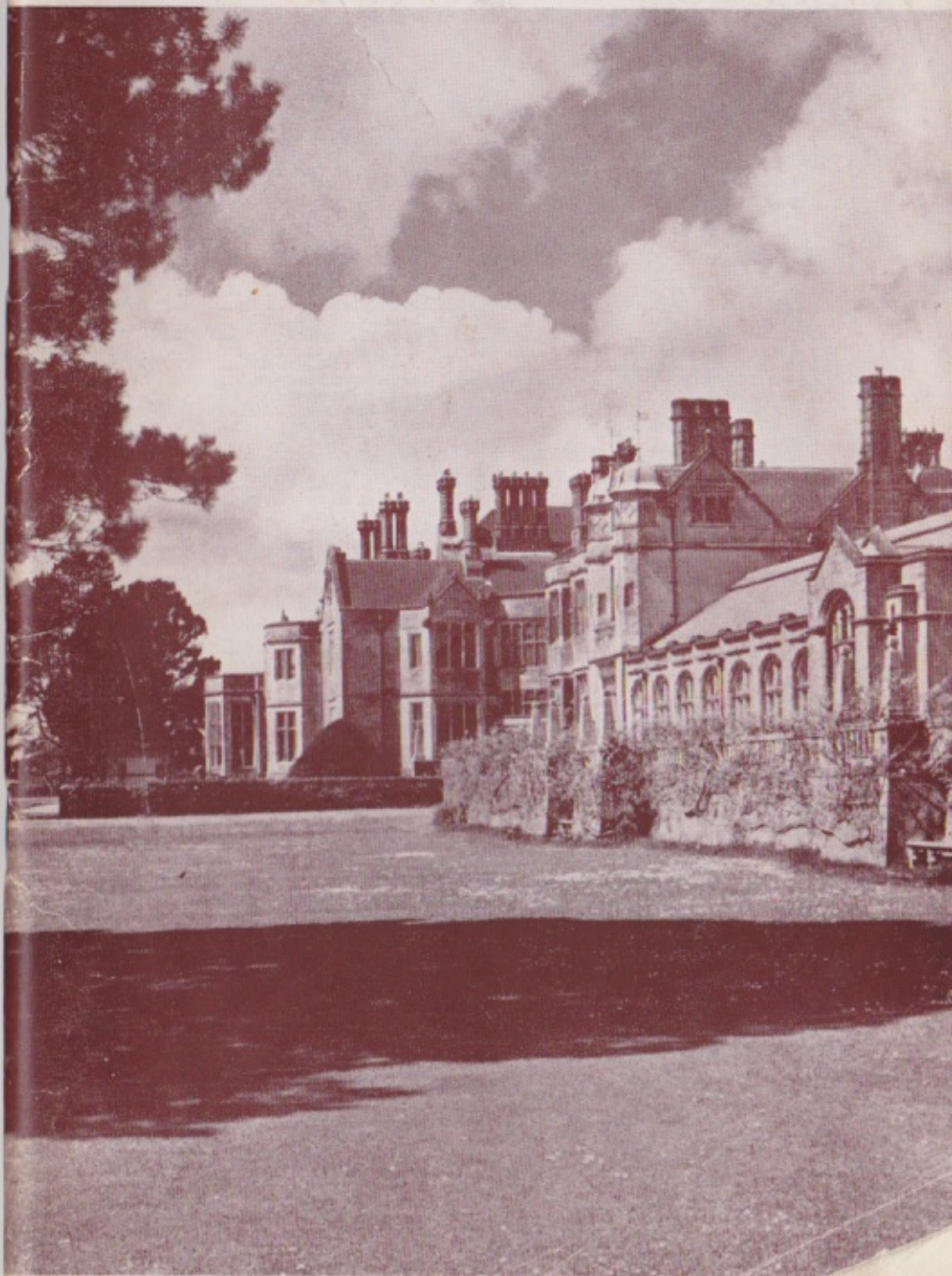
The WORTH RECORD



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The

WORTH RECORD

Vol. IV. No. 4 WINTER TERM, 1952

FROM THE HEADMASTER

I think it is always rather risky to try and advise other people to go and see something or to read something. It is so easy to say that they ought to go and see a certain place or read a certain book ; and yet it is impossible to know whether they will enjoy it as you enjoyed it unless you really know them so well, and the places they visit, and the books they read, that you can be more or less certain that you will be right. Otherwise you stand to lose a great deal, because the next time you suggest anything like that they will answer you politely but they certainly will not do it. Once bitten twice shy !

Supposing I were to say to you that you ought to go to Edinburgh and that it is the most beautiful place in the world : or that you should go to Paris as it is the gayest city in the world ; or to Wigan because it is the perfect example of a real busy factory town. If you are going near any of these places you would probably bear in mind what I said and try and see why I said it. You might get to Edinburgh on a wet day and see glimpses of the castle through the swirling mist and, having seen very little except traffic and people very much like other people, you would come away and say that you really do not understand how anybody would recommend you to go there. Or it might be a book : having taken the trouble to get hold of a book somebody says you ought to read, you find yourself so bored after the first thirty pages that it takes an almost superhuman effort to go on with it.

All the same there is very little doubt that the are places which you can safely tell people they should go to if they can, and which will never be a disappointment. I never found anybody who has been to Rome and has come away and told me that it was a miserable place. Some parts of Rome of course are very full of slums still even till the present day, but it is a sunny city, and the peculiar sunny yellow of the stone work is one of the nicest things about it. Provided that you go there for a short time and just follow your nose you can have a very happy time and go back again and again ; but for Rome it is a good thing to start young because, once caught, you will certainly go again and again and again until, at the end of a lifetime you will still have to tell people that there are many things in Rome that you have never been able to see yet. It is of course the centre of the Christian world and the mere reason for going there to see the Holy Father is of course the greatest compelling force : but to go down into the catacombs or to visit some of those early churches by the Tiber is something which makes life different for ever afterwards.

You are no longer an uninstructed Catholic : you are someone who has understood what it all means, and how St Peter and St Paul come into the picture, with their martyrdoms in Rome and the great churches which bear their name. I suppose that is why Rome is generally called The Eternal City.

A similar thing seems to happen to those people who go to Lourdes. Here is a little French town, once no more than a village, lying on the slopes of the Pyrenees, separating France from Spain, at a distance of about 500 miles south of Paris. To get some idea of what this means you have to go to Euston or King's Cross and take a journey to Oban or Aberdeen before you can really understand the immense journey that this involves. However there is a very good electric train service all the way which gets you there very fast ; having arrived at the station your mind is probably filled with the pictures and stories which you have seen in the Catholic papers and with ideas of miracles and possibly tales of a town entirely given over to shops selling rosaries. In actual fact I can only say that those who go to Lourdes for the first time experience something which is very like a very smart hit between the eyes at boxing. It is a crowded little town and there behind it lie the mountains. The streets are full of people, so full that it is difficult for anything on wheels to get through them at all. There through the centre is the river Gave and any hotel seems to bear the name of some saint or at least something belonging to the Catholic faith. It is true that you will see shops everywhere selling little statues and rosaries and postcards and holy pictures ; but this does not seem to matter, as they are merely on the way to a place. Everybody seems to be pressing forward towards the place ; and there, once through the gates, you see the grass, then the great open space, and at the other end of the great open space you see the church. When you get a little closer—and it takes some time to get a little closer because distances are really very great—you find that, not only is there one church up at the top but that there are three churches on top of one another and below them this vast open space with some inclined ways leading up in half moons to the space before the upper church. If you arrive there in the morning and are here now in the afternoon, you will see the afternoon procession of the Blessed Sacrament taking place. You will be lucky if you can get nearer than about twenty yards away from the procession ; but there it is coming up from down the slopes one way, and up the slopes another and singing most lustily, led by voices through loudspeakers. Everything is perfectly organised : everything is in wonderful order. There before you are banners of different towns and cities. Here at one moment are miners from Tournai in their blue shirts and miners' helmets and carrying their lamps ; and there behind them to your great surprise you may find the banner of a group led by their parish priest, a group of people carrying the red cross on the gold ground which is exactly the same as the cross at Downside. You find now that it is the arms of the diocese of Arras. As I have told you before,

Arras was the place where St Gregory's first began. It was there that Abbot Philip de Caverel of the great abbey of St Vedast gave the first home to the monks who are now at Downside. They brought the arms of the abbey of St Vedast to England ; and so now the red cross, with its hook ends on the gold ground, can be seen both at Arras and at Downside, while we here at Worth have merely changed the colours and put a gold cross on a blue ground which perhaps the people of Arras would not understand, but at least would recognise as being the same kind of curious cross. Here they come, one group after another. There is a great mass of men of all ages from 16 to 80, all singing lustily. There are young women in the dress of the Children of Mary. And last of all comes the Blessed Sacrament and finally the procession formed up in front of the lowest church and there the Benediction is given to the sick ranged on both sides of the great open space. To each one a blessing with the Monstrance is given. In each one is the hope that this is the moment when he or she is to be cured. In most of them a moment of disappointment, but then immediately afterwards it is succeeded by an acceptance of the will of God that they are not going to be cured this time ; this brings its own peculiar happiness to them all. Although I expect you boys would be anxious to go there and see miracle after miracle, yet at the same time the miracles which happen to peoples' minds and souls are in some ways even greater than the ones which cure their bodies. Some go there tired of life and come back full of new energy ; others go there willing to put up with sicknesses and come back changed altogether, easier to get on with and uncomplaining. There is no doubt that Lourdes has a great hold over people's minds.

After the Blessed Sacrament procession, let us go for a moment through the arches to the banks of the river and there see the Grotto. High up is the statue of Our Lady as she appeared to St Bernadette. A great stand full of immense candles blackens the roof of the cave while stacks of candles that are yet to be burnt are waiting on both sides. There is silence here. Hundreds, even thousands, of people are on their knees praying before the Grotto, sometimes with their arms extended for long periods. It is like this all over Lourdes. It is not unusual to find people walking up and down the streets saying their Rosaries.

Then, too, there is the wonderful work of the baths. There are so many places in Europe, or in almost any continent, where people can go and drink chemical water or take baths to cure themselves of rheumatism and other ills. At Lourdes however there are just the baths. These are called the Piscines. Outside a priest is leading a crowd of people in prayer for those who are going into the water. The prayers ; Lord that they may see : that they may hear : that they may walk. Everybody is praying very hard and fervently aloud. As the water from the spring, which sprang up during the time of St Bernadette's first visions, runs very slowly and in very small quantity there is no chance of those baths being changed during the day. There are nine of them, six reserved for

women and children and three for men. Let us go into the mens' baths for the moment. Pulling back a canvas curtain you find yourself face to face with men changing their clothes and there down two steps are two wearing aprons ready to lay sufferers from different diseases in the water. It is only just about as big as an ordinary bath. There, at the end of it, below the little statue of Our Lady, are three big cards in three languages for the prayers to be said for those who go into the water. This is one of the miracles of Lourdes, because people go into it who are suffering from all sorts of horrible diseases and the water itself must be full of microbes and germs of every kind. Yet no one ever gets infected. Our Lady sees to that. Down goes one man into the bath. He is grasped firmly by the two *brancardiers :* the prayers are pointed out to him and they say them with him : he kneels down and sinks backwards and then comes out of the bath, and puts on his clothes over his wet body. It is all very matter of fact. Out he goes into the sunshine and he is only one of perhaps seven or eight hundred persons who have been into the baths that day. It is all so different from the fashionable places for the cure of diseases about which I spoke just now, for the religious spirit is very evident in the baths as it is everywhere else at Lourdes.

That night one goes again to the torchlight procession. It is indeed a wonderful sight and a wonderful sound : a wonderful sight because of the many thousands of torches ; and a wonderful sound because of the many thousands of voices. Somehow or other the Lourdes hymn can be sung right through again and again and no one ever gets tired of it. It seems to uplift and carry the great procession along with it like the waves of a great sea surging against the three churches raised in honour of Our Lady.

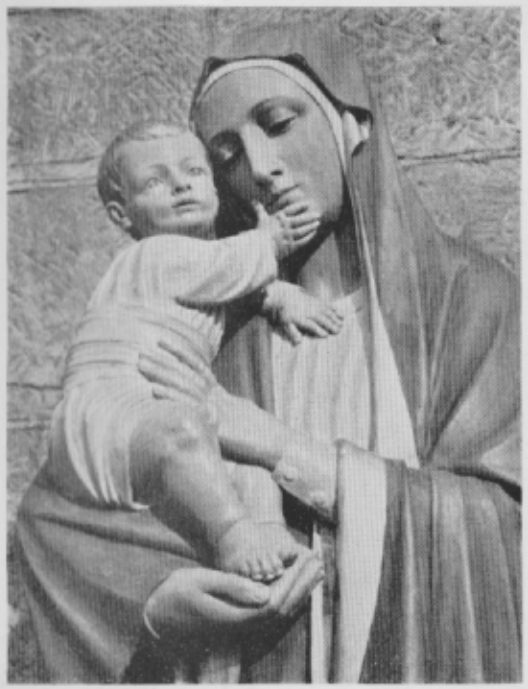
Early next morning before dawn the first priest vests and goes to say Mass in the Grotto at five o'clock. It is now long before it is light ; but several priests are there to take the huge Ciboriums from the altar after the consecration and begin giving Holy Communion to the crowd. They never seem to stop for one moment. People come there by their hundreds and then by their thousands and, as soon as one great wave of people has passed, another one comes flooding in. And so another day begins in this wonderful city. If you have never been there it must be one of the great objects of your life, after going to Rome and possibly to Jerusalem if you can go so far.

Go to Lourdes and see for yourself what a wonderful place it is. No one could really go there in the spirit of Faith or even in half the spirit of Faith without coming away quite a different person.

From Easter to the beginning of winter this goes on continually. From all parts of France : from all parts of Europe : from every Continent people come there and swell the pilgrimages, not only to be cured from their illnesses of body or soul, but to lend their prayers to the great volume of prayers which always ascends from the Grotto and the Churches of

THE GROTTO OF LOURDES

(see Headmaster's letter)



OUR LADY OF WORTH

THE NEW STATUE OF ST. JOSEPH

THE SCOUT CAMP AT WORTH, 1952

1. Inspection of Swanstork Patrol 2. W. Armstrong 3. Testing Don Ash's Bridge
4. J. Keenan 5. Washing Up—Don Ash, Lucas, Armstrong and Tunnicliffe
6. General Group

this town. The Station is continually occupied with the trains coming in full of men, women and children unable even to walk, some of them carried off on stretchers and by ambulances to the hospitals, others moving painfully off on crutches or being led by the arm because they are blind. All these have come to beg Our Lady to cure them and make them like the rest of the world. Sometimes Her prayers avail, sometimes they do not. She knows best. What we want always seems to be the best thing ; but it is better to let heaven decide.

I have written at great length of Lourdes this time because of the visit which I made during these last holidays. It seems to me to be very unfair to you all to keep the joy, which is caused to myself without sharing it with you, and telling you how necessary it is that we should all go there once in a lifetime, and more often if possible, in order to give joy to God who has caused such tremendous miracles to take place through His Mother's prayers.

Although Lourdes is a place where Pilgrimages are organised with great care and devotion, all over the world there are little quiet places where Our Lady is especially loved. We should none of us ever lose the opportunity of going to see one of these places and go down there and say a Salve Regina. Some are in the big towns, others in little villages, some are on the tops of mountains and some are even away on the sides of great rocky cliffs. Some of them are by the sea and some are so far from human dwellings that they cause difficulty to reach them. There were once many of them in this country of ours ; and to a certain extent we are gradually getting back to the devotion to Our Lady which used to take place at Walsingham and many other shrines about the country. It shows that this country of ours was, and always has been, dedicated to Our Lady and that She has shown us peculiar favour in directing us on many occasions. I think the last of those occasions were during this last war which has just finished, seven years ago. Two great victories in 1940 took place, the one on the Feast of the Assumption, August 15th and the other on the Feast of Her Seven Sorrows on September 15th. Indeed we owe an immense amount to Her protection.

Some I know have been to Lourdes and I hope that all other are going to follow in due course. When you have left school, if you can't get there any other way, there are always one's feet to walk on. It is only a question of getting across the Channel. I do not suppose that many of you would be able to swim that ; but once on the other side a pilgrimage done through the lovely French countryside on foot might take quite a long time, but would be well worth while. It takes the stamina of an eighteen-year-old to do that, so you must wait. Meanwhile hope that someone will take you there. It will certainly be one of the turning points in your life. With all good wishes to Worth boys at home and abroad.

MAURICE BELL.

THE SUNSHADE

*by F. J. LUCAS

And as the cows return to be milked,
And the hay is stacked after the harvest,
Homeward the beautiful swallows fly,
Under the bright Sunshade.

Now as the sun sinks down in the west,
And the clouds of night come on,
The shadow of night covers over the world,
Under the bright Sunshade.

For now the village is quiet and gone,
The sleepy village is no more,
And all the birds fly home to their nests,
Under the bright Sunshade.

And now is the time to dream of things,
Of dreams that can ne'er come true,
And yet in the future to come once again,
Under the bright Sunshade.

And anon the glorious day returns,
The sun and the beautiful sky
And all the things that are yet to come
Under the bright Sunshade.

CHRISTMAS

*by H. R. HAYDON

Christmas is coming Soon,
with its silver stars,
and shining moon.

The wind is cold,
and the snow falls fast
the sheep are safe in the fold.

On Christmas morn,
the children are up
at break of Dawn.

*FRANCIS LUCAS, born March 11, 1944 ; entered Worth, September 1952.

*RICHARD HAYDON, born February 5, 1941 ; entered Worth, September 1949 ; acted in *Dick Whittington*.

SEA FISHING

*by M. J. N. HAWKINS

Sea fishing is a thrilling sport,
On the shore or in the port ;
Or in a boat, fishing Crab,
Shark, or Whale, Plaice or Dab.

Sea fishing is thrilling sport ;
When at last the fish is caught,
You pull it in as fast as fast,
You've caught a fish ! Ah ! at long last.

Sea fishing is a thrilling sport,
Even if you've nothing caught.
The annoying thing is to watch your mate,
Catch the fish and waste no bait.

HOUSEHOLD MISFORTUNES

*by M. J. M. KAUNTZE

When snow falls you begin to wonder
What is causing that scratching yonder,
You find it is the ' Oskins ' cat
Tearing up the Persian mat.

You shoo it away with a pointed stick
But not before it has had a lick,
At that lovely ice-cream on the table,
That was especially sent by cable.

And then you smell another smell
The gas-stove ! today I'll sell
It. " I'll go down to the town today,
And tell them what I have to say."

And then there is that dripping tap,
Which is an unfortunate mishap,
You get the plumber, boy and all,
And find it is nothing at all.

But we are actually getting on,
I'll have to end this little song ;
It seems that I will have to say,
Good-bye until another day.

*MICHAEL HAWKINS, born December 29, 1939 ; entered Worth, May 1949 ; Choir.

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

PLEASE REMEMBER

*by M. J. TUNNICLIFFE

Christmas day is for some
  Just a day of games and fun.
'Tis only few
  Who through the dew
First go to Mass (the harder way :
  The start of a perfect day.)
Then the jollity, games and fun,
  Festivities for everyone.

LIMERICK

*by W. A. DARBY

There was an old lady of Spain,
Who could not go out in the rain,
  For she'd lent her umbrella.
  To Aunt Isabella,
Who never returned it again.

WINTER

*by J. M. H. FITZGERALD-LOMBARD

The cold winds have come, brown leaves are on the ground,
'Tis sure before the month has gone the snow will come around.
But Pantomimes will cheer us up on bleak and windy days,
Though I do fear the adults will much more prefer the plays.
Christmas soon will come with presents on its tree.
Baby dolls for all the girls but Puffa-Trains for me.
'Tis queer but true on Boxing day no matter where you dwell,
The hooting hunt will surely come a-riding through the dell.
The children often go to play, up on the windy moors,
While housewives go to visit the Co-operative Stores.
We'll often find a windy day, in England or abroad,
And then we'll have to hang about being miserable and bored.
'Tis true we'll get a sunny day as sometimes you do hear,
And then the best thing to do is to go to Brighton pier.

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

*WILLIAM DARBY, born August 2, 1941 ; entered Worth, October 1951.

*MICHAEL FITZGERALD-LOMBARD, born January 29, 1941 ; entered Worth, September 1949 ; acted in *Mother Goose*.

SANTA CLAUS

*by A. J. STAVEACRE

It's Christmas time again,
The holidays have come.
The snow lies in the fields,
There's lots of time for fun.

The robin chirps a merry tune,
And hops from tree to tree,
He looks so very merry,
He seems to laugh at me.

The shops are lit up gaily,
Their wares are sold all day,
The people crowd round counters
And everything is gay.

Santa Claus is coming,
With many lovely toys,
He gives them all away,
To little girls and boys.

CHRISTMASTIDE

*by M. J. McENERY

The summer has gone,
  And the snow is falling,
Everyone's happy,
  And the chimneys are smoking.

In the winding, white road,
  The children are snowballing,
While inside the house,
  Mother is cooking.

When night time comes,
  Santa Claus is coming,
As its Christmas night,
  With his presents he's sledging.

*ANTHONY STAVEACRE, born May 24, 1942 ; entered Worth, April 1951 ; acted in *The Crimson Coconut* and *Under the Skull and Bones*.

*MARTIN McENERY, born December 20, 1940, entered Worth, September 1948.

WHITE CHRISTMAS

*by W. J. M. GISSANE

In the late hour of the night,
  Christians get ready for Midnight Mass,
With fingers numb from the frost bite ;
  Thinking of Mary on the ass
And Joseph plodding by her side,
  Hopefully knocking at each inn door
Only to get turned aside
  And at last to strike on a friendly door.

The snow is falling thick on the green gate-post,
  Covering the top with crisp, white flakes,
And the plump turkey's beginning to roast,
  The ice freezes thick on the lakes
And the men and women come out to skate
  On the freshly frozen lakes
It was such a memorable date,
  All a happy Christmas makes.

LIMERICK

*by A. de P. J. M. BUENO

There was a young fellow named Mike,
Who started a fifty mile hike ;
  After ten, hot and tired,
  He perspired, and cried,
" Oh, this is the thing I dislike."

CHRISTMAS DAY

*by A. V. G. ROWBOTHAM

Christmas is coming near
As it always does, once a year ;
The streets are white and the shops are full,
  And the farmer has locked up his cows and bull.

On Christmas morn we go to church,
While the robin sits on his snowy perch,
In front of Mary we kneel and adore
While the snow drifts in at the open door.

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

*ANTHONY BUENO, born June 28, 1942 ; entered Worth, Easter 1950.

*ADRIAN ROWBOTHAM, born October 18, 1941 ; entered Worth, September 1948 ; acted in *Under the Skull and Bones* and *Puss in Boots ;* Choir.

POOR BIRDIES

*by F. W. CARR

The little birdies in the trees,
Have all got colds and so they sneeze,
Here come the cats all out to kill
The little ones who are so ill.

The little ones are in their nest,
And so to hide they try their best,
The cats they climb the tree so high,
That reaches up towards the sky.

The cats they reach the nest so high,
—While little ones they try to fly—
They catch the birdies one by one,
And say : " Now supper has been fun !"

PROSE AND VERSE

*by M. A. BYRNE

When you are to write something for the Worth Record, more or less the first thing you think of is your flight from London to Timbuctoo (or where ever else you are meant to be going). But when you cannot decide whether it was your Aunt Matilda or Maria who met you after you had got out of the plane, you turn to the Smuggling Idea, and you and Cousin John find a cave; then you know What Happens Next. After you have tried every other subject, you turn to a much more advanced from of composition, that of a conversation between Grand Papa and Grand Mama on the subject of little Grandchild's table manners, as poor Grand Mama was grossly assaulted by Grandchild who had got it into his head that one day he might be an Olympic weight thrower, and had hurled the jam at poor Grand Mama. But when you have looked into all these subjects you are forced to decide that it is much better to try poesy, as I have done :

AUTUMN

Through the mist, through the pelting rain,
Through the wind-blown trees,
Wanders the wind, the eerie wind
In dismal autumn, autumn, autumn.

Summer is spent, summer is gone
Dim is the light,
The frost is there, winter is near,
It is winter's harbinger, harbinger, harbinger.
Autumn is here again.

*FRANCIS CARR, born December 28, 1940 ; entered Worth, September 1951 ; Choir.

*MAURICE BYRNE, born, March 31, 1942 ; entered Worth, September 1947 ; acted in *Mother Goose, Stations in Mime* ; Junior House Prefect ; Choir.

THE RAILWAY STATION

*by M. F. HOYLE

It is Saturday, Market Day, and the station is crowded with farmers and people going to the town to sell their eggs, chickens, turkeys, geese and other foods and livestock. When they get their tickets they go on to the platform and wait for the train. Soon they see it in the distance. When it gets there, there is a rush for the carriages because it is a quick starting train. In a few seconds there is a jerk, and they are off.

HOLIDAYS IN IRELAND

*by P. M. CROSS

My mother, my brother and I set out in a taxi for Kensington air-station where we got into into a bus for Northolt air-port. When we arrived at the air-port we had to go through the customs, and then we got into the plane. Soon we had taken off and were on the way to Ireland. When we arrived at Dublin air-port we had to go through the Customs again and we were shown the car that we had hired for our holiday as we would need one; it was a Ford Prefect, we got into it and drove off to Dublin which was a few miles away from the air-port. We stayed at a Hotel called the Shelbourne, it was very comfortable and we had very good food. We stayed in Dublin for three days and then we set out for Galway Bay. We had a very nice drive and we went through Athlone and saw the big wireless aerials. We arrived at Galway Bay in the evening, and went to the cinema where we saw a very good film, and after that we had a very good supper at the Hotel we were staying at and then went to bed. The next day we set out for Limerick. When we arrived it was raining and that evening we went out to dinner with a friend, who had a new house. The next day we bought a lot of sweets, including chewing-gum and butterscotch, which we ate in the car driving to Killarney, where we drove up into the mountains and had a very good view. We stayed at the Lake Hotel, which was very good, and my brother and I hired bicycles which we rode a lot around the countryside, and we went for picnics on the lake, and there was a very nice cathedral. After about five days we set out for Dublin which was quite a long way away and the car would only go seventy miles an hour, and when we were about twenty miles from Dublin the car began to go very slowly, so we got some more petrol and oil and water but it still went very slowly, and we only just reached Dublin because the next morning when we tried to start the car the starter came right out. So we had to get a taxi back to the airport where the plane was late in leaving, and we got home in time for supper.

*MICHAEL HOYLE, born March 9, 1943 ; entered Worth, September 1950 ; acted in *Stations in Mime.*

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

I WENT TO FATIMA

*by A. M. RIGBY

I was staying at a place called Arabida in Portugal the summer before last. We decided to visit Fatima for the great day of August 13th. We went by car, leaving in the early morning and arrived at Fatima at about half-past eleven. It was so crowded that we could hardly get into the car-park. It was a most fascinating sight. Thousands of people flocking in to try and get a good place, so that they could see the statue of Our Lady of Fatima. There is a small altar built over the place where Our Lady actually appeared to the three small children, and you could see people crawling up on their hands and knees towards it. As it happened we met the Archbishop, whom my mother knew slightly, and he took us to a very good place on the steps leading to the altar. When the statue (which was being born by about eight men) appeared in the distance, flags and hankies, tokens of joy and welcome, were waved in the air. The statue was carried up to the altar where Benediction was given. When the ceremony ended it was time to go for lunch at a nearby hotel. In the afternoon there was the blessing of the sick, which was given by the new bishop. He walked up between them with a monstrance held in his two hands, blessing them at the same time. In the evening there was the torchlight procession, for which you could get candles with protectors from small shops round about. It was a procession with the statue of Our Lady from the far ends of the grounds to an altar the other side. When we reached there we had a sermon which I could not understand and a hymn and then Benediction. The ceremony did not finish till after midnight. After Benediction we decided that we would go back to the nearby hotel and then return to Arabida after a most interesting day at Fatima.

FISHING

*by S. R. J. SUGRUE

I woke up on Sunday morning, last holidays, and looked out of the window and saw that it was quite a fine day. I thought it was going to continue to be fine, so I got up and made the toast for breakfast. Then we went to 8 o'clock Mass and finished breakfast by 9.15 and were well on the way for Newhaven. (My father owns a 2 ton open boat which he keeps at Newhaven). We were at Newhaven by 10 o'clock. After we got on board, all was well, except the engine wouldn't start for about ten minutes ; but once it did we were off like a shot, full speed ahead

*AMBROSE RIGBY, born April 7, 1940 ; entered Worth, May 1950 ; acted in *Mother Goose* and *Puss in Boots ;* Junior House Prefect ; Boxing Team ; Choir.

*SIMON SUGRUE, born July 3, 1940 ; entered Worth, September 1948, Librarian.

(only 6 knots). We anchored off Seaford Head within three quarters of an hour ; we had a sandwich lunch in the boat, and then at slack tide—about 3 p.m.—we put the ground lines down and caught about 20 " silvers " which are comparatively small whiting, 6 to 15 ins. long. But at 4 o'clock it began to rain hard and so we decided to go back to Newhaven, on the way we tried for mackerel although they only come in fine weather, but we happened to strike a shoal near Harbour and caught 14. We were moored by 5 p.m. and home by 5.45 after a very good but wet day, and a nice hot meal was welcome.

FIFTH OF NOVEMBER

*by M. D. C. CUSS

It was eight o'clock on a November evening. A drizzly rain was falling and the dark outline of the big school could just be seen through the thin film of mist. In the centre of the large quadrangle were four boys helped by the headmaster, lighting the rockets, catherine wheels, bangers and various other kinds of fireworks. Squibs were jumping about among the 250 boys ranged round the sides. A rocket roared upwards and burst into colour ; another followed but fizzled out halfway up. The golden and silver rains were spoilt by the rain, and only feeble sparks showered onto the ground. The catherine wheels would not turn round, and bangers gave a dull pop and fell lifeless. Some of the smaller boys dashed about in order to collect the empty cases of the used fireworks, but found only wet soggy bits of cardboard. The elder boys looked utterly bored by the whole performance. Why couldn't it be a nice, dark, rainless night ? Some larger rockets were placed in bottles and lighted. These were the only fireworks that were a success. They soared up high into the sky ; there was a loud bang from each one and colours shot over the school. A red flame lit up the quadrangle for a few rosy seconds, but then like the rest it stopped short. The rain increased and the breeze turned into a strong wind. Coat collars were turned up, and everybody hustled closer to one another for protection. The remainder of the fireworks were in a basket, just ready to be taken out and lighted. The headmaster dropped a match into the basket and immediately there was riot among the fireworks. For fifteen seconds the sky was ablaze with colour, and then there was the amusing sound of empty cases falling down one by one. "Rotten show." "Worst for years." Boys were disappointed that night. November evenings are not to be relied on. Guy Fawkes' gunpowder plot was no more of a success than the firework display on November 5th at Marston Manor School.

*MARTIN CUSS, born November 22, 1939 ; entered Worth, Autumn 1948 ; acted in *Mother Goose* ; 1st XV ; Boxing Team ; School Prefect.

THE MOONLIT HARBOUR

*by C. H. COLLINGWOOD

The moon was shining and flickering on the lapping waters. All was silent except for the swish-swish of the waters on the harbour wall. Sometimes an odd fishing boat came sculling in. A few trawlers were anchored here and there. Their fishy smell gave the harbour a homely effect. The fishing nets were hanging up to dry, rustling now and again in the cool breeze. A few crab pots littered about on the harbour wall. Suddenly all the peace was broken. There came a scurrying of feet and a whispering of voices. Lights appeared on a trawler, and hands swarmed, like bees, all over her deck. With a hustle and a bustle she cast off. She slowly and sluggishly wound her way among her sisters and crept out of the now still harbour . . . Now the breeze had stiffened and the small boats rocked and bumped each other. Now and again the shrill notes of a gull pierced through the howling wind and echoed against the tall majestic cliffs. A few fishermen came down to haul their boats further in ; so that they might not be washed out and left to the mercy of the waves. Sometimes, far out into the darkness, there came a deep note of a ship's siren withered by the storm. Slowly and with no warning the moon went down leaving the harbour clothed in darkness.

OFF TO SCHOOL

*by D. A. F. MURRAY

One day my mother said " I must find a school for you to go to, because you are getting quite big." " I know," she said, " You can go to Worth ; it is a very nice school." So we packed everything up and put them in the train. Then we got on ourselves and having said good-bye to Daddy we went off. We had a lovely time on the train going up and down the carriages. Then the lunch man came along and said " First or second lunch?" My mother said, " Second please." So he gave her a ticket. We played some nice games. Then we played Monopoly, it took four hours and thirty-five minutes before we finished. But I won because I bankrupted my mother. Then the man came along and said " First lunch, please," but we were second lunch so we had to wait until the first lunch had finished. After a while the man came along and said " Second lunch please." We had lunch. After three hours we reached London. We stayed the night. The next day we took my sister to her school. Then we came to Worth, we looked around and then my mother had to go. There I was at my new school.

*CLENNELL COLLINGWOOD, born February 1, 1940 ; entered Worth, May 1952.

*DAVID MURRAY, born November 19, 1942 ; entered Worth, September 1950.

THE SECRET OF THE GRANDPA CLOCK

*by P. G. WOODWARD

Jim Thompson will not forget the adventure he had shortly after Christmas when he went to his aunt's large house in Sussex. After Christmas his aunt's necklace was stolen. The local policeman couldn't find the burglar or the necklace and soon afterwards a pair of his rich aunt's earrings disappeared. Again the local police were baffled. Jim's aunt, named Agatha, called a detective in desperation, but after a while he detective gave the case up. One day Jim decided to steal a cream bun from the larder. Cook had forgotten to lock the larder door when she was called to the telephone while getting some things out of the larder. So Jim crept into the larder, selected a bun and went out of the kitchen into the hall. There he heard the cook's footsteps as she came back from the telephone. Quickly Jim looked around for a hiding place. Inside the grandpa clock ! Jim shoved open the door and leaped inside. He shut the door not a moment too soon. After the cook passed he was just getting out when he must have pressed a hidden spring for he suddenly fell through a trap door which opened under him. He found himself in an underground passage. " Where does it lead to ?" he asked himself. " The best way to find out is to go along it." So he went along it until he came to a place where there was a hole in the top of the passage with a ladder going up. So going up, he found himself in his aunt's grounds. In front of Jim was the hedge which bordered them. Rather puzzled, he walked back to his aunt's house. That night he got into bed still puzzled. His room was over the hall with the grandpa clock in it. Suddenly he heard a creak like a door makes, in the room below him. He suddenly got out of bed, dressed quickly and rushed downstairs to the hall. He clambered inside the grandpa clock and felt around him for the hidden spring. He pressed it, dropped down into the underground passage, and rushed to the ladder. Climbing up he looked around him. At the other side of the hedge a boy and a man were talking in low tones. At that second the shadowy form of the man moved away. Jim leaped out of the hole and crashed through the hedge, grabbling hold of the boy's sleeve. " What are you doing here ? Have you just come out of that passage ?" asked Jim. " Alright, alright, I'll tell you everything. My grandpa once owned that there house. He built that secret passage. After a bit he had to sell out to the father of the missus in that house. Now my father knew about it so he tried to get rich. Here are the necklaces an' things " and the frightened boy shoved a leather bag into Jim's hands, twisted away from his grip and rushed away. " Since he got away I think all I'll do is to put these things where they belong and I won't tell anyone " thought Jim. So Jim crept back, put the necklace and earrings in the hall and got back into bed.

*PETER WOODWARD, born March 30, 1942 ; entered Worth, Autumn 1951.

ON THE WAY TO FRANCE

*by P. R. CAPON

One day I received a letter from a friend of mine in France, asking if I could stay a month or two with him in Paris. There was a convenient boat on July 2nd for me to go to Dieppe, so I said I would like to go. A few days before the day of the voyage, I went up to the American consulate in London to get my passport. While I waited for my passport, I booked a passage on the ship. July 1st was a very busy day, packing my trunk and half a dozen small bags ; then at last July 2nd came, at about half past nine I got into a taxi and drove to Newhaven. I got through the customs alright, then a policeman told me to get on the ship, and hurry up about it. The scenery was not much there, a few railway lines and storehouses was about all. The trip took three hours, but was lovely with fresh wind blowing. When I got off at Dieppe, I saw two of its harbours filled up with rocks and boulders, by the Germans. I got off the ship, and went on my way to Paris, where I spent a happy holiday.

MR PICKWICK

*by C. B. T. INNES

Mr Pickwick, that benign leader of the Pickwick Club, would, by some, be thought commonplace, but by his friends, who knew him well, he comes out as he really is, a crusader for the poor, a stern upholder of Christian morals, and a defender of the rights of women ! His face is round, with a small, but very distinguished nose, and a broad brow (possibly made to look broader by his thinning hair, but of course not intentionally !) His mouth, some would say, is over large and weak, but his friends who know, would call it firm but gentle. His chin, which the ungodly would say was double, is on the contrary, strong and resolute. His figure is majestic though possibly a little over-plump. His dress is quiet but smart, as befits a man of his importance, and his spectacles give him an air of age and wisdom, which he deserves. His physical strength is not very great, owing possibly to his bulk, but still it is great enough to support Mrs Bardell. His mental capacities are considerable, shown by the fact that when he was at school he used to do Arithmetic ! When he drinks, he confines himself to a maximum of seven glasses of strong drink, and eight glasses of some weaker beverage. His worldly outlook is original. The wicked would say he looked through rose-tinted spectacles. He became entangled with women, as represented by Mrs Bardell, once, and that was enough to last a lifetime. This short description of the illustrious Mr Pickwick will hardly do justice to that noble man, but may help to reveal to the world a little of his greatness.

*PETER CAPON, born December 8, 1940 ; entered Worth, May 1949.
*CHRISTOPHER INNES, born May 3, 1939 ; entered Worth, September 1950 ; acted in *Stations in Mime* ; Librarian ; Sacristy ; School Prefect.

CHRISTMAS

*by M. J. HEGARTY

What is Christmas ? Many people nowadays only think of Christmas as a season to celebrate and have a jolly time. Few people think of the real meaning of Christmas. It was on a cold and bitter night that the babe was born, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. There in that manger lay ' God made man for us.' But many people don't think of this ; Christmas is just a celebrating time. Why do people receive presents at Christmas ? Because Christ ' The Son of Man ' was born hundreds of years ago for every one of us. Then, he was put in the lowest place he could have been put—in a manger. The animals kept him warm by their breath because the night was cold. Then the shepherds brought him a baby lamb as a present. The Wise Kings also brought him gifts. All expected to find him in a palace, but not at all, they found him in a stable. How many people in England know all this ? It is a fact that a great number have never heard of it. But, this Christmas, let us pause for a while and think of the real meaning of Christmas.

TUSSLE IN THE STRATOSPHERE

*by R. H. ORTIGER

My name is John Edwards. I served in the R.A.F. during the war (1939-1945) and I have had many adventures. The one I am going to relate here is one of the most exciting. We were at a station which was equipped with Spitfires. Out main job was to keep Scapa Flow clear of German fighters. On the 20th January, 1943, I was playing a game of chess with one of my friends in the mess. I was just about to take his ' queen ' when the siren went. Immediately I jumped up, grabbed my flying helmet and raced outside. Somebody shouted " Scramble " and we all got into our planes. Within three minutes we were in the air and the controller was giving us our instructions. " Hallo Dalmat Red One. Pandor calling, bandit approaching B for Baker at Angels Z for Zebra, climb flat out on Vector zero, nine, five. Out." I fumbled for my code card and looked up the aforesaid things. So a German was approaching Scapa Flow at—Z, phew ! that was 40,000 ft. Then we heard the controller's voice again " Hallo, Dalmat Red One, bandit now over B for Baker, hurry up !" We were now at 23,000 ft. and in another five minutes we were almost at 40,000. It was a lovely winter's day and the air at this altitude was very clear. Suddenly, I spotted him, an M.E.109 with a reserve tank about 1,000 ft. below us, obviously taking photographs. He had not spotted us yet and I was just about to start my dive

*MICHAEL HEGARTY, born October 10, 1938 ; entered Worth, April 1948 ; acted in *Mother Goose ;* Sacristy ; School Prefect.

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

when suddenly a voice shouted over the radio ' Look out, Red One, bandit approaching at 5 o'clock high !' I turned my head and saw another plane diving towards me very fast. I put my plane into a dive and opened the throttle. Suddenly I felt a searing pain in my thigh, and looking back I saw the German plane firing at me ; then I saw it turn over on to its back and go into a spin with black smoke pouring from its engine, while my friend's Spitfire shot over my plane at 450 m.p.h. Now I knew why the German plane had been shot down. I decided to make for home as quickly as possible as my thigh was paining very badly, and so I put my plane into a gentle dive. Ten minutes later I was circling the aerodrome, asking permission to land. Then I said over the radio ' Hallo, Beltop Control, Dalmat Red One calling, I am over base and about to land." I began my approach and put my flaps down. I reached for the undercarriage lever and pulled it. Immediately I heard the alarm buzzer going off. Then I realized what was wrong. The undercarriage wouldn't come down, most probably because some of the German plane's bullets had done some damage to the pneumatic system.

I warned the control tower, and told them to clear the runway. Sweating from head to foot, I was now nearly over the runway and I could see the ambulance and fire engine racing along by the side of the runway. Gradually I got lower, nine feet, six feet, five feet, and then suddenly there was a grinding noise as I touched down. My head flew forward and hit the windscreen with a terrific hit. Ammunition was exploding all over the place and the plane was on fire. I was dragged out of the cockpit and pulled clear of my plane. Then the pain in my leg came came back, my head began to swim and I forgot everything. A few hours later I woke up in hospital with my leg bandaged up. After drinking some coffee, feeling sleepy I turned on to my side and went fast asleep again.

MACKEREL FISHING

*by P. F. MITCHELL-HEGGS

Last holiday I went to Wales with my uncle and aunt, my cousins and my mother and father. I was asked by my aunt one afternoon if I would like to go mackerel fishing. I replied that I would very much, so that afternoon we all scrambled aboard the little steamboat, which was capable of carrying only about five people, and set off. The first mackerel we caught was in about 20 feet of water. It was a massive one, about eighteen inches from head to tail. From then onwards we had a lovely time pulling in lines and catching nothing but mingy little mackerel which we threw back. Then we ran into a shoal of larger ones and got in about 20. We then decided to turn back after our catch, and to have a good tea of mackerel. We all agreed that it was the best meal we had ever had !

*PETER MITCHELL-HEGGS, born September 6, 1942 ; entered Worth, May 1950.

HOBBIES

*by D. A. BAYNE

Any school-boy who goes to boarding school would natuarlly like special hobbies, such as stamps and railways and other things, especially a tuck shop. Well here is a description of the lovely things we get at Worth to do. Father Thomas runs a stamp club which anybody who is keen on stamps can join. Father Thomas also looks after the choir which I can assure you sings extremely well. Father Denis runs an electric railway club which I'm very interested in ; he builds the lines himself only he buys the bits. Father Jerome runs a railway, only his is not electric. But he has one electric train. He owns two steam engines and the rest are clockwork. Now we go to Father James who runs a billiard club. It costs 2/6 per term to join it. Father James also runs a school shop where you can go and buy ices and watch-straps and all sorts of things. Father Edward runs a library where you can read very good books and he also teaches squash very well. So there is a description of some of the lovely things at Worth.

MY LAST SUMMER HOLIDAYS

*by G. C. GRANT

One day my Mother thought that I would like to go to Italy, she asked me and I said " Yes Please " so we started packing the cases. Meanwhile my Granny telifoned a taxi. Just when we put the last thing in I heard the front door bell ring. My mother opened it and the taximan took our cases and put them in at the back of the car. Then we drove off to the air-station where we waited for a bus that will take us to the airfield. We waited a little bit and then went through the customs. After that the stuward took us onto the airfield and showed us to our airliner. We all got in and took our seats. Then we fastened our safety belts. Suddenly the engines of our airoplane roared up and smoke came out of the tubes. Then we took off ,we soared over the tree tops. Soon I caught sight of the English Channel ; then we were flying over it. Then we came over France, we did that quite quickly. After that came Switzerland which was beautiful. Then there came Italy, we were nearly at Naples where we were going to land. When we landed we went straight to the customs and got a taxi which was to take us to a little village called *Positano* it was a little village built on a hill, we were to stay at a Hotel called " Savoia " it was a pretty one, with rocky mountains on each side. After five weeks of bathing we had to go back to England, we got a plane back to England, we flew and flew untill we caught sight of England. After we had landed we went through the customs and then I saw Granny. I rushed forward and nearly knocked four people over. Then we got a taxi and drove home in the car.

*DAVID BAYNE, born May 20, 1941 ; entered Worth, September 1950.

*GLYN GRANT, born November, 23, 1943 ; entered Worth, September 1951.

IN A BUS QUEUE

*by J. P. V. HUNT

A damp night in London, about 6.20. In one of the suburbs. Three people were waiting in a bus queue. They were all waiting for the 6.15 bus to Piccadilly. There were two old charladies and I. They were talking to each other. One who seemed to be Mrs Hoskins said to one who was called Mrs Higgs (short as I expect for Mrs Higgenbottom) said :

" Do you know, I'm just about fed up with Thursday, Fred gets back late from work, Jack never early from school, and getting the kippers for tomorrow, by the way fish queues they go on and on and all for kippers, oo, my poor feet after it !'

" I know what its like, always the same " replied Mrs. Higgs. Then along came a bus—Mrs. Hoskins looked up, after fumbling in her bag for her glasses, she said :

" I expect No. 32a always beats the other one to the mark ?"

" It is," said Mrs. Higgs, vaguely.

" Shocking " replied Mrs. Hoskins.

" Yes, I told the old man off and he says to me, well I can't help it—that Bobby on the corner is always telling Bill off for driving fast and Bill says back, Now here I've got two charming young ladies to pick up at the Store and he means us !"

" How lovely " replied Mrs. Hoskins.

" And whats more the bobby lets him off."

Then along came the bus, only one old lady gets off and the rest of us ascend into the warm interior of the bus.

THIS PIG WENT TO MARKET

*by D. M. De Lacey

My father keeps pigs, and one day he found that he had a very fat one, so he said, it would have to be sent off to be killed that day. We found that it was too big to get in the trailer so we had to put it in the car. It got into the car and sat down on the front seat. It looked at all the people passing by. When we got to the market we opened the door, and the pig got out, and big tears rolled down its face, and my father said " goodbye for now, but we will see you as a piece of ham soon."

*DAVID De LACEY, born December 12, 1940 ; entered Worth, September 1949.

*PETER HUNT, born July 5, 1940 ; entered Worth, May 1949 ; acted in *Babes in the Wood, Mother Goose, Stations in Mime.*

TWELVE DAYS AWAY FROM HOME

*by J. S. W. WILLIAMS

On the 30th of August at home we started to get our clothes and shoes together to pack in the evening. The 31st of August showed us having everything ready and excited for the next day at one o'clock. We were all sent to bed earlier than usual because we had a tiring day in front of us. The next day we were all very excited and at twelve o'clock my father at least was making an awful fuss for lunch and to get away. At last we started at about 1.15 and were away on our journey to Kerry in West Ireland—a place called Bally-Bunnion. We went first to Neath where it first started to drizzle ; then we discovered that the ground sheet we had put on top of the cases on the rack on top of the car was coming loose, so there we had another fuss about buying a new ground sheet. But my Mother put my father off and when we got to Carmarthen further on still, as it was not drizzling so hard now we did not buy a ground sheet at all. When we arrived at Fishguard we had to wait while my father went into an A.A. office to get a ticket to put on the car saying " direct transport to Rosslare from Fishguard." We then got the car on to the platform to put on to the boat sooner or later, and then took the luggage we wanted for the night and arranged what bunks we were to sleep in and then explored our way around the boat. During supper we could see the car being put on the boat. We then all went to bed and slept. I woke up as the boat was just going out of the harbour and kicked my sister and said " we're off, we're off." Later on we started chopping a bit and I said " my tummy left behind over and over again." I was still awake at two o'clock when we arrived at Rosslare. We had to be off the boat by eight. We got off after breakfast and went off on our journey to Ballybunion. We stopped to get ices and lunch and stretch our legs about every hour. We arrived at Bally-Bunnion at 6.30 roughly on September 2nd. After putting our things away in our rooms we went down to the beach to paddle. The next morning I think we got up and bathed while the frost was still on the ground. While we were not doing anything special we played Ping Pong, and ate grub. My father used to send me and my sister nearly every day to get more grub. We often went on tours to buy things and to explore the parts near us. The best expedition we made was the one to the Killarney lakes, where there were lovely views. We spent most of our time down on the beach. But in the end we had to go home. We went by a different route this time and found that it was something like seven miles longer. When we first arrived in Wexford we thought it was going to be rough and even rougher when we arrived at Rosslare, but we thought wrong for it was smoother than when we came. We reckoned to be back home again at twelve-thirty. We were about right too when we did arrive home. We put our things away and had lunch. Sweet Home, Happy Home, it was.

*STEPHEN WILLIAMS, born April 1, 1941 ; entered Worth, Autumn 1949.

THE HAUNTED ROOM

*by D. C. J. LUNN

The train rumbled slowly into a tiny dilapidated old station. It was Crowfield and I had to get out here, for I was visiting my uncle, whom I had never seen before, at his house ' Hill Towers.' I got out and looked around me. I saw a sleepy-eyed porter lounging against the wall of the stationmaster's office, and stopped to ask him the way to Hill Towers. " I wouldn't go there, young man, if you'll take my word," he said, " It's a creepy old place is Hill Towers, hardly anybody goes there except Jim Mason, the postman, and he only leaves the letters on the doorstep." The porter would not say any more after that, and so I hired a dog cart, which bumped and jolted to an incredible degree over the old road. At last I arrived at Hill Towers, which very much belied its name, by being situated in the middle of some marshes, with a lane running up to the door. I paid the driver of the dog cart his fare and rang the bell. I waited for some time and at last a shuffling of feet announced that someone was coming to open the door. After a clinking of bolts and chains, the door swung open to reveal a little wizened man, whom I took to be my uncle. " Welcome my boy," he said, " I will show you to your room." We entered a dark and spacious hall, and then we went up a long flight of stairs into a long corridor, through a big oaken door and into my room. As I was wearied from my journey, and it was pitch dark already I decided to go straight to bed. I unpacked my bag, undressed and got into bed. Just as I was dropping off to sleep, I felt a cold shiver run down my spine. My doctors had always told me that I had the instinct of an animal, and now I sensed that there was evil near. Suddenly my candle was snuffed out. There was no wind, in fact the air was sultry, and I was streaming with perspiration. I was left in total darkness. Then I heard a panting outside ; the door was flung open and my uncle burst in. I could see that he was in terrible fear of something. " Help me ! Hide me ! " he cried, his voice quivering with fear. Suddenly he stopped and pointed towards the door which led down to the kitchen. There came slowly and haltingly, choking with suppressed feelings : " Yea, you have bullied me and laughed in my face, and have taken my lands ; but when you murder me in cold blood, I have to repay it !" My uncle and I were sitting petrified and now the ghostly voice went on again : " Yea, on this very spot you hanged me, yea, Joseph Langdon, well may you quiver with fear, like all your forefathers did. I have come to repay the injustice done to me, yea, yea. As they have drunk of my blood so will I drink of theirs." After that there came a deadly silence, only broken by my uncle, gibbering with fear. Then, very slowly the door opened, and there standing in the frame of the door was an ordinary man, a careworn man with tired faraway-looking eyes, but his mouth was set in a firm line. He came to where my uncle

*DAVID LUNN, born February 28, 1940 ; entered Worth, Autumn 1948 ; Librarian ; Choir.

sat, slowly, step by step, all the time repeating over and over again " as they have drunk of my blood, so will I drink of theirs." All the time his whole form had a dull glow, and he said to my uncle in a soft tone but with an edge on it " Get up, get up, and I will hang you in exactly the same place where your ancestors hanged me." My uncle mutely obeyed, and he and the fiend went down the stairs. I felt horrified ; but there was nothing I could do. So I hastily packed my belongings. Just as I was starting down the stairs I heard a ghastly high-pitched scream choked with agony, and I guessed that the fiend was torturing my poor uncle before hanging him. I hurried down the stairs, through the hall, down the lane, and half walked, half ran to the station, and from there I took the first train to London. A few days later, I heard that my uncle's house had been burnt by a great fire in which nothing but the black walls remained of the great mystery which I had discovered there.

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS BALL

*by M. J. A. WILKINSON

It was in the year 1896 in the reign of Queen Victoria, on Christmas Day, when the Queen told most of the Lords and Dukes in the country to come to a great ball that night. Some footmen were told to go round the country to all the Lords and Ladies who were not ill in bed, to come to a grand ball at the palace. At the time when it was to take place all the great lords driving to the palace in their best carriages and their footmen standing on the back of them blowing their trumpets to sound their master and mistresses' coming. When they arrive they go up the steps of the palace and through the big doors where there are footmen announcing the names of the Lords and Ladies. Then they go into the great hall, where at the end the Queen sits on a chair made of mahogany wood and covered with a cover of satin, they walk as proudly as they can up the hall until they come to the chair. Then they bow or curtsey to the Queen, then a footman comes out of a door and leads the Lord or Lady through the ranks of Queen's guardsmen who are standing at the side of the platform on which the chair is standing and into the great banquet Hall, where all the lords and ladies are sitting down at a table made of polished black ebony wood and waiting for the queen to come in at the great door to take her seat at the ivory chair at the head of the table. At last all the lords and ladies are assembled in the Dining Hall. Then a great hush comes over the large hall. Suddenly there is a fanfare of trumpets and the great door opens and the Queen comes in. At this moment all the Lords and Ladies get up from their seats and give a cheer for their Queen. Then the dinner begins. The food is brought in on golden trays and of course is is all of the best. At the end the wine is served and a toast given for the Queen. Then they go into a hall and have a dance. Then they are permitted to kiss the Queen's hand, thank her and go to their houses or castles.

*MARTIN WILKINSON, born April 24, 1943 ; entered Worth, April 1951.

INSULA VECTIS

*by A. D. H. WINDER

Last summer holidays we went to the Isle of Wight. We went on August 23rd. We took our bikes there, and that was a lot of trouble as we could not get the tickets for them at our station. We had to get up very early, even though we live in Hampshire, as it takes five hours to get there from our house. We went on the Portsmouth-Ryde ferry, and then we got the train to Freshwater. We stayed at an hotel in Freshwater, which was five minutes' walk to the sea. When we got there we were shewn our rooms and then we went down to lunch. In the afternoon we went down to the beach and for a walk. We had to go to bed early as we had to get up early the next day, Sunday. We rode the bicycles to the church, which was about one and a half miles away. After lunch we went down to the beach for a bathe. One of the walks we went for was up to Lord Tennyson's monument on Tennyson Down. When you are up there you get a lovely view nad you see you're on an island with sea sll round you. The first bicycle ride I went on was with my mother to Yarmouth, several miles away. As you pass the countryside, with only a few people around, you see the lovely views there are. I spent most of my bathes learning to swim, as I couldn't yet do, and did so on the second last day there. There was a carnival at Freshwater which was very good, and a firework show that we went to in the evening. During the first week of our two weeks there, it didn't rain at all, and it only rained twice in the second week. During the last five days we all had a season ticket each, with which we go on any train in the I.O.W. for five days. One of the places we went to was Carisbrook Castle. We got off at Carisbrook and then we walked to the castle. The castle is quite old in some parts and King Charles I was imprisoned there during the Civil War. There is an old well built in the year of the Armada (1588) with a donkey who draws water by means of a big wheel which turns a rope on a bucket ; the well is one hundred and sixty feet deep with forty feet of water. If you drop a bucket of water you hear the first splash about six seconds after the last drop has gone out which shows that the well must be very deep. We also went to Ventnor and Sandown, two places on the south-east coast. The Needles, rocks going out to sea, are quite near Fresh-water; we went there for the afternoon and had a bathe. When we were going on a train from Newport to Freshwater the engine driver let me have a ride in the engine, which was a great experience. One of the bicycle rides my mother and I went on was down the Military road from Fresh-water to St Catherine's Point. Going to Yarmouth is nothing compared to the military road, as the latter is really mountainous. When we went home on September 6th, I was pleased that I could swim, as I had been putting quite a lot of effort in it.

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

WHAT A DOG MUST KNOW

*by D. E. WALKER

Once upon a time there was a puppy. He had no name yet, for he had not been given one. Eventually he was given a name. His name was Scamp, and the people that he belonged to said " We must train him." The first thing that they taught him was to come when he was called. At first he ran away. They caught him and told him not to run away. The next time they told him to come, he stood still, and then came a few steps and then stopped. They called him and he came up and jumped up at them, as if to say " Well, what do you want me for ?". And they gave him a biscuit which he ran off to eat in the shed. Then they taught him to beg for biscuits and bits of chocolate. He got very good at that, and then he went out shooting. He used to fetch the rabbits that they shot. He had many dog friends and they went to the farmer's field, and the farmer got very angry because they chased the sheep. Next time they went into the field to chase them they got caught by the farmer and he took them home. So the people there taught him not to chase the animals in the field. But he still did it, and he often got caught by the farmer and he got a good smacking.

FINLAND

*H. J. von KNORRING

In Finland there are great woods, and lots of lakes and islands. In winter it is very cold and the snow falls in October. I go to Finland for my summer holidays. There are lots of mushrooms and berries. We live on an island. I usually go fishing with my father. In Finland there are baths called Souami Sauna. I sometimes row for my father when he is fishing. When you go through the Finnish country you will see lakes and forests. The Finnish farms are quite big and on them are usually lots of cows. I have been on a Finnish farm with lots of cows and pigs and some turkeys and chickens. The pigs had lots of babies and there were special places for the babies to sleep in. The Souami Saunas have got three different levels and each one is about two feet high. The lowest one is cool, the second is a bit warmer, and the third is very hot. There is a big stove and on top of it is a well of hot water and some buckets of cold water. There are usually some leaves. To use this bath, you first heat the stove and then you go on one of the heights and sweat and beat yourself with leaves and wash yourself. When you have done that, you go for a dip in the sea. You usually have a cake and coffee after you have had a Finnish bath.

*DOUGLAS WALKER, born June 29, 1944 ; entered Worth, September 1952.

*JOHN VON KNORRING, born December 21, 1944 ; entered Worth, September 1952.

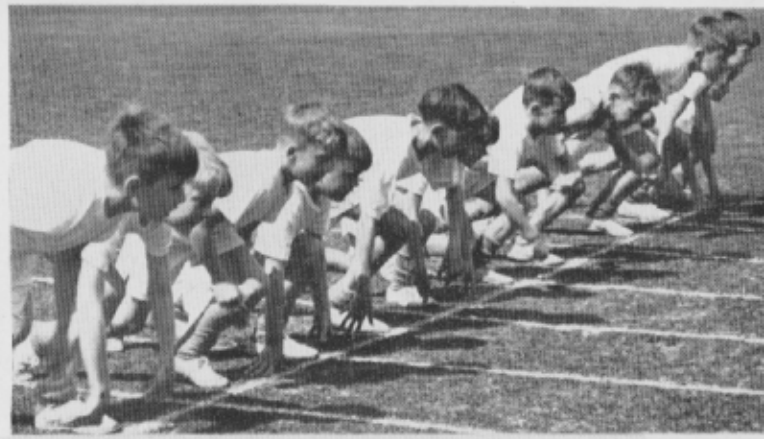
ATHLETIC SPORTS AND GYM DISPLAY

LONG JUMP

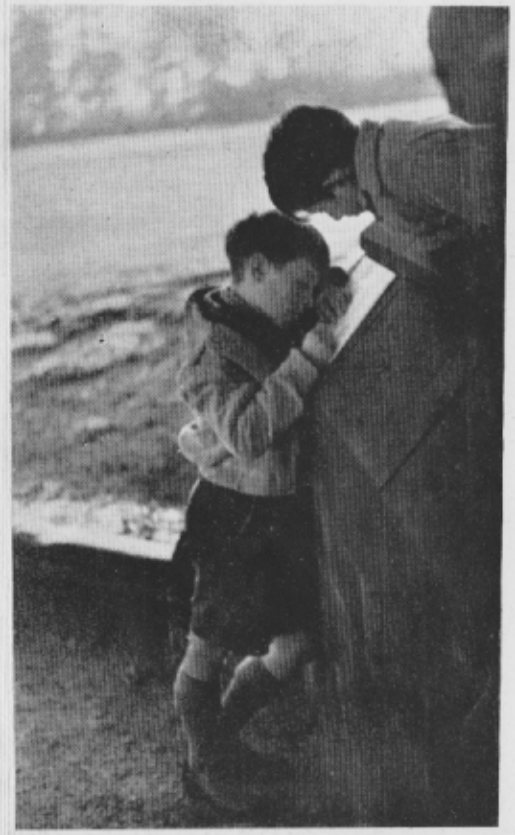
HIGH JUMP

BEGINNERS BEGIN

TABLEAUX



AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON



RUGGER

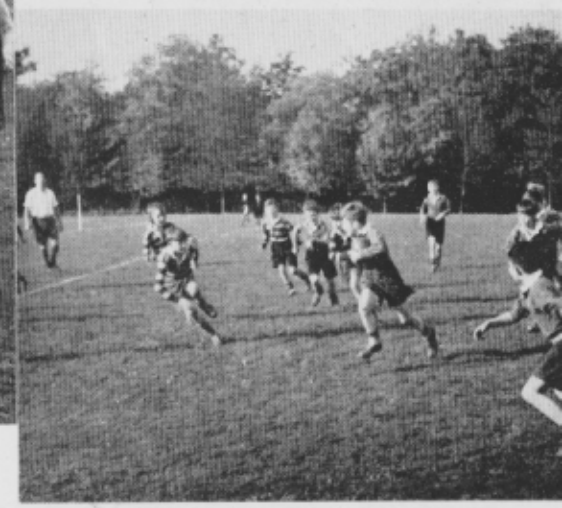
(*Left*) : Under 12 XV v Christ's Hospital. (G. Hanbury with the ball)

(*Right*) : 1st XV v St Benedict's

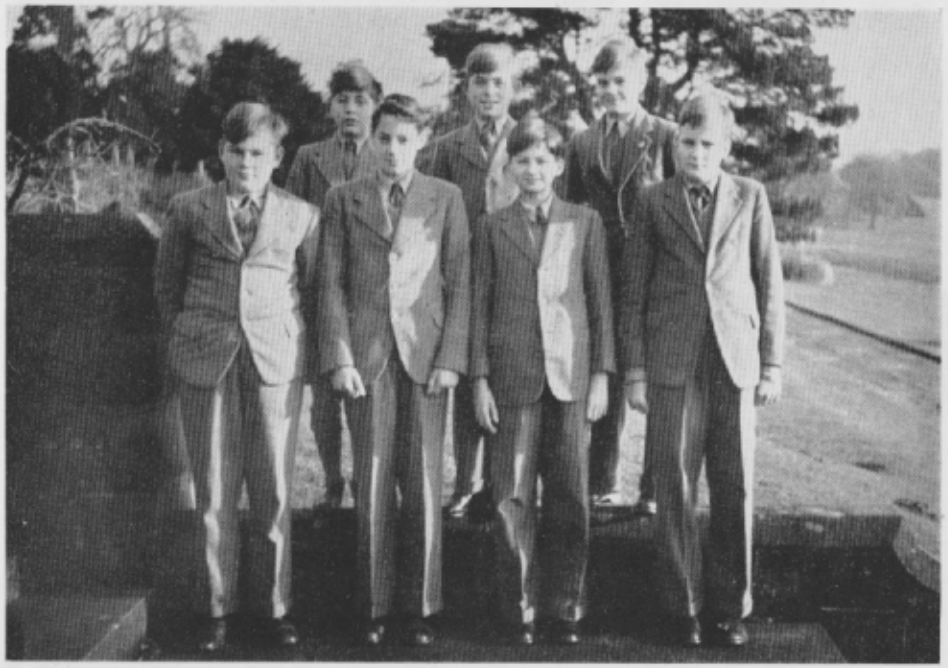
(*Below*):

Macdonald scores for under 12 XV v. Christ's Hospital

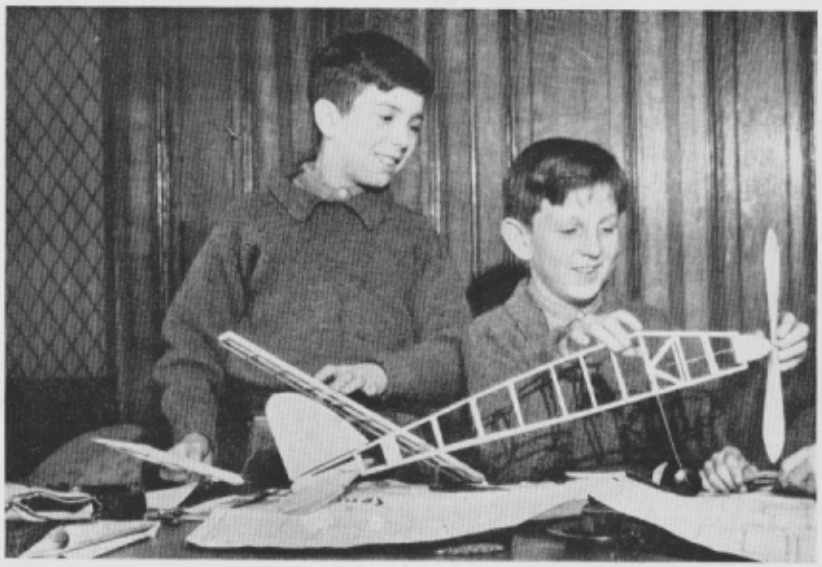
(*Right*) : Under 11 v St Benedict's (A. Rowbotham with the ball)



LEAVING BOYS, DECEMBER, 1952



J. ALBA B. W. M. MOORSOM T. MATHEW
S. M. LANE J. M. GAFFNEY M. J. HEGARTY K. P. ANDREWS



S. E. BALL AND D. H. KENYON-DAVID AT WORK

AT A FIREWORKS DISPLAY

*by J. D. H. FORAN

" 5th of November !" what does that conjure up in one's mind ?
" *Why, fireworks of course.*"
" But why do we have fireworks ?"
" *Well, Guy Fawkes tried to blow up the Houses of Parliament.*"
" Yes, but who was Guy Fawkes ?"
" *Well, he was a man—I don't really know very much about him.*"
" *Guy Fawkes was a mining engineer. He was a Catholic and was asked by a band of dissatisfied Catholics to blow up the Houses of Parliament. A cellar was hired under the Houses of Parliament and stocked with gunpowder. Just as Guy Fawkes was going to light the fuse he was discovered.*"
" But how was he discovered at the right moment ?
One of the men in the plot had a relation in the Houses of Parliament, not wanting him to be killed, he told him not to go the the opening of Parliament. This member of Parliament naturally got curious so he told William Cecil, the Chancellor, enquiries were made, and soon the plot was discovered."
" Why weren't the conspirators arrested immediately ?"
" *The government wanted to catch the conspirators red-handed, and as they were Catholics, to be able to use this plot to persecute the Catholics. This Act was so publicized that from then to now we burn a guy and have fireworks.*"
" When did this take place ?
" *On November 4th, 1605.*"
" Ah, I understand now, but what happened to Guy Fawkes." ?
" *He was hanged and so were many innocent people.*"
" What was the reason for trying to blow up the Houses of Parliament ?"
" *After Elizabeth's persecution the Catholics expected to be allowed to practice their religion as James I's mother was a Catholic. But James was brought up a Presbyterian.*"
(" Oh ! What a beautiful rocket !")

SNOW SCENE

*by P. A. de CHAZAL

The snow is a nice sight, for it such a bright white, up in the trees, and on the dark green grass, about two inches thick on the ground. If you live on a farm, in the morning you take your sheep, cows or goats out and you see their foot prints on the snow, which glitters with the dew, it looks quite lovely. Snow can be useful if you want to catch a thief. You see his footprints in the morning.

*JOHN FORAN, born June 4, 1939 ; entered Worth, September 1947 ; 1st XV ; School Prefect.
*PAUL de CHAZAL, born September 25, 1942 ; entered Worth, September 1951.

MY DOG

*by M. F. TEMPLE

I have a dog. I called him Michael. He is two years old. I had him since he was a puppy. We have lots of fun together. At night Michael sleeps at the end of my bed ; once in the night he climbed into bed. It was not very comfortable. After breakfast I go to school and Michael comes with me. When we get to school I send Michael home again. At four, Michael comes back to the school to wait till I come out of school. When he sees me coming he runs to meet me. Now he knows that he will have someone to play with. When we get home I get out a ball and I and Michael play with it. One morning when I got up, Michael did not seem very well so we sent for the vet, but when the vet came he could not find anything wrong with him. About five o'clock he was sick, so we put him to bed. In the morning he was quite well again. Another time I was going shopping in the high street and another dog jumped out of a shop door and bit Michael so I took him home at once. When we got home we sent for the vet who told me that he had a broken leg and he thought it better that I let him take him back with him for special treatment, so I said " Yes of course." Two weeks later he brought him back home again just as well as ever.

TRAFALGAR

*by M. J. D. CHURCH

On a cold drizzly morning—October 12th, 1805—I stepped out of an old battered coach and on to the quay which faced an extraordinary-looking battleship. This ship was to be the most famous ship in England, H.M.S. *Victory*. I looked at her in complete surprise and at the other ships of the line. They had all been painted orange and black. This, I gathered afterwards, was to screen them when the smoke from the guns arose ; then the enemy couldn't see them but we could see the enemy. Anyway I got hold of a ferry and we were soon speeding along under full sail. In ten minutes I stepped aboard H.M.S. *Victory* herself. I was Captain Hardy's steward and he was the captain of the ship under Admiral Nelson. It was on the night of October 20th with the French fleet very close when I listened to Nelson giving his last speech to his men, saying that tomorrow would bring a decisive battle and that " England expects every man to do his duty." The next day the French were sighted and immediately Nelson attacked the enemy from the nearest quarter with Collingwood attacking from the rear. H.M.S. *Victory* with royals set and the decks cleared for action lead her division straight at the enemy. Cape Trafalgar could be seen on the horizon and within twenty minutes

*MICHAEL TEMPLE, born November 16, 1942 ; entered Worth, September 1951.

*MICHAEL CHURCH, born October 7, 1939 ; entered Worth, September 1947 ; 1st XV ; Choir Leader ; Head of the School.

Victory fired her first broadside at the nearest ship. After the smoke had cleared the *Victory* gave her second broadside and by this time musketry fire broke out between the two ships. I seized a musket and having loaded it I took aim and fired just as the third broadside was fired. As the battle raged to and fro I could dimly see Nelson standing on the quarter deck with the bullets whipping round him, shouting encouragement to his men. Each time I saw him I fought more vigorously than before and I killed many Frenchies. Then suddenly, with the British on top now, I saw Nelson fall and I rushed to the spot and stood by some seamen who were going to take him to the cockpit. Then Hardy came up and followed us to the cockpit. I was told to go out and carry on fighting, only to meet a bullet in the shoulder blade and to watch the battle while my end came. I was at my last gasp when I saw a white flag on the mast of the French flagship. Then a seaman got hold of me and as he had been an amateur doctor he extracted the bullet and put my arm in a sling. Later that night the Victory sailed home with our prizes and with Nelson on board, dead. Every man had done his duty.

NOWELL

*by T. MATHEW

We keep Christmas because when our Lord was born, they made a big feast of it. He was born in Bethlehem. Our Lady was going round to find a place for Our Lord to lay him in. She had gone all over Bethlehem and no one would take her in. So she went and had a look round till she came to a stable where there was a donkey and an ox. Our Lady had brought a light and she put it on the wall. In the stable there was a manger and they laid Him in it. He was wrapped in swaddling clothes to protect him from the cold. There was a star over the stable to show where Our Lord was born, and angels in the sky singing " Nowel, Nowel, born is the King of Israel,"

In the east there were three wise Kings, who saw the big star in the west. They got ready their camels and rode to where the star was taking them to. They passed by King Herod, and he asked them where they were going. They said they were going to see the King of Israel. But King Herod said that *he* was the King. Then the three wise Kings went on their way till they came to the stable, and there was Our Lord with Our Lady and St. Joseph on either side of the manger. The three wise Kings gave Our Lord presents. They were Myrrh, Frankincense and Gold. In the fields the shepherds were in fear of the singing in the sky. They went to the stable where Our Lord was, and there gave him a little lamb.

In the stable there was Our Lady, St Joseph, the three wise Kings, the shepherds, the donkey and an ox. They were all worshipping him.

*THEOBALD MATHEW, born April 29, 1939 ; entered Worth, May 1950 ; acted in *Mother Goose* and *Puss in Boots* ; Choir.

SAILING ON THE SOLENT

*by J. R. STOKES

I am very fond of sailing, and I did some last holidays in a little Dragon class yacht, that could sleep two with a cram, but had no means of cooking. We, that is to say me, my Mother and the owner of the boat, started at Lymington. As we were going down river we saw boats of all kinds and sizes, some big, and some pram size, in line all down the river. Just as we were coming to the end of the river the ferry came up the river, from the Isle of Wight, going to the Mainland. It is very big and has to go in the middle of the river, to get enough water, so you have to be very careful so as not to go on the mud at the side of the river. Soon we were goose-wing, with one sail to port and the other to starboard ; you can only do this when the wind is coming from behind you. We went to Beachy Head and anchored as we were going to bathe off the ship ; but when I put my hand in I brought it out in a hurry and that changed our minds, so we weighed anchor, and started back. On the way back, the wind was against us, so it seemed much rougher. When we went about I had to go in the little wooden cabin, until everything had settled down again. At a point in our journey back we were going about, and the sheet jammed, so we went into the stays, and we started to drift into the shore, but we soon got going again and went back without delay. When we got back we went home in our car, then had a good tea, for we needed it very badly.

THE NATIVITY

*by J. C. ALBA

There was a virgin called Mary and she had married a man called Joseph of Nazareth and both of them were of the tribe of David. Now Caesar Augustus who was ruling at that time, proclaimed that every person should go to Jerusalem to sign their name because he wanted to know how many people there were in his Empire. Mary and Joseph set off to Jerusalem. When they arrived there was not an inn to stay at but there was a stable near an inn where they could stay for the night. The night was cold and there Jesus was born, and he was kept warm by the breath of a cow and an ass.

Now in a foreign country three kings in the night saw a very bright star in the sky. So they decided to follow it. When they got to Jerusalem they asked all the clever men where the great king would be born and they said that he would be in Bethlehem. Herod said, when they had found him, to come back and tell him, so he will give him presents. Following the star they came to Bethlehem. When they found him they gave him presents. When they were going to go, Saint Joseph said do not go back to Herod but go back to your land by another road.

*JONATHAN STOKES, born June 25, 1942 ; entered Worth, May 1951.

*CESAR ALBA, born December 15, 1941 ; entered Worth, September 1949.

MY PETS

*by A. M. BUCKLEY

One day our big Labrador, Lassie, had six puppies, four black and two creams. The four black were called Spot, Alexander, Bluebell and Tom. The creams were called Sally and Timmy. I owned Timmy and Spot. The next year the two biggest dogs were Alexander and Timmy. We took the whole hoard of them to dog shows including Lassie and we soon found that Timmy was our champion. So one day we only took Timmy to the Bournemouth Championship Show. Timmy was in the third round and she was extra good today and soon my mother received a first prize card with fifteen shillings sealed on the back. At the end, when " the best dog of the show " was being judged, suddenly there was a big shout and I saw a small man running away with a sack over his shoulder. Then I was told that the man had stolen a big silver cup. So I quickly got Timmy and sent him after the thief and soon to my relief I heard a howl which meant that Timmy had bitten the thief on the leg and that the thief had fallen onto the ground. Every one was so pleased that they all asked the judge to award the cup to my mother. The next day a letter came with some money and a note saying " To you, for helping to catch the thief. Yours sincerely, Sergeant Jenks." Ever since our dogs have been very useful to us.

BLACKIE THE CAT

*by H. R. WALFORD

Little Blackie lived at White Thorn farm. He was called Blackie because he was black, except for a little white patch on his chest. He was a mischievous little kitten. One evening he was sitting by the fire when Mrs Waddington, the children's grandmother, was knitting. The children, Peter and Peggy, dashed into the room. They said " Our pig, Mrs Mulligan, has got a new baby." Granny dropped her knitting with fright and said " I do not believe you " and the children said " It is true, Daddy saw it first, and he called us." Granny got up and Blackie went to. He scampered in front ; and he jumped up on the door of the sty, and he leaned so far over that he nearly fell into the trough, and Daddy just saved him in time. Mother came back from shopping and saw Daddy and all the others, and she said " What are you doing ?" and she rushed over to the sty. " Mulligan has got a new baby " they said, " look ; he is just the same colour, a ginger haired Tamworth pig." It was seven o'clock, the children's bed time, so they had to go to bed. The next morning at five o'clock someone got out of the window. It was Blackie going to wake up Mrs Mulligan. He crept along to the sty and jumped in. Then he gave Mrs Mulligan's tail a pull. She opened her eyes and then fell asleep again. Blackie gave her a tug and the pig got up and started to chase her tail. Then she stopped and kicked up

*MARTIN BUCKLEY, born April 23, 1943 ; entered Worth, September 1951

*HUGH WALFORD, born December 9, 1945 ; entered Worth, September 1951.

her hind legs which frightened Blackie and he let go of her tail. Then he jumped on her nose, and started pulling her rings. Mrs Mulligan went over to the trough, put down her head and Blackie slipped and fell into the trough. He scampered back to the house and sat on his rug. Then Granny came in, and she scrubbed him hard. So that taught Blackie a lesson.

A WALK ON THE DOWNS

*by A. J. EYRE

It was a fine afternoon when we started out on the South Downs. My sister, my friend and his parents and I started up the hill munching sweets. For the first three quarters of a mile there was barley growing. But then we came to wheat, we had to run down a hill to get to it, but when we did, we started to eat that. We had a wonderful view all around us. We lost our way after about three miles but we soon found it again. At last we got to a small village called Bramber; we had tea there. We went by bus half the way back, and walked the rest. When we got back we were tired out, because we had walked seven miles.

OUR STREET

*by T. M. JENKINS

The street is a very busy place. There are many shops and they have many interesting things to look at, and especially at Christmas time. You go out and find that there are so many people that you are almost squashed flat. Cars and buses rumble about the roads, making a deafening noise. Then, suddenly there is a great clanging of a bell and round the round-about comes the fire-engine skidding on two wheels. Then comes the ambulance behind. Soon the noise dies down and there is only the familiar rumbling and hooting of the traffic. Half-an-hour later the fire-engine comes back very slowly compared with the speed that it had been going. Soon the night comes, and all the shop lights go on, lighting up the windows. The shops begin to close down. Soon all are shut. Next morning they open again and all starts once more.

SANDHURST HALT

*by M. K. O'M. DEWAR

I know a little Railway station near my home, a country one. It has only two platforms (made of wood) and a very nice little shelter on each platform with a bench to sit on. At one end of the platforms there is a crossing, not a bridge like most Railway Stations. Of course when a train comes you can't go across. Trains come every half-hour and the bigger trains just go through without stopping. A few trains go through at night even, from twelve to three o'clock. It is called " Sandhurst Halt." I know the Station Master. He is usually the only person looking after the place. When I leave school I get out at this station where my Grandmother meets me.

*ADRIAN EYRE, born March 20, 1942 ; entered Worth, January 1952.
*TIMOTHY JENKINS, born July 20, 1942 ; entered Worth, September 1951.
*MICHAEL DEWAR, born November 15, 1941 ; entered Worth, September 1950.

CRICKET

Ist XI

It is amazing how the declaration of mumps in a small boy in the Tower House in the first days of term, can shatter a fixture list that has been maturing for months. Although this happened this term, it was not in the end the disaster it seemed at first to the team ; the essential routine went on : the patient daily coaching by the Professional, Mr Bott, in the nets, and the regular games, seldom this year interrupted by rain. And it was possible to get seven matches, in which the 1st XI had plenty of opportunity of showing how much promise of good cricket there is in many going on to Downside this year. This is particularly true of the Captain, Anthony Chignell, and the two other colours of last year, Teddy Maynard and Peter Kavanagh. They are all-round cricketers of great promise. The last of them has developed most in the year and it was above all his batting, with his beautiful forcing drives off the back foot that gave most pleasure. His batting average of 59 for the season, the highest attained by a Worth boy, gives a fair impression of his excellence for a boy of 13. He has a good bowling action, and on his day bowls, as some of the Fathers learnt, a difficult ball that comes quickly off the pitch.

Chignell was a knowledgeable and business-like captain who was not afraid to exercise his own judgment, who always seemed to be followed willingly by the team and who set a high standard by his own performances. He took more wickets than anybody else, had a batting average of 33 and was a very lively fielder who held one exceptionally difficult catch against Ladycross. The person in charge of the 1st XI cannot always hope to have such an excellent captain. When he does turn up he is very grateful.

As far as performances in matches go, this was not Maynard's year. Last year when he made about 250 runs in matches he was usually uncertain in his first few overs and needed luck to survive and show us the array of strokes he can command. This year it was the same save that in matches he did not have the initial good fortune. But he is so much of a little professional, with such a choice of strokes, and such an intelligent approach to the game that he is sure to develop into a good cricketer. His excellence in the slips won him the Fielding Cup.

Ist XI Colours were awarded during the season to a further five boys, Paul Chapman, Antony Lesser, Andrew Marsden, Michael Callender and Partick Galvin. Chapman returned after several seasons of wicket-keeping to bowling and justified the move by having the next best bowling average of 5.46 for the season. His batting was crisp and wristy, much better than last year, but he still does not get enough over the ball and makes some of his strokes with his left elbow clinging awkwardly to his side. Lesser was the new wicket-keeper and his great keenness was rewarded by his steady improvement during the course of the season. He has learnt the virtue in a wicket-keeper of moving his feet and his

body—a lesson that was inforced by watching Evans in the Test Matches on Television ; he will be good when he learns to temper keenness with coolness. He was a valuable batsman with a fairly sound defence and plenty of aggressive strokes. Marsden was in some ways the most improved player on the side. He still has few attacking strokes, but by concentration, dour determination and the willingness to watch each ball onto the bat he became an opening bat who was not easy to dislodge. His 34 in two and a half hours against the Fathers had a Homeric quality. Michael Callender got his colours as a very useful all-round member of the side. An excellent out-fielder who moved early and fast in the direction of the ball and had a powerful and accurate return, he did not develop as much confidence as a batsman as had been hoped. Often he did not seem to be able to make up his mind how he was going to play a ball till it was too late. But with lots of practice at the wicket this uncertainty should disappear. As a bowler he has a good action, can make the ball swing in and greatly improved in control as the season advanced. Galvin was awarded his colours for his batting, but it must be admitted rather more for its promise than its fulfillment. He undoubtedly has the makings of a solid batsman, but he is not quick to learn, and although very keen on the game, he has been up till now rather averse to taking the necessary trouble. He fully redeemed some uncertain fielding by holding two catches in the last match of the season.

It will be seen from the summary of results that Worth again lost one of their matches and that, again, early in the season. On both occasions this lost match has done more than anything to help the boys to improve their game. Not that the loss on this occasion was all due to the failures of Worth. It was a personal triumph for Freeman, the Ealing Captain, who justified his reputation as a young player of great promise. Of the other matches those against Ladycross and the Fathers were the most exciting games. In the former match Ladycross took over two hours to get their 77 runs. While Worth never looked like being got out in the time—a little over an hour—they were never till the last 15 minutes ahead of the clock, and Ladycross might have been able to force a draw had it not been for a vigorous 17 from Chapman just at the right moment.

For the Fathers' match we again had perfect weather and the game was as exciting as might be expected from having Father and son, Mr Chignell and Anthony, as rival Captains. After the game one Father suggested that he presumed an inability to bowl was a condition for being asked to play against the school. But I think that is a little unfair both to the parents and to the five boys who scored 129 runs for 3 wickets. Kavanagh's 41 not out was particularly impressive. The Fathers were left an hour and a half to get their 130 runs and when Mr Andrews and Mr Williams were together it looked as though they would do it. But the fielding stood up excellently to the test and hope returned when Callender caught Mr Andrews off a ball that was just short of the boundary. Chignell

and Kavanagh both bowled well, the latter getting the last wicket when only 6 runs were needed by the Fathers for victory.

On the whole the team this year probably contained more promising cricketers than is at all usual in a Preparatory School side. The best of them started their cricket with Dom Jerome four or five years ago in the Tower House, and although all credit is due to Mr Bott for the way he has brought them on in the last two years, they would never have been nearly so good had it not been for the foundations laid by those taking these boys in their games up the School.

Our thanks are due to Michael Chignell who came to help with the cricket during the latter part of the term. Last year at Downside he joined the small band of those who have scored over 500 runs in a season for the 1st XI. With that behind him, it may be imagined how eagerly the boys listened to his coaching.

The team was : A. Chignell* (Captain), E. F. Maynard*, P. A. Kavanagh*, P. R. Chapman*, J. R. Lesser*, M. P. Callender*, A. T. Marsden*, P. D. T. Galvin*, J. M. Gentry, W. O. M. Armstrong, K. P. Andrews.

P. D. H. Ash and J. Hurley also played.

Summary of results : Played 7, Won 5, Lost 1, Drawn 1.

v. Ashfold : Worth won by 109 runs. Worth 150 for 9 declared (Kavanagh 64 not out, Lesser 35). Ashfold 41.

v. St. Benedict's, Ealing : Ealing won by 6 wickets. Worth 47 (Freeman 3 for 12). Ealing 48 for 4 (Freeman 24, Chignell 4 for 19).

v. Worth Workers XI : Worth won by 8 wickets. Worth workers 36 (Chignell 3 for 7, Chapman 2 for 3). Worth 135 for 6 wickets (Chignell 68 not out).

v. Balcombe Juniors XI : Match drawn. Worth 160 for 5 (Kavanagh 55 not out, Marsden 43). Balcombe Juniors 48 for 4 (Chignell 3 for 16). Rain stopped play.

v. Fathers XI : Worth won by 5 runs. Worth 129 for 3 (Kavanagh 41 not out, Marsden 34, Chignell 29). Fathers XI 124 (Mr Andrews 38 ; Kavanagh 3 for 13, Chignell 3 for 36).

v. Epsom Juniors XI : Worth won by 9 wickets. Epsom Juniors XI 50 (Chignell 4 for 22, Chapman 2 for 2). Worth 150 for 8 (Lesser 48, Chignell 43).

v. Ladycross : Worth won by 5 wickets. Ladycross 77 (Chignell 4 for 21, Chapman 3 for 22). Worth 92 for 6 wickets (Kavanagh 26 ; Manley 4 for 33).

* Denotes 1st XI colours.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	No. of innings	Not out	Highest score	Total runs	average
Kavanagh	7	3	64*	236	59
Galvin	4	3	11*	34	34
Chignell	6	1	68*	165	33
Lesser	6	0	48	108	18
Marsden	6	0	43	86	14.3
Chapman	6	0	19	75	12.5
Maynard	6	1	14	33	6.6

* Not out

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	No. of overs	No. of Wickets	Runs	Average
Callender	27	8	43	5.375
Chapman	34	13	71	5.46
Kavanagh	36	10	56	5.6
Chignell	63	21	121	5.76
Maynard	34	6	84	14

It may be of interest to get on record a few statistics of the 1st XI covering the period since the Downside Junior School was moved to Worth in the Autumn of 1933. It will be seen that Worth has won about twice as many matches as they have lost. Matches played 138 ; Won 76, Lost 37, Drawn 25. Highest aggregate of runs in a season 338 by Vernon Wylie in 1938. Best batting average 59 by Peter Kavanagh in 1952. Highest individual score 90 by Edward Maynard in 1951. Highest number of wickets in a season 51 by Anthony Chignell in 1951. Best bowling average, 2.8 by John Norman in 1947.

SWIMMING SPORTS

The swimming sports were held at the end of the summer term. This year there were more entries than ever, and we had five divisions instead of the usual three. The new spring-board was only fitted in time for the finals of the 1st division, but its increased length—14 foot instead of 6 foot—produced some much better dives than have been possible before. It was noticeable that nearly every one of the winners had learnt to swim abroad ; and this shows how much our own boys would benefit if the swimming bath could be used over a longer period. Gleadell put up a particularly fine performance by winning the one length of Division V in 13 seconds, a better time than the two divisions immediately above. The results were as follows:

	Division 1.	*Division* 2.	*Division* 3.	*Division* 4.	*Division* 5.
ONE LENGTH					
1.	Innes 12.6 secs.	Voelcker 12.3 secs.	Capon 13.4 secs.	Plunkett 14 sec.s	Gleadell 13 secs.
2.	Robson	Rudd 1	Strickland	Cicconi	Donnelly
3.	Armstrong	Cuss	Bourke	Day	Rose
TWO LENGTHS :					
1.	Gibson 29.4 secs.	Voelcker 28.6 secs.	Capon 33.6 secs.	Plunkett	
2.	Ash	Cuss	Strickland	Cicconi	
3.	Innes	Church 1	Bourke	Day	

	Division 1.		*Division* 2.		*Division* 3.		*Division* 4.	
DIVING :	60 max.		60 max.		40 max.		40 max.	
1.	Ash	47	Rudd 1	42	Strickland	34	Cicconi	26
2.	Legge 1	46	de Weck	41	Hanbury	29	D'Apice	22
3.	Griffin	39	Vega	38	Capon	27	Turnbull	22
	Innes	39	O'Meara	37	Bayne	27	Eyre	21
5.	Maynard	35	Burkitt	36	Q-Harkin	27	Bourne	20
	Alba 1	35	Hurley	33	Mackenzie	27	Day	20
7.	de Lacey	34	Lunn	30	Plunkett 1	26	Morris	19
8.	Armstrong	32	Voelcker	28	Smyth	24	Plunkett 2	19
9.	Mellotte	26	Lucas	19	Poett 1	24	de Piro	16
10.	Gaffney	21	Ortiger	17	Macdonald	24		

NOVICES' RACE.

1. P. King-Ross. 2. R. Haydon. 3. Lucas.

PRIZE DAY

For once in a way we were very lucky with the weather on Sunday, July 20th, 1952. With memories of the flight from the tea tables into the shelter of the buildings last year, we delighted in real sunshine, sometimes even too hot.

The day began with the usual Physical Training display arranged by Mr Wallis. He had trained a good team ; but perhaps not quite so successful a one as the one he was able to bring before the parents the year before. Frankly, the material was not quite so good. There were more really good gymnasts in the team last year and there must inevitably be some variation in quality. This does not apply to all the boys but only to some. Even one boy will make a Physical Display slow down at different places or sometimes produce rather evident mistakes. Mistakes, however, were very few, and the Gym. Team did extremely well. Those who knew them and had seen them in training were very pleased at what they did. It was all quite spectacular and it was really remarkable how well these boys can perform on the Sunken Lawn. Robson made a very good Captain and he is commemorated in the Colour Film doing his club swinging.

At three o'clock there was a pony riding display. This preceded some jumping by King-Ross and Macdonald. At 3.30 the Worth Colour Film was shown in the Theatre. This is a departure from normal practice. Dom James has spent a long time and a great deal of trouble putting together various ' shots ' which he has made about the school. Appropriate music was provided. There was quite a demand for places and the film had to be shown again, and yet again. The film is really a very good one : It shows great camera work and artistry. There are one or two points where daylight was insufficient to light up the subjects, for example in the part which showed the Athletic Sports. I think one can say without any contradiction that the greater part of it would have done credit to any professional. Our thanks are very much due to Dom James for all the time and trouble he has taken over it. But he has enjoyed it.

He has particulary enjoyed the occasions on which he has been able to slip up with his cine camera and take people unawares. It shows every aspect of school life except work and such things as go on indoors. Naturally the school cannot provide expensive arc lamps to illuminate an arithmetic class or Assembly before the mid-day meal. This will have to come later. Everyone went away with a most satisfied feeling of having seen the school's outside activities throughout the year.

After tea on the lawn in front of the buildings the company adjourned to the Day Room, where fathers and mothers gathered to listen to the speeches which were also broadcast outside by loud speakers. The Prior introduced the occasion in a brief speech and then the Head Master gave a review and report of the School year. He said that he felt very

much nowadays like the Conductor of an Orchestra with the Butler and Ford Housemasters marshalling the brass instruments, the Chapman Housemaster the percussion, the Junior Housemaster the violas, and the Tower Housemaster the violins. For him the leader of the Orchestra was the devoted Second Master Dom Brendan. Then he went on to talk about Bendictine influences, and remarked that adolescence was an explosive to be directed like gunpowder in a gun barrel moulded out of tradition and religion by Benedictines. He gave a warning to parents that it would be necessary in future to insist on some standard of education before a boy arrived ; and furthermore advised them to enter their sons at birth, as there were few openings available for the next five years. The Head Master was able to point to an improvement in the studies, two scholarships and two exhibitions had been recently won and the other thirty-three boys who took the Common Entrance Examination for Downside gained the general average mark of 61% : this average has never been higher. He explained that we were not behindhand in games, the Rugger team being almost unbeatable and the Cricket XI likewise. In Squash racquets our pair from Worth got into the finals in the Squash Competition at Surbiton ; and it was for the first time during this past school year that Worth has played Squash Racquets matches against other schools. Experts in all fields have been down to help us. We must give a word of thanks to Mr Bott, our Leicestershire Cricket Professional, who has done a wonderful work with the Cricket XI.

Before the Head Master ended he paid a tribute to Mr Henry Hyslop, the Senior lay-master, who was leaving at the end of the term after many years on the teaching staff. He pointed out how much we had liked and respected him and that he went from here with the regret of everyone and with best wishes for his future. He drew a laugh from the School when he said we should miss the familiar boom from many class room windows.

After the Abbot of Downside had addressed the company, and the prizes had been distributed, many of the parents went to Benediction in the School Chapel : I say ' many ' because there was not room for more than some. So ended a very wonderful day, the best Prize Day we have had for years. It only remains to chronicle the fact that the Prior's Prize for the best boy at Worth was given to Michael Callender. Paul Chapman ran him so close that the Head Master awarded him a special prize as well.

RUGGER—UNDER 11 XV

The photograph of the Under 11 in action on another page shows that 10 year old rugger can give much more than one expects ; a three-quarter on the move with the ball backed up by three forwards is sometimes a rarity even in much more advanced stages of the game. This year the team shows every sign of growing into a useful side, with a formidable front row of the scrum in Plunkett 2, Dewar and Webb 1, and some fairly fast three-quarters who can handle the ball in Chambers, Cicconi,

Rowbotham and de Chazal. Andrews 2 and Williams 2, though light at present, worked untiringly as wing forwards. The only match, v. St Benedict's, was won 21-0. The usual team was : Moorsom 2 : Sirkett, de Chazal, Rowbotham, Alba 3 : Cicconi (Captain) and Chambers : Andrews 2, Aubépin, Williams 2, Gleadell, Foley, Plunkett, Dewar, Webb.

THE WOLF CUBS

The new Pack this term have had great fun with something interesting each Sunday. We started with a " Bu-Gull " hunt, with Dom Michael and the Scouts. Hannaford caught one of the Gulls. Then we had an enjoyable football match between the Arsenal and Cardiff, and everyone got soaked with rain. We had a return match later in the term, which was awful, because it was too cold ! Then we had a paper chase, and Winder 2 was the first to run the hares to ground. Another time we had an alphabetical scavenge, and everyone was jealous of O'Brien, who collected something beginning with the letter Z ! Later we had a good game of French and English and, not such a good one, the Baron's Bullion. Towards the end of term the District Commissioner came to give Akela his warrant as a Cubmaster, and he made his Scout Promise in the pack circle. We have five sixers this term, and the sixers are Sanday (head sixer), Bueno, Gleadell, Mitchell-Heggs and Church 2. Many first star tests have been passed, so that next term several cubs will start with one eye open ! We have a fine new notice board, which has often been decorated with good drawings by Davis. Looking forward to further hunting next term.

AKELA.

SCOUTS

Towards the end of the Summer Term the Scouts provided their usual efficient assistance on the days of the Sports Finals and the Gymkhana. For the latter they produced a First Aid detachment as well as messengers. Just before the end of term, P. L. Peter Ash (Peewits), obtained the Swimming Proficiency Badge.

The annual Camp was held in the Archway Lodge field, below the East Drive. We were blessed with perfect weather, and the week under canvas was a very happy and successful one. In addition to ten scouts, the G.S.M. and Dom Bruno and Dom Denis, there were also present Don Ash, Peter Ash's father (who is a Scout Commissioner in Trinidad), and five boys from Downside, while Brother Odilo Crkva, a Benedictine from Czecho-Slovakia, frequently came down to help with the wood gathering, and to play the guitar at the Camp Fires. The latter were held every night, and were most enjoyable. They also had an international flavour this year. For first of all we had Don Ash who came from the West Indies by way of the Indaba at Gilwell Park, where Scoutmasters

of fifty nations had camped for eight days. Brother Odilo sang Czech songs for us, and joined in some German songs sung by Miss Juchem and a friend from Germany. Miss Neerman sang some haunting Irish airs. Another of our visitors, Peter Hunt's mother, lives in Hong Kong.

The daily camp programme included Mass-serving before breakfast, and an Inspection and Flagbreak later in the morning. The afternoon was usually spent in Scouting activities such as bridge-building, axe-manship and cooking " twists." The swimming bath was used often for bathes. Some boys went out for bicycle rides, and Dom Denis once led them to Mayfield. Peter Ash and Carl Tantum went away for one night on a practice twenty-four hour journey ; they found it tiring, but great fun. Eight of the scouts who were at the Camp were left to form an experienced nucleus of the new Troop. This numbered only eleven for the first three weeks of the Michaelmas Term. But a wonderful " Gull Hunt," for which the Scouts combined with the Cubs, followed by a lunch in the woods, and some propaganda by the Patrol Leader of the Ravens, brought a rapid increase in the numbers of the Scouts : soon there were thirty-one. The recruits began keenly, and ten were quickly ready to be enrolled. Patrol Leader M. A. Byrne (Storks) completed his 2nd Class tests, and also won the Gardener Proficiency Badge. J. Alba (Ravens) gained the Linguist Badge in Spanish, and J. B. Bourke (of the revived Woodpigeon Patrol) the Stamp Collector Badge. In October another lunch was cooked in the woods, in fine weather : and on All Saints' Day the last open-air lunch of the winter was cooked successfully in rain. In spite of cold and sometimes rainy weather, work has frequently been done on the patrols' huts. The Ravens' hut is now almost weather-proof, and has to be lighted, even in daytime, by a paraffin lamp. The Woodpigeons have taken over the old site of the Doves. On November 23rd the District Commissioner, Group Captain G. T. H. Pack, spent the day with us. First he went to the gym to visit the Cubs, who had gathered indoors because of the cold. He presented their Cubmaster, Dom Roger, with his Warrant, and watched them enjoy two games. The G.S.M. then took him down to Bluebell Wood where he visited each of the five patrols at their huts, and finally talked to them all together for a few minutes before going up to the school for lunch. After lunch he and Dom Michael walked round the grounds to watch the progress of the second " Gull Hunt " of the term, the combined Scouts and Cubs being commanded this time by Dom Roger. Two of the " Gulls," Miss Whittard and Miss Neerman, were caught after an hour. But it was not until the hunt was almost over that two blue smoke signals in the distance told Headquarters that Miss Venn and Miss Marsden had been tracked down just in time. The Scouts and Cubs thank tremendously these four matrons for two lovely afternoons, and Miss Naylor for being a fifth " Gull " on the first hunt.

STAMP CLUB LETTER

My dear young Philatelists,

I want to tell you about one of the most famous stamp collectors of modern times. You may have heard of him, but I doubt if you ever knew his name, a most unusual one—Julius MocStooge (of that ilk) : properly speaking, *the* MocStooge. Queerly enough, this remarkable person often allowed himself to be known under more than one name ; but this, he told me, was quite agreable to custom in the land of the mountain and the flood, where the patronymic is frequently dropped in favour of that of the family seat or place of residence (' ilk '). That in point of fact the MocStooge's aliases were the outcome of the financial difficulties in which his various ' overheads ' (to be referred to later) involved him is neither here nor there.

My first connection with this strange and many-sided man was when he was in the Stamp business. If I remember rightly, he sold me a Belgian forgery—a unique copy and reasonably cheap. After this I often visited him and was even admitted into the circle of his friends. Thus I came to know practically everything worth knowing about him.

It was when he was on one of his many beam ends that he took up the Stamp Dealing profession. Unfortunately his interest in rare forgeries restricted his clientele to a favoured few and, as his overheads were excessively heavy, he went out of business in a few years. He then took to making old armour, old china—he was a prime judge of ceramics—old furniture and, in fact, anything old. But it was the same thing every time : his overheads always exceeded his profits. Anyway, he was not the sort that makes money easily ; indeed, he had a greatness that was above mere worldly riches.

His Stamp Collection was unique. It consisted entirely of forgeries of which he possessed several thousands, valued at a figure which probably equalled a small fortune, each single specimen being worth its weight in gold. In spite of its value he would never have this Collection insured ; 'for', he used to say, he saw 'no reason to waste money' on an object that he had no intention of losing sight of, that was proof against fire and that, by all the known rules of supply and demand, would never be the object of a serious burglary. On the contrary, he had his Stamp Album cased in a mixture of bdellium and asbestos (an invention of his own) and had notices put up all over his house saying ' This way to the Stamp Album ', the Album itself being displayed permanently on a special table, with a spotlight playing on it—an unforgettable sight. Curiously enough, one day the Collection actually *was* stolen. MocStooge managed to recover it, minus some of the greatest rarities, at a cost roughly equivalent to an insurance premium, had he ever paid one. Even so, he persisted in his refusal to insure. ' Once is enough ', he would say, solemnly, when urged on the matter. But he was ever a man of mystery.

Like many Stamp Dealers he was a gifted musician. Once, I remember, he had to open an organ on which some of the pedal notes would not sound. At first he was rather upset about this ; but later he told me in confidence that the missing notes did not really matter as nobody could possibly hear them. He would have nothing to do with any but pipe organs and used to express his contempt for the makers of electronic instruments by declaring roundly that only fools or madmen attempted to improve on or meddle with Nature.

His various businesses took him into many strange places, though nobody except his boon companions ever knew what parts of England he visited since he avoided using the ordinary geographical terms. Instead, he would say that he had been ' in the Style and Winch country ' or ' in the Page and Overton district ' or that he had been ' staying in the Tamplins' or ' passing through the Charringtons.' This way of talking earned him the reputation of being something of a wit. Wit or not, he certainly had a rare sense of humour. Thus he would often relate the story of the Curate's Egg (not the one in *Punch*), and he once gave as his considered opinion that a good joke makes you laugh even if you can't see the point yourself and you only laugh because everybody else does. On another occasion, when asked if he would care to see a mannequin parade he answered that he already had as many manikins as he could do with (this was when he was on another of his beam ends and trying to run a Preparatory School for the sons of Philatelists).

He had his oddities of course. Thus he would never let a week pass without going to the pictures ; and the sight of this venerable figure—he was venerable from the first—trotting along to the National Gallery, the Tate or the Odeon was always the signal for hundreds of artists, ancient and modern, to gather round him. Again, he would never listen to the wireless in a room where there was a telephone. When questioned about this he would mumble something about ' evil communications ' and ' voices.' Perhaps he feared some diabolic interference. Perhaps it was just his gift of second sight. More probably it was a mere superstition. Another point : he would never have himself weighed. ' It's only a craze,' he would say, 'and in no case would weighing myself alter the facts.' The result was, of course, that neither he nor anyone else ever knew his real weight. At a guess, however, I would have put it down as something in the neighbourhood of 350 pounds.

He was the most Scotsmanlike person I have ever known, though it must be said that he carried his patriotic ideas to extremes. Thus he wore kilts—I mean, literally, kilts : three or four of them, one on top of the other (winter and summer), each of a different tartan, that of the MocStooges being invariably the outer one. So many Garbs of Old Gaul might have made many a lesser man look slightly ridiculous, but they actually enhanced MocStooge's appearance. What also heightened the majesty of his bearing was his affection for the national drink, which he could never be persuaded to call *Scots* whisky—in fact he never used

any adjective other than *Scotch* when referring to the country of his birth. He was, he maintained, ' a simple Scotchman or, if you will, a Scotch Islander'. His motto was ' Scotch an Islander and you will find etcetera.' He never told us what *etcetera* meant in this connection, but he always spoke or wrote the word in full, thus preserving a scholarly habit without prejudice to an obscurity in which he was the equal of Mr Gladstone at his best.

I used to think that he had the secret of perpetual youth, and certainly he had the correct recipe for it—a daily bathe in sweet water. Had he kept up this practice he might well have lived to be 150. But when I last saw him (at the age of 110) he was already going downhill. It appeared that he had just given up the sweet water cure, alleging, as his excuse, that he ' couldn't care less ', and adding other philosophical remarks of a more or less pejorative nature—all of which went to shew he was losing his grip on things. The last time I saw him—in 1950, I think—he was in a bad way. I knew this because he was evidently wearing only two kilts. I asked him how things were going, and it was then that he told me that he had no more use for sweet water. However, he seemed cheerful enough and presently drew my attention to his sporran, of which he seemed extraordinarily proud. I saw at once that it was in reality a money-box—at least it had the customary aperture. ' It's my own invention,' he said (he could quote the classics by the yard), ' and if you drop anything heavy into it, it plays *The Bluebells of Scotland* '. Seldom slow to take a hint and withal a great lover of National Songs, I at once inserted a halfpenny. To my disappointment the invention failed to register. My old friend pointed out at once that, owing to debasement, the copper coinage was ' ower light,' and he showed me how very exactly the aperture fitted the measurements of an ordinary half-crown piece. Encouraged by this (and by a lecture which MocStooge gave me on the difference between Troy weight and Avoirdupois—it was clear where his preference lay) I inserted successively five half-crowns—all I had—and a couple of florins. The MocStooge thereupon pressed a button (' to help yon mechanism,' he explained, kindly) and there sounded forth a few faint notes which I feel sure must have been the opening bars of *The Bluebells of Scotland.* This was followed by a whirring noise . . . Not much, you will say, for 16s. 6d. But the inventor was evidently satisfied and, after all, no-one could say that the thing didn't work. Yes, invention was one of his many gifts. He might have made a fortune had he carried out this particular invention on a large scale. But this would have meant the employment of labour, and it would have been the old story of overheads all over again.—To conclude : the sage invited me to join him in a glass of Mountain Dew, but I remembered his own solemn words, ' once is enough ', and said that I had a train to catch. He didn't seem to mind and merely insisted that we should meet again the next day and have some more music together. I promised, and so we parted. I never saw him again.

Well, I think this is enough about stamps, so I will now close this nice letter from

Your loving little DIOGENES PHILATELISTA.

P.S.—The MocStooge turned out to be a complete impostor : actually he was an Englishman of the deepest dye. Or, maybe, he was a lesser breed without the law. What became of his Collection no-one knows. Perhaps it was knocked down at some auction.

PARAGRAPHS

At Downside School in the General Certificate Examination held last Summer, it is interesting to note how Worth boys fared in comparison to boys from other schools.

Worth boys make up about 40% of the boys at Downside and the figures as follows :

Where certificates were gained at the advanced level

1. In Classics—Worth gained 8 ; The total was 11 : In Modern studies—Worth gained 16 ; and the total was 50 : In Mathematics—Worth gained 6 ; and the total was 9 : In Natural Sciences—Worth gained 7 ; and the total was 24.

This means that out of 94 certificates gained at the advanced level 39 were gained by Worth boys.

In addition to this seven State scholarships were awarded on the results of the examination and, of the successful candidates, three were originally at Worth. It is not really any use to go any further into the certificates gained at the ordinary level as a Pass in one subject would suffice to say that a boy had ' passed.' We hope that the whole thing will change soon and that it is possible to know who has done well and who has done less well. Social equality does not mean that brains should be put on the same level and no credit given to hard work and intelligence.

* * *

Our thanks are due to several parents of boys in the school at present and to boys who have recently left. In the first place we wish to thank Mr and Mrs Amhurst for two things : first a small picture by Titian beautifully restored which represents the martyrdom of St Peter Damian. This is a great and interesting addition to the school pictures : secondly, not content with this, they have been kind enough to present us with a silver cup whose future use will shortly be disclosed. Then, we all thank Mrs Muirhead-Gould for a present of records for the School Radiogram. Finally there have been two very generous gifts which have been put into a fund for providing really nice benches in the school chapel : Mr. and Mrs Lesser gave us £25 especially for this purpose and Mr and Mrs March sent £100. To these two very generous families we do say a sincere thank-you.

* * *

We hope it will not be long before we can give some details of this scheme for the beautifying the interior of our Priory Church.

* * *

Gowlland and Baily, and Craig-McFeely are all now at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, doing their period there after they have become sub-lieutenants. Gowlland visited us recently as also did Baily.

* * *

The musical evenings which have been held since the end of the war have now reached the hundred. The other evening we can be said to have overflowed as there eighty-four from the two senior houses alone. A Music Society has now been formed which is limited in number to those who really do feel a great interest in music. On this new basis we have gone on and finished our 104th meeting. These Friday evening meetings at 8.45 when the lights are dim, or even turned out, and we listen to music by the light of a roaring fire, give us the best opportunity to listen to it in the proper way. Once other sights and sounds are shut out, it somehow sounds different.

* * *

We are very sorry to have lost Miss Angela Hollins, who has been helping in the Infirmary here for quite a considerable time. After her experience in looking after sick boys, in the Infirmary under Sister, she has decided she wants to go still further and train to be a nurse. Her kindly help has been very much appreciated both by boys and staff. We wish her good luck in her future examinations.

* * *

For nearly twenty years the only statue in the School Chapel has been the statue of Our Lady designed by Father Ephrem Seldon of the Downside community. This statue has been recently done up and looks very much better for recolouring. It has always been our wish to have a statue of St Joseph. This has recently been placed in the Chapel. It has been designed by the same Father and, while its colouring is very subdued, the general appearance is distinguished. St. Joseph holds the flowering rod pressed to his right side, and in his left hand a basket containing two doves. The cost of the statue was raised by contributions. We also have a beautiful picture of St Benedict on the buttress facing the high altar just behind the choir. It is flanked by two old Dutch candle brackets.

On December 8th, 1952, twelve boys made their first Communion in the Church here—the Aitken brothers, Cartier, Cook, Crockett, the de Westenholz brothers, Lysons, Brian Poett, Christopher Lucas, Walker and Russell Wood. They were followed on December 18th by Walford-White.

* * *

We are very grateful for a number of bequests to the School Library which have been of the greatest help in enlarging the scope of the boys' reading. In all about 250 books have been added since the last notice on the Library. About half of these have been due to the generosity of the parents and the boys. Our thanks in particular go to Mrs Burton and

Mrs Miles who gave £5 and £4 each ; to Mr Witham, Mr Chapman and Mrs Howard who each gave books ; and to the following boys : Peter Hunt, Michael Owen, Terence Griffin, Peter Kennedy, John Voelcker, Peter Campbell and John Keogh.

R.I.P.

HARRIET ANNIE CARTER

Ann died of a heart attack on November 27th, 1952, at Hastings. These few words mean a lot to the many generations of Downside and Worth boys, who looked to Ann for nearly everything from a cure for home sickness to a pair of clean socks, during the twenty-one years of her devoted service. She was sixty-three years old when she died. One third of her busy life was therefore spent in looking after US. It was fitting that, at her funeral at St Mary, Star of the Sea, Hastings, the latter part of the Mass was said to a background of children's voices from a school recreation nearby. *Haec est virgo sapiens, quam Dominus vigilantem invenit.* God rest her soul ! may she rest in peace !

REWARDS

P. R. Chapman (1a), P. A. Kavanagh (1b), M. W. Legge (1c), N. A. M. St. J. Coles (Remove), P. M. P. Henault (2), A. V. Rowbotham (3a), J. V. Harries (3b), K. McGrath (3c), R. J. C. Prendergast (3d), D. A. Legge (4a), C. J. Day (4b), P. W. P. Moorsom (5a), A. D. Kennedy (5b) D. J. A. M. Daly (6).

INWARDS

The following new boys joined the School in September, 1952 :

M. E. Agius, J. F. Alcover, S. E. Ball, D. M. P. Barrère, N. J. M. J. G. Branden de Reeth, T. A. Brenninkmeyer, R. J. S. Bullock-Webster, P. D. Byrne, J. H. P. M. Cartier, J. M. Chambers, J. D. N. D. R. Clibborn, J. M. Cook, C. A. Coreth, R. J. Crockett, P. P. F. de Westenholz, C. P. P. de Westenholz, W. C. R. K. Diez, M. V. Fowke, P. E. Giles, R. A.

[1]Messrs. Nelson and Sons, *Mediæval Classics* Series ; 15/-.

de M. Grey, M. R. M. Hannaford, R. W. G. Hayes, M. A. Hoyle, A. B. S. Jackson, P. R. C. Johnstone, D. H. Keynon David, H. J. von Knorring, F. J. Lucas, D. R. Lysons, E. S. P. Marcar, D. Mc Grath, C. D. Moore, C. F. B. Mortimer, P. C. Norton, I. B. Pragnell, R. J. Rimmer, P. J. Sanday, T. A. N. Stebbins, I. S. P. Stevens, P. J. van der Vleugel, M. J. W. Walford-White, S. J. F. Walsh, J. S. Webb, R. E. Wood, and in October : C. Lucas.

OUTWARDS

J. V. A. Hadkinson left the School in December, 1951.

The following boys left in July, 1952 :

G. J. S. Abbott, C. J. Abbott, W. O'M. Armstrong, P. D. H. Ash, M. Asprey, M. Barclay, J. M. Bell, A. W. R. Burton, M. P. Callender, P. E. Campbell, P. R. Chapman, A. H. Chignell, P. B. Cordier, P. R. P. Courage, G. J. De Lacey, E. L. F. de Limburg-Stirum, A. T. J. M. Fitz Gerald, P. J. FitzGerald, M. C. P. Galvin, P. D. T. Galvin, J. M. Gentry, J. P. Geoghegan, C. A. C. Gibson, T. P. Griffin, P. M. P. Henault, P. A. Kavanagh, P. G. Kennedy, P. H. King-Ross, W. J. Knowles, M. W. Legge, J. A. Lesser, I. K. MacDonald, J. March, A. T. Marsden, S. R. Matthews, E. F. Maynard, M. J. R. Mellotte, M. S. Moorhead, A. C. Muirhead-Gould, S. S. O'Connor, M. W. P. H. Paine, R. J. Quinn, A. R. O. Robson, C. G. Rowbotham, L. E. M. Vega, J. B. Voelcker, A. A. Walker, P. A. L. Walravens, I. P. Whatley, C. A. Wood, J. T. Worstall.

UPWARDS

Head of the School : M. J. Church.

School Prefects : M. J. Hegarty, K. P. Andrews, J. D. H. Foran, J. M. Gaffney, C. B. T. Innes, M. D. C. Cuss, R. H. Ortiger and J. B. O'Meara.

Dormitory Prefects : (Butler) M. J. Tunnicliffe, C. W. Bonham, P. M. C. Branigan and F. D. H. Birkett ; (Ford) J. Hurley ; (Chapman) R. D. Clapham, J. H. Magauran and I. C. Gold.

Junior House Prefects : M. A. Byrne and A. M. Rigby.

Tower House Prefects : N. A. M. St J. Coles and A. J. MacKenzie.

Captain of Rugby Football : K. P. Andrews.

Captain of Boxing : M. D. C. Cuss.

Captain of Squash : J. B. O'Meara.

Librarian : J. M. Gaffney.

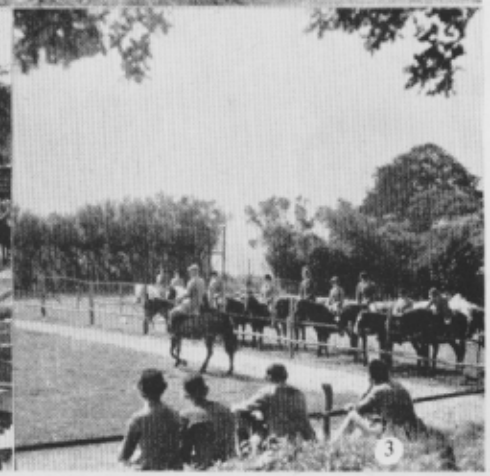
Assistant Librarians : C. B. T. Innes, N. A. M. St. J. Coles, F. D. H. Birkett, S. R. J. Sugrue, D. C. J. Lunn and J. P. V. Hunt.

Leaders of the Choir : M. J. Tunnicliffe and M. J. D. Church.

Masters of Ceremonies : B. W. M. Moorsom and C. B. T. Innes.

Thurifers : J. D. H. Foran and R. D. Clapham.

Acolytes : F. D. H. Birkett and M. J. Hegarty, P. S. Cockburn and J. Alba.



ANNUAL CAMP OF THE CHIDDINGFOLD FARMERS' HUNT PONY CLUB AT DITCHAM PARK
1. Group including M. Hegarty (9 from left), M. Barclay (15) and P. King Ross (26).
2. Morning Inspection. 3. Col. Guy Cubitt demonstrates.

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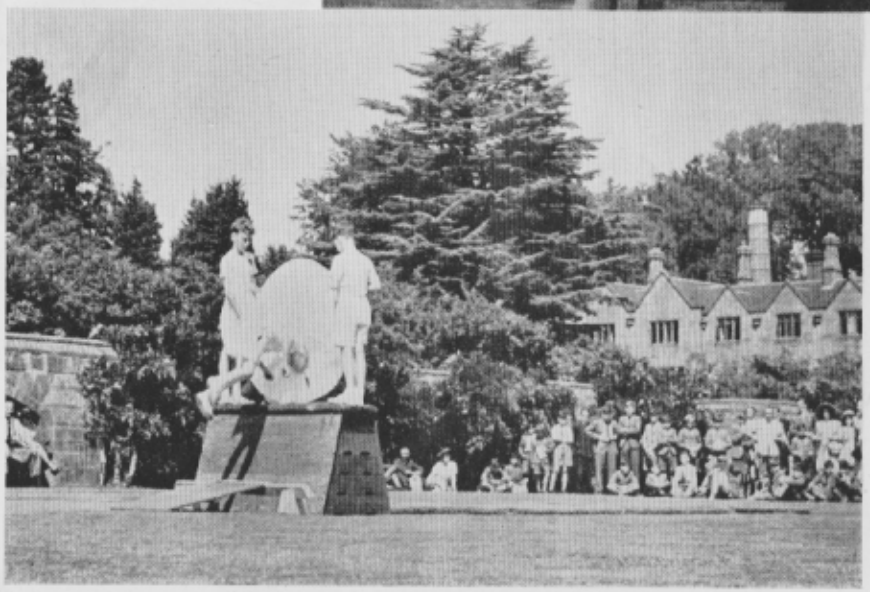

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THE REGULARIS CONCORDIA[1]

Dom Thomas Symons' long-expected edition of the *Regularis Concordia* is to appear very shortly. This work consists of Introduction, Latin Text (with English Translation) and Notes to the Text. The *Regularis Concordia*, a code of monastic custom, is the oldest and most detailed extant document of its type. Its compilation (c. 970) marked the crowning stage of a Benedictine revival which had been begun at Glastonbury in 940, when St Dunstan, one of the greatest figures in our English history, became abbot of that monastery. Dom Thomas' Introduction deals with the history of the revival, the life and organisation of the restored monasteries, the 'sources' drawn on by the authors of the *Concordia* and the manuscripts of or connected with that document. Many may care to know that, in the formation of this new Text of the *Concordia*, the older MS (of the late tenth century) has been made use of for the first time. Those who are interested in the contents of this monastic code, but who have not the time to study the Latin Text, can turn to the English Translation. The abundant Notes, critical, historical and liturgical will be found very helpful to an understanding of the importance of the *Concordia* in Benedictine and, indeed, in English history. It is hoped that a review of this book will be available for the next issue of the Worth Record.

L. G. WICKENS

(*late C. A. Jones*)

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SCHOOL STAFF

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Dom Maurice Bell, M. A. (Oxon), *Headmaster.*
Dom Brendan Lavery, D.D.(Rome), M.A. (Cantab.), *Second Master and Games 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.*
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.), *Master of Ceremonies.*
Dom Cuthbert McCann, M.A. (Oxon.).
Dom Roger Bacon.
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.
T. E. FitzGerald, B.L.
W. R. Graham, B.A. (U.C.D.).
C.S.M. I. J. E. Wallis, *Physical Training.*
Miss G. Garnaud.
Miss J. H. Herrick.
Miss D. G. A. Bryett, *Arts and Crafts.*
Miss E. Joyce.
Miss R. J. Longland.
Miss M. N. Beck.
Miss J. Moore, *Riding School.*
Miss R. Sacré, *Riding School.*
Dr 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 J. O'Brien, *Infirmary.*
Miss A. Whittard, *Butler House Matron.*
Miss N. Neerman, *Ford House Matron.*
Miss G. Marsden, *Butler House Matron.*
Miss C. A. Nayler, *Ford House Matron.*
Miss A. Venn, *Chapman House Matron.*
Mrs. Hampton Chubb, *Matron of the Junior House.*
Miss J. M. Eve, *Assistant Matron of the Junior House.*
Miss B. Corbally, *Tower House Matron.*
Miss Meldon, *Tower House Matron.*
Miss M. K. Young, *Secretary.*