

*The* WORTH RECORD





## CONTENTS

	PAGE
FROM THE HEADMASTER	49
THINKING AHEAD	52
SNOW	52
EASTER TERM	53
'HEY, DING A DING DING'	53
THE STREAM	54
WILLOWS	54
WINTER SPORT	55
CONTRASTS	55
HOLY WEEK	56
THE ONLY PRETTY RING TIME SPRING	56
CONKER AVENUE	57
MY SISTER	57
'SOUNDS THAT GIVE DELIGHT AND	
HURT NOT'	58
MOUNTAIN GOATS	58
LIMERICK	59
LIMERICK	59
THE OLD LADY	59
AVALANCHE	60
THE CHANGE	61
A STREAM I KNOW	61
MY JOURNEY TO PORTUGAL	61
THE FOX	62
WILL TELEVISION OUST THE CINEMA?	62
HONG KONG	63
LOURDES	64
ARRIVAL IN CYPRUS	64
MY FAVOURITE CHRISTMAS PRESENT	65
A GAME PRESERVE IN INDIA	66
A PEACEFUL DAY WITH NATURE	66
REBELLION AT SCHOOL	67
THE MOUNTAIN	68
BIGGLES THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING	
GLASS	68
VALE	69
... FIVE SIX CROSSING THE STYX	70
A SEA SHORE	70
THE VILLAGE	71
ADVENTURE ON THE IRISH COAST	72
A VISIT TO FRANCE	73
A TRUE STORY	73
A TRIP TO THE MOON	74
MY PET	75
MY FIRST HORSE RIDE	75
LONDON—HOLLAND—PORTUGAL	76
THE CORONATION	76
A TRIP TO DOWNSIDE	77
A TRIP TO THE MOON	77
ITALIAN HOLIDAY	78
THE GYMKHANA	78
ROCKET TO PLUTO	79
OUR CAT	80
I WENT WITH THE SMUGGLERS	80
WORTH	81
A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL	81
THE CUBS	83
THE SCOUT TROOP	83
RUGGER—1st XV	84
THE BILLIARDS TOURNAMENT	87
THE REGULARIS CONCORDIA	88
PARAGRAPHS	90
REWARDS	91
INWARDS	91
OUTWARDS	91
UPWARDS	92
SCHOOL STAFF	93

The

# WORTH RECORD

Vol. IV. No. 5

SPRING TERM, 1953

## FROM THE HEAD MASTER

Standing in the front quadrangle here at Worth I find myself looking on very much the same sort of building that was left here twenty years ago when Paddockhurst for the first time became Worth Priory. The great difference between the Paddockhurst of 1933 and that of 1953 is to be found in the block of classrooms numbered 1-4 on the left as one looks towards the house. These were added not many years after our arrival and every effort was made to make them look like the rest of the building. Everything else is there just as it was, including the big cedar tree which was brought and put into its present position at such a great expense by the previous owners of the house. Standing and looking up the main drive, there are the interior gates in their fine semi-circle of iron work and stone pillars, a wonderful possession for us which is really at its best in a Spring or Autumn sunset when the sun sets behind and throws them sharply into relief.

Turning back to the house itself one may first look at the lower range of buildings on the right including the dayroom, which used to be the music room, and therefore has a statue of music with a lyre. This building has on it the monogram R. W. of Robert Whitehead who built the first part of the big house. Swinging further round towards the front door one sees high up the arms of the Whitehead family with the words 'In spe vivo' which were the motto of the Whitehead family—'with a living hope,' or 'a lively hope,' these were the words which inspired Mr Whitehead's family tradition. Then we come to the tower above the front door, which used to be lower than it is now, and the stretch of building away to the left or northward side which was only completed in 1922. Here high up we see the motto of the Cowdrays: 'Do it with thy might.'

What sort of a person was Lord Cowdray? I think you boys ought to know something about the previous owner of this house, the man who came here and bought the house, as it stood then, and a large estate, in 1894. He was then Sir Weetman Pearson. He bought it from Mr Whitehead of torpedo fame and in fact he spent a very great deal of his time here at Paddockhurst, as it used to be called, until fifty years ago in 1903. After that time as a very busy man he spent perhaps less time here; but it certainly held a very important place in his heart. It was one of the conditions of the sale of this house that its name should be changed from Paddockhurst to something else, and thus it became Worth Priory.

Weetman Pearson was born in the year 1856. This was the year in which the war in the Crimea against Russia ended and the year before

the Indian Mutiny began. It is clear that if he had lived he would now have been ninety-seven years of age ; but he did actually die in 1927. For older readers there is a very good account of his life by Mr J. A. Spender published by Cassell in 1930.

I should like to give you just a few details about his life.

He was a man from the Midlands, and he came from a family which had been dealing for a long time in the business of building and contracting. This means not only building but arranging for the setting up of big things of every different kind from railways and harbours to modern hotels, and carrying the whole thing through for a certain sum of money. As a boy he was at school at Harrogate but left there at the age of sixteen and went on to live at Bradford in Yorkshire. He was very happily married to a certain Annie Cass, daughter of Sir John Cass of Bradford, in 1881. Of course the great interest in his life was contracting on a very large scale and this brought him great success. Apart from that an important event in his life was his election to Parliament in 1895. He was a Liberal in the days when the Liberal party was a great and important Party. In fact there was a time in the past, we are told, when most of the important members of the Liberal party visited this house of ours and were delighted at being carried up from Three Bridges station in the new vehicles called motor-omnibuses. So great was his success that he bought a castle in Scotland called Dunecht in Aberdeenshire in 1906, and Cowdray Park, Midhurst, in 1908. He did fine work during the first world war for the Government and the sacrifice which he had to make was the loss of his son Geoffrey. The window in the outer hall here at Worth Priory was put up in his memory, and the bells on the top of the Tower were also a memorial to him. God rest his soul. As you see from the window in the hall where the billiard table stands, he was President of the Air Board in 1917, in which year he was made the first Viscount Cowdray of Cowdray. He was furthermore Lord Rector of Aberdeen University.

Naturally all these honours and successes only came to him because he was a great man who had made a considerable success of life. The great thing to remember about him is that he had a genius for organising things. When you have to contract for building a harbour, for example, you have to be able to get not only the materials for building it, but also the men and the machines, all at the right place at the right time ; and more than that, you have to be able to guess what it is all going to cost and end up on the right side of the accounts without losing money. In this matter of getting everything to the right place at the right time he was enormously successful. Let me tell you of a few of the things that he was able to carry out. In the first place he built the Admiralty Harbour at Dover. No one who goes across to France from Dover can fail to see the enormous work which Lord Cowdray did in constructing that huge breakwater which encloses most of the harbour into which the Channel boats now come. Other harbours which he built were at Vera Cruz and some places where even the best of you would be lost, because

your Geography certainly would not go far enough if I were to tell you their names. There are docks which he made at Milford Haven. There is a dry dock and breakwater at Malta. There is the Grand Canal in Mexico together with a railway in the same country. He was an expert at driving tunnels under rivers. Our own Blackwall tunnel under the Thames was his, as also two tunnels under the river at New York, the East River Tunnel and the Hudson River Tunnel. During the first World War one of the biggest pieces of work that he did was to build a huge munition factory for the Government at Gretna, just over the Scottish border from Carlisle. I expect you know all about the dam at Assouan in Egypt. This is the dam which holds back the waters of the Nile and makes an enormous area capable of cultivation which would otherwise be desert. Lord Cowdray built a well known dam in the Sudan call the Sennar dam. This had very much the same effect higher up the Nile as the Assouan dam had lower down. Not content with all this he made many experiments in trying to find oil. The most successful of these were in Mexico.

If you look at the Cowdray Arms in the Senior Refectory here at Worth Priory you will see that the supporters of the arms are on one side a diver, and on the other a Mexican peon. From what I have told you, you will certainly see why there is a diver for so much of his work was concerned with harbours and dams. The Mexican peon stands there for the workmen who helped him to try and find oil in Mexico and to fight a great fight there for his rights. So much was he friend to the President of Mexico, Porfirio Diaz, that when the President left office he offered him this house for his exile. The ex-President never actually came to live here.

I think I have told you enough for you to see that Lord Cowdray was a great engineer and a fine man. He was in his time one of the leaders in his profession, and he got into that position by sheer determination and perseverance. Life for him must have been one long series of anxieties. He used his many talents to the very best purpose. At the end of it he could certainly look back and say that he had done many things for the good of the human race : but although he had made a great fortune out of all this, his passion for work had been the driving force in his life. He was a leader of men. Very few could have so well deserved the motto which he took and which you will find everywhere underneath his arms : 'Do it with thy might.' We should all do well to profit by his example.

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

MAURICE BELL.



## THINKING AHEAD

by J. M. H. FITZGERALD-LOMBARD\*

This half of February is brighter,  
And the mornings are much lighter,  
And the spring is drawing nearer,  
And the evenings will be clearer,  
For the term is getting shorter,  
And we soon will want a porter,  
At the station in the lane,  
When waiting for the train,  
And we'll travel by the best  
To a holiday of rest  
When we'll feel the term has past  
And we are home again at last . . . .

## SNOW

by A. J. STAVEACRE\*

The snow is coming softly down,  
And it falls through day and night  
In soft white flakes of cottonwool,  
That are so very bright.

It covers fields ; it covers trees,  
It makes them white as fleece,  
And when it's covered all the ground,  
It seems t'will never cease.

And when the children come outside,  
They shout and cry with joy,  
For to see the snow upon the ground,  
Is a thrill to girl or boy.

And when it goes, and spring comes back,  
We have to wait again,  
For winter next, with snow and fun,  
But for the meantime, rain ?

\*MICHAEL LOMBARD, born January 29, 1941 ; entered Worth, September, 1949 ; acted in *Mother Goose* and *Dick Whittington*.

\*ANTHONY STAVEACRE, born May 24, 1942 ; entered Worth, May, 1951 ; acted in *Under the Skull and Bones*, *Crimson Cocanut*, *Puss in Boots* ; Choir.

## EASTER TERM

by M. J. M. KAUNTZE\*

Early summer has come at last,  
The Easter term is finally past,  
And we look forward to the flowering trees,  
And the musical humming of the bees.

We look forward to the honorable game  
That has been blessed with the name  
Of cricket, which is played with ball  
(And we hope that your score will rise, not fall).

Some of you'll remember Grace,  
He's never visited this fine place.  
Some of you'll know also Truman,  
Not the beer but the lightning human.

In this Easter term there've been  
Lots of Model Planes, I've seen.  
Also many German Measles,  
And Father James has caught some weasels.

But worst of all in the Easter Term,  
Are things that you have had to learn.  
About Willie Cong. in ten sixty-six,  
And prove that three plus three is six.

To all good friends of mine, I'll say  
'Goodbye, and have a happy day.'  
To the Elders I'll say 'Farewell,'  
And like a snail, go into my shell.

## 'HEY, DING A DING DING'

by D. W. R. LUCAS\*

Winter is over,	The buttercups are shining,
The Spring has come.	In the bright Spring sun.
Bees in the clover,	And the dogs are pining,
And frogs in the loam.	To go for a run.

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

\*DAVID LUCAS, born April 21, 1940 ; entered Worth, September, 1951 ; Choir 1951—1952.



## THE STREAM

by E. D. F. STAVEACRE\*

There's a cool shady stream where minnows play,  
Under drooping willows which skirt the way,  
And the odour of the wild thyme nearby,  
Filling all between the earth and the sky

The birds are chanting in the nearby trees,  
The grass is trembling in the summer breeze,  
Some cows are resting knee-deep in the stream,  
And a farmer's ploughing the fields with his team.

Yet the stream flows on, out towards the sea,  
Angrily, bubbling, but really carefree,  
While boys are wading upstream with their jars,  
Through it's waters like so many brilliant stars.

## WILLOWS

by C. W. BONHAM\*

I see some willows by a pool,  
Dipping their leaves in water cool :  
On them the gentle breezes play,  
Making their branches leap and sway.

Among the leaves fish dive and swim,  
Some of them catch the kingfishers whim :  
When they do he dives deep down,  
Parting the water with his purple crown.

Up he comes with a fish in his beak,  
And then flies back more fish to seek.  
The willows stand there as before,  
Heedless of sudden death dealt at their door.

Then I remember they're not alive.  
And cannot care when something has died.  
Yet they are alive, but cannot speak,  
Neither can they be made to weep.

## WINTER SPORT

by B. N. BARRETT\*

Winter and snow have come at last  
The Autumn has now fled,  
And with all its cool light evenings  
In the brown leaves has gone to bed.

The snow comes down all swirling,  
As the wind blows it round and round,  
And when the wind stops at last it falls  
Gently on the ground.

Small boys have a mock snow-battle,  
And build a snowman tall,  
They pelt it hard with snowballs,  
Till they make the big snowman fall.

A very big toboggan  
Comes hurtling down the slide,  
And all the people watching  
Quickly jump aside.

But when the snow has melted,  
Then spring will come again,  
With pink and white gay blossoms  
And flowers, and, of course, rain.

## CONTRASTS

by P. V. E. HOWARD\*

In Spring time the leaves are green  
And everything looks bright and clean ;  
Oh ! it is a gorgeous sight,  
After Winter's long dark blight.

In Autumn time the leaves are brown,  
And all the time are falling down ;  
But then begin the Winter's rages  
Like it has through all the ages.

\*DERMOT STAVEACRE, born September 4, 1940, entered Worth, September, 1950 ; acted in *Stations in Mime*, *Mother Goose*, *Puss in Boots*.

\*CHARLES BONHAM, born December 30, 1939 ; entered Worth, September, 1948 ; 1st XV Rugger ; acted in *Stations in Mime* ; Dormitory Prefect.

\*BRYAN BARRETT, born December 4, 1940 ; entered Worth, May, 1950 ; Gym and Boxing Teams.

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

## HOLY WEEK

by W. J. M. GISSANE\*

Palm Sunday distantly recalls  
The Glorious entering into Jerusalem  
With the priests watching by her walls,  
Ready to contradict and condemn.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, fly ;  
Jesus and his apostles go  
Around the City, teaching, preaching,  
And with word defeat the foe.

Maundy Thursday soon appears,  
And while the feast is going on  
The Jews Judas's story hear ;  
Jesus is betrayed, his followers are gone.

The day of dread has come :  
Good Friday does recall  
The trial, the fatal sentence,  
And, under the Cross, He does fall.

Saturday impatiently does go,  
A day of waiting and fear ;  
The Apostles in the upper room  
Wondering if Jesus will appear.

## SPRING

by H. R. HAYDON\*

Spring is such a beautiful thing.  
In this season little birds sing.  
And with it come flowers  
And after that the April showers.

The babbling brook goes bubbling by,  
Out of Sussex and into Rye,  
And the grass doth quiver in the breeze,  
And also the leaves upon the trees.

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

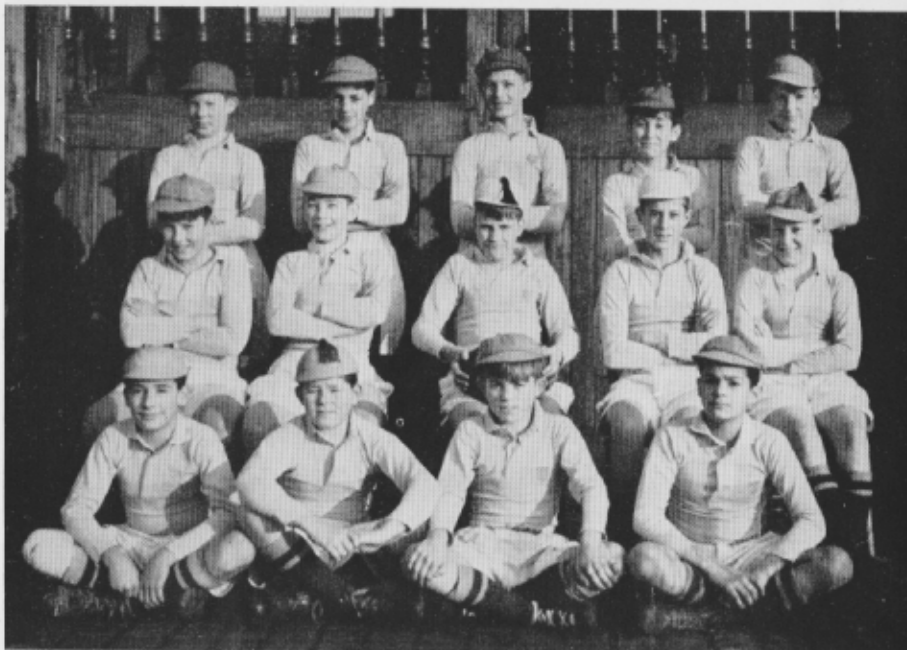
\*RICHARD HAYDON, born February 5, 1941 ; entered Worth, September, 1949 ; acted in *Dick Whittington*.



CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME—"PUSS IN BOOTS"

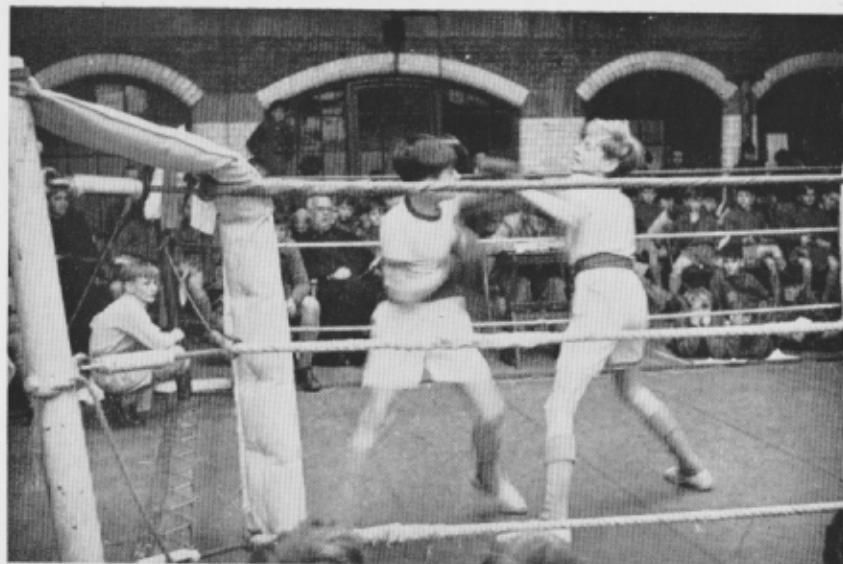






THE FIRST XV.

R. D. CLAPHAM, J. M. GAFFNEY, N. COLES, M. J. CHURCH, J. D. FORAN  
A. J. MACKENZIE, M. D. CUSS, K. P. ANDREWS (*Captain*), J. B. O'MEARA, J. HURLEY  
P. J. DE WECK, T. J. TURNBULL, B. W. MOORSOM, P. A. COOLS, R. H. ORTIGER (*missing*)



LEAGUE BOXING FINALS

A. M. RIGBY (*Silver*) v. C. A. EUGSTER (*Red*)

## CONKER AVENUE

by A. V. ROWBOTHAM\*

Rows of stately chestnut trees  
Stirred by a gentle breeze,  
The singing of the twittering birds,  
Cows lying about in herds.

The road of reddish hue  
The gate painted anew ;  
I see this all in one long glance,  
Standing in a magic trance.

The apple orchard on one side,  
The old cow scratching her hide,  
Against a forlorn apple tree,  
While round her hums a solitary bee.

## MY SISTER

by D. W. M. WEST\*

My sister is a silly girl  
In other words an ass  
She cries, she screams, and always shouts—  
The irritating lass

Sometimes she's very foolish,  
Sometimes she's very nice ;  
I've known her to be sensible,  
But only once or twice.

One day she had a girl to tea  
Who went to her new school  
She started playing with my trains  
The idiotic fool.

Last year we had a holiday  
A Bimbletown-on-Sea  
I put a spider down her neck  
For always hitting me.

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

\*DAVID WEST, born June 26, 1941 ; entered Worth, September, 1949 ; Choir.

## 'SOUNDS THAT GIVE DELIGHT AND HURT NOT

by M. D. C. CUSS\*

The sound of a board rubber whistling thro' the air,  
The yells of a poor boy held up by his hair,  
A car starting up ? No. a fat boy's mirth ?  
Where is it ? A class room at———?

A well-filled pencil-box crashing to the floor.  
The banging of a desk lid, the slamming of a door,  
The 'Wake up, boy' that brings you down to earth—  
Where is it ? A class room at———?

## MOUNTAIN GOATS

by J. HURLEY\*

Up the clammy mountains  
Down the slippery slopes,  
We daren't go a-skiing  
For fear of mountain goats  
Long horns short horns,  
Plough all together;  
Grey coat, red coat,  
In fine or bad weather.

Up along the rocky cliffs  
Some have their caves  
They live on mountain grass  
Which grows by their caves ;  
Some by the mountain streams  
Far from the rest,  
With deer as their watch-dogs  
Watching for the pest.

High on the mountain peak  
The goat King sits,  
He is so very wise  
He often has fits.  
Down along a path that's thin  
To meals he is carried,  
But he is very sad,  
Because he's always harried.

\*MARTIN CUSS, born November 22, 1939 ; entered Worth, September, 1948 ; Captain of Boxing and Rugger ; Sacristy ; School Prefect.

\*JOHN HURLEY, born September 30, 1939 ; entered Worth, September, 1948 ; 1st XV Rugger ; Hockey XI ; Boxing Team ; Choir.

## LIMERICKS

(a) by A. de. P. J. M. BUENO\*

There was a young fellow named Pete  
Who was awfully fond of his seat,  
He sat on it daily  
And always quite gaily  
But never to comfort his feet.

(b) by R. C. STRICKLAND\*

There was an old man from Hong Kong  
Who bought an extremely big gong  
He banged it at time  
While he did foolish mimes  
That silly old man who went wrong.

## THE OLD LADY

by H. R. WALFORD\*

Down in the old wood  
Far, far away  
There lives an old lady,  
She is very gay.

When night is come  
And the birds go away,  
She puts on her old shawl  
And wanders away.

She plays with the rabbits,  
She feeds all the birds,  
Where she gets her food from  
Nobody knows.

When dawn is breaking  
Then she troops back ;  
Away to the forest,  
Away to her shack.

She died last Tuesday  
And buried was she.  
Her shack's gone away  
And so has she.

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

\*RICHARD STRICKLAND, born September 4, 1940 ; entered Worth, January, 1951 ; acted in *Puss in Boots*.

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



## AVALANCHE

by O. D. PLUNKETT\*

Snow falls,	Crumbling mass,
Ground changes ;	Big crevasse ;
Merry all	Snow goes
On mountain ranges.	Relief knows.
Snow blanche	Happy village
Avalanche,	Excitement over,
Snow brown	No pillage,
Coming down.	Season over.

## THE CHANGE

by G. B. HANBURY\*

Icy flakes,	Boys out
Of frozen snow.	Snowballing,
The blizzard beats,	'Yipee' they shout,
A long tattoo.	Their joys they throw.

Snow changed—  
It turns to slush.  
Roads endangered ;  
That night is hush.

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

\*GUY HANBURY, born November 24, 1940 ; entered Worth, September, 1949 ; Gym and Boxing Teams ; Choir.

## A STREAM I KNOW

by J. E. HOWARD\*

It trickles down the side of the mountain, cool and clear, down into the little pools, where wild ducks swim and wash themselves on the steep banks. Over the stones and rocks it goes, turning and twisting round the little humps and hillocks that get in its way. Wider and narrower, bounding over the muddy soil, over little falls, its spray flying in all directions, and wetting the nearby leaves, making them look green and fresh. Half way down the mountain it forms a pool, which in winter is covered with a sheet of ice, and all the inhabitants of the nearby village come and skate on it. Under the big main road with all the traffic passing it trickles into a little boiling pool, where cows stand up to their bellies in mud, and bugs and insects cloud around them. Then, in one triumphant gush, it pours out into the waters of Lake Ullswater.

## MY JOURNEY TO PORTUGAL

by A. M. RIGBY\*

We started by car at about half past nine on the fifth of July, making for Newhaven where we should arrive and cross the Channel the following day. We arrived at Newhaven sometime in the afternoon. We had supper soon after, then I, my brother and my two sisters went to bed. I did not sleep much that night through excitement. When I eventually woke up I got dressed as quickly as I could and rushed down to breakfast. My parents and one of my sisters were already down having breakfast. My other brother and sister came down soon afterwards and had breakfast. Immediately after my father and I went to the Customs House to arrange the crossing for the car. This done we walked back leaving the car there. About an hour later the whole bunch of us were on the ship in Newhaven Harbour. The crossing was fairly rough but without any incidents worth relating. We arrived four hours later at Dieppe, where we stayed for the night. Early the following morning we made for Bordeaux. We arrived, having stopped several times on the way, at about midday. Then we made for Chartres where we had supper in a large hotel. They took a very long time serving us and altogether we stayed in there about two hours. When we got back into the car and started we found that its tyres had been cut with knives, obviously by

\* JOHN HOWARD, born June 2, 1940 ; entered Worth, September, 1950 ; acted in *Stations in Mime*, *Mother Goose*, *Puss in Boots* ; Choir.

\* AMBROSE RIGBY, born April 7, 1940 ; entered Worth, May, 1950 ; acted in *Stations in Mime*, *Puss in Boots*, *Mother Goose* ; Boxing Team ; 1st XV Rugger ; 1st XI Hockey ; Choir ; Junior House Prefect ; School Prefect.

some ragamuffins, and we had to take it to a garage for a new tyre. An hour and a half later we were on the road again. This night we slept in the car. My father and mother took it in turns to drive, while the others tried to get a little sleep. In the morning we had nearly reached the Spanish border. Soon after eight o'clock we were in the Customs House having our clothes examined. They found nothing and let us pass. We decided to make for San Sebastian at which we arrived at about three in the afternoon. We stayed at an hotel called 'The Globe' (in English) for two days. It was an appalling hotel and by the time we left everyone had flea bites and was itching all over. We soon left there and made for the Portuguese border. We arrived there at dusk and they let us pass without an examination of our belongings. Later we reached a place called Guarda and stayed at a most comfortable hotel for the night. The following morning we started for our destination which was called 'Portinho da Arabida' and arrived at about three o'clock in the afternoon after a most interesting journey from England.

### THE FOX

by F. S. SCOTT\*

The fox was walking along, when he heard the hunting horn, he started to run. He ran into the stream and came out a lot further on. He ran on a short way and then doubled on his track and went a long way back towards the huntsmen, then he kept away from the track and went behind a hedge, into a drain, over a golf course, through a back garden, through the hedge and over the wall, and back to the same stream, and when he got to the bank he went up further till he reached his dinner of chicken in his den above the source of the stream. The hounds came right up to his den, but it was above the water, so they lost the scent in the water and went away to track another not so clever fox. And they never tracked *that* fox again.

### WILL TELEVISION OUST THE CINEMA ?

by D. St. J. KEANE\*

Will television oust the cinema ? That is a question which is being asked by a lot of people at the moment. I am going to give you my views. First of all, let us have the arguments in favour of the cinema. Cinema screens are much larger than those of the television. At the moment, television costs too much for the ordinary working-class man, whereas

\* FRANCIS SCOTT, born February 22, 1942 ; entered Worth, April, 1952.

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

he can get a good seat in a cinema for less than three shillings. Soon three dimensional films will be shown, they should attract quite a number of people. I think the two biggest advantages of television are : one, that you can see television in your own home, and two that you can see things as they actually happen. It must also be borne in mind that colour will be coming soon. But it has this disadvantage, crashes and accidents cannot be depicted as well as they can on the cinema ; neither are there very good plays on television as yet. Now for a final summing up. Will television oust the cinema ? No, I don't think it will for some time yet, if at all.

### HONG KONG

by J. P. V. HUNT\*

The tedious journey is over. You have been through the Customs and you are now on the ferry going from the docks, which are on the Kowloon side, to Hong Kong. You will then probably see Hong Kong for the first time. First, if you look at the near end of the harbour you will see the wharves and Chinese shops. You will also see the Hong Kong and Shanghai bank, a large white building, with the China bank behind it. As you look up the Peak you see a tramcar rail, which goes from the harbour to the top of the Peak. Most of the houses at the top and in the middle of the Peak are populated by Europeans. When you have settled down in Hong Kong and at your office, there are plenty of amusements. There is yacht racing at the yacht club. This is on an island at the far end of the harbour ; it keeps there public and private yachts. Then there are golf courses, Sheko and Deep Water Bay. Each is very good. There is horse-racing and you can swim just about all round Hong Kong. There are two European swimming baths, Sheko and the L.R.C., both in different parts of Hong Kong. The climate now is wet and stuffy but, later on it will be very dry. All the big shops and European offices are air-conditioned, which is a life-saver to hard-working people. When you want to go out from Hong Kong, you can hire launches and behind most of the launches they have surf-board riding. Usually after a day on a launch you go to Aberdeen, a fishing town, and you can go to a restaurant junk. And each member of the party can choose a fish which he would like to have, and it is cooked for him. This is just a small account of Hong Kong, but really it is one of the most fascinating places I have been to.

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



## LOURDES

by P. R. CAPON\*

Lourdes is a very great place as everyone knows. Well, as we (that is to say I and friends of mine) were in France we thought we would go and see Lourdes ; so we borrowed a car from a garage for a week or two. The day we were to go was August 19th ; it was about a quarter to six when we started ; the car was absolutely packed with cases and sandwiches ; but it was a small car, a Morris minor actually. We had to start early as it took about ten hours to get to Lourdes from our town. It was a very lovely journey ; we saw the Pyrenees ; they were very high and grim looking, and the weather there was very dull as we were so high up. We stayed at the Hotel d'Angleterre. It was a very nice place close to the Grotto. We arrived in the afternoon just in time for the Blessing of the Sick ; we went to it and it was very wonderful. Then we went to the Grotto where we saw the big statue of Our Lady standing in the place where Our Lady had appeared to St Bernadette, and there was a stone marked 'St Bernadette' where she had knelt when Our Lady appeared to her. That night we went to the torch-light procession singing the 'Ave Maria.' We went to the three churches ; actually we passed by them, but the first one was all lit up. We stayed here for ten days, then I went with great regret.

## ARRIVAL IN CYPRUS

by S. J. F. WALSH\*

When I first came to Cyprus I was amazed at the heat and concentrated sun in the plain round Nicosia, and by contrast the coolness round the Kyrenia mountains and also in the Troados ones. Nine out of ten days it is very hot in the summer and seven out of ten in the winter. Up in the aeroplane Cyprus seemed very small but as I afterwards learnt it was not as small as I had thought at first sight. When the plane landed, my father and I got out and had some fresh air, for you may be sure that being in the plane for two and a half hours under the hot sun was pretty stuffy. Then we waited for our luggage to be taken out of the plane's luggage compartment, and then to be taken to the Customs Office to be cleared. When everything had been cleared we drove off in a taxi to our Hotel which was called 'Ledra Palace.' There we found everything we needed and two comfortable beds for we were tired and we went to sleep. A week later I had to go to school where I finally met two of my best friends I have ever had. At first I did not like it but after some time I began to like the school. Whether it was because I had my friends there or not I do not know.

\*PETER CAPON, born December 8, 1940 ; entered Worth, May, 1949.

\*STEVEN WALSH, born October 27, 1941 ; entered Worth, September, 1952.

## MY FAVOURITE CHRISTMAS PRESENT

by A. D. H. WINDER\*

I have been saving up for a long time for my bicycle. Most of my birthday and Christmas presents have been gifts of £1, with the instruction to spend it on whatever I want. So I decided to save up for a bicycle. My grandfather at my first Christmas (1942), had given me £4 and opened a Post Office Savings Account for which you get interest at 2½ per cent. I also had some Post Office Savings Certificates which you buy for 15s. and after ten years take them out at £1 0s. 6d. Having sacrificed a few of my 1952 Christmas presents, I found I had quite a lot of money, receiving my money in advance to enable me to have it on Christmas Day. So, on the 22nd December, my father, my brother and I went to Haslemere (our nearest town), and to a shop that sold bicycles, televisions and things. Having decided to buy a Raleigh of my size, I produced fourteen £1 notes, with five shillings change, as it cost £13 15s. It was delivered on the 23rd and I was not permitted to ride it till Christmas Day. On Christmas Day I rode out on it before coming back to collect my cyclometer (machine for registering miles), one of the small presents I received from a friend, to be fixed at the garage. I then went home with a 'Christmas dinner' appetite ! On Christmas Day, I made up my mind to ride a hundred miles by the end of the holidays. We didn't have a very cold holiday so I was able to ride quite a bit. I worked it out that if I did five miles a day (which isn't very much) I would do a hundred miles by the end of the holidays. I found a little track that started from our house past Blackmoor, a little village, and Oakhanger and then down a road at the back of our house. This was very useful as it is exactly five miles. I didn't do it every day, other days I went to Headley and Stanford and other little towns and villages. Once, when I was going through Oakhanger, I saw a sign saying 'Oakhanger' Post Office. Now this was very odd, as Oakhanger is only a tiny hamlet. To my great surprise I found it was a little country cottage with a thatched roof, with a lady who only sold stamps through the window, I was informed that they did not sell postal orders, nor anything else, nor did they deal with National Savings transactions. One of my longest excursions was to Kingsley. I got there after about fifty minutes cycling. The reason why I went there is because there is a tiny little halt. Kingsley Halt has a platform on one side (if it can be called such, as it is only made of planks of wood), and not even a bench to sit down on or a hut to shelter in, and not a porter. The train runs through about every three hours and hardly anyone gets on. The only reason it is there is because of the soldiers going to London from Bordon. There are also one or two country level crossings without gates and you hear a long shriek as the train is coming. At the end of the holiday I had done 108.8 miles.

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

## A GAME PRESERVE IN INDIA

by J. D. CLIBBORN\*

One day, my father and I got up very early in the morning, because we were going to the Travancore State Game Preserve and it was quite a long journey there. When we got there we got on the Travancore State Launch with the chief game-keeper and went through a lock in a large lake inside the Game Preserve. Because of the drought the water was very low and a great many petrified trees were sticking up out of the water. The first animals we saw were three elephants; as soon as they heard the launch they fell on their knees and looked just like rocks. We then saw a flock of wild, brightly-coloured birds which were sitting on some petrified trees. After that we had tea in a house which had belonged to Lord Mountbatten. While we were having tea we saw a herd of wild pigs. After tea we left the house and continued our journey. We next saw three water-buffaloes with very big horns, drinking in the water by the side of the lake. They too, like the elephants, ran into the jungle. After that we saw a big herd of elephants. They were washing and as soon as they had finished they went and rolled in the sand. The 'Tusker,' or leader of the herd, the only one with tusks, quickly headed them into the jungle. We then saw, at the end of the lake, a huge dam built for preventing the water from flooding the plains. We were shown how it worked. Then we went home again.

## A PEACEFUL DAY WITH NATURE

by D. C. J. LUNN\*

The sun shone forth brilliantly, sending the wreaths of mist scudding up into the golden sky. Many birds woke up now and welcomed the morning with a great twittering, which was the alarm clock for some creatures and the bedtime bell for others. Then a long black snout peered out of a big hole and the owner of the nose, satisfied that there was no danger, disclosed a big black body with white patches on it as it lumbered off in search of food. The sun was now filling everything with a great warmth, and a little stirring of the trees nearby betokened a little gust of wind. Then in the meadows I saw some rabbits, skipping about and playing, without a care in the world.

Now the gentle humming of the bees, and the splash in the river as the water rat went to seek his meal. It was a real summer day and all the animals rejoiced in it. Far away the sound of a lawn mower was wafted over by the breeze and the big voice of the village clock boomed out the hour of three. Then as dusk was falling and old Farmer Bellows plodded back home with his big gentle horse after a day's work, I walked sadly back thinking of the modern world and the happiness of nature.

\*JOHN CLIBBORN, born November 24, 1941; entered Worth, September, 1952.

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

## REBELLION AT SCHOOL

by M. J. D. CHURCH\*

Just outside Liverpool, about ten miles from the Civic Centre, lies a great red-brick Georgian House. It is known to the population around it as St Vindent's College. To them it seemed to be a very flourishing school. To the boys it was like a ghastly asylum. Lately, the Head Master, Dr Fisher, had gone to hospital with a fractured skull, after a cricket ball had hit him on the temple. In his place the most disliked master in the school, Dr Natal, had shown his unpopularity by stopping all holidays and had given extra preparation for three hours after supper and two hours before breakfast. These last were only two of the atrocities. In three weeks the boys were livid with rage and at each public beating, of which there were many, smaller boys looked scared, prefects were sullen and were sincerely on the side of the boys. The rest of the school were restlessly muttering and at the end of each beating the mutterings grew louder and then they subsided into hisses. It was half past ten p.m. on the 25th of June, 1949. Lights had gone out in the dormitories and from outside only an occasional study light could be seen. The moon had just risen and it bathed the grounds in a lurid glow. Suddenly every single light was switched on simultaneously. High pitched screams and trumpet-like roars came from every dormitory. The quiet scene had changed into one of absolute pandemonium. One minute the peaceful hoot of an owl sounded over the fields. The next moment the school looked as if a high tension wire had burst through it. Other lights were switched on, and, as one could guess, these lights belonged to the masters. Inside, a dormitory door was thrown open and out charged an enraged scrum of boys. They all had some assortments of weapons, ranging from slippers to fire-extinguishers. Other dormitories were doing likewise. They were all going in one direction to Dr Natal's room. 'Down with that — tyrant' was the general cry. (I leave the blank for your imagination). Then a joyful cry arose and Dr Natal, with some faithful masters, were seen slinking down a corridor. Immediately they were pounced upon and were quickly dragged downstairs to a largish room. Then fireworks began. Slippers whistled round the room. Extinguishers started up; pillows were knocking the wind out of the already wet masters. Other implements were used and the slaughter went on for half an hour. At the end of the half hour the boys were exhausted. So they dragged the half dead men upstairs and pushed them into their respective rooms. The boys celebrated the following day with a holiday and at three o'clock they had the fun of booing Dr Natal out of the school square. He looked just as wet as he did the evening before. So ended a successful rebellion which had it happened to any of you, you would, I am sure, feel very glad of.

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



## THE MOUNTAIN

by C. H. COLLINGWOOD\*

It was a bright and sunny day ; and in the little village below the mountain, all was quiet except for the noise of an old man leading his donkey down the street. High above rose the mountain towering up into the blue skies. Below the mountain a stream flowed sluggishly near the village. I was standing near the stream, longing for a cool breeze. I was looking at the mountain above, when I had an idea. It was to climb the mountain. When I had reached a point half way up the mountain I sat down exhausted. Just above me I saw a small hut. I walked up to it and knocked on the door. An old shepherd opened it and beckoned me in. He gave me something to eat and drink. Having thus been refreshed I went on my way. At last, after a long climb, I reached the top of the mountain. Below I could see the village. In front of me was the sea. I saw a steamer plowing its way through the waves. The notes of its siren came to my ears very faintly. I could just see the gulls circling round and round the boat, hoping that they might get some bread. On my right hand I saw a small farmstead. Round a small yard some outhouses stood. I saw a little tractor plowing its way through the fields. On my left hand I saw the moors stretching far away into the distance. As the end of the afternoon was drawing near I slowly began to descend the mountain.

## BIGGLES THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING GLASS

by R. H. ORTIGER\*

'I'm reading a smashing "Biggles" book' said the fat boy. 'Are you?' 'What's it called?' said his friend. 'It's called "Biggles flies East" and it's all about when Biggles goes to a German aerodrome to spy, and he . . . .'

Biggles? That name immediately brings to mind the vision of a young, clean-shaven youth with a commanding look, a fearless young man, whose one idea is to score off the enemy. The queer thing is that in both the First and Second World Wars, Biggles happens to be a clean-shaven young man, which gives one the impression that he had not aged at all between the two wars, in other words, in twenty-one years.

There are three kinds of Biggles books. The first and second are about Biggles in one or the other of the two World Wars. 'Biggles,' with his friends in No. 266 Squadron, has many adventures : rescuing people

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

\*RICHARD ORTIGER, born February 21, 1940 ; entered Worth, September, 1947 ; 1st XV ; 1st XI Hockey ; Choir ; School Prefect.

from behind the German lines, working for the British in the midst of the Nazis, and having many air battles ; however he is always calm and steadfast, never flinching and always winning through in the end.

The third kind of 'Biggles' book is about the life of Biggles in the Air Police after the Second World War. These kind of books are very much the same basically. One may easily test this out by reading a few of these books. First of all 'Biggles' and Co. are sitting in their office doing nothing. Then someone comes in, perhaps to ask advice on some mysterious matter in which he is involved. 'Biggles' immediately gets caught up in the affair, the friends get separated, one of them gets captured by the crooks and 'Biggles' goes after him to rescue him, gets caught himself, but they are rescued and they round up the whole gang with no trouble at all.

We must not forget, however, 'Biggles' domestic activities which are illustrated very well in the book 'Biggles sweeps the Desert.'

If, however, you want to thoroughly enjoy a Biggles book it is not much use pulling the book to pieces because, as you see, W. E. John's books scarcely stand up to any close examination.

So if you are attracted by the thought of 'Biggles' books I should not advise you to read this essay.

## VALE

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

Comrades, this is a year of tragedy. Our revered leader is dead. All over the world progressive mankind mourns the death of one, who has been its beloved teacher and friend for more than a quarter of a century. We owe to him, Comrades, more than to any other man the pre-eminent position which our movement has attained in the modern world. Even his personal appearance exuded an aura of benevolence and charm which nearly converted many eminent foreigners to Communism when they first saw him. During the last war, brought about by the greed of bourgeois Imperialists, he sustained not only his own country, but all its uncorrupted allies. After the war, when the two most powerful Capitalist Countries belied our sacred trust, no one was more steadfast in his devotion to our ideals. It is a damnable calamity that some Semitic puppets of the Pentagon, who posed as doctors, were allowed, undetected, to undermine his stalwart constitution. Though he is dead, let it not be forgotten that nothing can prevail against the world-wide strength of our movement. His successor is one who is equally strong and clever, equally quick to defend our regime, and to strike fear into the hearts of enemies of the people. STALIN IS DEAD—LONG LIVE MALENKOV.

\*NORMAN COLES, born September 21, 1939 ; entered Worth, January, 1948 ; 1st XV ; Boxing Team ; acted in *The Reluctant Dragon*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Burning Babe* ; School Prefect.

## ... FIVE SIX CROSSING THE STYX

by C. B. T. INNES\*

As I wound my weary way to Hades, I felt the cool, hard shape of the sovereign under my tongue. Coming over a dark hill I saw Hades. In the foreground was the Styx and beyond was Hades, a land of darkness and misery? As I came down the slope I passed through the crowds of people who have not been admitted. Boarding Charon the janitor's ferry, I gave him the coin, and was relieved to get rid of it because of its bitter taste. On the other side, I was surrounded by 'ghosts' asking after their friends and relations. When I had passed through them, I wandered in the direction of Pluto the Headmaster's palace. I passed a tall soldierly Latin arguing with another, but shifty-eyed, Latin. 'My—Tarquin,' said the soldier, 'you had no hope of taking Rome, as even Lars Parsena of Clusium (By Hades, that Lord Macaulay pursues me yet)'— 'But My—Cocles, we would have overborne you by weight of numbers. And once Lars Parsena swears something by the Nine Gods he means it.' I passed on and wondered why the quarrel had not been settled in the two thousand odd years. Next I saw P . . . P . . . eternally washing his hands and saying 'It wasn't my fault. What else could I do?' I felt like a school-boy arriving at his new school and seeing all the 'old' boys who, in this case, were very old. Then entering Pluto's palace I was introduced to him by the 'Angel of Death,' who allotted me a room and refectory. After being shown round I went to my room and . . . (with apologies to John Donne).

One short sleep past I woke eternally  
And Death was no more, Death it was that died.

## A SEA SHORE

by P. J. de WECK\*

'Break, break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O Sea,' gives one an artist's impression of a long sandy beach with the high cold cliffs on the shore side and a long continuous line of white-edged rollers crashing in from the sea, with a long rolling murmur that never ceases . . . It is a cold windy day in March and the sea is being whipped up into a foam. As far as one can see there is a cold grey greenness of the sea flecked here and there with a white froth forming little white horses. A few solitary

\*PHILIP De WECK, born November 9, 1939; entered Worth, September, 1947; 1st XV; 1st XI Hockey; acted in *Robinson Crusoe*, *Mother Goose*, *Puss in Boots*, *Stations in Mime*.

\*CHRISTOPHER INNES, born May 3, 1939; entered Worth, January 1950; acted in *Stations in Mime*; Librarian; Sacristy; School Prefect.

sea-gulls wheel and cry above one, alighting here and alighting there, no one spot quite suiting them. Meanwhile one or two cormorants cling to a few rocky crags and gaze upon the world with a look of complete and utter misery. . . . The beach is lonely and wind-swept with some crops of black rock jutting up here and there disturbing the long stretch of yellow sand. On the top of the cliffs there are fields; no sign of human habitation for miles except for a few ill-kept scraggy looking cows huddled together in one corner of a field. There is a scarecrow in the adjoining field and that is all.

## THE VILLAGE

by J. D. H. FORAN\*

The village of Glenkenny stands on the far side of the Berwyn mountains in North Wales. It stands on the River Stow and a grim castle rears itself above the village. Originally there was a large Manor House built by De Rhas one of William the Conqueror's followers. In his time the old church which you can see on the hill top, now just a ruin, was the only one in fifty square miles and the Christians used to come every Sunday to it. The Castle itself was built in his son's time. It was started in 1089 and completed in 1100. It has seen many a fight between rival Lords. It is just an ordinary solid castle with four towers and its wall, now partly in ruins, used to be nine feet thick and twenty feet high. It has, of course, its legends like most castles. In the keep a daughter of one of the descendants of De Rhas was murdered by her husband in a fit of jealousy. During the Elizabethan period it sheltered many a fugitive priest. The De Rhas have remained steadfast to the faith in spite of persecutions. The village is spread over an area of two square miles. It has not changed much with the tide of time except for some cars and a wireless; here and there it could be the 16th century. The oldest inhabitant is 104 years of age. She can remember the Crimean War. The village doctor is Dr Hayes; he has brought all the babies in the village into the world and although he is sixty-eight he still does his calls on foot. The villagers are sheep farmers and farmers. The sheep are driven once a year to the railway where the ancient train transports them to market. The inn, 'The White Sprig,' is where all the local news is recounted and where business deals are made. Farmer Morgan and Farmer Jones of eighty years apiece are always to be found sitting in front of the fire in the inn each with a mug of beer and only too ready to talk. The local Parish church is now run by a vicar, a very prim and proper man just out of the training school. He succeeded the late vicar who died a year ago aged seventy-two. This old man was loved by all his parishoners. He was always willing to do anything for anybody

\*JOHN FORAN, born June 4, 1939; entered Worth, September, 1947; 1st XV; Librarian; Sacristy; School Prefect.

any time. A big dam is being built by the Wales Water Company to provide the village with electricity. The older people do not like this and think it another of those new fangled ideas. The village of Glenkenny moves slowly and has moved slowly for the past thousand years. Who knows if it will move slowly for the next thousand years ?

## ADVENTURE ON THE IRISH COAST

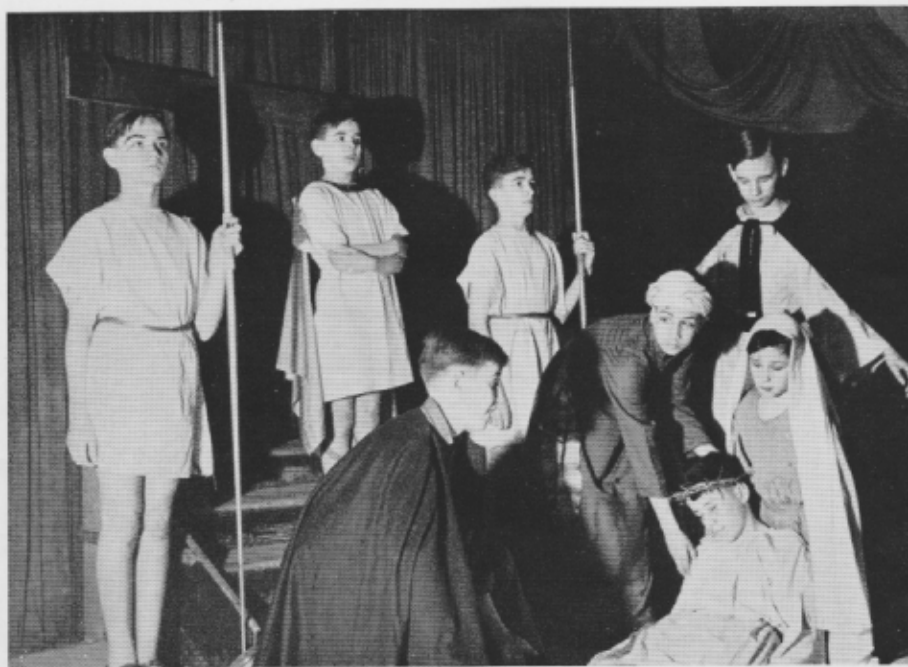
by J. M. CHAMBERS\*

About fifteen years ago when I was staying at Belmullet in County Mayo, a strange adventure befell me. It happened when I was out fishing with my friend Jeremy and my brother Denis. We were out in our little fishing boat when suddenly we heard cries for help, and to our amazement we saw a man of about fifty strapped to a board floating down the current towards us. We managed to get him into the boat and row him back to shore. We were having our lunch, sharing it with our rescued man. My brother told me afterwards that as the man whom we rescued got up to go away he saw a person lurking behind a tree ; whether it was a man or girl he could'nt say. 'Goodbye' said our friend 'and tha ——' he got no further for a loud shot rang out and the rescued man fell over on his side. One look was enough to see that he was dead. We dragged his body down on to the beach. As we were searching his body for trace of anything to show who he was, a rather sly man came up and said 'Nice murder, who did it?' My brother at once said 'Don't ask questions.' At that the man made off in the direction of the village, but I think that my friend Jeremy was a faster runner because he caught up with him and gave him a couple of socks on the jaw which put him out cold. By that time I had found a note in the murdered man's pocket saying 'Your life is at hand. 12.30 at Blackhead gulf.' Signed R.J.P. That was news at least. Nothing happened for two more weeks, until one day, as the three of us were by the fire, a man arrived saying that his name was Robert John Peterson. My brother gave a start at first but I motioned him quiet. 'Go out-side ; when I blow a whistle bring a policeman in,' I told him. Mr Peterson sat down and said 'What are the clues that you have got about this case ?' 'None,' I said, 'except that the murderer's initials were R.J.P.' At that he made no sign but put his hand to his pocket and said 'Who do you suspect as the murderer ?' 'You,' said I. Then he took his hand out of his pocket and pointed an ugly-looking automatic at his head. Quick as a flash I blew my whistle and leaped for his gun. Soon, however, the game was up and I told my brother and Jeremy that the man made one slip, any man who came asking for clues (whose initials were that of a murderer) once he knew about the paper document with his initials would change his name. So our adventure ended and R. J. Peterson was hanged in Dublin.

\*JONATHAN CHAMBERS, born February 7, 1942 ; entered Worth, September, 1952 ; under eleven Rugger XV.



THE MIME



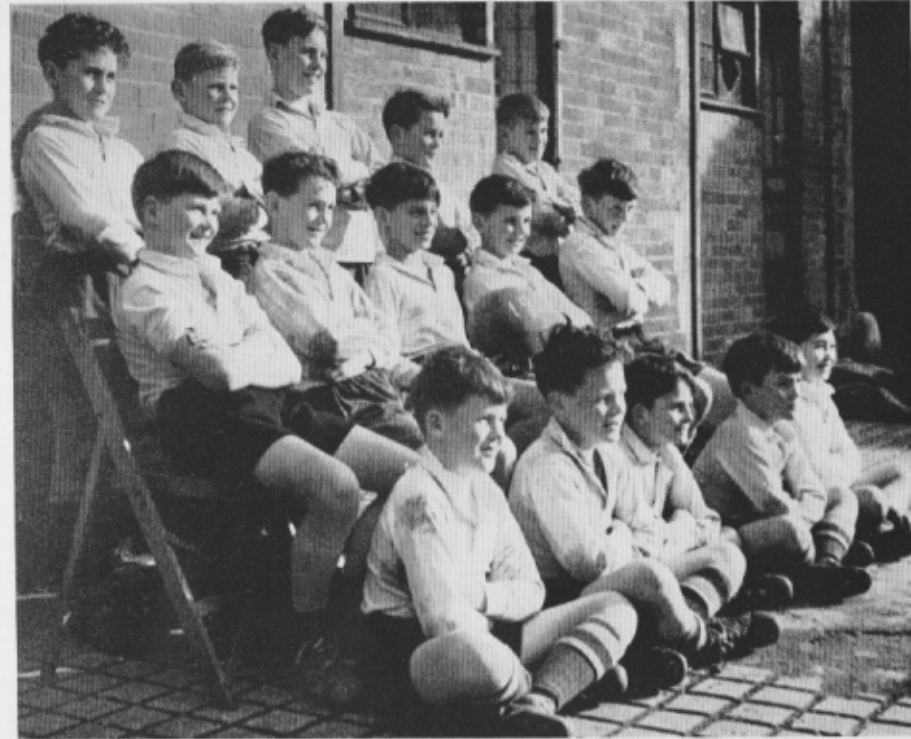
THE XIIIth STATION OF THE CROSS



TENEBRAE



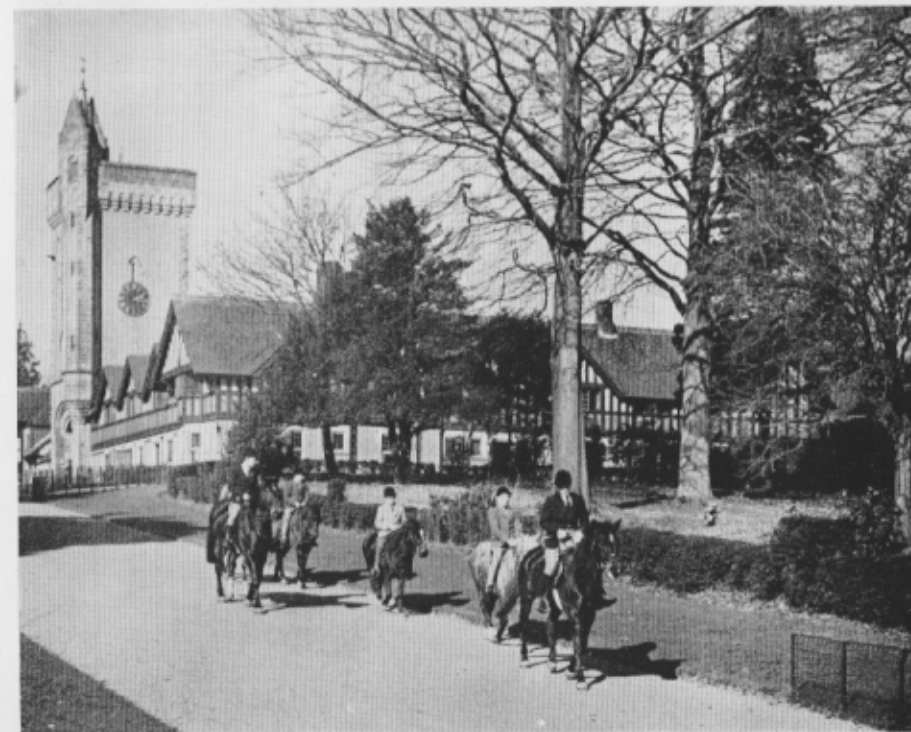
QUARTETTE



THE UNDER 11 XV., 1952-3



HOLIDAY LUNCH  
IN THE WOODS



AFTERNOON RIDING LESSON



" HERE AND THERE "



ART PARTY CLUB



J. M.  
TUNNICLIFFE'S  
*f/f*  
" LADYBIRD "



## A VISIT TO FRANCE

by M. K. O'M. DEWAR\*

Once I went to France for my summer holidays, and we started off to Southampton by train. We went through the Customs, then on to our ship, the *Falaise*. She was going to sail at nine o'clock that evening. We started off and the ship slowly went down Southampton Water and into the sea. We saw the lights of England fade away in the distance. I went to bed very late that night—I think it was ten o'clock. The next morning I got up very early and went on deck to see the coast of France. After breakfast we went on shore. We landed at St Malo and to get to St Jacut we had to cross the bay. We got on a vedette, a small motor boat, and got off at Dinard. From there we took a bus to St Jacut where we were staying. We had a lovely time in France. We always went on the beach and sometimes we went on a bus trip to some famous place. Once we went to Mont St Michel, an island off the coast of France. We were staying at a convent and I was very sad when our three weeks were up. We got on the *Falaise* again and sailed that evening. In the morning I got up at about seven o'clock and went on deck. We were going up Southampton Water. We passed many interesting things like seaplanes and oil stations, tugs, dredgers, and other big ships. We came into the dock and stayed on the ship for breakfast and then got off. After going through the Customs we got on a train to go back home. My mother and father and I had had a lovely holiday with lots of swimming and other things. I liked the *Falaise*.

## A TRUE STORY

by D. M. MURPHY\*

It was the summer holidays and my brother John, sister Jane, the McLaverty children, Ann Madden and myself had decided to go camping on that grassy bank country known as 'The banks of Killard.' The principal goods, plus the camping equipment had been placed in haversacks and tent bags ready for us to collect as soon as we started. The sun was in its highest point as we set off on our trek towards the camping site. Fifteen minutes sufficed us to reach our destination where we pitched camp and started to the task of making a fire. After sufficient wood had been collected we set off on the short walk towards the beach

\*MICHAEL DEWAR, born November 15, 1941 ; entered Worth, September, 1951.

\*DAVID MURPHY, born May 8, 1941 ; entered Worth, January, 1953.

where we undressed and had a cool swim which refreshed us marvellously. As we returned to camp we noticed that the fire was burning brightly. A few of the older girls had done this while we were having a swim. When I mentioned 'we' I mean all the boys in our little party. Soon the kettle was boiling over a warm fire and the smell of fried bacon wafted through and through our nostrils making us feel in the greatest way hungry. Later on in the afternoon while we were sitting round our fire enjoying the best meal I have ever helped to cook, a mysterious man dressed in black was seen by myself trudging slowly down the small path. As he passed us in our camp I heard him muttering to himself. I did not think much of this incident at the moment. Ten minutes later a policeman accompanied by a number of rustics were seen hurrying along in a strange manner. The constable called to us asking if we had seen a man in black—we replied in the affirmative. This only added to their hurry. 'I wonder what's up' whispered John as they passed. At that moment we learned from one of the rustics that the man who was being followed was an escaped maniac. We soon joined the party who were hunting for the maniac. Soon the hunted person was seen running down a slope towards an old wrecked ship. Everyone hurried down towards the man dressed in black. After a short struggle the man was soon captured. We returned home two hours later.

### A TRIP TO THE MOON

by B. A. R. CONCANON\*

It was the 8th of June and I thought I would take a trip to the moon. First I had to get a rocket, but how could I get it? because it was Sunday and shops were closed. Just then I remembered my fairy godmother who had been so kind to me in the past years. Then just as I was about to call her she came and said to me 'What is it you want,' and I said 'I want a rocket because I want to go to the moon,' and by magic she gave me one: my fairy godmother gave me everything I wanted to the moon. Now as I was flying, clusters of birds came to sit on the rocket. At the moon I saw lots of pigmies about six inches high. It is in space, that's what I thought. I would have died if the story had not been imaginary. I made friends with a few pigmies. It was very interesting to see the canals about two feet wide and cars twelve inches high and all the other things. The farms were very neat. One of the animals became a very great friend to me. It was two weeks before I left and I had a wonderful time. Now it was time to go home and I said goodbye to my friends and left.

\*ANTHONY CONCANON, born March 2, 1943; entered Worth, September, 1951.

### MY PET

by D. E. WALKER\*

Once upon a time on a very sunny day, I thought I would go out on the cliff. As I went along I saw something move in the grass, so I ran to the moving thing, and in the grass was a gull. Its wing had been hurt. I took it home and bathed it. We became great friends, and it became my pet. It sat on my shoulder at meal times, and it would eat out of my hands. Once, when its wing was alright again, it went away for two days. It had gone to see its gull friends that lived in the cliff in their nest. It came back to me on a Saturday night when I was fast asleep. It woke me up with its calls and the flutter of its wings. It was more noisy than it should have been, because one of them was still not quite right. One thing that I taught it to do was to take off each sheet of paper at the right time on a calendar: it was very amusing to watch it doing so with its beak and one of its feet. One day I took it to the place where I saw it first, and with a flutter of its wings it flew down the cliff to its friends. It came once or twice to see me, then it left me for ever. I often saw it on the cliff, but it never came back.

### MY FIRST HORSE RIDE

by D. A. F. MURRAY\*

One day I went down on to the beach. I undressed and had a swim, it was quite warm in the water. After that I had some crisps and some biscuits. I made a big sand castle and played about. Then I thought I would like to have a ride on a horse. I had a little money in my pocket. I went and asked the man where is the donkey, and he said that it was not very well. So I got on the horse and fell off the other side. Then the man lifted me on to the saddle but I fell off backwards. In the end I managed to get on, and the horse started with such a jerk that I fell off backwards again. Then the horse went slowly along, then it suddenly went fast but unfortunately he was near the sea and I fell off head first into the sea. Then I got on again, and just as I was getting on again he galloped off and I fell over his tail and got up just in time to see the man running after the horse, shouting with all his might. So I giggled and looked at my watch, and as it was time I should be home, I ran for my bike, got on, and pedalled away as fast as I could.

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

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

## LONDON — HOLLAND — PORTUGAL

by P. W. P. MOORSOM\*

I was very excited when my father said that instead of going to France for the holidays, the whole family was going to Portugal. There was no plane that went from London to Portugal, so we decided to go from Holland to Lisbon. We booked tickets and packed the cases and set off for London. We stopped for dinner at Bristol. Then we continued on our journey and arrived in London at five o'clock. In the morning at about ten o'clock we went to London airport. The plane was ready. We went through the Customs and got inside the aeroplane. We waited for about five minutes and then the engines started to work. The propellers went round and the plane went along the runway. Then the plane stopped, all the engines were tested, then it dashed off down the runway. It took off. This was my first time in the air, for I was only six. I was enjoying it immensely. In about six hours the plane landed in Amsterdam, where we were to spend the night, but something went wrong with the plane we were to go on. So we had to take a little plane and go off to Rotterdam. We landed, and there I saw the biggest aeroplane I had ever seen. It was positively enormous. Then we went for a cup of coffee. And once again we mounted the steps into a plane. We took off with a journey of eleven hours in front of us. I looked out of the window and saw all the beautiful things. We had dinner and we found out at ten o'clock that we were just above the airport. The plane landed safely and we were all set for a wonderful holiday.

## THE CORONATION

by R. G. L. APSION\*

Soon we shall be seeing the Coronation, the Coronation of a Queen ; Queen Elizabeth the Second. It will be rather a long Coronation. Some people may be seeing it on television, or in a cinema a few days later. On the day of the Coronation there will be lots of bands, and men on horses coming after them. After some bands and important people, you see a Coach. In that Coach you see the Queen. The Coach was made over two hundred years ago. This procession is a very important one because it is the procession of a Queen, and we have only had four other ruling queens in our long history, so you see how important an occasion it is to see the Coronation this year if you possible can.

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

\*GORDON APSION, born September 21, 1944 ; entered Worth, September, 1952.

## A TRIP TO DOWNSIDE

by J. M. WOOD\*

We started off down the road for Bath and got to Downside without much difficulty. We went first to the main stairs where we saw the billiard table. Then we went to some studies which boys had during their last year or so. They were very well furnished with some nice book-shelves. We then went to Father Wilfred's room, where some boys were reading comics and listening to the wireless. Then we saw the Church, which is very beautiful, and had a lovely altar. We saw the gym which had a nice and wide floor. The Head Master showed us the lovely swimming bath, and we all had a nice swim. We liked the dormitories very much as well as the studies. We had a nice lunch at Downside, then saw a refectory which was quite big. What I liked best was the things that the boys made, in a big room full of them, including my brother's, who made a nice box, and some boys made desks and things like that. Last of all we saw the kennels of the Beagles, which I think were very well kept. We went home then and thought Downside a very nice place (for a school).

## A TRIP TO THE MOON

by P. A. de CHAZAL\*

When I went to the moon the first place I visited was a place called Worth, because it took the name of my school. And as I was walking in the gardens, I fell into a trap. I saw lots of those everywhere I went, so I thought it would be fun to ask what they caught in them. So I went to a man, with blue glasses, and asked him what they were for, he told me they were to catch an animal called after a lobster because it was like one, and so called a Land Lobster. It was an animal with three green eyes, brown body, blue legs, and blue with yellow spotted lips. It was a salty animal. As for them, they liked it (but not me, it had the taste of a mole). So I went back to see those traps : they consisted of a long round net work, with a rat trap at the end. The Land Lobster would go in (I hope) and get caught by the nose, which was pointed, and black. I got caught because I stepped on the rat trap (which was as big as a small box). After all that I went to have supper with Mrs Box ; then I went into my rocket ship and came back to the earth.

\*JONATHAN WOOD, born May 9, 1942 ; entered Worth, September, 1950 ; Choir.

\*PAUL De CHAZAL, born September 25, 1942 ; entered Worth, September, 1951.



## ITALIAN HOLIDAY

by J. P. L. P. CICONI\*

If you are living in London and would like a holiday why not try Italy in the summer. I will tell you about mine. When school had finished I went to Victoria. Mr Brown, my father's lawyer, was waiting for me. We had lunch and then picked up my sister and went to the airport. When we arrived in Italy my father was waiting for me at the airport with my other little sister. It was night then and my father asked me if we would like to go home or stay the night in Rome. We wanted to go home so we had to journey all the way to the other side of Italy where we lived. When I got up next day it was about six o'clock. I took out my bicycle and went for a ride. When I got back it was time for breakfast. I went out to visit my Cousins and Aunts. I went up to town to have a look around. One day we went for a picnic at my Aunt's farm; we had smashing fun looking round the farm at the animals. In the afternoon we went for a swim in a nearby river. The country was beautiful and as we were near the sea we often went for a swim. The name of the town is Macerata near Ancona on the Adriatic side of Italy. Once when we went swimming in the sea nearby my little sister got lost; we could not find her anywhere. At last we found her quite a long way away, playing with the sand quite joyfully. When we visited Florence I bought a glider. I flew it from the top of my Aunt's house and it flew a quarter of a mile. When it was time to go back to school I felt very homesick. We were crossing the mountains when the car conked out, but my hopes were soon shattered for my father soon got the car going again. We flew over to England, and now I am looking forward to next summer holidays.

## THE GYMKHANA

by D. J. A. M. DALY\*

The Gymkhana is very exciting, and nearly every boy who has riding likes that term best. Nearly every boy who does riding gets into the Gymkhana, but some only get into one event. But that is good for them. Others get into quite a lot, and even win a rosette, and they are very pleased and thank the riding mistresses. All the ponies are very small and quiet. The thing that I like best is that you do not have to go down to the school for supper; you have it in the tent. We have some nice cakes with icing on the top. In the morning before it starts, you can see all the ponies, all very gay with very shining coats. And just before it starts all the cars stop and the people all go and stand at the ring-side. And soon it starts. At about seven o'clock all the ponies go home very tired. The events are: Best Rider, Pony Pairs, The Sack Race and the Bending Race.

\*JOHN CICONI, born May 4, 1942; entered Worth, January, 1951.

\*DOMINICK DALY, born April 14, 1943; entered Worth, September, 1951.

## ROCKET TO PLUTO

by M. G. A. WILKINSON\*

On June 9th 3099, A.D. the first rocket expedition ever to go to Pluto set out. The rocket was of Viking type and quite old but it had been fitted up with all the latest kinds of equipment. Its crew consisted of Pilot Officers Jim Dawson, Dick Jackson and Bill Handbury, all of whom were skilled rocket pilots. There were two radio operators and two radar operators. Up in the gun turret there were two deadly ray guns, each manned by a lieutenant. The guns were also equipped with special range devices. There were about ten mechanics and a cook and about four boys acting as waiters. The captain of this expedition was Captain K. R. Dawson, the father of the pilot officer, Jim Dawson. When all was ready Captain Dawson stepped into the rocket. Then he gave his signal to the ramp crew, and the rocket was launched. As they were passing Mars one of the lookouts in one of the gun turrets shouted 'look out! Meteor dead ahead!' Then Jim Dawson took the controls and just managed to turn the ship out of its course and the meteor went hurtling past, missing the tail by inches. When the danger was over the rocket ship resumed its last course. Very soon they had landed on Pluto and got their special space suits on, and their ray guns tucked in their belts. When they had got used to the gravity on Pluto they ventured further away from the rocket and further inland. Little did they know that the curious eyes of huge giants dressed like the cave men of Earth in olden times were on them. Suddenly all around them stood a circle of giants. Captain Dawson making signs to the giant whom he thought was the leader of the party said, 'We are from another planet called Earth, and we have come here to try and civilise you and bring back some of your things to Earth.' Then the giant said, 'I will bring you to our leader and we will decide what we are to do with you.' Then they were lifted up by a giant and they set off. About ten minutes later they arrived at a forest which they entered. Then they came to a giant hut and went inside. There they saw a giant who was dressed like the others but was much more clean shaven. Captain Dawson made signs to him and told him the same things as we had told the other giants. Then the king agreed to let him take some of the strange vegetation back to Earth. Then they went out and Captain Dawson collected all the things he needed and they set off back. About half-way back they met a few ferocious-looking monsters. The natives said they had better run or the monsters would kill them, but Captain Dawson pulled out his ray gun and killed all the monsters. When the king heard this he was very grateful to Dawson. Then they went to the rocket and back to Earth. Little did they realise that because of their expedition the people on Pluto were going to be the Earth's greatest space allies later on.

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

## OUR CAT

by M. A. de NAVARRO\*

At Conduit Rise, Cambridge, in 1944, we had a cat from London. We called the cat Witty, meaning Wit-Wit, Arabic for bat, because he mewed like a bat cries. When we call him in we always call 'Wit-Wit, Wit-Wit, Wit-Wit, Wit.' Unless it is a moonlit night Witty always comes in, but when it is a moonlit night, out he stays catching mice, rabbits, and rats all over the place. At first he caught only rabbits and mice, but later on, in the winter of 1951-52, Witty caught his first rat. It was a huge one, and Witty had several bites, but at last he bit it in the throat and it fell dead on the grass. In the winter of 1952-53, Witty killed lots of rats without getting a single scratch himself.

## I WENT WITH THE SMUGGLERS

by C. D. CROSTHWAITE\*

It was the year 1808. I was living with my aunt in a small cottage on the Cornish coast. One day when I was climbing up the sea cliff, I came to a small ledge where I noticed there was a small hole partly hidden by a gorse bush. Being very inquisitive I slid down the hole and after a bit I came out in a big cave which was surrounded by boxes and nails and all kinds of queer things. I crept along very timidly and was suddenly grabbed by my collar and a big burly man dragged me to a smaller cave where there was lots of people whom I knew, and a man with a cut down one cheek said 'we had better take him along with us or he might give us away.' So the next day, after spending the night in a small cave smelling very strongly of tobacco, I was taken on to a small schooner and they began to load it up with tobacco and stuff. Then we slowly pushed ourselves out of the cave with big poles. Looking back I saw that we had come out of the cliff into the sea. We had got about half-way across the Channel when we saw a British man-of-war coming down on us but being smaller and faster we soon lost it. When we reached the French coast we waited for five minutes and then we saw a light flashing on and off, and getting all the goods out of the hold, we soon heard a splashing, and a rowing boat came up alongside and men came walking into the sea and we gave them our stuff and they gave us back brandy and silk gloves and tobacco. Then we suddenly heard a clattering and some coastguards came along to the shore and we pushed out and sailed back to England. Then we took our cargo ashore and put it on pack horses to go all over the country. I was told to go back home and the next day I looked but could not find that cave.

\*CHRISTOPHER CROSTHWAITE, born August 5, 1941; entered Worth, September, 1949.

\*MICHAEL De NAVARRO, born May 1, 1944; entered Worth, January, 1953.

## WORTH

by A. P. HOPE\*

Worth is a preparatory school for Downside. It is in Sussex, near Crawley, and is a very beautiful place. It has a swimming pool and three houses and plenty of grounds, mostly woods. It has a rock garden pool and we swim in it as well. It has fields in some of which we play rugger, football, hockey and cricket. It also has tennis and squash courts. It has ping-pong and billiard tables. The boys that go there are from seven to fourteen and there are three houses for them. From seven to nine, boys go into the Tower House, from nine to eleven into the Junior House and from eleven to fourteen into the Senior House which is divided into three parts: Chapman House, Ford House and Butler House. Ford House and Butler House are the highest in Senior House. There are fifteen classrooms; they are lettered up to F and numbered up to nine. It is a Benedictine school and besides the monks, there are some lay Masters and Mistresses.

## A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL

by M. F. HOYLE\*

I am Detective Sergeant Hollis and I am going to tell you the story of a criminal called Duke Rogers. It all started one night when I was walking down the road to the docks at Grimsby, our town, when I suddenly heard a most unearthly scream from one of the warehouses. At once I broke into a run towards the sound of the scream. When I got there it was almost too late for the watchman (for it was he) had almost gone but he managed to murmur 'He had—a scar on—his right cheek—he looked berserk.' The next morning my men checked the body for any clues I could have missed and while they were searching a man came rushing in with something in his hand, 'I found it in the warehouse' he said and gave it to me. I looked at it and saw it was a piece off a Chinese Idol and the piece I held was decked with rubies and pearls and sapphires which glittered in the sunlight. I whistled, 'the whole idol must be almost priceless' I said. Then having paid the man I went back to my men to show it to them. That afternoon I checked every man with a scar on his right cheek to find the man but I couldn't. Suddenly one of them said, 'Why don't you try Mr Rogers? He is an artist and is also an ex-criminal.' At once I left to find his house. When I got there I knocked on the door. The maid opened the door and I

\*ADRIAN HOPE, born July 11, 1942; entered Worth, May, 1950.

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

asked for Mr Rogers ; when I did this she turned rather white and said, ' No I'm sorry sir he's out,' and she slammed the door. Feeling rather puzzled by her look at me I decided to hide by the gate for her to leave the house. Late that evening she left and I went in the front door and went into what I supposed to be the living-room. I searched every drawer and cupboard until I came to a desk. I started to rummage it at once when suddenly a voice said ' I'm afraid you shouldn't have done this.' I spun round to face the evil-looking muzzle of a revolver. Then I looked at the face of the holder, he fitted the old watchman's description perfectly. At once I knew what to do and I did it. I was holding a notebook in my hand and I threw it with all my might, it hit him on the face and the gun went off inches wide of me. I was on him in a moment and knocked him out. Later we found the rest of the idol in the desk but we couldn't return it to the watchman so we gave it to the curator of a museum and asked him to keep it.

## THE CUBS

This term we have usually gone down to the woods and built the dens, and then finished up the afternoon round a big fire, eating toast. Sanday's six still has the cosiest den, but Church has made his more interesting by having a rope ladder up to it. We had a good paper chase and also a commando course, when it was very cold. Sanday has been a good head-sixer. The other sixers are Gleadell, C. Church, Jenkins and Concanon. Many of the boys have passed some of their second star tests. Tribe was the first to pass morse code, which is the most difficult, and Buigas made the nicest model, which was a wicker waste-paper basket. We are now looking forward to our bob-a-job work in the holidays and to fine sunny days outside during the summer term.

AKELA

## THE SCOUT TROOP

At the end of the Lent term, a glance at the board which shows the number of Second Class tests passed by the Scouts would seem to reveal that little progress has been made recently in test work. This is true, up to a point. Only two second Class Badges were gained in the Scouting year which ended on March 31st. This is undoubtedly disappointing ; and it is hoped that some of the older and cleverer scouts will make an effort in the Summer term to raise the standard of the technical efficiency of the troop. Under the surface, however, the troop is making good progress, and the general efficiency is encouraging. At the beginning of the term some work was done on pioneering, at the pond below the cricket field. Bridges were begun to the island in it : and a raft was constructed of small oil-cans and four very light poles, which safely transported a boy across the pond. This work enabled lashings and axemanship to be learnt and practised, as did work on the patrol huts in the Bluebell Wood, which went on throughout the term. On the Feasts of St Gregory and St Benedict we had marvellous weather, and the scouts spent the day in the Bluebell Wood. Really good meals were cooked by each patrol, and the equipment was cleaned well afterwards. On the second occasion two fires in the dry bracken were promptly and effectively tackled by the Scouts. Some guests were invited to spend the day with the different patrols on these two Feasts, and some of them want to join the troop next term, and have already started to pass tests—Firelighting, Axemanship and Trees. At other times instruction has been given in First Aid, Signalling, and direction finding at night without a compass. So the Scouts have learnt much more than the test-board indicates. And in the days spent in the Bluebell Wood they displayed admirable keenness, co-operation and efficient organization.

B.M.S.



## RUGGER

### 1st XV

*Captain* : Michaelmas Term, K. P. ANDREWS

Lent Term, M. D. C. CUSS

The 1st XV have had another unbeaten season. In seven matches they scored 129 points, and their opponents scored 9. This is an impressive record ; and yet the team was not so well balanced, and did not work so smoothly, as in the last two seasons. The forwards were well built, tall, heavy, and yet fast. They did their job soundly in every match, covering especially well in defence, but in attack they did not excel as much as one had hoped. Mackenzie led them well : but he did not quite fulfil his promise of last year. The outstanding forward was O'Meara. In addition to being hooker, he was excellent in the loose, both in defence and attack. He covered tirelessly, and tackled well in defence, and his kicking was invaluable : and, after Cuss, he scored (with Ortiger) more tries than anyone else. After a slow start, de Weck improved tremendously, and his tackling in the last match was admirable. Coles was often prominent in vigorous forward rushes, but his handling was weak when it came to passing movements. The backs never settled down into a really inspiring line. At first Cuss, who, with O'Meara, was the outstanding member of the team, played at stand-off. He was not used to this position, and either ran across the field too much, or failed to run straight with sufficient purpose. As a result, the threequarters were either cramped, or had to take their passes when not on the move. Their handling was also uncertain, and the wings were not really fast or agile enough to beat determined tackling. After the first two matches, Hurley had gained enough confidence and his handling had improved sufficiently to enable him to return to his normal position at stand-off. Here he was effective, but was too inclined to try to make openings himself, instead of setting his threequarters on the move ; and he often failed to pass soon enough after an initial opening. The big exception to all this was in the first ten minutes of the match at Epsom, when he gave a series of perfectly timed passes to Cuss, who scored several tries under the posts. At inside centre-threequarter, Cuss was excellent, running, now, straight and fast, scoring twenty of the team's forty-one tries. His punting was powerful, and his defence robust, if a little unorthodox at times ! Unfortunately neither he, nor O'Meara, developed their skill at place kicking until the end of the season : and only three tries were converted in the School matches. Andrews, in his new position of scrum-half, steadily improved, and in the end his reverse pass was more effective than his straight pass, which he inclined to lob.

In the first two matches, when Cuss was at stand-off, the backs lacked penetrating power. On October 11th we beat St Benedict's Middle

School, at Worth, by 12-0. Hurley scored a good try in the first half after a clever run, but for a long time our attacks were held up by the tackling of our opponents' full-back and captain. In the second half, Cuss increased our score, then Ortiger, and then Cuss burst through without a hand being laid on him. On October 18th we went to Redhill to play Hillsbrow, and the same inability of the backs to penetrate a good defence was often evident. We attacked at once, and after Cuss had run across the field to the right corner flag he passed inside to Hurley, who ran round to score under the posts. We did not keep this up. On the first Hillsbrow attack their stand-off and captain, Burnham, found a gap in our defence near the scrum, and went clean through it to score a good try. We attacked again, and Andrews scored from a scrum near the line. Our opponents equalised following a forward rush before half time. There was no score in the second half. We defended well, and at the end almost scored several points ourselves, especially when we were awarded two penalty kicks near the posts.

The team showed greatly improved form four days later, against a larger, Under 14 team from Mayfield. Our visitors had several big forwards who could run hard and fast, but they held on to the ball too long, and so were eventually brought down by our defence in depth. Our backs, with Cuss at centre, now showed more attacking power, and the threequarters moved more smoothly. The forwards scored first, however, good passing amongst them enabling Gaffrey to score a try. Church then went over for a try from a line-out near the goal line. In the second half O'Meara obtained a good opportunist try. Cuss went straight through the centre, and later picked up a loose ball and sped off to the corner flag. He also converted two of these tries. Hillsbrow came to Worth on November 5th for a return match. After a period of even play we scored an excellent try. The forwards began by making ground up the right touch-line with some short passing. At the end of this de Weck hurled the ball to the threequarters, who for once passed safely down the line to Ortiger on the left wing, and he battled off to reach the left corner flag. The same player scored another try a few minutes later, from a blind side pass by Andrews. In the second half we had more of the play, and after stopping some individual counter-attacks by Burnham, Cuss scored for us, then the forwards in a push-over, and finally O'Meara nicely finished off a run by Ortiger who gathered the ball from a drop-out and made straight for the line. Later we went to Epsom College to play Hart-Smith House. In the first half we played down the steep slope, the forwards playing excellently together, and giving the ball to the outsides quickly and cleanly. Hurley timed his passes to Cuss so precisely that the latter was able to take them at full speed and cut through the opposing defence. He grounded the ball under the posts five times, once after moving to the blind side of the scrum to take his pass direct from Andrews. O'Meara also ran hard once to score from the twenty-five yard line. But only one try was converted—

by Cuss. Playing uphill in the second half we did not do so well and had to fight hard to score three more tries, through Ortiger, Cuss and O'Meara, and to prevent our opponents scoring. The match at Worth on November 22nd, against Wimbledon Under 13 XV, was played in a cold North wind, and on a muddy and watery ground from which snow had only just disappeared. The Worth boys were bigger than their opponents, but took a long time to settle down. Eventually they did so, and overcame the conditions so well that their handling and running were probably better than at any time this season. Cuss scored thrice before half-time, and Hurley once. In the second half Worth were well on top, and continued good passing enabled Cuss to score five more tries, and Andrews, O'Meara and Hurley one each.

The last match of our curtailed season was played at Ealing on February 7th. St Benedict's began well, pressed for some time, and eventually their strong running right wing ran down his touch-line to score. This reverse roused our team, and following a forward rush led by Coles and Mackenzie, the latter scored a try. In the second half Cuss dropped the ball when over the goal-line, after a strong run, but Witham was at hand to ground it for a try. Our forwards were now frequently called on to hold up our opponents, and they stuck to their task well. Later Hurley, whose handling was generally poor on this day, gave Cuss a good pass, and the latter cut through the centre to score a grand try. Finally Ortiger went over in the corner following a blind-side break by N. Alba.

The team, with asterisks denoting those to whom 1st XV Caps were awarded, was : T. J. Turnbull ; B. W. M. Moorsom, P. A. A. M. Cools, R. H. Ortiger ; M. D. C. Cuss\* ; J. Hurley\*, K. P. Andrews\* ; J. M. Gaffney, J. B. O'Meara\*, P. J. de Weck\*, R. D. Clapham, J. D. H. Foran, M. J. D. Church, N. A. M. St J. Coles\*, A. J. Mackenzie\*.

In the last match N. Alba, C. W. Bonham, A. J. H. Witham, and H. D. Macdonald played in the places of Andrews, Gaffney and Moorsom, who had gone on to Downside and of Clapham, who was ill.

Summary of the matches : v. St Benedict's Middle School, Home, Won, 12-0 ; v. Hillsbrow, Away, Drawn, 6-6 ; v. Mayfield College Under 14 XV, Home, Won, 19-0 ; v. Hillsbrow, Home, Won, 15-0 ; v. Epsom College Juniors, Away, Won, 29-0 ; v. Wimbledon College Under 13 XV, Home, Won, 36-0 ; v. St Benedict's Middle School, Away, Won, 12-3.

\* \* \*

League Match results : 1st XV (won by Golds)—Golds beat Blues, 34-0 ; Silvers beat Reds, 12-8 ; Golds beat Silvers, 18-0 ; Blues beat Reds, 18-3. 2nd XV (won by Golds)—Golds beat Blues, 14-0 ; Silvers beat Reds, 36-0 ; Golds beat Silvers, 18-0 ; Blues beat Reds, 15-0.

B.M.S.

## THE BILLIARDS TOURNAMENT

When the Billiard table became a year old we decided to hold the first Worth Billiards Tournament. Fifty-two boys entered and there were interesting and sometimes astonishing results in the earlier rounds ! The standard of play gradually improved as the more expert players came towards the semi-final. In the third round many watched a close game between Rigby and Kauntze, and by a closer margin Rigby only just beat Ortiger for a place in the fourth round. Another memorable game was the one between Hunt and Coles which ended just in time to take Hunt through to the semi-final. The final match between T. J. Turnbull and M. D. Cuss was played on March 30th. The hushed spectators sat round the Inner Hall ; it was the greatest game of all and every stroke was filled with suspense. Cuss opened with a break of 19 and the score reached 50 before Turnbull went into the lead by nearly 20. Cuss caught up again and the lead then went on exchanging hands. When the 8.15 bell was rung one more stroke was granted to each player and Cuss grasped the lead by 2. The standard of play was very high and I think most would agree that Turnbull played a magnificent game with carefully thought-out strokes. Cuss would certainly admit that luck was on his side on this occasion. Father Prior kindly presented a prize to the winner and the runner-up. The final score—Cuss 123 and Turnbull 121—was extremely close for Billiards and crowded many intense moments into three-quarters of-an-hour.

J.A.L.

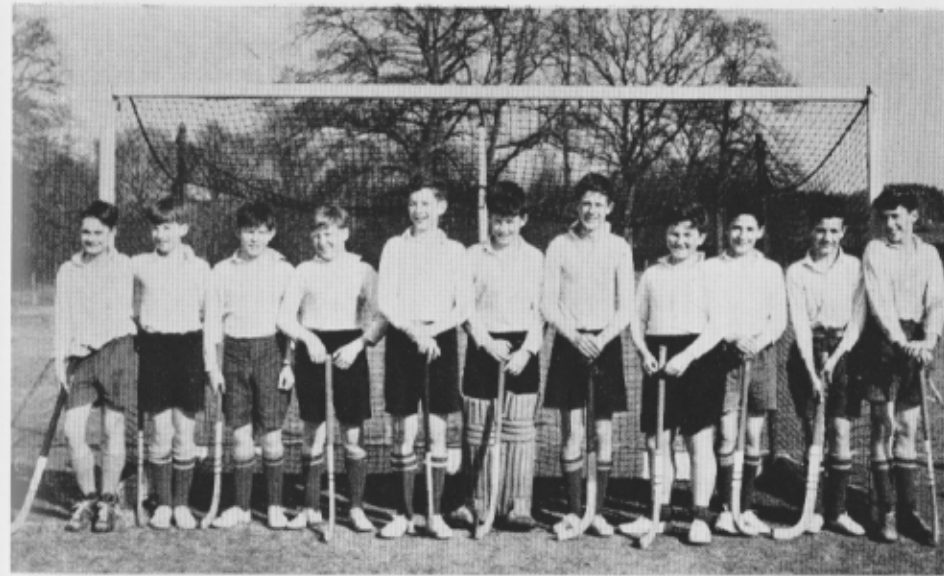
## THE REGULARIS CONCORDIA

Edited by DOM THOMAS SYMONS (*Medieval Classics Series*,  
Nelson and Sons, 15/-)

Benedictine monasteries, while clinging to their primitive position of independence of one another, have, from very early days, shown a tendency to group themselves round this or that centre of monastic fashion. Some of these centres, notably St Benedict's own monastery of Monte Cassino and, in later times, Cluny, Fleury, Ghent, Gorze, Bec and others, exercised what might almost be called an international influence in the domain of monasticism. The desire to return to a more exact observance of the Rule of St Benedict dominated such movements and the efforts of successive reformers to explain and to amplify the Rule, at the same time adapting it to changes of time and circumstance, found literary expression in what are known as monastic consuetudinaries. Short and simple in earlier times, they became, in the tenth and later centuries, highly systematised codes of monastic law, based on the Rule of St Benedict.

Of the extant consuetudinaries of the x-xi centuries our English *Regularis Concordia* gives the fullest and most intimate picture of the monks' life. It dates from about the year 970 when, after a meeting of bishops, abbots and abbesses at Winchester, its observance was imposed on the English monasteries lately reformed or restored in the course of the Benedictine revival associated with the names of Saints Dunstan, E'helwold and Oswald.

The *Regularis Concordia* is not what we would call an 'original' composition. The English reformers were looking for the best and most 'up to date' ways of carrying out the Rule, and these, it was felt, would be found in the customs of the monasteries of the two great branches of Continental reformed monasticism, the Lotharingian and the Cluniac. Two reformed monasteries, Ghent and Fleury, are mentioned by name in the *Concordia* and were evidently the principal 'sources' of its customs. Thus our document, like many another of its time, is a composite work, a mosaic. Yet it is no mere copy of any other book or books: borrowed customs have been so skilfully blended and adapted as to make the *Concordia* something quite special of its kind. From this it follows that it is next to impossible to identify more than a very small proportion of the material utilised by its compilers. The most that can be said, in the present state of our knowledge, is that customs of the Lotharingian reforms—derived through the monastery of Ghent, it would seem—outnumber those derived, *via* Fleury, from those of Cluny. We must add that the *Concordia* is distinguished among documents of its type in that it strikes a definite note of nationality: King and Country are stressed, prayers for the Royal House are specially enjoined, the monks and nuns legislated for are 'English' (*Anglicae nationis*), the 'goodly customs of this land' are to be upheld.



FIRST GAME HOCKEY



"REFLECTIONS"

UNDER THE ROCK GARDEN BRIDGE

[Photo by W. J. M. Gissane]





THE UNDER 12 XV.

K. H. SINGLETON, D. WEST, K. McGRATH, R. L. MORRIS, G. B. HANBURY, H. R. HAYDON,  
L. F. URRUTICOECHEA, P. R. CAPON, S. M. TURNBULL (Captain), H. D. MACDONALD,  
J. B. BOURKE, R. C. STRICKLAND, D. J. KEANE, O. D. PLUNKETT, B. N. BARRETT



ON TO DOWNSIDE

J. D. H. FORAN, C. B. T. INNES, J. B. O'MEARA

The *Regularis Concordia* begins with a Proem giving, first, some account of its *raison d'être* and then a number of the regulations which had been drawn up at the Council of Winchester. The twelve chapters that follow deal with the daily life of the monks according to the season of the year; the liturgy of Christmas, Epiphany, Candlemas, Lent, Holy Week, Easter and Pentecost, the duties of superiors and officials, the upbringing of children destined for the cloister, the care of the poor, the treatment of sick monks and the burial of the dead. Among other special points we may note weekly Confession and daily Communion, devotion to Our Lady, private Masses, the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. The *Concordia* closes with an Epilogue (in one MS only) from which we learn that abbots and abbesses were relieved by King Edgar from the obligation of the *heriot* ('death duty') customarily paid to the king on the death of a notable person.

Dom Thomas has a word to say on the genesis of this edition of the *Concordia*, and mentions those to whose help and advice he has been most indebted. His Introduction covers the story of the monastic movement begun by St Dunstan at Glastonbury about the year 940, the life and organisation of the monasteries, the 'sources' on which the compilers of the *Concordia* relied and the MSS of or connected with that document. The Latin Text of the *Concordia*, with its English translation, is densely annotated, the Apparatus containing readings of MSS, monastic, historical and liturgical parallels as well as references to the Vulgate, the Rule and other authorities.

Those who know Messrs Nelson's *Medieval Classics* series need hardly be told that this volume is a handsome piece of work. Production, printing, binding—everything, in fact—are of a high standard, and the greatest credit redounds to all those whose skill and competence have achieved such excellent results. How all this has been done at the low price of 15s. is astonishing.

## PARAGRAPHS

Philip Walravens writes from the Benedictine School at Maredsous that he has fitted well into the Continental type of education : he is in fact top of his class. He says that he is spending more time at his work and having less holidays. Fourteen boys in the School speak English out of one hundred. He has had the bad luck to break his arm.

\* \* \*

R. V. Birley (1936-1941), now Lieutenant R.N., was No. 1 on the submarine *Sirdar* which capsized in dry dock-during the great floods in February. We offer him our congratulations on his engagement to Constance de Armand, only daughter of Mr and Mrs R. S. Rheem of San Francisco and New York. He is to be married on April 18th.

\* \* \*

Michael Bell writes from Los Angeles that he has settled down well in California. He goes to the Chaminade High School in Cheviot Hills, a school run by the Marist Fathers.

\* \* \*

Patrick Henault writes cheerfully from his Benedictine School at La Pierre-qui-Vire : in fact he turned up at Worth on Hallowe'en, and told us a great deal about life in a very fine French school. We shall hope to see him here again.

\* \* \*

We give our sincere thanks to Mr John Roberts who has presented us with a fine framed reproduction of Salvador Dali's *Crucifixion*. A place has been found for this which will do it justice, for it is most striking and vivid. Mr Roberts was himself the publisher of this print made by the Oanymede process.

\* \* \*

A. C. de Candamo (1934-1938) is engaged to Miss Gillian Fegen, and Jan Krasnowiecki (1941-1943) to Miss Sally Liddell.

\* \* \*

There are forty old Worth boys now in residence at Oxford and Cambridge.

\* \* \*

C. B. T. Innes has been awarded a £40 open Exhibition to Downside.

\* \* \*

In the Lent Term the following boys passed in the Piano Examination of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music : L. F. Urruticoechea (Grade IV) ; A. D. H. Winder (Grade II : passed with merit) ; A. J. Radcliffe (Grade II) ; P. W. P. Moorsom (Grade I). Congratulations to them.

The traditional Carol Concert took place on December 16th. The Choir surpassed themselves on this occasion, and it is a pity they could not have broadcast their singing. The Programme was as follows :

God rest you merry, gentlemen	Traditional
Sweet Baby, sleep	Dom Thomas Symons
The night so Dark	Dom Thomas Symons
When Christ Our Blessed Lord came on earth	Dom Thomas Symons
Verbum caro factum est	from <i>Piae Cantiones</i>
The Holly and the Ivy	Traditional
Rorate coeli	Tye
The noble stem of Jesse	from <i>Piae Cantiones</i>
The Son of God is born for all	from <i>Piae Cantiones</i>
This Gospel sang the angels bright	M. F. Bell
The Burning Babe	Dom Thomas Symons
Only a stable (words by Mary O'Hagan)	Dom Thomas Symons
The Magi from the East	Dom Thomas Symons
The Lord at first had Adam made	Traditional
The Virgin unspotted	Traditional
Adeste fideles	Traditional

## REWARDS

C. B. T. Innes (1a), P. V. E. Howard (1b), S. R. J. Sugrue (1c), B. W. M. Moorsom (1d), M. J. McEnery (2a), L. F. Urruticoechea (2b), R. J. E. Foley (2c), D. A. Legge (2d), J. M. Chambers (3a), J. D. N. Clibborn (3b), P. W. P. Moorsom (4a), A. B. S. Jackson (4b), H. R. Walford (5a), R. G. L. Apsion (5b), P. D. Byrne (6).

## INWARDS

The following boys joined the School in January, 1953 :

S. Borg, D. Bradley, M. A. de Navarro, S. O. D. McCall, D. M. Murphy, A. M. R. Pontifex, S. H. Rose.

## OUTWARDS

The following boys left the School in December, 1952 :

J. Alba, K. P. Andrews, W. R. van K. Bianchi, P. A. J. d'Apice, T. F. Davis, J. M. Gaffney, M. J. Hegarty, S. M. Lane, T. Mathew, B. W. M. Moorsom, W. J. Reid.

## UPWARDS

*Head of the School* : M. J. Church.

*School Prefects* : J. D. H. Foran, C. B. T. Innes, M. D. C. Cuss, R. H. Ortiger, J. B. O'Meara, M. J. Tunnicliffe, N. A. M. St J. Coles, A. M. Rigby, and M. A. Byrne.

*Dormitory Prefects* : (Butler) C. W. Bonham, P. M. C. Branigan, F. D. H. Birkett ; (Ford) J. Hurley, T. J. Turnbull, P. A. A. M. Cools ; (Chapman) R. D. Clapham, J. H. Magauran, I. C. Gold, R. A. P. Rudd ; (Tower House) A. J. Mackenzie.

*Captain of Rugby Football* : M. D. C. Cuss.

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

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

*Captain of Hockey* : J. B. O'Meara.

*Librarian* : C. B. T. Innes.

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

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

*Masters of Ceremonies* : C. B. T. Innes and A. J. Mackenzie.

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

*Acolytes* : F. D. H. Birkett, P. S. Cockburn, M. D. C. Cuss and S. R. J. Sugrue.

PHONE : CRAWLEY 271

# G. Barker

Motor Car Proprietor

*CARS for Parties, Shopping,  
Dances, etc. TRAINS MET*

FOX HOTEL GARAGE  
THREE BRIDGES : SUSSEX

## SCHOOL STAFF

APRIL, 1953

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

Mrs Whigham, M.A. (St Andrews), Dip. Ed. (Oxon.)

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 N. Neerman, *Ford House Matron*

Miss C. A. Nayler, *Butler House Matron*

Miss A. Venn, *Chapman House Matron*

Miss J. M. Eve, *Junior House Matron*

Miss I. Tyszkiewicz, *Assistant Junior House Matron*

Miss B. Corbally, *Tower House Matron*

Miss Meldon, *Tower House Matron*

Miss M. K. Young, *Secretary*



# L. G. WICKENS

*(late C. A. Jones)*

WITHY PITTS :: TURNERS HILL

## **CAR HIRE**

AT REASONABLE CHARGES

*Telephone ;*

*TURNERS HILL 233*

This is the

## **NEAREST TAXI**

TO

WORTH PRIORY

only five minutes away

# THE CROWN HOTEL

## Turners Hill

(RESIDENTIAL)

*Proprietors : Mr. and Mrs. Cordier*

TELEPHONE : TURNERS HILL 218

Luncheons, Teas, Dinners

Parties Catered For

Good Car Park

---

FOR ALL  
CLASSES OF INSURANCE

\*

## **General**

ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE

CORPORATION LIMITED

*Associated with*

*THE GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY*

*Chief Offices:*

General Buildings, Perth, Scotland

General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

*Branch Offices and Agencies throughout the World*

\*

ASSETS EXCEED £59,000,000

---

---

---

Where the comfort of the guest  
comes first

YE OLDE  
FELBRIDGE HOTEL  
East Grinstead, Sussex

Telephone: East Grinstead 223

---

We cater specially for both parents and  
children at half Term holidays

---

TARIFF

From 25/- per day and £8 8s. per  
week

---

---



*Term wise*

Every item of school clothing  
can be supplied by D. H. Evans,  
official outfitters to WORTH.  
Orders will have the personal  
attention of the head of D. H.  
Evans' Boys' Department, who  
visits the school regularly.

**D. H. EVANS**

CXFORD STREET LONDON W.1

