maidens, and he took nine wickets for twenty-nine runs. Macdonald was almost as successful, with some balls which came in very quickly from the off; but he was not always accurate. M. Cuss was the most reliable change bowler, and with more perseverance he could do well.

The fielding was patchy. N. Alba was outstanding close in, and at silly mid-off he held five catches and was always on the alert to run out a careless batsman. Hurley, after a poor start, improved as a wicket-keeper, and held three catches, though he missed several chances of stumping. Cuss, Macdonald and MacKenzie fielded consistently well near the wicket; but some of the deep fielding by other members of the team was not up to standard.

The batting of the side was disappointing. The best batsmen lacked aggression, and the aggressive ones lacked a satisfactory defence. The highest score of the season was MacKenzie's 30 in the first match against Christ's Hospital. He topped the team's batting averages. Alba was a sound opening batsman; M. Cuss was the best of the aggressive batsmen, and hit the ball uncommonly hard and cleanly for his age. Both these batsmen were adept in seizing short runs. But the prize for the most proficient at this art must go to Coles, who soon had the Ardingly fielders rattled by his cheekily audacious backing up and running when the ball went merely as far as the slips.

The team was: M. D. C. Cuss (Captain), N. Alba, J. Hurley, I. K. Macdonald, T. J. Turnbull, G. B. Hanbury, A. J. MacKenzie, J. B. O'Meara, N. A. M. St J. Coles, M. J. D. Church, and B. W. M. Moorson. Also played: T. P. Griffin, P. J. de Weck, J. B. Bourke, M. S. Cane and J. M. Bell.

The matches were:—

Worth v The John Fisher School. Home. Lost by 46 runs: John Fisher School 93, Worth 44.

St Benedict's, Ealing. Home. Won by 33 runs: Worth 54 for 4 wickets declared, St Benedict's 21 (Macdonald 3 for 4; Hanbury 4 for 6).

Ardingly. Home. Lost by two wickets: Worth 63, Ardingly 67.

Christ's Hospital. Away. Won by 7 wickets: Christ's Hospital 30 (Hanbury 5 for 8, Macdonald 3 for 4), Worth 103 for 6 wickets (MacKenzie 30).

Christ's Hospital. Home. Drawn: Christ's Hospital 71 for 2 wickets declared, Worth 52 for 9 wickets.

B.M.S.

The Under Elevens were not very strong this year, owing to lack of support for Hanbury and MacKenzie. Hanbury bowled extremely well throughout the season. MacKenzie, who captains the side in the match against Ardingly, showed promise of becoming a stylish, hard-hitting bat.

### PRIZE DAY

Sunday, July 15th, 1951, was a day of uncertainty in weather, but happy in memories. More than ever were present and it was confidently stated that all records were broken. The only unfortunate incident was the shower which caused the hurried abandonment of tea on the lawn when it was only two-thirds over. The Athletic Sports never provided a finer race than the race across the Quad, to the refectory windows—some with teapots, others with plates: some dripping éclairs, and others balancing piles of sandwiches on the run. It was a pity because the tea was a good one. The Bursar, moreover, was undaunted, and improvised the remainder of tea indoors in his inimitable way.

Events began with the Physical Training Display at 2 p.m. This year it began with marching and exercises to music, a novel and successful addition to the usual programme. As always, this display was a fine piece of work both by the boys and by their instructor, Sergeant-Major Wallis, who, incidentally, won especial commendation from His Majesty's Inspectors a month before.

The boys who took part were: Dudley Plunkett (Captain), Stephen Green-Armytage, James Bourne, Anthony Chignell, Hugh Conlin, John Coward, Esme Howard, Simon Llewellyn, Niall Martin, Edward Maynard, Barry O'Meara, Marek Piasecki, Antony Robson, Nicholas Thompson and Richard White, with the help of Anthony Babington and James Buigas.

When this was over, Father Denis produced a Riding Display on the cricket field. Miss Moore and Miss Sacré ably organised both a Junior and a Senior event. Although one or two of the ponies refused their jumps, the general effect was most attractive. We hope we shall see another show of the same kind next year.

At 3.30 p.m. *Box and Cox* was produced in the theatre with Patrick Morris as Box, David Shaw as Cox and Michael Duffield as Mrs Bouncer. This centenary play was as fresh as ever, and M. Maurice Johnson's production as faultless as we have learned to expect. Perhaps the actors were inclined to over-emphasis; but it would be niggardly to criticise what was really a very good show.

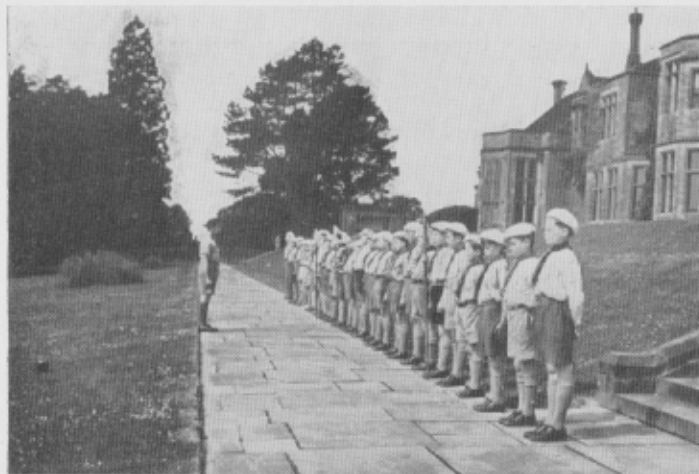


BOX AND COX



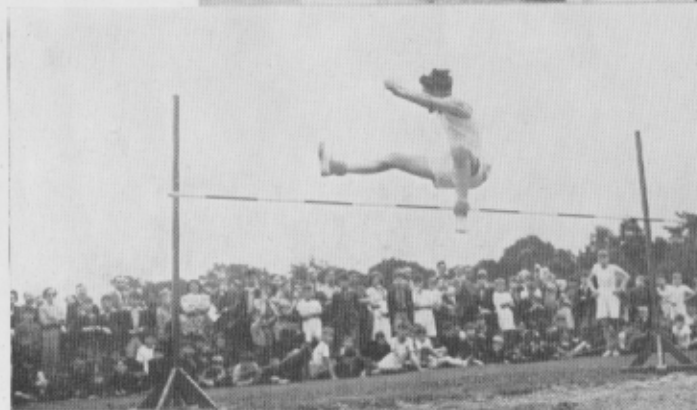
'... sunset fadeth in the west.'





ST GREGORY'S  
TROOP  
ON PARADE

TENNIS  
FINALISTS:  
M. J. R.  
MELLOTT  
AND  
P. R.  
CHAPMAN  
(Winner)



ATHLETIC  
SPORTS  
JULY, 1951

After tea, fathers and mothers were admitted to the Day Room for the Prize-giving. We had hoped that Father Abbot would give away the prizes; but he was called away to the bedside of a very sick member of our Downside Community. Father Prior took his place at a few hours' notice and made one of his excellent and serious speeches. The Head Master followed with his report on the School year, pointing out, with a quotation from *Twelfth Night*, that it was in fact his twelfth night as Head Master. He spoke of the goodwill which exists between masters and boys. Among the points he made were the winning of three Open Scholarships and an open exhibition to Downside; the flourishing state of the School music; the enormous improvement in cricket thanks to our professional, Mr Bott of Leicester, and the keen members of the Staff; and then he paid a tribute to the memory of Abbot Kendal, titular Abbot of St Albans, who died this year.

There followed Benediction for the visitors, followed later by one for the School. It was a really successful day, even if we bore a grudge against the Clerk of the Weather.

### WORTH SUCCESSES AT DOWNSIDE, JULY 1951

Thirty-eight Worth boys obtained General Certificates at the Advanced level and fifty at the Ordinary level. As there are a hundred and seventy-one former Worth boys at Downside, eighty-eight Certificates can be considered a very satisfactory percentage.

Of the nine State Scholarships won by Downside boys, six went to former Worth boys. Their names are: J. O. Affleck, H. C. A. Campbell, N. C. Haydon, R. A. P. King, G. M. H. Murphy, P. J. O'Donoghue.

### PARAGRAPHS

Congratulations to E. M. Ogden, engaged to Joan Brodrick, daughter of Mr and Mrs Pius Brodrick; they are being married at St James's, Spanish Place, on 21st December, 1951.

Also to Verner Wylie on his engagement to Fiona Anderson, daughter of Mr and Mrs Ian Anderson; to James Macaskie, engaged to Sarah Killery; and to Arthur Keen, who is to marry Miss A. M. M. Penfold.

\* \* \*

For several years past, while the two Drummonds were in the school, Lord Strathallan has given a prize of books each term to the writer of the best contribution to the *Worth Record*. He has now added to his former generosity by endowing this prize for future generations. We shall therefore be able to go on awarding the STRATHALLAN PRIZE. We thank him very much indeed for this kindly act, and hope he will enjoy future issues for very many years to come.

\* \* \*

We give our very sincere thanks to Mr and Mrs Barnett, the parents of David Barnett, and to Mr and Mrs J. Marshall Gaffrey, parents of John Marshall

Gaffrey, junr, for having joined together in an Anglo-American gesture of friendship in presenting the school with a television set. This handsome Phillips set has already received its baptism of fire from nearly every pair of eyes in the school. This set is in the Head Master's study, and several times a week there are short gatherings for boys of different ages. The donors will no doubt have some idea of the enormous pleasure with which they have endowed the school.

\* \* \*

There have been several improvements in the Boys' Library. Permanent oak shelving has been fitted round the room which not only improves the appearance of the Library but makes it easier to arrange and display the books. The books themselves have been divided into sections, such as Hobbies and Games, Animal Books, History, and so on. And a number of periodicals have been added including *History Today*, *The Meccano Magazine*, *The Geographical Magazine*, and *The Amateur Photographer*. We are very grateful for many gifts to the Library, including £5 from Mrs Keenan and over seventy books in all from the following: Michael Thesiger, Anthony Mallet, John Voelcker, Christopher Rowbotham, Robin Clapham, Mark Radcliffe, David Lunn, Richard Stewart, Anthony Chignell, and William Armstrong.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to the following who passed the Piano Examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music last July: Llewellyn, Courage, P. Howard, Kavanagh (Grade 1), M. Cuss (Grade 2), and White (Grade 4).

### REWARDS

S. G. N. Green-Armytage (1a); D. J. Monico (1b); J. B. N. Vega (1c); M. W. Kemmis-Betty (1d); P. D. T. Galvin (Remove); A. T. J. M. FitzGerald (2a); R. H. W. Fanshawe (2b); D. C. J. Lunn (3a); A. M. Rigby (3b); M. J. McEnery (4a); A. J. Staveacre (4b); P. F. Mitchell-Heggs (4c); P. A. C. H. Phipps (4d); M. K. O'M. Dewar (5); A. de P. J. M. Bueno (6).

The following additional prizes were awarded: Classics, S. J. W. Bingham; Mathematics, D. C. Cross; History, A. I. Mallett; Geography, S. G. N. Green-Armytage; French, S. G. N. Green-Armytage; Spanish, D. C. Cross; Prior's prizes for Acting, (Senior) E. P. Morris, (Junior) D. St J. Keane; Prior's Prize, S. G. N. Green-Armytage.

### INWARDS

The following new boys joined the school on September 20th, 1951:

M. J. Alexander, B. J. P. Andrews, H. T. A. Bourne, P. A. Brenninkmeyer, P. Bruning, M. P. K. Bruning, A. M. Buckley, F. W. Carr, E. F. Carter, R. C. A. Chichester, B. A. R. Concanon, T. A. Cuss, D. J. A. M. Daly, P. A. J. d'Apice, P. A. de Chazal, E. L. F. de Limburg-Stirum, J. P. Donnelly, A. P. C. Gibson, I. C. Gold, G. C. Grant, T. P. Hanbury, J. V. Harries, M. F.

Haydon, T. M. Jenkins, P. A. Kauntze, A. D. Kennedy, M. H. Laurence, B. M. Little, D. W. R. Lucas, M. de la P. F. Mandeville, J. M. W. McCosh, R. J. W. Mellotte, P. T. Metternich, S. P. H. Milmo, P. W. P. Moorsom, J. C. Norton, C. T. F. O'Brien, P. T. O'Connell, P. J. O'Shea, W. J. Reid, J. D. E. Rose, R. J. D. M. Rumford, M. V. Taylor, M. F. Temple, L. F. Urruticecohea, J. J. Walford, M. F. G. Walford, H. P. Walford, P. G. Woodward, J. E. Wykes.

September 26th: R. G. Apsion; November 6th: W. A. Darby.

### OUTWARDS

These boys left the school in September, 1951:

C. J. Ahearne, S. J. Bingham, V. E. Callaghan, E. G. D. F. Charnaud, T. W. G. Chetwynd, J. F. Coward, D. C. Cross, J. M. Crosthwaite, G. de Bruxelles, N. G. de Salis, Hon. J. R. Drummond, M. F. Duffield, W. P. Dwyer, T. W. Earle, E. C. Falkner, J. E. Fay, T. H. N. Fisher, S. G. N. Green-Armytage, P. E. P. Hadkinson, G. R. C. Hall, E. G. Hallinan, D. R. A. Hardy, E. F. Howard, J. Keenan, M. W. Kemmis-Betty, S. G. H. C. Llewellyn, A. I. Mallet, A. P. Mandeville, T. C. Markes, G. McEnery, J. V. Miles, P. H. Milmo, P. J. Molony, D. J. Monico, Hon. M. D. Morris, Hon. E. P. Morris, R. B. Petre, H. D. Plunkett, M. H. J. Radcliffe, N. F. Reynolds, P. W. A. Rudd, D. C. Shaw, J. L. Stirling, N. C. Thompson, A. L. Turnbull, J. B. N. Vega, R. J. White, and L. H. W. Williams.

### UPWARDS

School officials for the Christmas Term are as follows:

*Head of the School:* N. J. Martin.

*School Prefects:* C. A. C. Gibson, C. C. F. Moysey, P. M. Phelan, P. G. Kennedy, H. J. Conlin, P. R. Chapman, J. P. Geoghegan, P. A. Kavanagh, M. P. Callender, M. J. R. Mellotte.

*Dormitory Prefects:* (Butler) I. K. Macdonald; (Ford) W. O. M. Armstrong, A. H. Chignell, P. D. T. Galvin, A. A. Walker; (Chapman) M. J. Hegarty, J. A. Lesser, A. T. Marsden; (Junior House) A. W. R. Burton.

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

*Librarian:* P. R. Chapman.

*Assistant Librarians:* P. E. Campbell, M. Asprey, M. S. Moorhead, J. M. Gaffney, J. D. H. Foran, M. Barclay.

*Leaders of the Choir:* M. J. Tunnicliffe and T. M. Phelan.

*Masters of Ceremonies:* N. J. Martin and B. W. M. Moorsom.

*Thurifers:* H. J. Conlin and M. J. R. Mellotte.

*Acolytes:* J. P. Geoghegan, M. W. P. H. Paine, G. J. S. Abbott and A. A. Walker.

# L. G. WICKENS

(late C. A. Jones)

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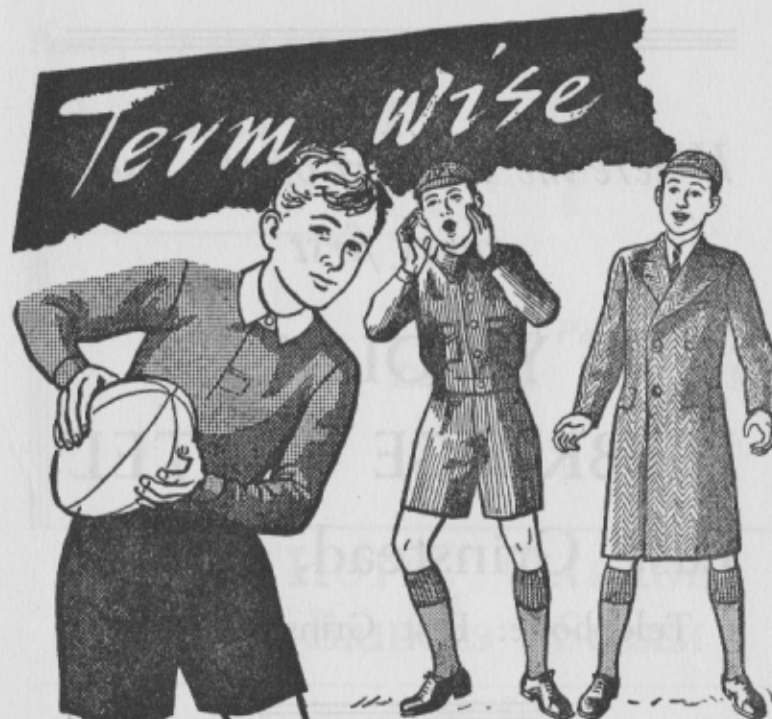
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# SCHOOL STAFF

SEPTEMBER 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.  
 Dom Justin Kundert.  
 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.  
 E. F. Carlos.  
 C.S.M.I. J. E. Wallis, *Physical Training*.  
 Miss G. Garnaud.  
 Miss J. H. Herrick.  
 Miss E. Joyce.  
 Miss R. J. Longland.  
 Miss M. N. Beck.  
 Mrs Whigham, M.A. (St Andrews), Dip.Ed. (Oxon.).  
 Miss M. Heneghan.  
 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. Hollins, *Infirmery*.  
 Mrs Ames Tantum, *Supervisor*.  
 Miss A. Whittard } *Ford House Matrons*.  
 Miss M. Baines }  
 Miss A. Venn } *Chapman House Matron*.  
 Miss K. Juchem } *Butler House Matrons*.  
 Miss G. Marsden }  
 Mrs Marshall, *Junior House Matron*.  
 Miss A. McGrath, *Second Junior House Matron*.  
 Miss B. Corbally } *Tower House Matrons*.  
 Miss A. O'Reilly }  
 Miss M. K. Young, *Secretary*.

