

*The* WORTH RECORD





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The

# WORTH RECORD

Vol. V. No. 2

SPRING TERM

## FROM THE HEADMASTER

Once again the Season of Lent is with us. As we opened our Missals on the first Sunday and saw *Station : St John Lateran*, our thoughts and our prayers were carried across the Alps, a thousand miles away, to Rome—the Eternal City, and to its Cathedral, the Archbasilica of San Giovanni in Laterano. No one who has been there can ever forget the grey and mauve mosaic pavement, the cloisters, the baptistry of this great church, built by the Emperor Constantine, the first Christian ruler of the Roman Empire.

From there our thoughts and our prayers are carried to the great basilica of St Peter's, and to the Vatican where our Holy Father, the Pope, lies ill, worn by overwork and the cares of the whole world. Our Pope Pius XII has been in danger of his life, and is yet far from well. More than four hundred million catholics all over the world pray that he may be restored to health, and to such strength as may remain to a man already old. Even if he were not very ill we should still pray for him daily, and ask God to give him all the graces and blessings so much needed by the visible Head of the Church on earth. Have you ever thought what it must be like to have to render an account one day for what one has done for the christians of the world. All are his subjects — many do not recognise him — some hate him : he must never spare himself in doing good.

When I was young I remember reading a small pink book called *When I was King*. The King on the cover was rather stout and he had a beard : in fact he looked like King Edward VII. The story was about a boy who lay in bed wishing he were the King of England. What followed was fortunately a dream, because the boy did not find that being a King was nearly so nice as he had imagined. He had looked forward to the great occasions, to the Opening of Parliament, to the Garden Parties and Balls at Buckingham Palace, to visits to the Fleet, to the launching of big ships, and the bestowal of honours on all his best friends. He found, in fact, that it was all very hard work and that he was never able to do what he wanted to do. In fact, he did not belong to himself at all, but to his people. In the end the strain became so heavy and unbearable that the boy was glad to be able to struggle back to morning light, feeling that he was returning after a bad nightmare.

There is a lot of truth in this. Our Pope Pius too, even more so, has his days filled with duties. First there is his duty of prayer to God and of

his Mass ; then there are the reports which come in from all over the world, of priests and nuns tortured and martyred, of faithful layfolk bearing witness to their Love of the Cross as they lay down their lives for Christ, of governments which spit upon the image of his Master, of large tracts where there are not enough priests and few churches, of countries like Japan, which cry out for Baptism and instruction and have not enough shepherds, of good people who are enchanted and ensnared by the wiles of the devil, the world and the flesh, and go wrong, carrying with them other men and women to destruction. All this and more is ever before him, and God must give him great strength to bear the anxieties he must feel for all the Church everywhere.

And our Pope Pius is no longer young, and he is ill because he has never had a thought of self, because he has lived his life only for others in the Body of Christ. He has never said that he cannot grant audience. In spite of the advice of his doctors, he has insisted on doing his duty. Now he must relax or die. God grant that he may yet be spared to us for a few more years, for he is a great man, our Holy Father.

If you have seen him at an audience you still know what I mean : if you have not, I will try and show you. Within the room where you wait there is hushed expectancy. The unfamiliar uniformed Swiss Guards are at the door : colourful chamberlains and monsignori move hither and thither arranging the groups. Then there is a stir beyond the door, and in comes a spare figure in white — all in white — with angular features and piercing eyes which seem to look through you at your very soul. Here he is : you kneel before him and kiss the Fisherman's Ring (for St. Peter was a fisherman). He is speaking to you in English, and in a few moments you find yourself saying all those things you have always longed to say to your Holy Father : then he has blessed you and passed on. A moment's hesitation, and he is speaking French to the next group, German to the one beyond, and then his native Italian. When he is gone you are free to go too, but something has happened to you. You have met a very saintly man, whose goodness has made you feel rather a pale imitation of what a good christian should be.

This is our Holy Father. Why anyone should hate him one does not understand. He is just real Goodness. They hate him because he is good ; because they hate his Master ; because they rebelled against former Popes and are unwilling to admit that their forefathers were wrong ; they hate him as they hated Christ himself, and they would kill him if they could.

For our part, let us pray earnestly for him, not only that he may get better, but also that he may have strength. Let us try in our own lives to make up for all the enmity and hatred that men show. and say : " Holy Father, even if all these people are against you, I am on your side so long as my life shall last. Even if it means losing my life I do not mind, so long as I am with you for if I am with you I am with Almighty God, and an adopted son of God."

## SPRINGTIME

by J. X. W. LAKE\*

In Spring we see sweet flowers  
And spreading meadows with thick, green coats of grass  
The cooling soft and merry showers  
That make the birds sing gaily as we pass.  
Every now and then, we hear the music of the sheep  
And in the distant valley the village chime doth beat.

The birds begin their work  
By sparkling streams that frisk through hill and dale  
In whose gleaming waters fish may lurk  
Behind the glistening reeds that bend and trail.  
O graceful Airon Lilly, thy trumpet white as snow !  
O Spring ! O fleeing Spring ! I beg you do not go !

## THE CRUEL DEATH OF THE SEA

by A. J. STAVEACRE\*

The waves arose, like mighty hills,  
And buffeted the fragile craft ;  
The seagull screamed her evil note,  
As they were swung both fore and aft.

The captain shouted orders to  
The panting, sweating, heaving crew ;  
The crests appeared and broke o'erhead ;  
They seemed to say " You'll soon be dead."

Then suddenly, against the sky,  
The bleak and ugly rocks appeared,  
They could do nothing : death was nigh —  
The sea's wild death — the death they feared.

Once more the cruel sea had grasped  
Some helpless captive to her deep ;  
The captain, ship and all the crew,  
Lie in her muddy breast — asleep.

\*JOHN LAKE, born 1 September, 1942 ; entered Worth September, 1953.

\*ANTHONY STAVEACRE, born 24 May, 1942 ; entered Worth May, 1951 ; acted in *Under the Skull and Bones*, *Crimson Cocoonut*, *Puss in Boots*, *Stations in Mime*, 1953 and 1954, *When Knights were Bold* ; Choir.



## SUMMER IS COMING

by N. J. M. BRANDEN\*

The Summer is coming,  
The Winter is going,  
The bees are a-humming,  
While the fair winds are blowing.  
Everybody is merry and gay,  
While children play and shout hooray.  
Everybody says the Summer is here  
Millions of flowers are bright and clear.

## ODE TO A BILLIARD TABLE

by A. V. ROWBOTHAM\*

O thou monstrous four-legged piece  
From which "cannons" never cease !  
O thou "mensa" with cushion and rest  
And cues ! O "chip," thou art the best !

With two balls white and one ball red  
"Pot red" and "in off white" are said.  
O ye long and heavy cues,  
We pay to you our earthly dues.

O thou heavy and ponderous beast,  
Thy score rising as does yeast !  
Let me bid thee now farewell,  
For hark, hark ! I hear the bell !

## YE CURSED WATER, WHY DOST THOU TORMENT ME ?

by R. A. J. EADY.\*

O rain, O bitter rain,  
Why dost thou torment me ?  
Bringing me to mental pain  
How I shall forever curse thee !  
And yet thou seemest to do the same  
To no one on this widespread earth  
Except for me, O bitter rain,  
Who puts round me a branded girth.

\*NICHOLAS BRANDEN, born 15 December, 1944 ; entered Worth September, 1952.

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

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

## AN OLD MAN UNDIGNIFIED BY A CROWD OF BOYS

(with apologies to Amy Lowell)

by G. B. HANBURY\*

It was the seventh month, the very height of summer ;  
The sun blazes and burns.  
It burns my neck and makes me sweat and feel tired.  
The children play, they enjoy themselves around the pool,  
On the open verandahs by the pool.  
Fleet footed, they run, laughing and screaming round the verge  
of blue water ;  
High-diving, they fly — turn and sink into the deep end of the  
pool.  
The swarm of small boys at the other end laugh at me because  
I'm unable to swim.  
How dare they laugh like fiends and jeer me before my face,  
Joyously pushing me in and running down to the other end ?  
My eyes are sore ; I taste chlorine ; I try to swim but to no effect.  
I return, hanging on the side. I give up and try no more.

## WAR SONG OF THE WORTH 1st XV

(with apologies to James Elroy Flecker)

by B. N. BARRETT\*

We are they who run faster than fate : we are they who score early  
and late.  
We storm at your weak defence : All Blacks, from New Zealand :  
Beware !  
Our backs are as tough as our forwards ; each forward as tough as a  
horse.  
As soon as the whistle does blow, we are over their "line" straightaway.  
We have ne'er been a-beaten, watch out all you teams if you don't want  
a lickin',  
We have no-one who's less than six feet, and we kick till we near break  
our boot in ;  
We have punctured six balls in one game and seven is still our one aim.  
Our Captain's as tall as he's broad, and many a try has he scored,  
And before he took to this game, at wrestling he gained immense fame.  
He is hooker and tough as us all. He will kick till he bursts the darn ball.  
Now if any team wants a game, us fifteen will put them to shame.  
But mind you, do not be too keen : you'll be licked — we're the  
Worth First Fifteen.

\*GUY HANBURY, born 6 December, 1940 ; entered Worth September, 1949 ; 1st XV ; 1st XI ; acted in *Babes in the Wood* ; Gym and Boxing Teams ; Choir.

\*BRYAN BARRETT, born 4 December, 1940 ; entered Worth May, 1950 ; Gym. and Boxing Teams ; 1st XV ; 1st XI ; acted in *When Knights were Bold* ; School Prefect.



## ON THE WAVES

by J. J. COWDRY\*

Over wave, over sea, to me,  
So far as I can see.  
Over mountains, waves at sea,  
Tide running in, tide running out,  
Over wave, over sea, to me.

High waves, little waves,  
Dancing up and down to see the lands  
Where the seagulls play,  
Far, far, away.  
Seagulls, white birds coming back from far away.  
Come, O birds, to me, to me, to be with me.  
Come white birds to me.

## THE SEASONS

by R. J. CROCKETT\*

The spring does come but once a year,  
To show its new born fold.  
And in the middle of the spring,  
It shows its blossom yellow as gold.

The summer has come and it is sunny  
With its yellow seas of corn,  
With the breeze which blows it where it may  
To ripen the yellow corn.

The autumn has its bitter winds  
And trees without their leaves.  
How ugly I do think the corn fields look  
When the farmers cut the corn sheaves.

The winter which Jack Frost does like,  
Has come at last with all its might.  
The snow does freeze up all the lakes  
For us to have some fun at night.

\*JOHN COWDRY, born 4 July, 1944 ; entered Worth January, 1954.

\*RICHARD CROCKETT, born 21 January, 1943 ; entered Worth September, 1952.

## I WISH

by T. A. BRENNINKMEYER\*

I wish it was in summer time,  
The circus all in play ;  
I used to go to see them, almost every day.  
I wish it was in winter time —  
The cold and rainy days,  
And all you could just do is  
Look at the window and gaze.  
Never before and never again  
Will these things move my heart.  
There you would see a little boy shout,  
“ Hey, you, come and take part ! ”

## MY HOLIDAYS IN SWITZERLAND

by D. W. M. WEST\*

My holidays in Switzerland  
Were fun, but rather short ;  
I once climbed up the Matterhorn,  
And had some winter sport.

One day I went out sledging  
And went hurtling down the track ;  
But I bumped into a pine tree,  
(I could'nt get the knack !)

Next I tried some ski-ing,  
Which I thought you could not beat,  
Until I did some jumping  
And my skis came off my feet !

One day I climbed a mountain  
— Well, at least I had a try !  
An avalanche fell on my head  
And nearly made me cry.

\*THOMAS BRENNINKMEYER, born 29 June, 1943 ; entered Worth September, 1952.

\*DAVID WEST, born 26 June, 1941 ; entered Worth September, 1949 ; 2nd XV Rugger ; acted in *When Knights were Bold* ; Choir.

## WORTH

by F. W. CARR\*

O hills beyond, a lovely green !  
O plan of sparkling waters clean !  
O home of many mem'ries dear !  
O ponds and rivers flowing clear !

O lovely flowers and shrubberies !  
O behold the mighty trees !  
O cool are mighty forestries  
Which far beyond appear !

O up above the flag doth fly  
Fluttering vainly in the sky,  
O down below the boys are playing  
While in yon fields some boys are straying.

## LITTLE JOHNNY

by M. J. McENERY\*

Little Johnny was going away,  
With his parents to Africa.  
While the ship rolled o'er the sea,  
Mother turned to talk to Pa.

Little Johnny saw his chance  
To see the fishes of the sea.  
Up the stairs and through the door  
And along the slippery deck went he.

Past the Cap'n on the bridge,  
Past the sailors, talking, humming,  
Even past the officers' quarters,  
He went hopping, skipping, running.

Until at last he came to the edge.  
When all of a sudden he saw his mother,  
And one more fatal step he took  
Into the sea, which his cries did smother.

\*FRANCIS CARR, born 28 December, 1940 ; entered Worth September, 1951 ; Captain of 2nd XI ; Boxing and Squash Teams ; acted in *Stations in Mime*, 1954, *When Knights were Bold* ; School Prefect ; Choir.

\*MARTIN McENERY, born 20 December, 1940 ; entered Worth September, 1948 ; acted in *Stations in Mime*, 1949 ; Dormitory Prefect ; Sacristy.



1ST. STATION

THE 1954 STATIONS OF THE CROSS MIME.



13TH. STATION





LEAGUE FINAL, SILVER V. BLUE.



## THE CHEWING GUM THIEF

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

One day as I was in my car  
A-driving down the road  
A tramp said, "What a waste of cash —  
He hasn't got a load."

I stopped my car and said to him :  
"Well, old chap, what's wrong !"  
He looked at me and in a sec.  
The poor old man had gone.

It puzzled me why that old tramp  
Had gone in such a rush,  
And then a cop turned up and said,  
"Hey, you, quick — Hush ! Hush !"

He said the reason was because  
The old man was a thief  
And he had taken from the car  
My lovely leather brief.

Then I said "That's very bad  
For my poor Dad and Mum.  
'Cause that case (you'll laugh to hear)  
Is full of chewing gum."

I told him if he had a bash  
To get back all the chewing gum,  
That would give him lots of cash,  
And he could live with Dad and Mum.

## FLOWERS OF SPRING

by N. St. J. D. RAMSDEN\*

Spring, Spring, here comes the Spring !  
When the flowers come peeping out on a sunny day,  
When the daffodils are bright and yellow,  
When the bluebells are bright and blue,  
When the crocuses are bright with colour,  
When the snowdrops are bright and white,  
Spring, Spring, I'm glad it's the Spring !

\*MICHAEL FITZGERALD-LOMBARD, born 29 January, 1941 ; entered Worth September, 1949 ; acted in *Dick Whittington*, *Mother Goose*, *When Knights were Bold* ; assisted in *Stations in Mime*, 1954 ; Librarian.

\*NIGEL RAMSDEN, born 10 November, 1944 ; entered Worth September, 1953.

## OUTDOORS

by H. J. ROSE\*

Bluebells in the garden,  
Daisies in the grass,  
Primroses on the bank,  
Plum-trees by the path,  
Blackbirds on the tree,  
Crocuses in the shadow,  
Rabbits passing me,  
The gardener at work.

## THE MOLE

by R. A. FARQUHARSON\*

Once in the Spring  
I found a little mole ;  
A mole among the hedges  
And the mole said to me,  
Where's your house ?  
Where's you mum ?  
And where's your big daddy ?

## FLOWERS

by P. M. H. C. RICHEY\*

The flowers are out,  
The trees are green,  
The sun comes out.  
The grass is clean,  
The bird sings a song  
All day long.  
The black bird is signing  
The cloud comes falling  
Once again it is raining  
The bells are ringing  
The fishes are swimming  
And all the birds are still singing.

\*HOWARD ROSE, born 20 February, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1953.

\*RICHARD FARQUHARSON, born 21 May, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1953.

\*PETER RICHEY, born 18 July, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1953.

## SPRING TIME

by R. P. E. LEIGH\*

Bluebells in the Spring — they grow in woods ;  
Cows are looking over the hedge  
And the sheep are on the hills.  
Hunters are trampling over the flowers,  
Guns firing all the time.

## MARCH

by E. S. P. MARCAR\*

In the spring the bluebells grow  
Bluebells grow in the wild wood  
Wild winds come from the north.  
Once in the spring  
You hear the blackbirds sing  
In the wild north  
The whales blow.

## CHRISTMAS DAY

by R. V. TAYLOR\*

When Christmas comes, and days grow cold,  
Then everybody's gay,  
With presents, turkeys, Christmas trees,  
And children at their play.

And Santa Claus always comes round,  
With presents in his sack,  
Puts toys in every stocking there,  
And silently goes back.

And when the Christmas time has gone,  
The children are content,  
For they have lots of brand new toys,  
Which all their friends have sent.

So ends that joyful Christmas day,  
That's such a lovely time,  
And very sadly I will say :  
" Iv'e finished my small rhyme."

\*RODERIC LEIGH, born 7 August, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1953.

\*ERWIN MARCAR, born 19 February, 1945 ; entered Worth September 1952.

\*ROGER TAYLOR, born 3 June, 1944 ; entered Worth September, 1953.



## THOUGHT

by M. J. M. KAUNTZE\*

When I see the sky  
In pinks and blues,  
I sometimes wonder ;  
I sometimes muse.

When I hear the ducks,  
Squawking away,  
The hens with red combs  
I see every day,

I think of my home  
Amongst the din,  
I think about life,  
With its noise and vim.

Then I think of school,  
With all its boys,  
Of each of the masters,  
And of all its noise.

When Easter comes near,  
It brings good cheer,  
For the hols. are near,  
And the boys all fear.

They all fear the exams.,  
Including me,  
And when they *do* come,  
It's funny to see.

The boys are swotting  
(Which is also learning),  
Hillard and Botting,  
Their names are earning.

And so we leave them  
To their wood-games,  
To the hols. of Easter,  
And to their fames.

## THE WIND

by H. R. HAYDON\*

The wind doth blow  
when the nights are cold  
with ice and rain and snow.

The wind doth blow  
with its song of old  
in the rain and snow.

The wind doth shriek  
and the skies grow cold  
and the rafters start to creak.

\*MICHAEL KAUNTZE, born April 16, 1941 ; entered Worth, September, 1951 ; 2nd XI Cricket ; Choir.

\*RICHARD HAYDON, born 5 February, 1941 ; entered Worth September, 1949 ; acted in *Dick Whittington* ; 1st XV Rugger ; Sacristy.

## WORTH AND ITS COUNTRYSIDE

by T. M. JENKINS\*

Worth is set in the centre of the country in Sussex. It is the most beautiful place in the sun but, in the rain, it is cold, lonely, desolate and barren. But I am describing Worth as it appears in the sun. There are, at Worth, six hundred acres of forest and at one time there roamed in it kangaroos ! People went out to look for them but none were to be found. Some time later one of the monks went down to the woods quite unexpectedly, and was standing under a tree. He heard a twig snap, looked round, and there was a kangaroo looking over his shoulder ! The actual building is of sandstone. This has now gone grey with age except in one place : the main porch. This is one of the coolest places in hot weather. This leads into the finely oak-panelled halls with dark red damask stretched across the walls and round the pillars. There is parquet flooring everywhere, and in the day-room there are eight magnificent chandeliers made of cut crystal. Father Maurice's room has bookshelves up to the ceiling, with golden lettering above each shelf. There is also a large log fire which burns warmly all through the winter. In the summer there is a magnificent view over the golden trees fading away into the soft blue downs beyond. This view extends for many miles and is the beauty and attraction of Worth. In the early morning one looks down on to the sparkling grass, and into the distant, blue, misty downs. In the evening the sky is illuminated by a peach and rose-like radiance, radiating from just above the horizon. The crimson ball drops further below the horizon, down, down, down. Night falls, and in the dusk, the glimmering stars can be seen taking up their positions for their night watch.

## EXPERIMENTAL TRAWLING

by C. F. B. MORTIMER\*

One summer while I was staying in Malta, two grown-up friends came in a trawler to photograph a trawl. Their names were Jack Boden and Jimmy Rhodes. Jimmy Rhodes was a professional underwater photographer. Jack Boden was a friend of his who had come out with him to do a bit of underwater photography. They invited me out with them one day. I went down to Sliema Creek where I took a dghaisa out to the trawler. I asked one of the men where Jack and Jimmy were. One of them took me down to their cabin. It wasn't very large but it was not at all tidy. We left Sliema Creek at about eleven o'clock and sailed round the island until we were about five miles off St Paul's Island. We did

\*TIMOTHY JENKINS, born 20 July, 1942 ; entered Worth September, 1950 ; Choir.

\*CHRISTOPHER MORTIMER, born 22 September, 1942 ; entered Worth September, 1952.

not anchor. I had a swim while Jack and Jimmy were preparing their equipment. At twelve o'clock everything was ready for the trawl. The net was attached to two huge things, rather like extremely heavy doors. There was one on each side of the trawler. When they were let down they gradually strung the net out until it was taut. Jack and Jimmy put all their equipment into an open boat. We all had our bathing suits on. There were half-a-dozen masks in a bucket of water as it was so hot. Jack and Jimmy, first of all, put on thick, white, polo-necked jerseys. Then they put on two oxygen cylinders each. Then they put on their flippers and masks. The men with us let a buoy down over the side of the boat where we were to collect them after they had finished photographing. Jack and Jimmy went over the side of the boat, where their cameras were handed to them. I put on a mask and watched them. I didn't have any breathing equipment with me so I had to keep bobbing my head up to take a breath. It was very interesting watching. I went down as far as I could to meet them when they were coming up. They were helped into the boat while one of the men with us hauled in the buoy. The men were cleaning out the net, which was full of seaweed, when one of them was almost knocked over by a huge cherna — which was later eaten for dinner in the evening. We went back to the harbour at five o'clock and I went ashore with Jack and Jimmy. We had supper that evening at our house.

### THE ROBE

by P. F. MITCHELL-HEGGS\*

"The Robe" is by L. Douglas. Last year it was made into a film. The film, like all films, has been cut down, but it is still very exciting. I saw it last holidays. It is about a Roman Centurion who is sent to Palestine for insulting an important Roman. When he arrives there he is ordered to carry out Our Lord's crucifixion. He does it as part of his daily job, but coming back he is terrified by Our Lord's Robe. Thus in time he learns to believe that this person he crucified is God. Caligula, the Roman Emperor, at length traps him, and sentences him to death. It is in colour and therefore the Roman costumes and houses look very colourful. The vastness of Caligula's palace is portrayed in one meeting between him and Diana, a Roman lady. This film was made in a different way to most other films. It was printed in cinemascope. This is a type of 3-D. Only a few films have been made this way. One advantage of it is that one does not have to wear polaroid spectacles, which I am told make you dizzy when you come out into the daylight again. My judgment of this film is that it is a very good film indeed, and worth seeing.

\*PETER MITCHELL-HEGGS, born 6 September, 1942; entered Worth May, 1950; acted in *Stations in Mime*; Choir.

### THE FINALS OF THE LEAGUE BOXING

by A. DE P. J. M. BUENO\*

On March 17th (St Patrick's Day), 1954, the boxing-ring was put up in the gym, and chairs and benches were put out. At two o'clock the boys who were boxing came up and changed. At 2.30 the gym was crowded with boys, masters and even parents. The boxers in the lightest weight started with their fight and we worked upwards to the heavyweights. Afterwards the cups were awarded by the Prior to the best individual boxer (Turnbull) and the Captain of the Blue League (which gained the most points). Father Maurice then made a short speech and presented Mr Wallis, the gym master, with a briefcase, since he is leaving us at the end of the term. And so ended a very exciting afternoon.

### MY FIRST PUBLIC PERFORMANCE

by A. J. RADCLIFFE\*

I walked into the theatre at Windsor, hardly expecting to perform. I forget the actual name of the pantomime but at half-time we all went out to have some refreshments. Then when I came back, up went the curtain. There two clowns were standing, looking as "Dopey" as ever. One of them said: "Are there any little boys or girls who would like to sing a song?" Mother pushed me up the stairs and I fell over my trousers, because it was the first time I had ever worn longs; about a dozen of us came up and we sang about petunias in an onion patch. After that he said: "You, boy with white hair and long trousers, would you like to sing the little song by yourself?" So I blushed and answered, "Well, yes please, but I'm not very good." So the band started playing and the conductor winked at me, but I couldn't start. "Coom on laad, start the old engine up," so that happened twice, but "third time lucky" said I, and started. There were loud cheers and clappings and I blushed again and walked back to my chair, where I watched the rest of the pantomime in wonder. One thing I was thankful for was that there were so many spotlights that I was unable to see the audience.

\*ANTHONY BUENO, born 28 June, 1942; entered Worth January, 1950; Boxing Team.

\*ANTHONY RADCLIFFE, born 17 June, 1942; entered Worth September, 1950; Choir.



## FIRST SHOT

by R. E. A. WEBB\*

I first started shooting with a .22 rifle. I was about eleven then ; since then I have always wanted to go out shooting with a proper shot-gun. When I first went out with my father I didn't have a gun, but my father shot about four rabbits with his 12-bore. Later I went out again with him with a .22 rifle — although he had told me that if I wanted to use a shot-gun later on I would spoil my aim completely if I shot with a rifle. However, I persuaded him to let me go out with him and we set off. I remember feeling very proud as I walked across a field with my rifle under my arm. I did not shoot anything, though once, while my father was examining some cows, I went off and saw a rabbit slinking among some brushwood. I took aim but it just disappeared for a moment behind a root. Then I saw it again, took aim and fired ! I dashed down to where it was but it was not there. I had missed it ! That was the only shot I got, and I am looking forward to going out with a shot-gun next time.

## THE ORDER OF SUCCESSION

by A. D. H. WINDER\*

A subject I have been studying recently is that of the Order of Succession to the British Throne. It is that of, generally, who would be next sovereign should the Queen die. Should she die the Crown would pass to her children. As males always precede females, whether they are older or not, Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, would be King next. Following him would be his sister, Princess Anne. Should the Queen give birth to another son, he would precede Princess Anne.

Having thus exhausted the Queen's children, the Crown would then pass to her sister, Princess Margaret. After Princess Margaret would be her eldest uncle, H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester. After his two sons we would next go to the late Duke of Kent's family. After that the Queen's only aunt on her father's side, the Princess Royal. After her elder son, and his two sons in order of birth, would be her younger son and his son. His son is Henry Lascelles, Esq, and is the most junior descendant of King George V.

In the remote chance of George V's family ever dying out, the Crown would then pass to the senior descendant of his eldest sister ; she is Princess Arthur of Connaught. After her would be Lord Carnegie, her nephew. After him we would pass to the youngest daughter of Edward VII, Queen Maud of Norway. As she is dead, her son, Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, would be next, followed by his three children.

\*ROBIN WEBB, born 12 January, 1942 ; entered Worth September, 1949 ; Choir.

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

To pursue the investigation any further would be fruitless and of no real importance, as the last of Prince Olaf's children is twenty-first in the Order of Succession. If, in fact, it was necessary to go on, the Crown would then pass to the descendants of Alfred, first Duke of Edinburgh, who was the second son of Queen Victoria. After them the Crown would pass to the descendants of the first Duke of Connaught (died 1942), whose son married Princess Arthur of Connaught. The descendants of Prince Leopold would come next, few in number.

After thus exhausting Queen Victoria's sons, we must now go to her eldest daughter, Princess Victoria, who is dead. Her son's, Kaiser Wilhelm II's descendants gave up all claims to the British throne.

Apart from the experts, this would be about as far, if not further, than any ordinary person would want to trace back. Queen Victoria has now over two hundred living descendants so that it would be completely profitless to go further back than Queen Victoria. Some people claim to be descended from the Stuarts, but this is not always certain and one would never have to worry about it.

I think the Order of Succession is a very interesting subject and I hope you will also, after having read my brief account of it. Before the Norman Conquest, Kings used to be elected by the Witan and not by hereditary right. After the Norman Conquest, hereditary right was used in the same way as a dukedom or any of the peerage would. It is interesting to trace the Order of Succession, disregarding the fact that it would never happen in actual fact.

## OUR DOG DYNAH

by D. E. BENNETT\*

My dog is called Dynah. She is pure black and is very playful. We take her for walks and sometimes she runs out into the town. Dynah is about twelve months' old and she is a Labrador. There are three wild cats in our garden and we come down and feed them every day, but we cannot bring Dynah with us. Our dog does not sleep in a kennel but in a chair. She can run quite fast and if she sees a bad apple she will pick it up and run away with it. Last holidays she took a pound of butter off the table and ate half of it and the next day she was sick. Dynah is very funny sometimes. She always starts barking before we get up, and then we let her in ; but we are not allowed to have her on our beds. Dynah is very pleased to see my sister and me when we arrive home from school. She does not travel in a car very often. She always barks when someone comes up the stairs, even if it is my father. There is no more to say about Dynah now, so I will end my story.

\*DAVID BENNETT, born 25 April, 1944 ; entered Worth May, 1952.

## DREAM-ISLAND

by P. J. WOODWARD\*

Over the calm, blue, rhythmically rolling Pacific, there was a purple smudge. Under the monotonous calm on the surface, there is a deadly hive of life. In the twinkling green twilight depths, brightly coloured fish float lazily along, or suddenly dart forward, to engulf some tasty victim. Deeper still, in the shadowy darkness of the sea-bed, queer blind fish swim forever in darkness, in the underwater caves, mountains and crevasses, among lurking, slimy octopi. Above, in the heights, the black curtain of darkness is drawn across the hard, blazing dome of blue, and the sun, a flaming ball of gorgeous colours, sinks below the sea, in all the traditional glory of a sunset in the tropics. The next day, as the awakening sun sheds pink light upon the scene, the island is approached. On the barrier reef, surrounding the coral isle, the waves, a twisting, creaming, foaming mass of shining white, pound themselves into shivering fragments over the slimy black reef and into the brightly coloured calm lagoon. Emerald green, turquoise, a hundred colours conceal deadly eels and manta rays. On the dazzling white beach, crabs are waiting to nip one's toes. On past the fringe of waving palms and sunbaked rocks, into the luxuriant tropical undergrowth. Over a small river, with creepers hanging down over the banks where, lazily, alligators bask, where bright plumed parrots and greedy monkeys chirrup; on past muddy banks, through a dark ravine with rocky hills above; on past the circle of hills into the centre of the island, where lies a beautiful crystal-clear lake, into which winding brooks bubbling through rocks and in roaring cataracts cascade. Here is a paradise, of food a-plenty, with cocoanuts, goats, and wonderful fish and pink crab's flesh. Here is nature's paradise, free from money and the world.

## NOSES

by D. C. SIRKETT\*

Noses, considered by themselves, are usually rather humorous things. There are many different kinds of noses, the "Dandy crook's" nose, coming out quite straight, and unexpectedly dropping at almost a right angle; then there is the refined connoisseur's nose, which is very elegant and straight, and sometimes is a little red on top from looking at stamps and suchlike when using glasses. Sometimes one sees rather long noses with a mean-looking face behind them, this denotes the miser. The miser's nose becomes long from looking at his money too much; his hard, mean face looks as if it is made of iron and the magnetic attraction between his nose and the money continually pulls it out of shape. The

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

\*DAVID SIRKETT, born 9 November, 1941; entered Worth May, 1950; Gym and Boxing Teams; under 12 Rugger XV.

very many uses to which noses are put is astounding; God only meant them for one thing, smelling; but they are used for a variety of things: pushing doors open by someone who has got both arms full, pushing pea-nuts along the ground in obstacle races at carnivals, and they are even used for shielding the face from punches in the boxing ring. But of all these different types of noses and all the uses to which they can be put, surely the most singular nose is the negro's nose (nice rhyming there!). This nose is very wide and has large nostrils and this usually means that its possessor has a deep voice; but I will have to end now because if I went on I would never end — like this young lady's nose (with, of course, apologies to Edward Lear).

There is a young lady whose nose,  
Continually prospers and grows;  
When it grew out of sight,  
She exclaimed in a fright,  
"O, farewell, to the end of my nose."

## MOTORISTS' EXAMINATION

by P. LEAKE\*

Write on one side of the road only. Set squares and protractors may not be used. Do not attempt more than six questions.

(1) If you observe a motorist in the middle of the road frantically waving his arms in the air, what would you presume he wanted? (be careful).—Answer: A match. (2) Describe the difference between the Roman roads and modern ones (be thoughtful).—Answer: The Roman roads have lasted until the present time. (3) What vehicles are allowed to drive at high speed on any side of the road and "crash the lights"? (be prudent).—Answer: Those driven by charming females. (4) What is wrong with the following: "I arrived at the level-crossing, stopped the car, got out; and politely asked if the gates might be opened"? (count ten).—Answer: It's not true. (5) If two motorists set out from London and Brighton respectively, and both set out for Euston, and one travels twice the speed of the other, and the other travels half the speed of the other, and the first travels at X m.p.h., where will they meet? (be diligent).—Answer: At Euston. (6) Which side of the road should you travel on? (think).—Answer: The left is the right, and the right is the right; and therefore the left is the right; and therefore it doesn't matter.

\*PAUL LEAKE, born 18 April, 1941; entered Worth May, 1948.



## HOUSE MARTINS

by M. J. F. CARTER\*

House Martins are of the Swallow family. They are white underneath and the top part of their heads down to the tails and wing tips is black. They fly fairly fast. They migrate to Africa in the winter and come to England in the summer. They nest in the eaves of houses and in barns. Their nests are stuck to a beam and are shaped like a cup. They are made of mud and saliva from the bird's mouth. Their eggs are white all over. They are laid about June and carry on till the end of July. They live on insects and flies in the air; insects' wings are sticky and that is why the martins twist so much to catch them. They have small feet and cannot take off from the ground very easily. They cling to walls and beams and drop off when they want to fly.

## A DAY WITH THE CHIDDINGFOLD AND LECONFIELD HOUNDS

by J. M. CHAMBERS\*

On a very breezy day in January, I set out for a meet. It was held at a private house (the name of which I've forgotten). It was my first hunt on a new pony which we had recently got. But I had had many other hunts on my old pony. We reached the meet in good time. After about ten minutes waiting the hounds moved off down the road. We crossed a field and went down a narrow lane. At the bottom there was a jump, three bars. We got over that, crossed a few more fields and came to three more bars, with barbed wire entangled in them. I gave my pony its full head and we hopped over it. We galloped up a hill, only to see another fence in front of us; this time it was a "brush." We started to queue up. My pony (who was called Kitten) was pulling rather a lot and so just as a rather fat and aged man was trotting up to it we barged in front of him, quite by mistake. He ticked me off about it but I didn't take any notice. We went on through some more woods and crossed another field and came to another jump, which consisted of three bars with barbed wire at the top. This was slightly more difficult, as you had to jump uphill. We cleared this and climbed a hill, and at the top was the worst jump of all. There was a narrow gateway with a log about one foot six inches from the ground, and the other side of it there was a wide ditch. All this you had to do from a standstill. I lost both stirrups over this but managed to stay on. We had a glorious gallop across four or five fields with a ditch or two to add to the fun of it. Although we saw the fox three or four times, we did not catch it. But we returned home very happy and rather tired.

\*MICHAEL CARTER, born 23 March, 1941; entered Worth September, 1950.

\*JONATHAN CHAMBERS, born 7 February, 1942; entered Worth September, 1952; Boxing Team.

## WEST COUNTRY IDYLL

(not true)

by R. J. J. M. RUMFORD\*

Once upon a time after I left school I went to a village in Somerset. There were no brick houses in the district. I said to a man passing by: "How many people live here?" He told me about fifty. Then I went to an old house and knocked on the door. An old lady came to the door and said "Come in," and showed me to a room. There I met Sir Brian in his gleaming coat of silk. He said "I am glad to meet you." I said "Thank you." Then he showed me a trapdoor which led us to a lake, and in the lake was a lovely mermaid. Then Sir Brian said "If you swim out to her you may marry her." I was rather suspicious, but I loved the mermaid, she was *so* lovely! So as soon as I was ready I swam out to her and brought her back and the next day I married her and we lived happily ever after.

## THE PISTOL

by D. M. MURPHY\*

In the last days of the Christmas holidays I was persuaded by my brother, who is one of those boys who love looking for old boats and tins, to look at the mud and rubbish of an old empty pond. After walking round the pond twice, I got pretty tired and was determined to go home, but as I was going towards the gate I saw one of my friends come in and go off towards the pond. I immediately followed him and to my disgust he was looking for old tins and boats. Well, I must admit I did go and look for tins and boats with my friend. During the time I walked round the pond I found what looked to me something like a cap pistol, but as it turned out, it was something far more dangerous than a cap pistol. It was a real German automatic pistol. I was so excited with my find that I started to pull the weapon to pieces. Then it struck me it might be loaded! I pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. It was so rusty and wet that I didn't expect it would fire anyway.

I took it home and hid it in my bedroom. The only other person in the world who knew where it was had promised not to tell. But in the end the secret leaked out, as most secrets do. I was then forced to bring it from its hiding-place, which was under the floor, and show it to my parents.

The next thing that happened was that I had to take the little weapon to the police. At the police station it was taken away from me and examined and then destroyed. I was sad that I had lost the greatest find of my life.

\*ROLLO RUMFORD, born 19 August, 1943; entered Worth September, 1951.

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

## BULLFIGHTS

by L. F. URRUTICOECHEA\*

"What is the bullfight going to be like today?" is a question which I often heard on the greatest day of the bullfight season: Assumption Day. The favourite Spanish pastime is the bullfight, so with everybody else I made my way to it, but with a slightly uneasy feeling in my stomach. I entered a network of small passages, and struggling through the crowd, passed through an arch and found myself in a great circular enclosure. Looking down I saw the arena. When, for the first time, I saw the arena where thousands of bullfighters have been killed, I felt rather awestruck, having in mind that I was viewing the same sort of spectacle as the Romans had enjoyed on their public holidays. I sat on a stone bench and impatiently awaited the music which announces the entry of the bullfighters. At six o'clock, two men dressed in black cloaks and riding boots came galloping in and made for the other end of the arena. They stood still, awaiting a "senorita" to throw down the key with which they would unlock the doors behind which the bulls were kept. Having caught the key in their hats they galloped back. Then the music was played again, and in came the procession. The procession is expected to be the most magnificent and gay part of the entertainment. Leading the procession were the two men in black cloaks, following them came the bullfighters; behind the bullfighters came their assistants, and at the end came the Picadors (men who are meant to nick the bull between the shoulders with their pikes). As the procession entered men and women (men smoking cheap cigars) stood on their feet and cheered. The bullfighters, dressed in black, blue and red silken clothes, with golden ornaments over their trousers and their open waist-high jackets, walked in smiling. When they reached the other end of the arena they stopped, bowed and took off their cloaks, swinging them over their heads. After the entry of the bullfighters everybody settles down and a soft murmuring is to be heard. The point that the bullfighter must achieve is to stand still until the bull is within a few feet of him, then take the red cloth and draw the bull past him as near as maybe. After the bullfighters have entered, the music is played again and the bulls' door opened. Once this has been done it takes about ten seconds before the bull comes into view. Then the bullfighter and his assistants chase the bull and retreat before it without really going near to it. Then the bullfighter stands alone with the bull, seeing what reactions it makes to certain things he does. When he has done this for some time the music is played again, and the picadors come in. When the picadors come in there is always a murmuring. Eventually the bullfighter draws the bull near the horse, which is padded; when this is done the picador takes his pike and begins his work. Only once have I seen a picador not booed: the insults which I have heard were terrible. When

\*LEON URRUTICOECHEA, born 18 November, 1941; entered Worth September, 1951; Captain of Rugby; Captain of Squash; School Prefect.

the picador has gone out, the bullfighter or one of his assistants take the banderillas (two sticks with nails at the end) and jump up and down so as to make the bull charge. When the bull is near the bullfighter, he steps aside, sticking the banderillas into the bull's back. Then he offers the bull to the crowd, or to a certain person. This is done by taking his hat off. Once he has done this he takes a red cloth and faces the bull. The skill the men have with the cloth is incredible. They make the bull do what they want. After they have made very picturesque movements (what are known as passes), they finally kill the bull. The thought that bullfights are cruel vanishes once one has seen one.

## KRISHNARAGASAGA

by J. D. N. CLIBBORN\*

We were travelling, by car, through Mysore State in South India. When it was near nightfall we found we were near the Krishnaragasaga hotel, so we decided to stay the night there. The hotel was built in the centre of a small island in the middle of a river. The south side of the river is dammed with a dam one hundred and fifty feet high. There are large and beautiful gardens in the hotel, with fountains and sprays which are lighted up at night with yellow, green, red and blue lights. There are five floors each with a wide verandah looking down on to a pond of goldfish and waterlilies. There is a large staircase with a mosaic floor going down the inside. The top of the dam can be easily motored over and crossing it there is a lovely view of the surrounding countryside. On the other side of the dam there is a large lake with rocky islands in it. The dam was first started by Tippoo, a sultan who lived about two hundred years ago. But he abandoned it. It was then taken up in the nineteenth century by an Englishman, but was not finished until 1910. Now it supplies electricity to the surrounding countryside.

## MADAME TUSSAUDS

by C. ALBA\*

When I was in Form VI, our mistress made two sides of equal number. She promised that she would take the side that got the most marks to Madame Tussauds. Our side won, so we went to London. In London we took a bus to Madame Tussauds. There were quite a lot of people, especially girls from schools. There was a man who looked rather like a soldier standing quite still, and someone mentioned "This one has not got a number." The man laughed and said he was not a wax model. He was rather startled. Everybody nearby laughed. We soon finished looking at the wax models on the bottom floor. We went upstairs and I stopped at Franco, as I am a Spaniard. I was looking at him for quite a

\*JOHN CLIBBORN, born 24 November, 1941; entered Worth September, 1952; acted in *When Knights were Bold*, *Stations in Mime*; under 12 XV.

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

long time, and by the time I looked back I saw that my friends had disappeared. I started to run all over the place to see if I could find them. I chased all over the place for about five minutes. Then I asked people if they had seen them. Some of them said "Yes," but they turned out to be boys from other schools. At last I found a porter by the door. I asked him if he had seen them, but he did not take any notice of me. I asked him again, but still he did not answer. I tapped him on the arm, and then I noticed that his eyes did not move, but his body did, somehow. He was a wax model. It had taken me in properly. I started looking again for my friends but by now they were worried as to where I might be, and they started calling for me. A very nice girl came along and said that I was wanted downstairs. I thanked her and went down, and there I found them, and we started back for school.

### LAND OF BEARS

by J. P. L. CICCONE\*

Bears are usually found in the Rocky Mountains, and are now being slowly pushed further back. When the young ones are born they have many adventures with hedgehogs and other animals. You would not believe it but the male is one of the most dangerous animals to these young ones ; but the male will not stand before the female's infuriated charge, while the young ones flee to the tree-tops. In summer they have a wonderful time bathing in the rivers and fishing from the banks. They also copy their fathers in their friendly tussles, and they roam about eating the tasty plants and roots that there are. Their mother has always told them that they should run up any tree that is nearby. Also they practise their little wrestling bouts, copying their elders. Then, when the mating season comes round, they watch from tree-tops with bated breaths as two angry males fight for a female, and the loser is not ashamed to run as fast as he can as soon as he has been beaten. The arched neck is a sign of an angry male. They don't mind the bees stinging them on the nose, the only part they can be stung on, as they are so eager and greedy to get the honey. Then, after two years of their frolicking, one day, when it is just about the time when they should go to find a hole for their winter sleep, their mother drives them up a tree and tells them to stay there. Some come down after a few days as they are hungry, and others stay there out of obedience to their mother, for they have not yet realised that their mother has left them. When they have come down they will try to find a hole in which to go to sleep. From then on the young ones have to fend for themselves, and are counted as full grown bears and I have no doubt that, in their own way, they will have a very nice life.

\*JOHN CICCONE, born 4 April, 1942 ; entered Worth 1951.



ST GREGORY'S FEAST, 12TH MARCH, 1954









ST GREGORY'S FEAST, 12TH MARCH, 1954



## LONDON TOWN

by C. R. CAVENAGH-MAINWARING\*

We all know that London is a very big city with its statues and big industrial rivers like the River Thames, and its big bridges and its Houses of Parliament, big airports, factories and heaps of other things ; what more could a city need ? Ah ! but things were much different a hundred years ago ; things might have been quiet, but what about the poor people ? The people who are so poor that they can only have a crust of bread ? So they started workhouses where these poor people went. They were very cruel to these poor people. Once they were so cruel in France that the French Revolution started. They even killed their own King and Queen. London had two nasty things happen to it. The first one was the Fire of London, which was started by a baker's shop catching fire ; the second was the Plague of London, which was very bad and in which hundreds of people were killed ; but, thank goodness ! we are not living in those days.

## A ROMAN CENTURION

by J. D. E. ROSE\*

I am a Roman soldier in the year 33 A.D. in Jerusalem. It was I who was on watch on top of the Governor's palace when the chief High Priest, whose name was Caiphas, came along with his priests and pushed a man, whose name was Jesus of Nazareth, through the door. When the Governor asked Caiphas why this man was in the courtyard, he said he had blasphemed, and a whole lot of other things, and the Governor said " Go, and punish him yourself." But Caiphas said " We are not allowed to crucify anyone." So this got the Governor's wind up. So he let the man off by just having him scourged, and I had to do this disagreeable job. But Caiphas still insisted on having him crucified, so the Governor said " I have no more to do with this man. You may do what you like with him." So the priests and their supporters took half our guard from the fort and they made him carry a heavy cross up a hill outside the city, to kill him. The soldiers and I had to wield our heavy whips to stop the crowds from rushing upon him. He was at last nailed to the cross, with a thief on each side of him. I heard him talking to them, then a bit later on one of my soldier friends came and stuck a spear in him, and there was a great earthquake and he was dead. I was really rather sorry he was dead, for he was a very brave man.

\*CHARLES CAVENAGH-MAINWARING, born 11 March, 1944 ; entered Worth September, 1953.

\*DEREK ROSE, born 7 November, 1942 ; entered Worth September, 1951.



## FLICKER

by P. D. BYRNE\*

One day there was a little puppy who kept on following me while I was going to town. It seemed to be a stray so I brought it home. I gave it some food and drink, then we went to the police and gave it in. The next day there were notices all round the town. In three months nobody had come for it so we were the owners. We bought a license for him and then we went home. We called it Flicker because it flicked its tail. In two weeks he got used to his new home and to us. One day, when we were painting the house, he jumped into one of the paint tins and got all wet and white, but we did not notice at all. When the day was over I went to bed but I forgot to lock the shed that Flicker slept in. In the middle of the night I heard a noise. It was Flicker, so I was just going to sleep when I saw a big white thing, and I looked more, and then I saw that it was Flicker, but why was he white in the middle of the night? Then I thought of the white paint, and I realised that the last pot of paint had been different. So what had happened was that the last pot of paint was not ordinary — it was *luminous* paint!

## MADEIRA

by P. A. DE CHAZAL\*

Madeira is an island thirty-five by twelve miles. It is well-known because of Madeira wine. It is quite a hilly island. One thing which is very good is the fishing. The record (as far as I know) for a kind of long, black fish, which is very good for eating (you can cook it in hundreds of ways), is six thousand in one night. We saw them throwing all the fish into a lorry. The lorry had to go backwards and forwards about six times before all the fish had been taken to the market! The people who fish at night and sell at the market are not usually very rich, but I should think they get quite a lot in a catch, like that of six thousand. You can visit a place called the Mont, where you can come down in a sledge with seats on. It is really wonderful fun. Another place which is very nice to visit is Santo da Sierra, which is quite high up. There is a hotel there and the only golf course in Madeira. Not far from that is another village called Camacha. It is a very beautiful place and you can picnic there. The weather is usually very hot. The best time to go there is in the summer. And the air company (if you go by air) will pay you the amount of money it costs to go there if it rains more than a certain amount, that is, if you go to the Hotel Reeds (which is the biggest). It is certainly worth going to Madeira if you have got a long enough holiday.

\*PHILIP BYRNE, born 11 September, 1944; entered Worth September, 1952.

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

## A HOLIDAY BY A BEACH IN TRINIDAD

by G. L. J. R. APSION\*

One day we invited some friends to come to lunch. When they told us that they lived by a beach we decided to go and stay there for a few days. So on a Sunday we went there. The road was rather tricky but in the end we got there. We couldn't go down to the beach that day because it had started to rain. So we played cards for the rest of the day. The next day we went to the sea. We did not have a very long time. After that it was almost the same as the first day: we just played cards. The next day we went home, but on the way many things happened. First we saw a car accident. Then a little way down the road we found a broken tree trunk barring the way. However, we found some men and they chopped a way for us to go through. We carried on with the journey, but this time we found a much bigger tree with two other small trees barring the way. The same men came again and started to cut a way for the cars to go through. While they were doing so a black widow spider fell on a man's knee, but he managed to knock it off and kill it. One was crawling up a man's back but was knocked off by another man with his hand. Finally they cleared a way for us to go through. The next day it was my birthday.

## SOUTH DEVON

by A. N. WALLIS\*

Last summer holidays we spent in South Devon. It was good fun. We started off on our journey about nine o'clock in the morning. It was a hot drive and took about seven hours. After having a nice tea I went to bed, sharing a room with my five year-old cousin. When he woke up he wondered who was in the other bed. But he soon remembered and then began to play. That morning we went to the sea; it was a lovely day and I explored the caves in Hope Cove. My father and mother found a sheltered cove where we had a picnic lunch. Hope village is small and very pleasant. Looking across the big cliff there is another cove called Inner Hope, which is for all the fishing boats. It has two breakwaters where you can fish. I tried, but never caught any. I went swimming many times, and climbed the rocks, where I found winkles, but my father would not let me eat them. Most days I went to Hope Cove or Soar Mill, which was nicer than Hope Cove in some ways, but it was a long walk from where you had to leave the car to the beach. The day we went to Plymouth it was very cold. We went on the Hoe. There was a big light-house. And the last day we went back to Hope Cove again. That is all I have to say about my holiday in South Devon.

\*GORDON APSION, born 21 September, 1943; entered Worth September, 1951.

\*ANTHONY WALLIS, born 27 September, 1943; entered Worth September, 1950.



## PICKWICK STATION

by R. J. WADIA\*

There is a delightful little station, somewhere down in Devon, called Pickwick Station. Nobody works there except a jolly old Station Master, whose name is Mr Tickles. Mr Tickles lives in a tiny little house just by the railway. The only train that comes into Pickwick Station is a small engine pulling two old dusty carriages. This runs every four hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Its carriages make a dreadful creaking, groaning noise, while the engine quietly goes "chuff, chuff." Mr Tickles' house has a small porch by the front door, with lovely red roses round it. Daisies grow in the garden and there is a swift's nest under the roof. There are no waiting rooms in the station, in fact there is nothing except the station master's office and a small bench to sit on when you are waiting for the train. Sometimes you see chickens strutting along the platform. These have run away from the nearby farm. Across the lines there is a signal box, which is a favourite perch for the birds, and beyond that some fields. This is as near as I can get to picturing Pickwick Station for you.

## JOURNEY TO THE LAKE DISTRICT

by N. SIRKETT\*

It was about nine o'clock when we set out on the journey to the Lake District. We set out in a Land Rover which my uncle had very kindly lent us and a caravan which we supplied ourselves. We went through very pretty parts of the country and saw many old buildings, for one we saw Carisbrooke Castle, with its old red stones and also saw its dungeons under the ground.

In Stratford-on-Avon we saw the birthplace of Shakespeare and on the walls it had writing. It had poems and books that he had written himself. Well, we will leave that now and go on with the journey.

It was the first time we had ever towed a caravan before and I can tell you it is very tricky when you go down a steep hill, even with the caravan's brakes on. I counted about sixty-three other Land Rovers and one other Land Rover towing a caravan of the same make as ours. When we got as far as the mountains the journey became much harder, as the roads were made of cobbles and had many holes in them, some about nine inches deep, and of course, the roads were much hillier than the ones we are used to driving on, and they did not do any good to the caravan or the car for that matter. At last we reached Whitecross Bay, the caravan site where we were staying, and where we were very glad to have supper (lovely mixed grill !), and after that we went off to bed, which we enjoyed very much after the journey.

\*RICHARD WADIA, born 14 August, 1943 ; entered Worth September, 1953.

\*NEIL SIRKETT, born 5 March, 1944 ; entered Worth January, 1954.

## ALL ALONE

by G. C. GLEADELL\*

I was all alone. My only companion was right the other side of the men who were closing in on me. They had their hands ready. I thought I had nothing to live for at those dread moments. I grasped my only weapon, a wooden club. Suddenly, the one who seemed to be their captain, came tearing towards me at full speed. Then he hurled a missile at me. I put up my only weapon and they both met like a pistol-crack. Then I ran, I ran as I had never run before. Suddenly a man came running up and patted me on the shoulder and said "Jolly good hit, old man, the winning stroke, you were jolly nearly run out."

## MY HOLIDAY IN GERMANY

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

Last holidays I went to Germany and I liked it very much. First of all I will tell you of the journey. I left Liverpool Street Station at half-past-eight in the evening and we got to Harwich at about half-past-ten, and went through the customs and got on the ship, the *Arnhem*. We sailed at twelve o'clock and when I woke up in the morning we were just edging into the dockside at the Hook of Holland. The time was six o'clock. We all got off the ship and got into a train. The train was very different from English trains. It had sliding doors to the compartments and a little table by the window. The windows were very big. In about five hours we arrived at Dusseldorf and I was met by my parents. We got into our car and drove home to Wuppertal where we lived. It was a nice day but the weather was soon to change ! When I had been in Germany a week the snow came and it came hard. In two days the snow was about a foot or more and the lakes and ponds were freezing. My sister and I got out our sledges and started sledging. We sledged every day from then on, and we became quite experienced. Some of the slopes we went down had big bumps at the bottom and our sledges took right off. Sometimes a German bumped into our sledges on purpose and all the English boys made snowballs and so did the Germans and quite a snowball fight started. We sometimes rubbed their faces in the snow. Sometimes we won, and sometimes they won. The town of Wuppertal was about two or three miles away and we were up on a hill. All the English people were up where we lived and so were all the barracks. One of the regiments, the Durham Light Infantry, had some horses, and we rode them sometimes. An officer in our regiment rode with me. He was the person who taught me to ride. In Germany there are autobahns, great big straight roads, but the roads in Germany are mostly cobbled, which makes it very skiddy

\*GILES GLEADELL, born 3 September, 1942 ; entered Worth May, 1951 ; acted in *Stations in Mine*, 1954 ; under 11 Rugger and Hockey ; Choir.

\*MICHAEL DEWAR, born 15 November, 1941 ; entered Worth September, 1950 ; Boxing Team ; under 12 Rugger XV and Hockey XI.

for cars. Germany is a very nice place though and I like it very much. Some of the German people do not like the English and scowl at you when you go by. Soon I had to go back to England and when I got back to England I stayed a night with my grandmother. Then I went back to school. It had been a lovely holiday.

### SHOOTING GUINEA FOWL IN AFRICA

by A. J. EYRE\*

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when I went to get my father's shot-gun and cartridges. My father and I walked about five hundred yards to the veterinary offices, where all the jeeps and government cars were kept. We first tested the petrol; there was just enough. It was an old army jeep with no doors. We got in and put the shotgun in the back. We did not have to go far before we were driving along a rough track. We went down this track for about a mile. On the way we saw oxen grazing with white tickbirds on their backs. We saw several fat doves flying across the track which were very tempting to follow. After turning right we stopped. On our right were trees, bushes and shrubs and on our left were miles and miles of long, dry grass, about two to three feet high. We left the jeep and got out, at the same time loading the shot-gun. We did not go far into the bush before we came upon about twenty guinea fowl; they were pecking at the ground or just idling. We were behind a large bush and could not be seen. My father stepped to one side so that he could get a better view. He raised his gun to his shoulder and squeezed the trigger; suddenly there was a terrific "bang." If we had had a double-barrelled shotgun we might have got two. But as it was there was one guinea fowl fluttering on the ground, while the others flew off. It was only the nerves that made it flutter about and it soon died down. There were several little balls of metal from the cartridge in its neck but none in its body. We went on a bit further. On the way we saw many large wild fig trees, about the size of a large oak. Once I found quite a large porcupine quill. We were walking along when we saw a single guinea fowl quite a distance away, only before we had time to shoot at it it flew off. It was getting rather late now, so we returned to the jeep. We went on a bit further but did not see anything. On the way back we met two young men who were friends of my father, they had seen a small buck but unluckily they only had shotguns so they could not shoot it. We asked them if they would like a lift home but they said that they had bicycles nearby. The journey back was pretty rough and we had to hold on tightly so as not to fall out. It was semi-dark and we had our headlights on. On the way back we saw herds of oxen being driven home by native boys about eight years old. When we eventually got back we were very tired and weary. It was about seven o'clock. As soon as I got back home I had supper and then went to bed, after a long and tiring afternoon.

\*ADRIAN EYRE, born 20 March, 1942; entered Worth May, 1952.

### A SCENE AT AN AIRPORT

by W. A. DARBY\*

It is very exciting when you are going by air to some place or other, just standing at the waiting room window and seeing all the different aeroplanes landing and taking off on the runway. First of all, on arriving at the airport, it is rather dull, because you wait hours in one of the lounges with the rest of the people who are flying with you, until there's a terrific noise on the loudspeaker, and a voice shouts out that flight, whatever it is, must move on for inspection of passports and customs. Once through all that, you sit down again for another long wait. Then the time comes when you are to go on to the runway to board the plane. When you are shown to your seat you wait a minute or two for the stewardess to come round with cotton wool for your ears, and chewing-gum or barley sugar to prevent you being air-sick. Then the order is given and the passengers fasten their safety belts for the take-off. At last the plane moves, and taxis around a little, then there's a terrific roar from the engines and you are off to some far-away country. There is of course another type of airport, an R.A.F. one, where the planes are for ever landing and taking-off. There are also different kinds of aircraft, jet-propelled bombers, research aircraft and helicopters.

### YEOVILTON AIRPORT

by S. O'D. McCALL\*

On January 16th, 1954, my father took me to Yeovilton to see the arrival of two new squadrons; one of Fireflies and one of Hurricanes. We arrived a bit late to see the first squadron land. After the planes had landed the Admiral addressed them with a welcome. After that the pilots went to have their planes towed into Hangar 9. My father took me round Hangar 11. It had the Admiral's plane, one Meteor, and one very small one. After that we went over to the sick-bay where we met the Doctor in charge. We also went to the operating theatre. There were heated blankets which were on all the time when flying was on. One half was for the W.R.N.S. and one half for the ratings. We then went to the ward where we had tea. Next we went to the Control Tower where we saw all the men in the radio room and the geography room. When we got to the top we saw the planes take off for Ford, in Sussex. They went straight towards the sun and then tore down towards the Control Tower for the beat up. Commander Wilson lost his hat. We ran towards the side of the Control Tower and caught it. We watched the planes out of sight and then went over to the squash courts to see if there was anybody playing squash. After that we drove home.

\*WILLIAM DARBY, born 2 August, 1941; entered Worth October, 1951; acted in *Stations in Mime*, 1954; Choir.

\*SIMON McCALL, born 8 May, 1943; entered Worth January, 1953.

## MY TRIP TO JERSEY

by J. S. WEBB\*

In 1949 I went for a holiday in Jersey. First we (my father, mother and sister) went to the airport near Southampton, waited in a queue at the Customs, then went and got on the plane, sat down, and waited till we got to Jersey. When we landed we had to go through the Customs again, then got on to the coach and then went to our hotel. We had just arrived in time for lunch. While I was there I paid a visit to the little island opposite to the coast of Jersey, and we went across the small strait which is between Jersey and the island in a "Duck," which is a kind of boat which can go on land and sea. When we were on the island, on which is an old castle, we saw broken "Ducks" lying about the castle rotting. The only trouble was that there were quite a lot of sewers running into the sea. At the hotel there was a swing in the garden which my sister and I liked very much. When it was time to go we waited outside the Hotel for a coach to take us to the Airport to catch the plane to go home. We had to go through the Customs again and then we got on the plane. When we got to Southampton my grandparents were waiting for us. When we had gone through the Customs we went home.

## MY FIRST HUNT

by R. J. E. FOLEY\*

Last holidays I went on my first hunt. My very first one was on the 21st of December. It was a fox hunt. But my second was with harriers. It is the fox hunt I am going to tell you about. It was not more than two miles to the meet, so I rode there and did not hire a horse-box. When I got to the meet I found you had to pay a shilling, in case there were any damages during the hunt. My parents came along to the meet later in the car, and my brother came with them. There was one horse there that was giving a bit of trouble. Soon the hunt got under way and after a bit of time the hounds picked up the scent. There was quite a long run and then the fox went into a vegetable field. About a quarter of an hour later the hounds caught him. I was given one of the pads. Later the hounds picked up a new scent. We had a good run but then the hounds lost the scent again. We were in one place for about an hour and a half. Then the Master of the Hunt said that we would go on to the other side of the main road. Then we went for quite a way on tarmac lanes and that was quite uncomfortable. Soon we were on the fields again and the hounds found a scent. My pony was going well and I was usually quite near the front. Soon we had to make a big jump and I did not know whether my pony could do it so I went round a hill with some other people.

\*JOHN WEBB, born 26 March, 1943 ; entered Worth September, 1952.

\*ROBERT FOLEY, born 11 January, 1942 ; entered Worth May, 1949.

We found the hounds again, and fortunately we had missed nothing. Not long after this we had to give it up as it was nearly four o'clock. It was not a long way home and it did not take me long. I put my pony away and gave him some water. I then had something to eat myself, for I had only had a biscuit since breakfast !

## FOILED BY DISHONESTY

by D. ST. J. KEANE\*

I had just been spending a most enjoyable week in West Wales with a friend, but the time had now come for me to leave and return home. I got up at eight o'clock on the morning of my departure, two hours earlier, I might add, than had been customary during the preceding week, to catch the only train to Newport, which ran at 9.45 (at least, it was supposed to). I packed my suitcase, had a quick breakfast, and bade my friend adieu; then I set out on the three miles which separated my house from the station. I took my time on the walk thinking that I had plenty of time to spare.

I looked at my watch and, to my horror, saw that the time was 9.40. I tore along the road. Panting and breathless I reached the little station. I looked at my watch : the time was 9.48. The only inhabitant of the sleepy station was a decrepit and mentally unstable stationmaster-porter. With maddening slowness he asked me which train I wish to catch. When I told him that I wished to catch the train which was due to leave at 9.45, with a mischievous look on his face he told me that he had heard that the train which I wished to take was running thirty minutes late.

About twenty yards down the windswept platform I saw a brown board with " WAITING ROOM " written on it in scratched, yellow paint. I sat down on a dusty leather arm-chair and started reading *The Tatler*. I looked up and saw a train pulling slowly into the station. I went on reading my magazine as the time was only 10.00. Ten minutes later I came out of the waiting-room and to my amazement saw the porter roaring with laughter. Then I realised : the train which I had seen was the one I wanted. Foiled by dishonesty.

\*DESMOND KEANE, born 21 August, 1941 ; entered Worth September, 1949 ; acted in *Dick Whittington, Under the Skull and Bones, Stations in Mime*, 1953, *When Knights were Bold* ; 1st XV Rugger ; Boxing and Squash Teams.



## A TRIPLE BIKE RIDE

by S. WILLIAMS\*

One day last holidays, after Christmas, the ground had frozen hard. It was a Friday. As it had been freezing for about three days now, we, that is Laurie, Veronica and I, thought the ice might be hard enough to skate, and it was, as we found later. Well, we had to be back at 12.30 at the latest so we set out at eleven on bikes to a frozen pond about half-an-hour's bike ride away. On the way, as it was mostly uphill, we took at least half-an-hour. Then at about twelve, we put our bikes down inside a gate, surrounded by woods, and half ran and half walked down to the ice, about two minutes' walk. We reached the ice to find that our assumption was correct, to find the ice thick enough to stand on. For about a minute we stood and stared at it before we had the nerve to go on. Also, it was so long since we had been able to skate that we had forgotten all about skating. Laurie went on first but not for long, then Veronica, who went a bit further out on the ice than Laurie. I had to go last and it also meant I would have to go out the furthest. Well, we soon discovered it was all right after cracks in the ice. But we never dared to stand too close to one another and when we were trying to see who went out the furthest I went rather too close to Laurie, as it was between us two to see who'd get out furthest and as we went too close to one another a big crack came and made us hurry back to dry land, thinking the ice would surely break; but luckily enough it didn't. Soon after that we found we had better go home and hurry as we had been on the ice longer than we meant to, but most of the way going back was downhill, luckily, otherwise we would have been late for lunch or missed it altogether. We hoped it would not thaw until Sunday so that we could go again with my younger brother Charles, and my father, and put him on the ice and have some fun. But, worse luck, after all that hoping it did thaw enough to stop us going on the Sunday. After that we never had an opportunity to go back and skate again.

## HUCKLEBERRY FINN

by P. W. P. MOORSOM\*

This book by Mark Twain was written about the time when blacks were all slaves, therefore, about 1840. It is very funny in parts and I can imagine an old American telling his grandson this tale. It is a rather peculiar story and at times rather impossible. Of the books I have read, or been read to, by Mark Twain, it is my favourite. The characters are brilliant, but the way the author brings in seemingly impossible things

\*STEPHEN WILLIAMS, born 1 April, 1941; entered Worth September, 1949; 1st XI Cricket.

\*PATRICK MOORSOM, born 30 October, 1942; entered Worth September, 1951; acted in *Mother Goose*, *Stations in Mime*, 1952, *When Knights were Bold*; Choir.

makes some parts just a bit boring. The way the story starts is nearly as if it was a continuation of one of his other books which was called "Tom Sawyer." The choosing of the names in this book is very good — such as Miss Watson, it makes me think of a middle-aged woman with horn-rimmed spectacles. Jim makes me think of a very broad and tough-looking nigger, and Huck Finn of a fairly big boy of about fifteen. Jackson Island is to me more of an island like "Treasure Island," and I think that, in a way, does rather spoil the story. By saying "like Treasure Island" I mean that I think they were altogether too fortunate to find the cave and very good places to hide the boat. During the gales on Jackson Island one of the things I found rather weak is that they did not shelter in the back of the cave, but went on looking at the lightning. Surely it would only be natural to shelter at the back of the cave and go to sleep. This book must surely be a personal triumph for the author. It is very typical of him to write a book of impossible adventures: many of his books were written in this manner.

## SCOUTS

The troop made quiet but steady progress during the Lent Term. The recruits passed their Tenderfoot tests well and thirteen new scouts were enrolled on March 14th. P.L. W. A. Darby, Sec. C. D. C. Crosthwaite, and P.A. C. H. Phipps, all of the Raven Patrol, and P.L. Tribe of the Pheasants gained their 2nd Class Badge, while M. de la P. F. Mandeville, also of the Pheasants, won the Bookman Proficiency Badge. Out of doors, trails of tenderfoot signs were followed on two occasions, and a Wide Game was organized by the Troop Leader. On January 31st, a memorable whole-day expedition was led by the G.S.M. Snow lay on the ground; snow fell at intervals during the day; it was bitterly cold and an East wind was blowing. The party of volunteers greatly enjoyed their walk through Worthlodge and Tilgate Forests in these exciting conditions, and lunch was eaten in the welcome shelter of a cafe at Pease Pottage. Some passing cyclists once commiserated with the boys for having to wear shorts in that wintry weather, and the G.S.M., well clad to face the elements, was once greeted with "Hello, Tenzing!" On the Feast of St Gregory, marvellous weather enabled over forty scouts and their guests to spend the day in the Bluebell Wood and to cook their lunch at their patrol dens. Colonel H. Vredenburg was in charge on this happy occasion. He is an experienced Scoutmaster and has helped the troop several times this term. We hope that he will be able to spare us yet more of his time later on, and so increase the efficiency and happiness of all our scouts.

B.M.S.

## THE CUBS

Congratulations to all the boys in the Junior House because of the great number of tests they have passed during the Easter term. I think it has been a record. Wykes and Barrère have been the quickest to finish their second star. Norton<sup>2</sup> is very close behind them, although he only joined the Pack this term. He, at the moment, is our champion skipper, since he can even do double-revolutions.

We have had some good days out in the woods, even though it has been often cold. Once we had a novel paper-chase. Another time we had a most enjoyable flag-raiding game. On St Gregory's day ten of the cubs cooked lunch, when we had porridge and eggs, which O'Connell fried very well.

Wykes has been a very good head-sixer. The other sixers are de Westenholz<sup>1</sup>, McGrath<sup>2</sup>, Wadia, Bruning<sup>2</sup>, and Rumford. One of the nicest things this term was the painting which Apsion did for his artist badge.

This term something very important happened. Miss Rossi has started a junior section of the Pack in the Tower House. I am very grateful for her help. Also to Mr. Graham, who has sometimes come out with the senior cubs. Miss Rossi, at the moment, has eighteen boys in her section, and they are very smart and keen with their new uniforms. Rimmer, Agius and Delany are the sixers.

I have had a proper Cub totem-pole made this term and it looks splendid when we use it for our parades.

I am looking forward to the Summer term when we can use our tents and cooking pots a lot !

AKELA

## RUGGER

*Captain : L. F. URRUTICOECHEA*

*Vice-Captain : A. J. H. WITHAM*

The 1st XV had another successful season which, unfortunately, was confined to the Michaelmas term, as the matches arranged for the Lent term had to be cancelled on account of the weather. Seven matches were played, five of which were won, one was drawn and one lost. We scored 94 points and our opponents 39. Over half our own points were scored in one match and over half our opponents' points were scored in another. The other five matches were close. It was disappointing from our point of view that the forwards were not as good as usual. They rarely packed well, either in the tight or the loose scrums, and often when they heeled the ball it came out so slowly that Keane was not able to get it away cleanly. In the lines-out their play was a little better, Macdonald frequently catching the ball accurately : but he was too inclined to try to take it forward, instead of getting it back quickly to his halves. In the loose the forwards were usually adequate in defence, but in attack they showed a lack of speed and sense in backing-up, and an uncertainty

in handling. Morris alone played well in every match. It was fortunate, therefore, that our outsides were a powerful, all-round attacking force. Keane was a little disappointing at scrum-half, being inclined to lob his passes to his stand-off, and sometimes being slow at getting to the ball ; but his defence was sound. Turnbull was quick off the mark at stand-off, and set his line going well in attack : in defence he tackled well but did not appear to like to fall on the ball. Urruticoechea not being available for any of the matches because of an injury, Hanbury took his place at inside-centre, and by the end of the season had become most promising, being fast and elusive, having a fine eye for an opening, and knowing when to pass. Outside him McGrath was also fast and elusive, but not so good at passing, nor so sure in defence. On the wings we had two large, fast and strong runners in Witham and Singleton. The latter began very shakily in what was for him a new position, but gradually improved in technique and determination. Witham showed an immense improvement on last year and he now handles safely, and runs with great purpose and speed : but a lack of finesse lost him several tries. At full-back Bourke, after a poor first match, never put a foot wrong. He handled and kicked magnificently and scored three tries himself in addition to initiating movements which led to others. His cool and intelligent play was always a pleasure to watch. After three weeks of training in dry conditions our first match was played on October 17th at Redhill, against Hillsbrow, on a muddy field. The forwards were evenly matched, but our outsides looked dangerous whenever they had the ball. Our first score, however, came when Bourke touched down for a try after he had helped the scrum to take the ball over the line : he converted this try into a goal. Hillsbrow were later awarded a penalty try for obstruction. McGrath then scored a try for us after a neat run up the centre of the field. Witham was twice over the line, but each time failed to ground the ball properly. Finally Hillsbrow kicked a penalty goal, so that we just won by eight points to six.

Two weeks later we went to Ealing to play St Benedict's Middle School. An even game ended in a draw, each side scoring a rather scrambling try. Our forwards were well beaten in the scrums and lines-out, but Witham always made ground when he had the ball, and only good tackling by the opposing full-back kept him out on several occasions.

On November 14th Hillsbrow came to Worth, and from the first scrum the ball was passed cleanly along the backs to Singleton on the right wing : he crossed the line by the corner-flag and ran round to score under the posts. Shortly afterwards Turnbull scored from a fifteen-yard scrum, and Singleton scored again. Further tries were scored in the first half by Witham (thrice), Keane and McGrath, and the forwards with a " push-over " try, two of which tries Bourke converted. In the second half the forwards kept the ball more to themselves and scored two tries, one by going over the line in a scrum, one following a foot rush. Witham

scored two more tries and Bourke and McGrath one each. Bourke converted one of these tries, so our points in this match amounted to fifty-one.

A week later we were decisively defeated at Mayfield College by an older, heavier and faster team, which also tackled well. Our forwards began promisingly, but became over-run towards the end. Only Witham, Turnbull, Bourke and perhaps Morris played up to their usual standard. Some of our tackling was poor, and we lost by 22 points to nil.

The best match of the season was played at Worth on November 14th when we met Whitgift Junior School for the first time. Our visitors began confidently and soon scored near the posts a try, which was converted. McGrath then picked up a loose ball in mid-field and scored a good opportunist try. Whitgift quickly retaliated with a second try and kept up their pressure. Suddenly, on our own twenty-five, Hanbury broke through brilliantly in the centre and timed his pass to Witham so well that the latter was able to run to the corner flag and then under the posts without a finger being laid on him. Bourke converted this try with an excellent kick and half-time came with the scores level. In the second half our forwards, and the team as a whole, gave their best performance of the season. Hanbury played especially well, and after McGrath had scored on the right he scored on the left with a magnificently balanced run. And finally Grey made a well-controlled dribble and touched down for a try.

On November 28th our Under 13 XV went to play Wimbledon College. Our forwards, except for Morris, played well below form, and our outsiders did not have much of the ball. The only score in the first half was a penalty goal, very well kicked from far out by Bourke. In the second half Hanbury and McGrath made some good runs and each scored one try.

On December 5th the Epsom College Juniors came to Worth and gave a polished display of open rugby. Their forwards looked lighter than ours but they obtained more of the ball from the scrums and their backs made some delightful runs. They had no boy, however, who was really capable of finishing off their movements. On the other hand our backs looked dangerous whenever they had the ball; Hanbury breaking through often and sending away Witham; but the latter could never overcome the excellent tackling of the Epsom full-back. There was no score at half-time, but in the second half Plunkett was at hand to take a pass from Witham and score. And finally Bourke, having missed a penalty goal, quickly followed up his kick and touched the ball down for a try.

The 1st XV was (with asterisks denoting those to whom Caps were awarded):—J. B. Bourke\*, K. H. Singleton, K. McGrath, A. J. H. Witham\*, G. B. Hanbury\*, S. M. J. Turnbull\*, D. St J. Keane\*, B. P. Hawkins, R. L. Morris\*, H. D. Macdonald\*, H. R. Haydon, R. A. de M. Grey\*, O. D. Plunkett\*, B. N. Barrett and P. R. Capon.

The results of the 1st XV matches were:—v. Hillsbrow, Away, Won 8-6; v. St Benedict's Middle School, Away, Drawn 3-3; v. Hillsbrow, Home, Won 51-0; v. Mayfield College Juniors, Away, Lost 0-22; v. Whitgift Junior School, Home, Won 17-8; v. Wimbledon College Under 13 XV, Away, Won 9-0; v. Epsom College Juniors, Home, Won 6-0.

## 2nd XV

*Captain: F. W. CARR*

The 2nd XV had two matches and played keenly in both and with considerable skill at times. The forwards were fiery, with Quinn-Young and O'Connell outstanding. Carr gave a fine delivery at scrum-half and Ball and Kauntze ran well on the wings. Alexander and Babington tackled well among the backs. On October 21st we beat the Douai Prep. School 1st XV 9-0 at Worth and on December 2nd we just lost 5-6 at the Whitgift Junior School to their 2nd XV.

The following played for the Worth 2nd XV:—M. J. Alexander, S. E. Ball, D. H. Kenyon David, C. A. A. P. Eugster, M. J. M. Kauntze, A. C. Babington, J. S. W. Williams, F. W. Carr, H. L. B. Falkiner, P. T. O'Connell, S. E. H. Poett, F. N. Hoogewerf, P. J. Quinn-Young, H. T. A. Bourne, W. J. M. Gissane, M. Ybarra and R. N. Rudd.

League Matches: 1st XV won by Silvers:—Silvers beat Golds, 15-0; Blues beat Reds, 9-6; Silvers beat Blues, 9-0. 2nd XV won by Reds:—Reds beat Blues, 15-3; Golds beat Silvers, 6-0; Reds beat Golds, 9-6.

B.M.S.

## UNDER 11 XV

The Under 11 XV has again had some players of promise, thanks to the preparatory work done by Dom Jerome in the Tower House Game. Of the forwards Bruning<sup>1</sup>, Eugster and Murray were tireless and enterprising, and the team's success owes much to them; Diez improved during the year, and Church was an asset in lines-out. Behind the scrum Norton, de Chazal, and Andrews played rugby to delight the heart—passes taken at speed, cross-kicks followed up, tackling that put this year's Varsity match in the shade. At full-back Amhurst learnt to kick accurately, and was always ready to open up the game by joining the three-quarters.

Results were:—v. St Benedict's, Ealing, Away, Won 18-0; v. Christ's Hospital, Home, Drawn 3-3; v. Christ's Hospital, Away, Drawn 3-3.

Team:—Amhurst, Sanday, Gibson, Andrews, T. P. Hanbury, de Chazal, J. C. Norton, T. B. Eugster, Church, Murray, Kennedy, McCall, P. Bruning, Gleadell, Diez.

J. D. A.

## HOCKEY

### UNDER 11 XI

As hockey is begun at this level it is only at the end of the term that anything like a team can be produced. However, we were fortunate in having some stalwarts left from last year, notably Andrews (right wing),



Amhurst (centre half), de Chazal (centre forward). Around these three the team was built. On March 24th a most enjoyable match was played against the Sacred Heart Convent, Woldringham. Our opponents were older and taller than us, but were also playing in their first hockey match, and the result was an even battle in which the issue was in doubt right up to the final whistle. Nicky Miles, in goal, had to face alone several onslaughts of the fast opposing forwards, and it is much to his credit that he was only defeated once. The match ended in a draw 1-1, and the subsequent tea and tour of the Convent ended a memorable day. The team was : Miles, Kennedy, Church, Gibson, Amhurst (Capt), Sanday, Andrews, Buigas, de Chazal, Alcover, Gleadell.

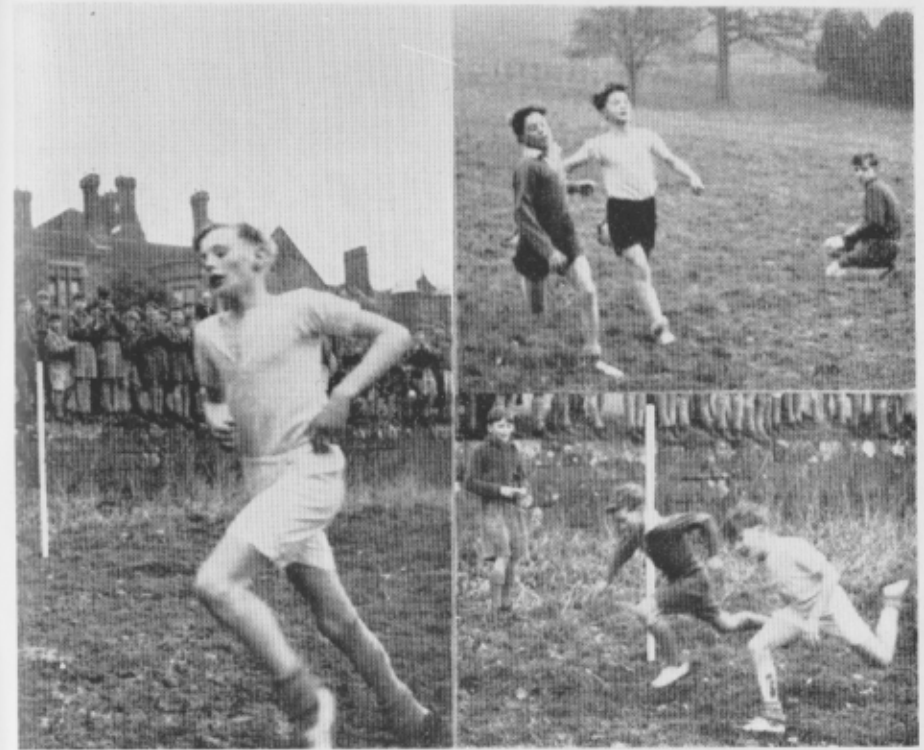
J.D.A.

### STAMP CLUB LETTER

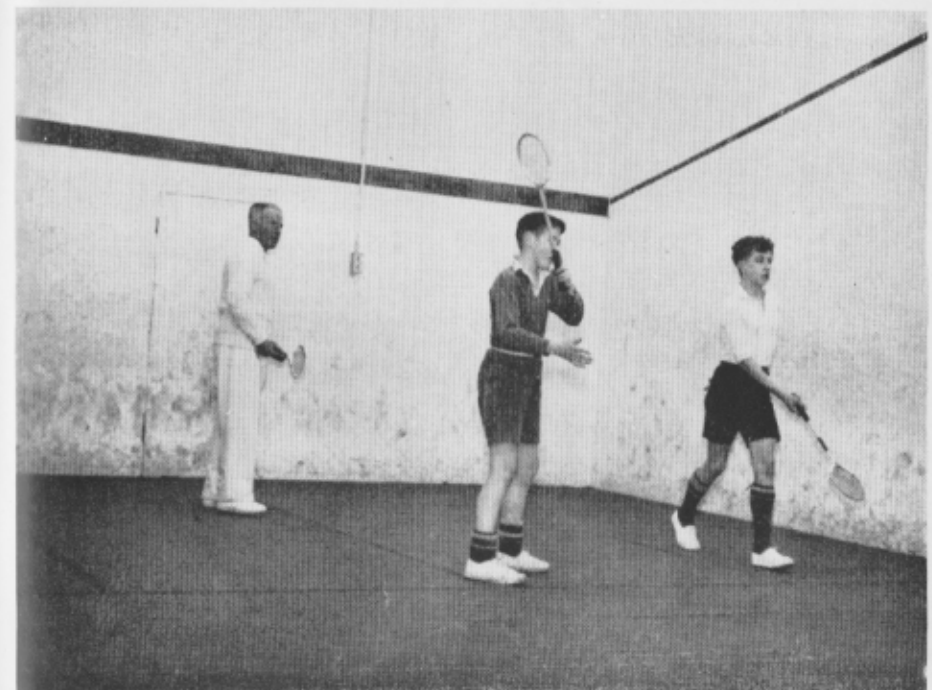
My dear young Philatelists,

It was our old friend the Walrus who once said (very wittily) that the time had come to think of many things. He may or may not have been thinking of the *Worth Record* but it is a scientific fact that if you turn over what is in your mind *now* you may, sooner or later, discover something *worth recording*. So if, after searching in every nook and cranny, you hit on a good thing, send it either to the President of the Stamp Club or to the Editor of the *Worth Record*. This dignitary will at once submit your effort to various tests. Thus he may apply the Rule of Thumb (*Lex pollicis*) to your article or place your contributions under a powerful microscope ; he may look up your story in the Stanley Gibbons Catalogue, try it on the cat or even (as President of the Stamp Club) examine the watermark of the paper on which it is written. There are a thousand other simple tests, such as holding your poem upside down to see if it rhymes, or reading it backwards to see if it scans or translating it into Latin to see if all subjects are in the nominative. All-but-lastly the Stenographical test will be brought to bear on your work ; if this succeeds, — but here the Presidential as well as the Editorial lips are sealed, since the result of the absolutely Final test will be revealed only by the printed pages of the *Worth Record* itself.

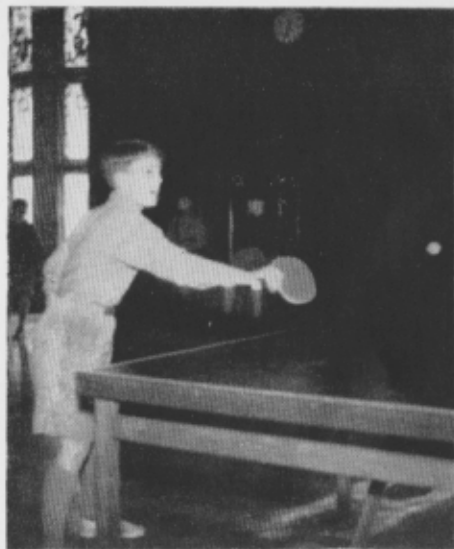
So, you see, an Editor's task is no easy one. He cannot just say "Aha ! I like this ! Into the *W.R.* with it !" He must first apply the tests . . . All this checking of literary work takes time and is not unlike the *Game and Play of Chess*, you know, in which you keep on checking your opponent's king until you are satisfied that he cannot escape (though if your opponent is Winder or Walsh, or Howard, it is usually your own king that cannot escape). Don't mix all this up with *Draughts* ; for if I do not take your contribution for the *W.R.* you are not allowed to say "Huff you for not taking me !" Indeed, if you ever said a thing like that to a President you would be instantly *disqualified*, and that would be the end of you.



G. B. HANBURY WINNING THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN.



TUITION IN SQUASH



S. BORG (winner)

— THE TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP —

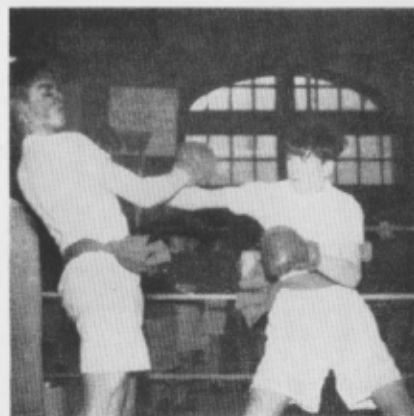
D. ST. J. KEANE



J. M. CHAMBERS

— LEAGUE BOXING FINALS —

A. BUENO



A. J. WITHAM V. H. D. MACDONALD

I can't help thinking that a game of chess may well be compared to a story or article. You work to a plan all the time. It may be a ding-dong affair with now Black, now White gaining the upper hand ; but it all comes right (to the winner !) in the end—unless it turns out to be one of those wretched stalemates . . . Each character in chess acts according to his nature. Look at the King : dignified and somewhat static in the early stages of the game, he may yet be a match-winner later on. Moreover, he has a move that surpasses in stateliness every other move on the board ; a move that he may make but once in a game ; a move arresting as a thunderclap, sudden as a flash of lightning (pause here a moment to get your breath and disentangle things a bit) : in fine, a king may "castle" and, so doing, may alter the whole course of the game. As for the king's importance, everything is done for *him*, every move is made on *his* account. There may be wholesale slaughter ; man, woman and child may be put to the sword ; queens, castles, bishops, knights and pawns may be swept off the chequered board, but so long as both kings remain free to move the game goes on (unless the bell rings for bed-time) . . . Regard the Queen ; see how, more gallantly and forcibly than any other piece or pawn, she supports her Royal Master, combining, in her course of action, the *suaviter in modo* (= diagonal move) of the higher clergy (the Bishops) with the *fortiter in re* (= rectangular move) of the Military Forces (the Castles). As for the knights, they are diplomats indeed ; for although their move looks crooked enough it is really as straight as a die : one might almost say that the knights are the only pieces that can "jump," as it were . . . Even the pawns—those humble members of the proletariat (or shall we just call them little boys ?)—can do their bit : how often do they not lay low some unsuspecting major piece ? And how often does not some little Julius or Cornelius succeed in traversing the length of the board to achieve—of all things !—*Queenship* ? It takes one back to *From Log Cabin to White House* or *Dick Whittington* or the *Arabian Knights* or *Tom Thumb* (the first to discover the force of the so-called *Lex pollicis*). Moreover, there is in the pawn's nature a streak of savagery that appeals to me : I refer to his delight in taking one of his social equals *en passant* (if he knows enough French).

The finest player I ever met was MocStooge ; indeed, he must rank among the very greatest of his time—the early nineties. I frequently played with him and soon found that, on his day, he could give me quite a good game. His luck was phenomenal and became legendary : he always chose to have the first move, no matter which colour he played with ; he was completely indifferent to losses ; he had a maddening way of escaping from the most impossible situations, and they used to say of him that he always kept a spare queen up his sleeve. In one match, against the Chinese expert, Na-Pooh (or was it No-Bong ?), in the first fourteen moves he lost all his pieces and most of his pawns, at the same time failing to capture a single hostile piece or pawn. Yet he managed to extricate his king and three remaining pawns from this shambles and then,

by a masterly handling of his meagre forces, succeeded in checkmating his opponent in thirteen further moves, again without taking a single enemy piece ! No wonder that people used to speak of "MocStooge's luck" as of something quite Satanic. No-Bong (or Na-Pooh), by the way, was so chagrined at his defeat by a mere Scotchman that he challenged MocStooge to mortal combat. Had a fight ever taken place between these giants there is no doubt as to who would have been the winner. But MocStooge, although a "bonny fighter" (like Alan Breck), was a busy man and a master of the art of procrastination ; so nothing more was ever heard of the duel. Years later, Na-Pooh (or No-Bong) was reputed to have committed some sort of hari-kari (*Anglicé*, susanicide) — the only thing he could think of.

As for MocStooge, he kept up his practice of sparing his breath to cool his own porridge, thus evading many an *impasse*. I advise you all to copy him, i.e., to *concentrate*. Concentrate on actually *mounting* all those lovely Bingo-Bango stamps of yours (by the way, everything I am saying in this interesting letter — with certain obvious reservations — may be applied to stamp collecting). Concentrate on checking your opponent ; you need never say "Now I've got you," or "I never noticed that," nor indulge in witty back-chat. Only two words are needed in an average game of chess : "Check" (to be said by either player according to circumstances) and "Checkmate" (to be said once only and by one player only). Exceptionally, a player may have to say "stalemate," but I don't think there is any definite rule about this : it's a sort of *fait accompli* — one player feeling rather relieved at not being beaten, the other knowing that he has been a poor boob to let victory slip from his grasp. *Very* exceptionally, either player may need to make the classical remark "J'adoube," at the same time carrying out, with all due gravity, the appropriate ceremonial.

Concentrate, above all, on your article for the *W.R.* Write as best you can, spell as you please, but stand no nonsense from any of the Parts of Speech, all of which move according to rules with which you are daily becoming more familiar. Without giving yourselves away hopelessly, there must be dozens of subjects stored up within you, any one of which may be *worth recording* (I like to rub this in). Our wheel has now come full circle : we are back where we started. I think it was our old friend the Walrus, who insisted that the time had come to think of many things. Some of your own thoughts may be of vegetable quality, others may possess all the attributes of royalty : send them all in ; and remember that a stout-hearted cabbage is better than a feeble king.

Your loving little Diogenes Philatelist.

P.S.—While Julius White and Cornelius Black are marching and counter-marching on the chequered board, what are the rules for onlookers ? There are two : "Mum's the word" and "Pokerface." For chess is not an amphitheatrical contest in which no play is possible unless the opposing

teams are goaded on by the cries of their supporters. You can no more give tongue *during* a game of chess than you can applaud *whilst* The Great Caruso is busting himself at the Opera : you must wait until all is over. An onlooker who so much as sneezes at chess deserves to be instantly disqualified (and that should be the end of him).

## PARAGRAPHS

Nicholas Dolan (Worth 1946-1949), who left Downside last September, has just gone to Dartmouth in January. Peter Rudd (1947-1951) has come over from Nairobi to Dartmouth also this term. John Coward (Worth 1945-1951) has just passed in.

\* \* \*

These Worth boys did well at the end of last year : A. B. P. Mockler (Worth 1945-1949) got a £100 Classical Scholarship at Jesus College, Cambridge ; J. E. Crouzet (Worth 1944-1949) got a Modern Languages Exhibition to Trinity Hall ; P. A. J. Kemmis-Betty (Worth 1944-1949), one in Classics to the same College ; and M. W. O'Connell (Worth 1945-1949), a Classical Exhibition to Clare.

\* \* \*

Marek Piasecki (Worth 1948-1951) writes from Los Angeles : "This is my second Christmas in America, and I keep thinking of Worth, even if I don't write often !"

\* \* \*

L. R. C. Lethbridge (Worth 1939-1942) is engaged to be married to Phyllis Angela (Jill) Soden, of Chobham, Surrey ; Robert Brandt (Worth 1933-1938) to Frauke Maria Ludwig, of Hamburg ; John Lowe (Worth 1938-1942) to Eleanor Cole ; and Paul Taggart (Worth 1937-1942) to Heather Foxell.

\* \* \*

Jan Krasnowiecki (Worth 1941-1943) is now married to a Miss Sally Liddell in New York. Father Maurice married Michael Huson Morris (Worth 1936-1941) to Miss Judy Pappin at the Oratory, Brompton, on 23rd January, 1954. Michael Morris was for some years in the Royal Navy ; but serious and unfortunate deafness in one ear brought about his retirement. We count him and his father and mother among the principal friends of Worth.

\* \* \*

Simon Richey and Michael Sheraton made their First Communions on 21st March, 1954.

\* \* \*

The Strathallan Prize for the Michaelmas Number has been awarded to D. St J. Keane, for his contribution : *Books*.



We welcome to the Staff Lt.-Colonel Hugh Vredenburg, who has thrown himself with enormous energy into the teaching of mathematics and, we believe, into every other school activity.

\* \* \*

Mr Michael Keating left us in December. He had been here a long time and we miss him and his unfailing good humour. We shall always remember him as a man who was outstandingly successful in helping lame mathematical ducks over algebraical stiles. We all give him our best wishes and hope that he will be happy in Yorkshire. His address is : Aysgarth, Bedale, Yorks.

\* \* \*

Mr Ernest Wallis leaves us this term for an adventure in the north. We need hardly say that he, too, will be much missed. He has, since the war, been a successful body-builder, an organiser of wonderful gymnastic displays, a successful boxing coach, a mender of flat feet and sinuous vertebrae, a swimming expert of no mean performance, and finally, a man who has earned the affection and respect of us all. Our good wishes go with him.

\* \* \*

Dom Vincent Cavanagh, Housemaster of Roberts at Downside, has completed the compilation of the Downside lists of boys at St Gregory's, so well begun by Dom Lucius Graham. These lists cover the whole period from 1614 to 1953. The Douai log from Ralph Stapylton in 1614 to Charles Hickson, who entered in 1793, are followed by the logs at Acton Burnell (1793 to 1814) and then the complete list of all at Downside from the year before the Battle of Waterloo to the present day, present an impressive picture. The early names have involved much research, because so much was destroyed by the French Revolution. It is a great work that has been done. Some copies are available from Downside at five shillings.

\* \* \*

E. J. Birch (Worth 1943-1948) has already obtained his musical qualifications L.R.A.M. and A.R.C.M. He is in his last year at the Royal College of Music and is to join the army in the autumn. He is now just over nineteen years' of age. While at Worth he passed the Grade VII Examination with credit.

\* \* \*

The most sincere thanks of us all are given to Dr Lawrence Morris, who has given us a Silver Cup. He is at St Mary's Hospital and a stalwart player, in the past, and supporter, in the present, of the Rugby game—especially round the London Hospitals. He wishes to encourage good kicking and the cup is called the *Rugby Football Kicking Cup*. Every spring there will be a competition and we hope shortly to publish the conditions under which it will be held.

\* \* \*

R. H. Ortiger has won a £60 Scholarship at Downside.

## UPWARDS

*Head of the School* : H. D. Macdonald.

*School Prefects* : A. J. H. Witham, J. B. Bourke, W. J. M. Gissane, L. F. Urruticoechea, C. A. A. P. Eugster, B. N. Barrett, S. M. J. Turnbull, O. D. Plunkett and F. W. Carr.

*Dormitory Prefects* : (Butler) K. H. Singleton, M. J. McEnery, H. R. Haydon ; (Ford) D. St J. Keane, K. McGrath ; (Chapman) S. E. Ball, D. C. Collingwood, J. S. W. Williams, N. M. Smyth ; (Junior) P. R. Capon ; (Tower) G. B. Hanbury, M. J. M. Kauntze.

*Captain of Rugby and Squash Rackets* : L. F. Urruticoechea.

*Captain of Hockey* : J. B. Bourke.

*Librarian* : P. V. E. Howard.

*Assistant Librarians* : J. C. Thorold, C. M. S. Phillips, M. J. Alexander, P. A. R. Leake, P. T. O'Connell, R. A. J. Eady, J. M. H. Fitzgerald-Lombard, F. N. Hoogewerf.

*Leaders of the Choir* : H. L. B. Falkiner and P. A. Brenninkmeyer.

*Masters of Ceremonies* : H. D. Macdonald and R. A. de M. Grey.

*Thurifers* : J. B. Bourke and H. R. Haydon.

*Acolytes* : K. H. Singleton, A. J. H. Witham, M. J. McEnery and D. A. Legge.

## REWARDS

The following boys won their Form Prizes in the Michaelmas Term :  
A. J. Staveacre (1a), J. J. Walford (1b), K. McGrath (1c), J. M. H. Fitzgerald-Lombard (1d), A. D. H. Winder (2a), R. E. A. Webb (2b), C. A. Coreth (2c), A. P. C. Gibson (3a<sup>1</sup>), R. J. Wadia (3a<sup>2</sup>), K. W. O' Sullivan (3b), M. A. de Navarro (4a), R. V. Taylor (4b), D. M. P. Barrère (4c), M. E. Agius (5a), P. J. Pavry (5b), M. I. Paterson (6).

## INWARDS

The following boys joined the School on 20th January, 1954 :  
J. J. A. Cowdry, C. J. Patten, N. Sirkett.

## OUTWARDS

The following boys left the School in December, 1953 :  
M. W. R. de Udy, S. ff. Howard, P. T. Metternich, S. E. H. Poett, F. S. Scott, M. V. Taylor.

# L. G. WICKENS

(late C. A. Jones)

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## SCHOOL STAFF

APRIL, 1954

- 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.)  
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.)  
P. Stephenson, B.A. (Oxon.)  
Lt.-Colonel H. Vredenburg  
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 M. N. Beck  
Miss J. Moore, *Riding School*  
Miss R. Sacré, *Riding School*  
Dr R. Matthews, M.A., M.B., B.Ch. (Cantab.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.,  
*Medical Officer*  
Miss J. Edey, S.R.C.N., *Sister-in-Charge*  
Miss J. O'Brien, *Infirmary*  
Miss P. Moloney, *Senior Matron*  
Miss N. Neerman, *Ford House Matron*  
Miss M. Rossi, *Butler House Matron*  
Miss C. Fear-Hill, *Chapman House Matron*  
Miss A. Hollins, *Junior House Matron*  
Mrs Barrington, *Tower House Matron*  
Miss A. Gibson, *Assistant Tower House*  
Miss S. Bell, *Senior Houses Assistant Matron*  
Miss Hewitt, *Assistant Matron*  
Miss M. K. Young, *Secretary*