

*The*

# WORTH RECORD





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The

# WORTH RECORD

Vol. V. No. 5

SPRING TERM

## FROM THE HEADMASTER

During last holidays, those of us who live in London, or South of it, were surprised to find it getting darker and darker until it seemed to be almost night at two o'clock in the afternoon. We were told later that this was a smoke cloud over London which had met two contrary winds. A boy here told me that during this time a bearded man walked up and down in front of his house proclaiming the End of the World in a loud voice.

I suppose the biggest clouds we could ever see are those big mushrooms twenty-thousand feet high which rise after an atomic bomb has exploded. You will remember that the war with Japan was ended in 1945 by using two of these bombs on Hiroshima and Nakasaki. The Japanese were too frightened to go on fighting. Thousands upon thousands of innocent people lost their lives and two whole cities were laid waste until hardly one stone stood upon another. Was it right to drop those terrible bombs? Some people say that, although many innocent people were killed, the fact that this action of the United States ended the war at once prevented the loss of hundreds of thousands more American and Japanese lives. However, as Christians, we must be careful not to get mixed up in the slaughter of the innocent. An atomic bomb dropped on an enemy army or navy or airfield may be according to the rules; but we cannot agree, surely, to dropping these terrible bombs on populous cities so as to make the other side terrified and therefore unwilling to go on with the war?

Unfortunately the world is divided into two halves: the Communist slave-states and the free world. Both halves not only possess atomic bombs, but also the hydrogen bomb whose power of destruction is almost beyond calculation. Those who really know all about it at close quarters are the very ones who are most sure of its frightful effects. One hydrogen bomb dropped on the centre of London would wipe out all landmarks that we have ever known and leave a desert in which everything has been burned and melted by its flash. It has a hundred other dangers too of which I have not either the time or the wish to tell you.

We have lately said that we shall make it and store it in case of attack by the Communist world; we have said that if they use it we shall use it on them; we have given them to understand that, even if they do not use it but try to conquer the world by force of arms, we shall use it.

You can see that Man has invented something so terrible that the time may come when the world may become a desert. War never



settles anything. If only the nations would agree to abolish war, then we might save ourselves ; but as the angels sang on Christmas night, there is "peace on earth to men of goodwill." From evil men whose designs are wicked we cannot expect peace. At present we hope to keep them from action by leaving them in a state of fear.

Can we not get both halves of the world to agree never to use this terrible bomb ? I am afraid not. No country allied with the U.S.A and none allied with Russia would trust the other. Who could possibly inspect these countries to see there were no secret stores ? No, it is only when all countries fully realise that the hydrogen bomb can end civilisation as we know it, and return us to the stage of cave-men that some country which has not joined either side might possibly act as an umpire or referee and force both to obey the rules. This only if they both agree to accept the referee's decisions.

Yes, the world is in great danger. The bearded man prophesied the immediate end of the world last holidays ; but we do not know how and when it may come. I think we have always thought of God ending the world before the last judgement ; but is it not possible that he will watch Man in his wickedness destroy himself ? Will not Man possibly destroy his own world which God gave him ? Is the story of man perhaps a progress from the Garden of Eden to the Desert of Hydrogen ?

Whatever happens we Christians, we Catholics, have nothing to fear so long as we always remain in the grace of God. I have been told of an Irishman who lived at Redditch, a few miles outside Birmingham. During the whole time when Birmingham was being bombed he used to bicycle into the city with bombs falling all round him. People asked him why he cycled into danger in this foolhardy way just to go to a *ceilidh*. He replied, "What does it matter if you are in a state of grace ?"

And what do any atomic or hydrogen bombs matter if you are in a state of grace ? If you go regularly to confession (and always if you do anything really bad), you can be ready for another and happier world at any time — Why worry ? A great deal of anxiety is wasted in thinking too much about the destruction of the world we live in—it is getting so wicked and so far from God that perhaps He thinks the time has come to end it or to let foolish little Man destroy himself. As you grow up you must do your part to make frightened people face the future without fear, and to do this they must be in the grace of God. The end of the world is probably not near nor is it round the corner ; but we must always be ready — always — always — at all times close to God and His Mercy.

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

MAURICE BELL

## MORNING

by N. P. STEPHENS\*

In the morning flowers peep,  
In the night flowers sleep.  
The sun gives flowers a little fun  
And little flowers are frightened  
By the roving wind.  
The little trees blow  
When there is thick snow,  
And willow trees shake in the breeze.

## NIGHT

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

The day is far spent and the day has stopped striving,  
The sky is like a glowing red ember.  
The old country shepherd his sheep driving,  
Observes the sky of shedding September.  
Slowly it darkens and night comes amain,  
All is quiet but the woods are astir ;  
The bats and owls are awake once again,  
And the tired mice sleep inside their warm fur.  
Old churchyards are quiet and deserted,  
And the church clock strikes the hour of midnight.  
The light of the moonbeams shine diverted  
Upon him who stares at heav'n's gay starlight.  
Once more the earth is peaceful and asleep,  
All sleep, everyone in God's own keep.

## THE FAIR

by R. C. M. McGOURAN\*

One day I went to a great big fair  
With side-shows and tents nearly everywhere,  
And clowns and dancers and lots of swings  
And dogs that jumped through hoops and rings.  
But the thing I liked best was the merry-go-round,  
That went round and round and down to the ground,  
And the play called, "Black Jack and his Fighting Terrors,"  
Specially the Hall of the Wonderful Mirrors.

\*NIGEL STEPHENS, born 29 December, 1944 ; entered Worth September, 1953.

\*ANTHONY BUENO, born 28 June, 1942 ; entered Worth January, 1950 ; Boxing, Squash and Gym Teams.

\*RORY McGOURAN, born 22 November, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1954.

## SNOWDROPS

by D. POWYS-LYBBE\*

Snowdrops, you tell us when Winter is gone,  
You tell us when Spring is coming.  
Snowdrops, you tell that bluebells, too,  
With daffodils are coming.  
When all the snow has gone, you come.  
When the cold wind has gone, you come.  
As birds come back from a hot country, you come ;  
But when the bluebells come you have gone fast asleep.

## PERIL

by W. C. R. K. DIEZ\*

The cliffs stand out,  
And all about  
Great waves roar and rumble,  
Bits of cliff crumble,  
Far away the lighthouse flicks its light.  
The buoy shines bright  
And clangs its bell's warning  
Till the morning,  
And the ship it saves  
From the devastating doom of the waves.

## THE TREE

by B. H. ELKINGTON\*

There was a beautiful tree,  
As busy as can be.  
He made his hidden sticky buds  
All through the summer.  
Then his leaves fell,  
Filling the dell.  
Spring comes along and lo !  
Buds burst to health and glow.

\*DAVID POWYS-LYBBE, born 1 April, 1946 ; entered Worth September, 1954.

\*WOLFGANG DIEZ, born 5 April, 1943 ; entered Worth September, 1952 ; acted in *Aladdin* 1954.

\*BERNARD ELKINGTON, born 11 November, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1954.

## PRIMAVERA

by C. G. MOCKLER\*

Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
Winter is going by.  
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies,  
Now begin to sigh,  
" Goodbye to winter days."  
Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
Flowers are coming too,  
Pansies, lilies, daffodillies,  
All are coming through.  
Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
All around is fair ;  
Reeds do quiver by the river,  
Joy is everywhere.  
Spring is coming, spring.  
Everywhere is gay,  
As the birds laugh and sing  
And fly on their way.

## SCRUM FEVER

with apologies to the Poet Laureate

by G. C. GLEADELL\*

I must go down to the field again and score another try,  
And all I ask is a good pass and a clear way by ;  
But the way through to the other line is past those burly forwards ;  
Shall I cut through or run round, or keep straight onwards ?

I must go down to the field again, to the line of the other side.  
" Hold the ball, keep it now," the sour-faced trainer cried ;  
But how can I, with that wing forward trying to tackle me.  
Shall I hand-off or side-step, or sell a deceiving dummy ?

Triumph ! I've crossed the line, and scored the winning try.  
The trainer's face is changed for once ; he's pleased, with shining eye.  
Now a Worth cap with black tassel, and a badge sewn tightly,  
As I am called through a cheering crowd, is presented to me.

\*CHRISTOPHER MOCKLER, born 21 January, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1954.

\*GILES GLEADELL, born 3 September, 1942 ; entered Worth May, 1951 ; acted in *Stations in Mime* and *Aladdin* 1954 ; Choir.



## THE POLICE FORCE

by P. M. RUTHERFORD\*

Once upon a time there was a police force in the middle of a town. The town was called Lewes. The Head of the police force was dressed very smartly. The others were dressed very well too. The force was very useful indeed. Once a man stole a car from a man called Mr Greenwood. He went to the garage. The doors were wide open, the car gone and the garage in a mess. He wisely went straight to the police. There was the head. He reported the news. Directly the police heard this, they were excited and all began to talk at once. "How do you know this?" said a policeman. "I had to go to work, I saw my car gone, the door wide open, and my garage in a mess." "When did it happen?" said another. "I do not know," said Mr Greenwood. "Wasn't it a pity he did not see it. We will go out and see if we can find him." So off they went. Before they went the sergeant said, "What is your car's number?" Mr Greenwood replied, "JYP 658." Of course the Head was pleased. "Find JYP 658, and bring it here." They caught the robber easily. He was driving up and down a road called Bradford Road. He was in prison for the next twenty years for this and many robberies.

## SEASONS

by R. P. E. LEIGH\*

One Season of the year  
Has the deer.  
Another one, is the Spring  
When children dance in a ring  
And rain comes in showers  
And wrecks all the flowers.  
Summer is the season that has sun  
And everyone has a run.  
Birds make their nests  
People have a rest  
And out in the east  
Hunters hunt a beast.  
Autumn is the season that has the wind  
Winter is the season which has a snowfall  
And boys and girls snowball  
And the sunset is early  
And the Spring comes slowly.

\*PETER RUTHERFORD, born 4 August, 1947 ; entered Worth September, 1954.

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

## A DAY AT SEA

by R. C. J. FRASER\*

As I was out on the sea so blue,  
I saw a little bird on the deck !  
And as I went near, he gave me a peck.  
I tried to catch him and say "How do you do?"  
But I was a little too late and away he flew.  
He flew, and he flew over the sea so blue,  
Right over the sea and high into the sky.  
Till down he went, and took a pie,  
Off a barrow man's laden stand.  
Alas and alas ! a little boy shot  
And the bird fell dead into my hand.

## THE RAT HUNT

by C. P. P. DE WESTENHOLZ\*

One day, my brother and I got up early and went rat hunting. We looked in some old sheds but we had no luck, so we went to a little field where some of the pigs were kept. After a little time we could not find any rats, so my brother got on the back of one of the pigs and had a ride. But when it began to go faster my brother fell off. Then I thought that I would have a go so I got on the back of a pig and when it began to move, I fell off but then I got on again. Later in the day we went to a shed on the other side of the farm where we thought there would be some rats. I went inside and banged on the door opposite to the one I came in by, and lots of rats came out. Our dog killed most of them but a few escaped.

## TWO CATS

by M. ADLER\*

There was a cat who liked milk,  
Who had a coat of silk,  
She caught a mouse,  
And she lived in a house;  
And there was a clever cat,  
Who used to lie on a mat,  
And her name was Bunting,  
Who loved hunting.

\*ROBERT FRASER, born 24 October, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1954.

\*CHARLES de WESTENHOLZ, born 17 March, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1952.

\*MICHAEL ADLER, born 16 July, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1953.

## THE OWL

by R. C. A. CHICHESTER\*

'Tis even-time,  
And the birds go unto their nests,  
— Even the playful rabbit rests —  
Except the foreboding owl.  
He sits upon the creaking bough,  
And when the rat with stealthy tread,  
Is pounced upon and made quite dead  
'Tis the work of the dark brown owl.  
He takes the food unto his mate  
There it is very soon devoured ;  
Those yellow eyes aren't the eyes of a coward  
But the eyes of the silent owl.

## A SCENE IN THE COUNTRY

by M. A. de NAVARRO\*

The scene which I will mention is at Loch in Dort. By the loch there is a road with heather on each side. The road disappears on the left hand side into a small wood, and further away from the road there is a bog and beyond that another wood. Suddenly our car comes into the scene from the wood on the left hand side. We park it at a convenient place and get out. We look at the island castle and paddle on the edge of the loch. Then we have tea and after a bit more paddling we collect a few wild flowers and drive slowly on till we reach the small town of Nairn. We are staying there at a hotel called Greystones. Our friend, Isobel, and I wave my mother and father off, and they go back the way we came through the Cairngorms to Carbridge, where they are staying.

A few days before this we had gone to Loch a Neilan, where the ruined island castle of the Wolf of Badenoch still stands. From the road there is a slope down to the Loch itself and although there is a lot of heather round the Loch our side is green grass with a lot of pine trees around and on the further side of the road there is a small cottage where we had tea. After paddling we go in a boat round the island castle, which although ancient in years, and overgrown with nettles is still in such good condition that you can see one of the great doorways and parts of the walls. After this we have a delicious tea, and make a sketch of the island. I forgot to mention that soon after we arrived, we picked some wild flowers. After I finish my sketch we again leave in the car for Nairn, from where my parents again go off for Carbridge.

\*RALEIGH CHICHESTER, born 31 July, 1942 ; entered Worth September, 1951 ; acted in *Aladdin* ; Boxing Team ; Choir.

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

## SEA AND LAND

by I. J. K. LINTNER\*

The rippling waves fall on the shore,  
The sun doth shine.  
While sea-gulls soar  
And branches sway on the pine.  
The sun goes in,  
The moon comes out  
And the sea is calm  
While I'm out and about.  
In the country is a farm  
Where we get our butter and milk,  
And the farm-dog does no harm.

## THE BLACKBIRD

by M. J. CUMMINS\*

I saw a sweet blackbird  
A-singing in a tree,  
A very sweet blackbird  
That much pleased me,  
With its feathers so black  
And its voice so sweet,  
It sang a gay song  
With a wide open beak.

## IN SNOWDONIA

by R. W. G. HAYES\*

One of the scenes of the country I like best is the one of Snowdon with its high rivals. Often it is under cloud. The mountain passes are very beautiful when one looks along the valley. The most beautiful of these passes is the Nant Francon where the main London-Holyhead road runs. On either side, the hills rise steeply up to some two thousand feet. Near the end of the pass there is Lyn Ogwen which is called the bottomless lake. (But it is only ten feet deep at the deepest). Snowdon cannot be seen from the pass. One of the highest in the pass is Tryfan. This is just over three thousand feet and is probably one of the most dangerous in the range. The Llanberis pass is hidden from view. This one is not so lovely as the rest but we can see Snowdon from it. And now the Nant Gwynant. This one is very lovely too. From this pass one can see Snowdon more plainly. There is one more mountain which we can see which is about the only conical mountain in the range. It is called Crib Goch and is also a bit tricky to climb.

\*IVAN LINTNER, born 18 June, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1953.

\*MICHAEL CUMMINS, born 22 October, 1946 ; entered Worth May, 1953.

\*ROBERT HAYES, born 22 February, 1944 ; entered Worth September, 1952 ; Choir.



## A RACE MEETING

by C. D. CRONIN\*

It was a lovely spring day with only a few clouds dotted about the sky, and as the horses lined up for the first race the sun peeped through into every nook and cranny, almost dazzling the jockeys themselves. But when the starter's flag went up the sun mysteriously disappeared behind one of the few big clouds. The horses were bucking and kicking in eagerness to get away, and in the stand there was a hush until at last the starter was satisfied that the horses were in a straight line and then he dropped his flag and all eighteen horses went away, number 16 getting the best start. As they came up to the first fence, which was a double bank, the numbers 10 and 16 were the first to get over it. When number 2 came up to it he bucked at the last minute and his rider went hurtling over the bank, leaving his horse standing on the other side of it. The second fence was a hedge and the first few knocked a hole in it making it very easy for the rest to get through. There were four falls at this fence so that left only thirteen horses in the race, number 16 again in the lead. The next seven jumps were something similar to the first two, but at the tenth jump which was a single bank there were five falls, leaving only three horses in the race, and their numbers were 4, 6 and 16. As they came round the last bend into the view of the crowd it was number 16 winning by about two lengths. But as they neared the winning post it was a terribly close race between all three. However, in the end, after a photo finish number 16 was acknowledge the winner.

## ARAB BOY

by W. R. J. B. CROSS\*

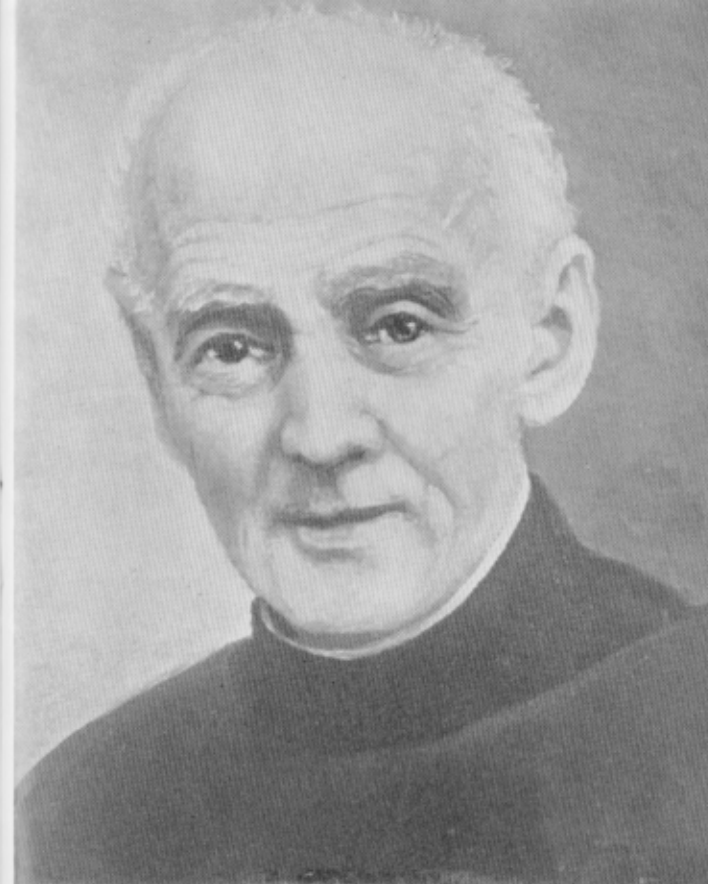
I have got a horse,  
His name is Arab Boy,  
And he runs his races  
On a big race course.

He listens to the band  
That plays up the road ;  
And he gallops and he trots  
On the gold and yellow sand.

At the end of every day,  
I lock him in his stable,  
He eats his bran and mash,  
And sleeps, tired out with play.

\*COLIN CRONIN, born 23 January, 1944 ; entered Worth September, 1954.

\*JASON CROSS, born 15 November, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1953.



BR. MEINRAD EUGSTER,  
OF EINSIEDELN. (SEE  
THE *Headmaster's Letter*  
IN THE CHRISTMAS NUM-  
BER OF THE WORTH  
RECORD)



THE TERRACES IN THE  
SNOW



IN THE CARPENTER'S SHOP. J. COWDRY, P. SANDAY AND M. TEMPLE. A. EYRE.

## PICKWICKIAN EPISODE

by D. C. SIRKETT\*

"Sam, Sam," called Mr Pickwick to his trusted servant, as he rolled out of bed. "Sam, bring me my new suit and gaiters, will you? We are going to the fair today." Sam appeared, carrying a pair of spotless white gaiters, and Mr Pickwick's new suit and top hat. Having brought these articles to his master, Sam gracefully retired and left him to his toilet. About a quarter of an hour later, Mr Pickwick descended the stairs, accompanied by his new-found friend, Mr Peter Magnus. The breakfast table was lavishly spread, and everybody set to with great gusto, being loyally waited upon by Sam. When the coffee was finished, Mr Pickwick announced, with great dignity, that they would go to Beckonsfield Fair for, as he had heard from the locals, there were some very extraordinary and interesting things there, such as would befit learned antiquarians of the Pickwickian club to record in their diaries. Accordingly, they set out in a coach, which Sam, under the orders of Mr Pickwick had procured for them early in the morning. When they reached the fair, all was tumult and bustle, shouting, laughing and cheering, and as the crowd was rather thick at the entrance, Mr Pickwick and his friends decided to enter the first marquee they could find. In this project, they had no difficulty, as, when they had hardly got into the fairground, a huge man seized Mr Tupman and Mr Snodgrass by the arm, and hustled them into a stall marked, "The Mountain of Flesh," where, having paid their entrance fees they were permitted to view a perfectly enormous woman, a veritable fat girl of Peckham, in an enormous bikini. At this sight, the Pickwickians shuddered and Mr Peter Magnus said, "Ahem!" Sam said nothing, so we may assume that he was too horrified to speak. At these exclamations from his clients the fair ground man said: "Genooine, Sir, absolutely genooine," and prodded the Mountain where he estimated the ribs to be; at this familiar usage, the fat female uttered a shriek and called the man, "A 'orrible beast." The tactful Pickwickians now deemed it prudent to retire, and so passed on to the next attraction, which, being a huge tower, and being marked, "Helter-Skelter," they (and especially Mr Snodgrass, who thought it must be a museum of some kind) were naturally very curious about. So, in they went; and after traversing a number of steps within the edifice, came to the top of it; where, to the horror of the Pickwickians, they found themselves stranded about fifty feet up in the air. Suddenly Mr Winkle was seized by a gigantic brawny arm and thrust on to a mat on which he slid down the outside of the tower at a tremendous speed, which gathered momentum every second. Hearing the screaming of their sporting friend, as he rapidly disappeared round the edge of the tower, was too much for the antiquarians, and pushing aside the enormous man, with an enormous push in true propor-

\*DAVID SIRKETT, born 9 November, 1941; entered Worth May, 1950; Boxing and Gym Teams; 2nd XV.



tion to the enormous man's size, Mr Pickwick and his company fled, tumbling down the steps at the bottom of the tower just in time to collide with their howling friend as he, terror-stricken, shot on to the ground (by a miraculous event not tearing his trousers upon the rough ground) at the end of his awful ride. Their escape from that fairground will always be remembered in the annals of the Pickwickians, as the most terrifying of their many daring and unusual adventures, and it may be safely assumed that they (and especially Mr Winkle) will never be ensnared by the gay posters in the fairground again.

## THE GRADUAL EVOLUTION OF OUR GOVERNMENT

by A. D. H. WINDER\*

Most of us, at some time in our lives, make a visit to the House of Commons, where we watch the goings-on from the Spectators' Gallery. We see the Speaker in his chair, and the Government on one side of the Chamber and the Opposition on the other. There may be an important debate in progress, with many members present, or it may be Question Time, when any member may ask a Minister a question, or the House may be in Committee, discussing the details of a proposed Bill. Whatever is the case, we may wonder how it all originated, and who made the rules under which debates are organised.

During the period following upon the Conquest, the Kings of England were practically all powerful; occasionally the chief Barons in the country rebelled (the most serious was certainly the de Montfort rebellion of the thirteenth century, when there was civil war), but generally speaking the monarch was easily able to govern the whole kingdom, as England has a comparatively small population. Gradually, however, it was found that the King often abused this power and that he also spent too much money. King James I was always asking Parliament to lend him money. At that time Parliament virtually governed the country, and the Civil War led to Cromwell's dictatorship and a decrease in the monarch's power.

After the Hanoverian Succession (1714) Walpole and his ministers were in complete control of the country and George I (who was a disliked nonentity who couldn't speak English) had no power at all. Thus Cabinet government grew, which led eventually to our own government as we know it today.

We can see in retrospect that our system of government is much fairer and perhaps more just than the monarchy of Tudor times, as there is less fear of unjust ruling. It is very interesting to recall the history of our country's government, and to see how and why it changed, and perhaps most of all, what it has changed to.

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

## SOUTHERN RHODESIA

by M. F. THOMAS\*

We used to live in Southern Rhodesia which is in South Africa. We lived on a tobacco farm about twenty miles from the capital, Salisbury. There are quite a lot of such farms in the country because the climate is just right. They also grow cotton, and there are quite a few cotton plantations. We had lots of pets: four dogs, two cats and eight kittens. One of the dogs went astray and we think he was eaten by a leopard. Once our male cat was put on the roof to kill mice. He brought down fourteen and laid them on my mother's bed. The climate was sunny, and terribly hot. In August and around that time it pours with rain. It was much heavier than the rain we get in England. The natives we employed (to work in the fields) lived in compounds. A compound is a cluster of little huts made of straw and mud. We owned a little store from which the natives bought their goods. Our house was built by my father and was made of bricks like a normal house, and it had a thatched roof. We kept chickens which my mother looked after with the help of a few natives. The most common wild animal was the leopard. They are a kind of tiger but they are white with black spots. There were also little black things called ticks. They got all over the dogs and even us. If you killed them blood came out because they sucked your blood. Also there were dozens of mosquitos. We saw some lions but they weren't common. We only saw five altogether. The natives were terrified of them. We came back to England five years ago in 1950.

## HAPPY EASTER

by R. F. MICHELL\*

Easter is coming soon  
With the bright big moon,  
Easter eggs and fun,  
And the warm sun.

No more snow,  
Ho! ho! ho!  
Here is the spring again,  
But some rain.

The sun shines bright  
In everyone's sight,  
Away and away we go  
In the sunlight, O?

\*MICHAEL THOMAS, born 29 October, 1944; entered Worth Summer, 1954.

\*RICHARD MICHELL, born 13 August, 1945; entered Worth September, 1954.

## WHEN I HAD MY TONSILS OUT

by A. J. RADCLIFFE\*

I arrived at the nursing home with "butterflies in my tummy" at the possibility of having my tonsils cut out. I was ushered into a room where they were inspecting; the doctor said my tonsils must come out in twenty-four hours. I was pushed off to a room where I was given some pills. I was woken up later and led to the operating table where a man, wearing a white overall and holding a long pair of scissors and a razor-sharp knife, was standing. I hoped to get gas but unfortunately I was injected. I could watch the surgeon cutting my tonsils out. I was only five, and the idea of having my tonsils cut out in front of my eyes frightened me so much that I lost my senses and kicked him on the jaw. The next thing that I remember was waking up feeling like a hoarse parrot. On the table by my bed was a jar filled with water, and floating on the top were two gory objects. I was feeling so ill that I couldn't talk so I wrote a note: "What are those things in that jam jar?" "Your tonsils!" My lunch was cold scrambled egg mixed with mashed apple. While I was waiting for someone to come and amuse me I used to make a nuisance of myself. I went home four days later with a craving for grapes and yet more grapes. I ate a pound without a break. Even though I was only five at the time I can still remember what the tonsils looked like.

## THROUGH THE YEAR

by M. E. AGIUS\*

In the spring,  
The little birds sing :  
The daffodil and snowdrop  
Are in bloom all the spring.  
In the summer,  
The grass and the trees are green,  
And the little sheep play in the meadow ;  
The flowers are colourful, they make a nice scene.  
In the autumn,  
It starts getting cold,  
And it rains quite a lot,  
And we sit by the log fire which is hot.  
In the winter  
It snows,  
And we play at snowballs,  
And the great wind blows.

\*ANTHONY RADCLIFFE, born 17 June, 1942; entered Worth Sept., 1950; acted in *Under the Skull and Crossbones*, *Aladdin* and *Stations in Mime*; 1st XV; School Prefect; Choir Leader.

\*MICHAEL AGIUS, born 26 December, 1944; entered Worth September, 1952.

## PAINTING

by J. X. W. LAKE\*

Painting is a very great and interesting art and perhaps the most ancient. One can look right back thirty thousand years to the Lascaux cave paintings in France. These paintings of animals are real works of art, considering they only had chalks and clay of different colours for drawing with. It is difficult to decide who was the greatest painter, because as in music, people differ in taste. At present in England, people seem to be in favour of Bruegel and Van Gogh, a modern painter. I myself am not particularly interested in Bruegel, although some of his works are very lovely. Van Gogh has a very strong and stern look in his paintings. Towards the end of the eighteenth century several painters got a new idea about painting. They wanted to express their *thoughts* on canvas, so to speak: in other words they wanted to paint many different coloured patterns to form into an intended shape; they wanted to start a new style of painting. This new style naturally grew stronger as time went on, and some painters, such as Picasso have gone so far as to paint jumbled up puzzles in which there is usually some object. Many people of course, think it all a ridiculous lot of nonsense. Constable, an English painter who lived in the eighteenth and nineteenth century, was too early to follow this new style of painting, and kept to his very fine and soft delicate manner. Cezanne, a modern French painter, has hardly adopted this strange modern way of painting. He has given his pictures a simple quiet background and has lovely colouring.

Toulouse-Lautrec also French, died not long ago, having spent a very terrible life. He was a dwarf and people used to laugh at him because of his ugliness: but in spite of his deformity he painted wonderfully with a real sense of humour.

There are far too many painters in the world for me to describe, but I must not forget a great favourite modern painter, Degas: nearly everyone knows his famous painting of ballet dancers.

In the Middle Ages painters used chiefly to paint religious and historic pictures: also frescoes, paintings on walls, used to be done a lot. Italy seems to be the country from which most of the world's greatest painters came, such as Titian, Botticelli, Michelangelo, Fra Angelico, Giovanni Bellini.

Michelangelo is famous for his wonderful frescoes, as well as his canvas paintings. Fra Angelico, a Dominican Friar, also painted frescoes on the walls of his monastery, and nearly all his paintings were religious. Like all the painters of those times, he took great care over his painting.

Gainsborough, who lived in about the eighteenth century, did mostly portraits. He painted with great skill and delicacy, and the faces of his figures showed a tremendous expression. Raphael was also a very lovely painter. He, like Titian, had marvellous colouring and softness in his paintings.

\*JOHN LAKE, born 1 September, 1942; entered Worth September, 1953; acted in *Aladdin* and *Stations in Mime*.



## THE NEW FOREST IN SUMMER

by M. G. A. WILKINSON\*

The New Forest is situated in Hampshire near Lyndhurst. It was used for hunting by William Rufus. I am now going to try and describe it. As you walk along the main road about every half mile there are notices saying "Beware of the Ponies." This is because in the forest live herds of wild ponies which are preserved by the government. Then you turn off on to one of the numerous woodland paths. It is a lovely day, and the chirrup of birds make a fitting melody to the scene. Soon a stream is seen, and grazing beside it a herd of wild ponies. As you creep towards them the leader scents you and the herd plunges off through the bracken. Soon the forest gets darker and the sunlight is blocked out by the trees. Suddenly there is a rustle and a deer leaps across the path and disappears through the undergrowth on the other side. Then you come to a forest clearing which is flooded with the rays of the sun, and stands out plainly against the dark gloom of the forest. In the middle of the clearing is an oak tree, under which, to your delight you see a badger, sitting outside his hole, bathing in the sun. Then he smells you and disappears down his hole. Then you look at your watch and decide to go back. On the way back you meet another herd of wild ponies, and to your amazement a pony comes up to you and nuzzles your hand asking for food. Then you give it to him and go back to civilization.

## SPRING

by M. F. TEMPLE\*

The leaves are green,  
The sky is blue,  
The birds do sing  
And fly to you.

The men do shout,  
The babies squawk,  
The children cry,  
The women talk.

The trees wave  
As the breeze blows,  
The stream quivers,  
The grass grows.

\*MARTIN WILKINSON, born 24 April, 1943 ; entered Worth April, 1951 ; under 12 Cricket XI ; Choir.

\*MICHAEL TEMPLE, born 16 November, 1942 ; entered Worth September, 1951 ; acted in *Aladdin* 1954 ; Choir.

## AFRICAN HUNTER

by D. J. DALY\*

It is now early morning in Africa. The hunter's blacks are making ready the jeep and loading the rifles. They are all ready to go, the hunter drives the jeep and his eight blacks jump in behind. They are going in the deep jungle today. So when they come to the edge of the jungle, the hunter and all his blacks, except one who is to guard the jeep for the day, get out. They all carry rifles and some of the blacks, bows and arrows as well. The first thing they sight is a tiger chasing a wild pig. The hunter tells half his men to fire at the wild pig and the other half to fire at the tiger. Luckily both beasts are wounded. The tiger charges but is shot in the head. The pig is killed with an arrow. The blacks are glad both beasts are killed as that means they will have some fresh meat for supper. They spend an hour or so skinning the beasts and then take them back to the jeep. The black who was guarding the jeep is now relieved by another black. In the afternoon they kill an elephant and get its tusks. It is now late so they start for home. They load all their kill into the jeep and drive away for home. They lose no time getting the meat cooked for supper and so ends a hunter's very lucky day.

## A SUMMER SCENE

by G. C. GRANT\*

The sun shines brightly on the Sussex downs. The trees are all green and waving in the soft warm wind. The birds sing merrily, and the bees buzz in and out among the flowers collecting honey. Children bathe in the open air swimming pool, with the sun shining down. Small crowds are at the station waiting for the trains to go to the seaside. People are going out for picnics in the woods or parks. The sky is blue and cloudless and it is very hot. The people sit in deck-chairs under the trees. In the evening when the sun goes down, it leaves its colour streaming across the sky, making a beautiful sunset. It hardly ever rains in summertime ; the corn is high and ready to be cut in autumn. People bathe at the seaside and go for a voyage in a pleasure steamer. The children play on the sands. All the hotels are full. Sometimes it is chilly in the evenings but usually not. There are little coloured lights along the pier, and at night they are all lighted up. People go to ponds and feed the ducks and swans. Children sail their boats in ponds too. The blackbird chants his lovely song at sunset. The cuckoo sings his plain song all day long. Summer is very nice on a farm too. Milking the cow early at dawn. Children always love the summer very much.

\*DOMINICK DALY, born 14 April, 1943 ; entered Worth September, 1951 ; acted in *Aladdin*, 1954.

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

## A LOST PLACE

by A. D. KENNEDY\*

There was a place I used to know  
A place that is no more  
Between the Scala mountains  
And the river Thore.

A pleasant place to live,  
With apples red and green,  
With daffodils and roses too  
And a slow, rolling, stream.

The sun beats down all through the day,  
Its rays they gleam like gold,  
They cast a pattern through the leaves  
Until the day grows old.

## THE SMALL MOUSE

by R. G. H. HOLMES\*

It came into the world a month ago, in a nest under a bush on the edge of a small wood. It looked like a ball of brown fur. The mother mouse was running round busily, and every now and then coming to the nest with small bits of moss. But now three weeks later, the scene was changed, the nest was empty and falling to bits. A cat had visited the nest and the mother and father mice had been killed. The baby mouse had escaped, and was now wandering in the wood looking for a warm safe home. He dared not go back to his nest because of the cat. He wandered through the wood for a long time, looking everywhere for a home. Suddenly he heard a rustling, he turned and ran, it was the cat ! He ran into a small bush at the foot of a tree, where he found a small hole. It was too small for the cat and so it went away. The mouse found it a lovely home and decided to live in it. He covered the ground with moss and made a soft bed ; next morning he gathered food for himself, and by the end of the day he had a lovely mouse house. He lived there for the rest of his days in happiness and peace.

\*ANDREW KENNEDY, born 20 May, 1943 ; entered Worth September, 1951.

\*RICHARD HOLMES, born 5 November, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1954.

## THE SEASONS

by T. J. RADCLIFFE\*

I am spring  
And I dance and sing  
And the sun shines down,  
On many a town.

I am autumn,  
That makes men dumb,  
And frosts will soon come,  
Under the big moon.

Summer am I  
And little birds fly  
I look on the sea-shore,  
Where pierrots come no more.

I am winter  
And I give many a splinter  
The year has gone by  
Which puts minds high.

## CALENDAR MONTHS

by M. A. HOYLE\*

I am January —  
The year's begun,  
Christmas is over,  
The sun has come.  
Goodbye to the snow  
When the cold winds blow.

I am March —  
In my little house,  
Under the arch,  
It feels so nice.  
The door is shut,  
The key is in the hut.

I am May —  
The summer's come,  
We play in the hay  
And have great fun.  
No more fires,  
Till winter comes.

I am February —  
In an old inn,  
My horse is outside,  
Cold, tired and thin.  
The dogs are barking,  
Because of the weather,  
Making a din.

I am April —  
Easter has come,  
My egg is brown,  
In the cupboard is rum  
The light is out,  
In the tramp's hut.

I am June —  
Lovely flowers  
Do grow in the garden,  
While ox and horse  
Pull the carts  
Around the field.

(To be concluded)

\*TIMOTHY RADCLIFFE, born 22 August, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1954.

\*MILES HOYLE, born 30 September, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1952.



## VISIT TO AFRICA

by A. M. BUCKLEY\*

On 2nd May a letter came to me from my uncle Simon. It was an invitation to spend two weeks at my uncle's farm in Africa. My parents agreed and so, on 7th May I flew to Africa. I arrived two days later noticing the terrific heat. My uncle was waiting there for me and he drove me about six miles in his Land-Rover. His house was a large hut made of bamboo trunks woven with grass. My uncle had six native servants, the head of whom was Umbari, a very intelligent native. I was very tired after my journey and therefore I went to bed early, being careful to put a mosquito net round the bed. Although it was very hot I was so tired that I went straight to sleep. I woke up at about eight o'clock. After breakfast my uncle and I went out gazelle hunting and I shot one, while my uncle shot two. Later on in the morning I saw a large snake in a tree and Umbari, who had a spear, threw it and hit the snake in the head, killing it. It gave me a great shock but Umbari didn't turn a hair. For lunch we had the gazelle which was delicious. A few days later my uncle and I were in the Land-Rover when two leopards sprang out of the long grass and started to chase us. My uncle had a 12-bore in the back of the car which he fired twice, he missed but the shots served their purpose. That night there was a herd of African elephants making frightening squeals into the night. The next day I had the luck to shoot a tiger. But time was running short and the next day I flew back to England.

## DAWN

by T. M. JENKINS\*

When Hesperus is changing watch,  
And the sky turns grey with the passing night,  
And the stark sky of night is streaked with light,  
And night gives way to dawn.

The rosy fingers of the rising sun,  
Are spread by a hand across the pale blue sky,  
And the fiery sun glints on fields of rye,  
And the gleaming corn stalks thresh and ply.

Now the sun is an orb of glowing fire,  
And the sky is flushed with red and gold,  
We know that the day is not yet old,  
And we know that dawn has passed by.

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

\*TIMOTHY JENKINS, born 20 July, 1942 ; entered Worth September, 1950 ; acted in *Aladdin* 1954 ; 1st XV ; Gym. Team ; School Prefect ; Choir.

## THE MAYAN CIVILIZATION

by J. D. N. CLIBBORN\*

In the east of Mexico there is a strip of land known as the Yucatan. It is there that the Mayan civilization flourished. This civilization can be divided into two eras : the Old Empire, which lasted from one indefinite date to about 610 A.D., and the New Empire, which lasted from 610 A.D. to Cortes' conquest of the Yucatan in, roughly, 1540. This is so divided because of the sudden exodus from the upper to the lower Yucatan which is still unexplained today. The Old Empire can itself be divided into three periods : the Early, which lasted from an undated time to 374 A.D., the Middle which lasted from 374 A.D. to 472 A.D., and the Great which lasted from 472 A.D. to 610 A.D. when the exodus began. The New Empire lasted for about 900 years without any notable change in it at all. In religion the Mayas were much the same as their neighbours the Aztecs and Toltecs. The chief god worshipped was Kukulcan whose image was the plumed serpent. The god was renamed Kukumatz in the New Empire, and was called Quetzalcoatl by the Aztecs and Toltecs. Besides this god the Sun and Moon were worshipped. The calendar which was nearly the same as the Gregorian also played a large part in their religion. The Mayas were a highly civilized race. Most of the people were farmers who lived in the country. The Nobility and Priests dwelt in the cities. The gap between these classes was very great, since there was no trading class. When not farming the farmers acted as slaves to the ruling classes and because of this and other reasons the empire steadily collapsed and was finally overthrown by Cortes in about 1540. There are, at the present day, about 200 descendants of the Mayas.

## A HOLIDAY

by J. S. E. HAMMERSTEIN\*

One day I went for a holiday with my grandfather and grandmother. I arrived at the farm very late so I went to bed as soon as I had had something to eat. In the morning I went with my grandfather out shooting and we brought home three rabbits, two ducks and four pigeons. For lunch we had turkey, ham, roast potatoes, fresh garden peas, salad, sweeds and gravy and for sweet we had jelly, blancmange, mincepies and fruit salad. After lunch I went to the pier on my bicycle and I fished for an hour. I caught three eels, two plaice, a tin can and two old boots. On my way home it began to snow very hard and I got lost. I went into a cafe which I had never seen before and it was called Cafe de Posh but when I got inside I thought that a better name for it would be Cafe de Untidy. It stopped snowing quite soon and I found my way home.

\*JOHN CLIBBORN, born 24 November, 1941 ; entered Worth September, 1952 ; 1st XV ; acted in *When Knights were Bold* ; *Stations in Mime* and *Aladdin* 1954 ; Junior House Prefect.

\*JOHN HAMMERSTEIN, born 26 August, 1945 ; entered Worth September, 1953.

## THE FIRST TWO DAYS OF THE HARVEST

by J. S. WEBB\*

The harvest usually comes in August or September. It is nearly always very nice. The harvester is brought out to the first field. It takes nearly all the afternoon to put it together and oil it, etc. The next morning work starts early. The harvester is uncovered and is joined to the tractor, which then starts to go round the field. By lunch time the field is nearly finished though it is a very big field ; then all the farm workers go indoors to have some lunch. After lunch they start work again. When the field is nearly finished and there is only a small square left in the middle of the field it is time to get sticks and wait for the rabbits to come out of the small square. Usually quite a few rabbits come out but not many are killed unless you have a gun. After the field has been finished we start another and after doing a bit we stop and have tea. We continue until sunset and then we cover up the harvester and go indoors to bed. And so end the first two days of the harvest.

## IN FRANCE

by P. J. PAVRY\*

It was one day in August during my summer holidays in France that I went down to the beach. I found a small fort in among the rocks. The next day was fine so I went down to the beach at about ten in the morning. When I got there I found a big pool in line with the fort. I thought it a bit odd but I didn't do anything. That afternoon I went down to the beach with a spade to dig and find out what was holding the water. In about five minutes one of my younger brothers came to help me. Soon I found some bricks, so I went on till I found what looked like the top of a wall. Half-an-hour later I found out that it was a wall that Napoleon had built to keep ships in because it was at the end of a small river. The wall went right up to the fort and along the river on both sides. One of the walls is so long and wide you could drive quite a big car along it. The wall was opposite Dungeness so he could easily have attacked England. Our hotel was about two hundred yards from the wall, so it was easy to see it. The next day I went down to the beach to see if what I had dug up was still there but it was gone. The pool had got about six inches deeper, because I had dug beyond the bricks and all the sand had gone into the hole and made more room for the water. It had been very nice digging and I was sorry to have to stop. I enjoyed that holiday in France very much. I was there about two weeks until we had to fly from Le Touquet to Dungeness and then to motor home to London.

\*JOHN WEBB, born 26 March, 1943 ; entered Worth September, 1952 ; acted in *Aladdin* and *Stations in Mime*.

\*PETER PAVRY, born 7 December, 1944 ; entered Worth September, 1953.

## A ROMAN SOLDIER

by A. P. C. GIBSON\*

I was an ordinary soldier, at that time, stationed in Jerusalem. The Jews were having one of their stupid feasts ; the Governor had sent away for an extra cohort to cope with the crowds. One exceptional thing stands out in my mind. There was some person called Jesus of Nazareth, who had to be crucified. He had been tried by the Governor. I handed him his cross, which he took sweetly. With three friends, I escorted him to a small hill outside the city. There were two thieves who had to be crucified. They grumbled the whole time. He didn't once. At the top of the hill, we pulled off his clothes. I got his cloak. I was persuaded by my friends to play dice for it. I lost. I returned to the barracks. After three hours I returned with the centurion to see whether they were dead. He was dead, the others were alive. I killed them. We had no more trouble that day.

## THE STORM

by J. P. N. CONCANON\*

Once upon a time, in the eighteenth century, soon after the Great Eastern had been built, a very rich captain named Captain Hamilton called together five thousand men and said, "I will give you gold and silver if you will build me a ship." So the men agreed. The ship was built very quickly, and at the end of a month it was ready for launching. The very next day they put the boat on the slip-way, and the Captain smashed the bottle of champagne on her bows, cut the rope, named her *Storm*, and it slipped down the slip-way while all the men who built it cheered. Captain Hamilton gave all the men a million pounds to share and praised them and sent them away to their homes. Soon the *Storm* was brought round to the new docks and loaded with all the provisions they needed to go to the Cocoa Islands. One week after this they set off. All went well until they reached the Bay of Biscay. There a hurricane arose. All the crew feared they would be drowned. The ship sailed on for three days and three nights in the hurricane, being tossed about on the merciless waves. On the fourth night it was dashed against some rocks and began to sink rapidly with the waves pounding over it. All were lost in an instant. All but one sailor and Captain Hamilton who cast off his garments and tried to swim away. No sooner had he swum a few yards than he sank below the surface and was drowned. The sailor swam to a rocky peninsular, where he was picked up by some travelling merchants.

\*ANTHONY GIBSON, born 28 March, 1943 ; entered Worth September, 1951.

\*NIGEL CONCANON, born 7 July, 1946 ; entered Worth September, 1954.



## THE FIRST STAGES

by J. J. WALFORD\*

A messenger galloped up and reined in before the door of a big house. An ostler took his horse. The messenger was led in to the house. He passed down a wide corridor and turned to the left. There he entered a big ballroom where a dance was just commencing. He quietly told an officer his mission and the officer walked over to a tall, handsome man, the Duke of Wellington . . . Four men left the house in the early hours of the morning. Four fresh horses were waiting. The men, clothed in the uniform of a cavalry regiment of the British army, mounted and galloped away in the darkness. They rode for about three hours, passing gun emplacements and sentries on the way. Then ahead lines of tents and the glow of camp fires loomed up. Sentries saluted smartly as the riders passed by. Four stewards were waiting to take the horses. The man dismounted and walked a few paces over to a large tent. A flap was pulled back and they stooped and entered. As the first straightened himself out again the six officers already gathered in the tent saluted. The interior was lit by a lamp hanging from a cross beam above. Its light was poor and as it burnt it gave off a strange smell filling the whole of the already stuffy tent. In the middle of the tent was a wooden table on which a map had been spread. They gathered round the table and the planning began . . . Again and again the superb French cavalry charged but the lines of British infantry held firm. As the French charged the red coated infantry formed squares around the guns to protect them and to repel the repeated French cavalry charges. The same thing happened whenever the French did charge and the manoeuvre was carried out with such success that the French were baffled. At about four o'clock the Prussian commander, Blucher, joined the British after evading another French army sent out to cut him off. This reinforcement gave the allies enough strength to enable them to take the offensive. The guns bombarded the French. Then the British and Prussian combined cavalry charged. The infantry scrambled up and charged with fixed bayonets in the wake of the cavalry. Now the enemy would have their share . . .

## THE CINEMA

by A. P. HOPE\*

Films can be made to fit different kinds of screens. Until quite recently the square screen has been used, but now others have been made, and are now used widely as well as the square ones. These are better in some ways, each one having its own special improvements. The main ones are

\*JOHN WALFORD, born 27 June, 1941 ; entered Worth September, 1951 ; acted in *Stations in Mime* and *Aladdin* 1954 ; School Prefect.

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

Cinemascope and 3-D ; and more recently Cinerama, Vista-vision. The ordinary screen has sound coming from behind the screen and none of the new ideas of sound and vision are put into use. There are black and white and colour films, and from the beginning when there was no sound and the film flicked to and fro (hence "flicks") the film has improved greatly. 3-D is on the same screen but it looks as if the film is double in two colours if one does not wear glasses with the same colours. These special glasses make everything stand out and anything thrown from the screen looks as if it is going to land in your lap ! Cinemascope is shown on an oblong screen which is slightly curved and gives the impression that it is slightly 3-D. The sound moves with the person who is talking and if a plane is overhead the sound is also overhead. So we can see that since the time when films flicked on the screen with no sound up to the present day advanced ideas, films have greatly improved.

## DRAKE'S OWN CABIN BOY

J. D. E. ROSE\*

My father had been the first mate on a ship which had sailed from Plymouth to the West Indies to trade with the Indians, but the ship was never heard of again so that it must have been sunk. My name is James Peters and I live with my mother in a small inn which we own, by the waterfront at Plymouth. One day, when I was playing with my friends on the quay someone suddenly started shouting " Press gang ! Press Gang ! " and just about fifty yards off I saw a motley crowd of sailors armed with cudgels. I froze to the ground and went pale. My feet stuck to the ground. In about two minutes they were on top of me. I felt a whack on the side of my head and I crumpled to the ground unconscious. When I woke up I was lying on a dirty sack in a small room in the side of a ship. I felt a throbbing in my head and felt a big lump on the side. The mate came in. He was a tall man with a bristling red beard and he had two enormous pistols stuck in his belt. He said, " Hallo, matey. Now you are Captain Francis Drake's cabin boy, so look lively. You needn't start work till tomorrow." The next day we sailed for Cadiz, because Drake had permission to go and wreck the ships prepared for the armada. Everybody on the ship was more important than I and I was kicked around by everybody. We reached Cadiz after about two months. We sailed in with a few other ships, and started to fire broadsides into the Spanish ships. Ship after ship went up in smoke and as soon as the flame reached the powder there was a terrific explosion and pieces of wood and cordage were thrown everywhere. We stayed there for three days and by the time we left there was hardly a ship intact in the harbour. We got away with it so easily because the ships had not yet been armed.

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

## MY AIRFIELD ADVENTURE

by D. O'HAGAN\*

A few years ago I was staying with my Grandma in a little village in Yorkshire. It happened to be market day nearby and Mummy was going shopping. My uncle had come to stay with us for a few weeks and my sister and I were getting a little bored with him. Just as Mummy was about to go he asked her if he could take my brother, sister and myself to an airfield where he owned a plane. Mummy said he could so we went to catch the bus. It was not very far away, so it did not take us long to get there. When we arrived we saw an old bomber lying with its wings off. My uncle said he would take Michael up first as the plane would not take the weight of all of us at once. As soon as they were up I said to my sister, "Diana, let's go and explore that old bomber." We climbed inside and looked round. It was very dirty inside. We went into the pilot's cabin and looked at the half-rotten dashboard. I fiddled with the controls. I pressed one button and the nose fell off. Suddenly I found a lever which said "Dangerous." I pulled and there was a slight explosion and the roof fell in. We found a small hole and climbed into it. When the debris had stopped falling we dug ourselves out and ran back to where we had been waiting. Fortunately Michael could not see us, and when he landed we kept it a secret. When we got home we did not tell anybody, and ever since we have kept it a dead secret.

## AN UNQUIET NIGHT

by R. J. E. FOLEY\*

As I get into bed, the wind is just starting to rise. At the moment the house is very quiet, but there is a slight patter of rain on the window pane. Slowly but surely this becomes louder and louder. I try to go to sleep but I cannot : sleep just will not come to me. Suddenly there is a peal of thunder in the distance, and a few seconds later there is a blinding flash of lightning : the room is completely lit up, even to the minutest detail, and then all is darkness again. The thunder comes nearer and nearer, and as it does so it becomes more and more noisy. Now the rain changes to hail and beats down with all its might. As the lightning throws its rays into the room, it throws peculiar looking shadows here and there, and as it does so I begin to imagine things. The thunder increases in volume each time it booms forth. A cold sweat breaks out over my forehead. The house is creaking all over, and I seem to hear footsteps coming up the stairs. I turn over, bury my head in the pillow, and suddenly I fall into a deep sleep.

\*DAVID O'HAGAN, born 20 October, 1944 ; entered Worth September, 1954.

\*ROBERT FOLEY, born 11 January, 1942 ; entered Worth Summer, 1949 ; acted in *Aladdin* ; Junior House Prefect.



HOCKEY MATCH v. ST MARY'S CONVENT, ASCOT



TOWER HOUSE RUGGER.  
1ST GAME V. 2ND GAME



MODEL SAILING SHIPS,  
MADE BY A. KENNEDY

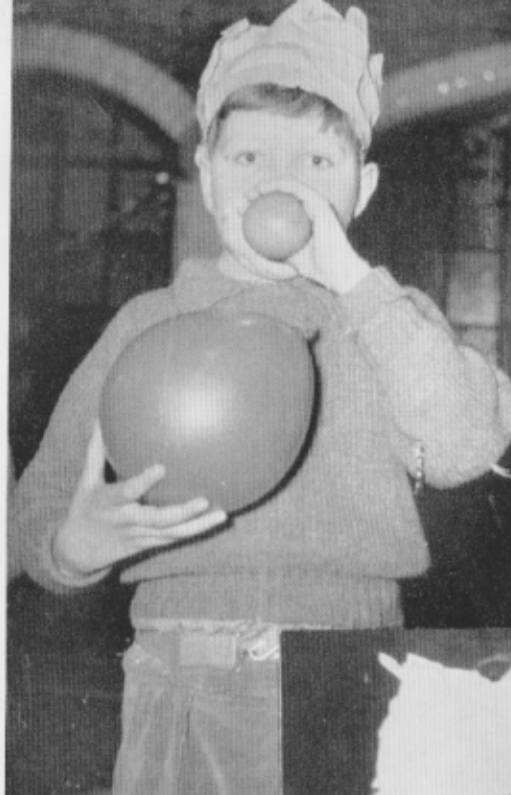


IN THE WOODS

Above: J. MATHER

Right: N. SIRETT,  
D. STROUD,  
J. COWDRY





R. SHAW



M. GUIVER

Centre: M. CUMMINS



THE TOWER HOUSE CHRISTMAS PARTY

## ROBERT BRIGGS

by D. E. ARRIGO\*

One day I was walking along a quiet road when I heard the noise of speeding cars ; I looked round and saw a car being chased by a police car. Pistols were being fired. Suddenly there was a big bang. The tyre of the crook's car was bust ; they got out and ran. Soon the chief, Robert Briggs was caught and taken to gaol, he had robbed Barclay's Bank, and taken the pay roll of thirty thousand pounds. About two weeks later, I got out of bed, put my clothes on and took out some money and went out to buy the morning paper for mummy and daddy. I bought it ; it was the *Daily Mail*, and on the front I saw : Escape from Prison : Robert Briggs. £500 reward for him and his gang. Beside it was a photo of him. After mummy and daddy had read it I took the photo and put it in my pocket after studying it very well. Now I was walking down a muddy alley, when I saw a bit of a convict's shirt with arrows on it lying on the ground. I went farther down the alley when I saw hidden in a bush the whole shirt. I followed the foot prints until I came to a small house where the foot-prints stopped. I looked up and at the window I saw Robert Briggs. I ran like mad to the nearest police station and told the police what I had seen. They soon came along and took him to prison with the other four of his gang. I got the £500 reward and my parents were very pleased with me and said that for my next holiday we would go to France.

## MY DAILY WALK

by S. H. ROSE\*

Every day I always took a walk. It wasn't always to the same place. Sometimes I went to the woods, or walked down a quiet lane. It was lovely in the summer ; all the flowers were in bloom and so were some nice trees. The meadows and fields were all green, with a few bushes and trees dotted about the edges. Sometimes there would be some showers ; but they wouldn't last long. I did not always go by myself but sometimes with my mother, and sometimes with my mother and father. I saw quite a few rabbits if I went quietly along a lane. I lived on a farm in the country and went to a day school in a village about a mile away from us. I was only about seven and nine months then. I only learnt how to read and write and do sums, and play a few games. I used to walk in the wood near our farm. Some nights in bed I dreamed that I was walking along a lane in the country and the fields and meadows were all green and roses grew along the edge of the lane.

\*DAVID ARRIGO, born 8 August, 1943 ; entered Worth September, 1953 ; under 11 Rugger.

\*SIMON ROSE, born 11 December, 1944 ; entered Worth January, 1953.



## A BUCCANEER'S STORY

by R. J. WADIA\*

Before I came to live in London I used to live in Plymouth. If you go past all the big battleships and destroyers you will find among the maze of quays and docks a harbour, big enough only for small fishing trawlers. It was here, sitting on an upturned barrel, that old Jem Blake told his seafaring stories. It is one of these stories which I am now going to tell you. "A long, long time ago," began Jem, "in the days of the buccaneers and pirates there was a young boy, about fourteen, whose name was Raphael Pym. Raphael lived with his uncle in a wayside inn. His uncle was a cruel and lazy man, and he used to make poor Raphael do all the hard work in the inn. At length Raphael decided he could stand it no longer and ran away to sea. He went to a large port, the name of which I know not, and started to look for work. The first person he saw was a tall, handsome man, in a dark blue uniform, who was asking men to join his crew to sail with him on his ship, the *Maypole*. At first Raphael was not at all interested but when the uniformed man, who as it happens, was the great John Hawkins himself, produced gold and silver from his last voyage, he entered his service as a cabin boy. The next day they set sail for the West Indies and adventure. On the same ship as Raphael was a bullying youth, Jack Soames by name, who disliked Raphael intensely as he was popular among the rest of the sailors. Very soon Raphael disliked Jack as much. This hatred between the two boys eventually led to a fight. After sparring away at each other for a few moments Raphael hit Jack so hard that he almost went over the side of the ship into the deep blue sea below. After that Jack left Raphael alone and he does not appear in this story. At Jamaica they beached, repaired and re-provisioned. Then they set sail for South America. On the way they were attacked by Black Morgan, the famous pirate, and three of his ships. The attack was easily repulsed and two ships were captured, but Black Morgan escaped. The treasure was divided and Raphael received fifty pieces of eight. With much difficulty they rounded Cape Horn, after plundering newly-founded Spanish towns. Then they sailed to the Philippines. There they found a native king called Olanga. Olanga wanted to attack the ship and massacre the men. Raphael found this out when Olanga was discussing it with Sepal, his close friend and adviser. He reported the affair to Hawkins. At first Hawkins would not listen to such a story from a mere cabin boy, but when Raphael solemnly swore on a bible that he was telling the truth Hawkins believed him. The next morning the natives attacked. The battle had begun! Hawkins was well prepared for the attack. As soon as Olanga let out a bloodcurdling scream which was the signal for the natives' attack, a volley of musket fire came from the ship. A cannon blew up and Raphael was stunned by

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

the explosion. When he came to again he found that the attack had been repulsed and that they were well on the way to India. In India they collected a valuable cargo of spices. Then they sailed round the Cape of Good Hope. They stopped and picked up a load of negroes to be sold as slaves. In the end they sailed into Plymouth Hoe safe and sound. Raphael Pym has sailed round the world".

## CATS AND MICE

by N. SIRKETT\*

We got our cat at a pet shop in Folkestone for two shillings. We actually do not live in Folkestone but we were staying at my Granny's flat, and when the day came to go home we thought puss would hate the car like our other cat. But not so with Smoky (the cat's name), he was quite the opposite, in fact he loved it. We also have a dog named Jeffy and it was only natural for him to chase Smoky, but after a few weeks they played together, and even went so far as this: Jeffy would lie down by the fire at night and Smoky would lie on top of him for warmth and they always sleep like that now. Now this does seem incredible, but this cat even made friends with a Cairn and if I pick Smoky up when Binky (the Cairn's name) is there, he will jump up at me without ceasing and bark like mad, until I put Binky down again.

Now I am going to tell you about my mice and the curious things they do. My very first mice we got from a pet shop in Tunbridge Wells called the Royal Pet Shop. There were two of them, one black and white, we called him "Chester"—and then began the reign of the Chester Brigade, you will see why later—and the other "Chips": she was white, and they made quite a good pair together.

We got this pair home and put them in the cage our neighbour very kindly made for us; it was constructed like this: it had one bottom floor with a nesting box in a little compartment nicely shut off by a panel. It had a wooden frame with glass inside for a front. On the top floor it had one or two trapezes which they loved and often would use. The top floor also had a nesting box and both nesting boxes looked very comfortable. We had several batches of mice and every time we got a "Chester" and always they were the fiercest and most playful of the lot. Our record batch is eleven in one go and they did look funny all huddled together with no fur on. Once we took out one of the babies on the top floor and the mother, "Chips," came out and lifted it back by the scruff of its neck with the greatest care. Then we did it again and the father came out to have a look but did not do a single thing but just went back to its nesting box.

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

## THE REBELLION OF THE MACEENSDALES

by D. M. D. McCANN\*

In the year 1745, a small crowd had gathered round the market square in the Highland village of Honadeen, for, in the centre, wearing the green and red tartan of the Maceensdale clan, stood a herald announcing that Bonnie Prince Charlie had landed in Scotland and that anyone who wished to join the rightful sovereign of this unhappy land should march to Perth. This announcement was met with a general cheer from the surrounding peasants. Jamie Maceensdale, the head of the clan said, "Open the lofts; bring out the swords, dig up the guns, play the bagpipes — we are going to join our rightful Sovereign, King Charles!" Two days later, to the skirl of the bagpipes and the beating of the drums, the Maceensdale contribution to the great Highland army collecting in the mountains, set off on their journey through the glens and mountains, to Perth. A young lad, the son of the chief, suddenly let out a yell. "The Redcoats are coming." This was perfectly true, for browsing on the top of a nearby hill was a battalion of English artillery and a regiment of Dragoons heading for Stirling. As soon as the commander of the artillery sighted the Highlanders he gave the order to open fire. A cannon ball and then another and another came whistling into the Jacobite army. Realising his army might be wiped out Jamie gave the order to charge up the hill and capture the cannons, which was what the Scots were waiting for. With a wild cry and the screaming of the bagpipes they charged up the hill to get the cannons and join the Prince, or die, trying to do so. It was a short but bloody battle, in which the English, hard though they fought, failed to hold their position, but as the Maceensdales were just beginning to revive after the battle, the dragoons made a headlong charge. Though the Scots fought with great valour and bravery, they began to give ground, which in a quarter of an hour turned into a general retreat. Never now would they join Bonnie Prince Charlie.

## A DESCRIPTION OF A SUNSET

by A. H. M. ASHFORD-HODGES\*

When I first saw a sunset I thought it was unbelievable. The sparkling red sun disappeared over the hills in the south leaving a dim glow of scarlet mixed up with the promised dint of orange with a weak yellow dimly running into a pale green. Far away you see the purple and black or dark blue sky drift nearer to the wondrous sight. The evening star and a few others are seen. There is only a faint glow far away. The sky is black.

\*DESMOND McCANN, born 28 September, 1943; entered Worth September, 1954; under 11 Rugger Team.

\*HUGH ASHFORD-HODGES, born 15 May, 1945; entered Worth September, 1954.

## THE TWO PONIES

by J. P. MADDOCK\*

As I walked over a bridge, I saw two ponies, one a little black one, and the other a big brown one. I leant against the bridge and watched them; they started to frisk and play, and, then, the black one went through a gap in the hedge surrounding them, the big one jumped through the hedge. I followed them on my bicycle, because they were keeping close to the hedge. Suddenly they went away from the hedge, so I jumped off my cycle and followed them across the field. The brown one fell over and whinnied; I came out of my hiding place to see if he had hurt himself. He had broken his leg so I jumped on my bicycle and went to fetch a vet. I marked the place with a red flag which was in my lunch basket. I brought the vet to the place, and he bound up its leg. He put it in the trailer and took it to the house where it belonged. He took the little black one too.

## THE WEATHERING OF THE STORM

by P. G. WOODWARD\*

The swelling sea murmurs with a dreamy incessant cadence as the schooner gently swings over the foam-capped waves. The wan moon sheds a phosphorescent path across the sea, up which the schooner sails like a stately graceful swan. Thus the ship of the world wings rapidly over the waves of the seas of time, with the moon shedding a silvery light over the placid sea scene. But the serpent is gathering his forces, and in the distance there is a foreboding rumbling of thunder, and black clouds trail dark, foggy tentacles across the purple star-sprinkled heavens and the moon.

The seas begin to heave and hiss around the ship and clouds obscure the moon. Then the fierce imitations of the sun flash rampant across the darkened heavens: blinding, jagged satanic streaks of vivid bluish lightning tear and fork through the gloom. The heavens are rent and rocked by the roaring pealing claps of furious thunder. Lightning, the forked tongues of Satan, spit down on the schooner in a terrible exultant imitation of the golden sun. Torrents of rain wash the slippery deck of the schooner. Raging seas slap geysers of sparkling foam against the tossing ship. The schooner plunges her sleek bows deep into the black, awful seas and lifts them with difficulty while the foaming waters cascade down her sides. Lightning rends the sky above, thunder reverberates through the howling gale, the mighty waves make the schooner reel. The screaming winds buffet the ship, tear the sails away, break the mast.

\*JOHN MADDOCK, born 28 October, 1945; entered Worth September, 1954.

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



in their fury. But then the wind abates with a ghostly moan, the thunder is silent, and the lightning plays in the distance.

Through the dark and sullen clouds struggle rays of light, and soon the clouds are banished by them; a warm glow suffuses the now tranquil sea; and then the sun arises: the Light, the Word, the Truth which unlike the forked tongues of lightning of the devil which blind one with temporary brilliance, shine steadily. The sun reaches its zenith, and falls red as blood in the glories and colour of sunset. Then, for a little time, night falls and the schooner sees many storms; but the men within the ship of the world do not despair, for the moon always shines through the clouds, and a gentle wind like a Spirit blows the schooner on the true path and the men in the ship are buoyed by hope; a hope that soon the sun will rise again in glory, and their fears and toils will vanish.

### GHOSTS

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

Ghosts are a much spoken about subject. There are several different kinds of ghosts. There are ordinary ones that those people who are psychic can see, but there is another kind, poltergeists, that announce their presence by making a noise or a disturbance of some sort; to illustrate a few of these facts I'll tell you a few stories about ghosts.

Once in Philadelphia in the United States a man went to bed one night and after about half an hour he looked up to see a figure at the end of his bed; it was his father. He was looking very sad and wearing a pair of overalls. After a while he disappeared. A few days later the son got a letter saying that his father had been killed in a motor accident wearing a pair of overalls, and the accident had occurred at eleven o'clock at night, the exact time the son saw the vision. Another incident happens once a year at a house in Cornwall. On a certain night a nun is seen walking up the drive and disappearing through the front door of the house. In the north of England it is said there is a haunted house and that every time visitors come when the owners are out a "person" opens the door and says, "Sorry, they're not at home," then closes the door.

After these few stories we must say what a ghost is! This is very difficult, for no-one really knows. There are several theories, ordinary and scientific. The most known theory is that they are uncontented souls who come to earth to try to get revenge on human beings for some reason. There are also many scientific answers. Some people think that ghosts don't exist. Poltergeists throw things at you but they never hit you. They either drop down in front of you or turn aside and miss you. No-one knows how this happens. In fact nothing much is known about ghosts even though there are such things as societies for psychical research. Nothing ever will be known about them, either, I should think, for they are out of this world and not for humans to meddle with.

\*MICHAEL DEWAR, born 15 November, 1941; entered Worth September, 1950; 1st XV; acted in *Aladdin* and *Stations in Mime*; Boxing Team; School Prefect; Sacristy.

### THE BLUE GROTTO

by W. J. GARNETT\*

The speed-boat skimmed over the waves, spray flying behind it. We heard a lot about the blue grotto and were anxious to see it. The boat slowed down and coasted to a stop. In front of us was the grotto. Our guide, after a brief but noisy argument in Italian with a fisherman, rowed us into the cave. Inside was a scene of outstanding beauty. The cave was of massive proportions, rising a hundred feet above the water. The vault, jagged though it was, much resembled the dome of a cathedral. The vastness and silence of the cave was breath-taking. The water was deep yet crystal clear, it seemed to radiate a gorgeous blue light which was reflected on to the sides and even the vault of the cavern. As the oars were dipped into the beautiful water they seemed to turn blue as well. We discovered later that Tiberius Caesar, who had a villa on top of the island, used to swim here daily. It is rumoured that he had an underground passage dug from the villa to the grotto, but the passage has never been found.

### THE PERFECT FISHERMAN

by D. M. MURPHY\*

My story, which is a true one, begins on a Tuesday afternoon in the summer holidays. My friends, my brother and I decided to go fishing near a cave's entrance. The fishing was going well and most of us were enjoying the sport. Jokes and playful insults were many as the day wore on. Paddy, who was fishing on the opposite side of the cave entrance to me, had managed to hook a small fish, and although he thought he was doing well we were rather jealous of him. My friend John, who was inclined to take fishing more as a joke than anything else, had decided that he wasn't getting along well enough, so he made up his mind to move elsewhere. To reach the other side of the cave one had to climb across the top of the cave entrance. So John made his way to the top of the cave, from here he threw his line into the sea. In doing so it entangled in his legs and pulled him into the sea with a jerk. Hitting the water he shouted like a man falling over a cliff in a thriller film. We roared with laughter, but poor John, who had just surfaced didn't see the joke. John, with frantic strokes, swam to the small capeland on which I was standing. John stretched out his dripping hand and I clasped it, and tried to pull him out of the cold water. I soon found that to pull John out at this point was impossible, because he was more inclined to pull me in. I

\*WILLIAM GARNETT, born 17 December, 1941; entered Worth September, 1950.

\*DAVID MURPHY, born 8 May, 1941; entered Worth January, 1951; Boxing Team; 2nd XV Rugger.

From there to London we fly over Birmingham and Coventry and then to London. Then we circle London Airport and land, usually without any bump. As the buildings are quite a little way from the place where the plane has stopped, a bus takes us to the main building where we wait a little while until our baggage has been put in another bus. Then the bus takes us to Waterloo Air Terminal where I meet an Aunt or some relation of mine. They take me out to tea and after that we make our way to Victoria where I catch the train to Three Bridges. While I am in the train the person who is in charge of me phones the Headmaster to ask him to have a car for me at Three Bridges. When I get there I take my baggage to the car and I am taken to the school.

### OUR BOAT

by N. ASPREY\*

When we go on our summer holidays we go over in a ferry. We have a motor boat. So we go to the village to collect it. We have an outboard engine which goes very well. We go out fishing in it sometimes. Sometimes we return with no fish and sometimes come back with quite a good catch. The boat is varnished every year to prevent it leaking. We hired a pair of wheels to take our boat down to the sea. There are not many storms at that time of the year and it is usually calm on the sea while we are there. By our house we can hire boats for as long as we like. There is a cafe nearby and we can buy sweets and drinks there.

### A WINTER'S DAY BY THE RIVER

by F. J. LUCAS\*

It is a winter's day and the river is completely covered with thick ice. The village people are skating and having snowball fights. Also they are making snowmen. It is beginning to snow now and the people are taking cover under a small roof which is by the side of the river. Though the people have taken cover the dogs have not. They are running about and enjoying themselves more than ever. When it has stopped snowing again all the people begin to skate again. About half past eleven they all go home for their lunch and everything is quiet except for the wind howling through the trees. In the afternoon no one comes back but they stay by their fires at home and rest. By this time the sun has shown itself for the first time in the day, and it rapidly melts all the snow. Then when it comes to the glorious sunset in the west the great black night covers all the land and the old owl begins his song. Then sleep comes to all the village and the howling wind sings them to sleep, but the river goes on the same for ever, and ever.

\*NICHOLAS ASPREY, born 28 November, 1945; entered Worth, September, 1954.

\*FRANCIS LUCAS, born 11 March, 1943; entered Worth September, 1952.

### THE SCOUTS

At the end of the Michaelmas term the 2nd Class Badge was won by Sec. M. P. W. Bruning (Storks), and during the whole of the Lent term the Scouts have made good progress in the Scouting skills, with the emphasis on pioneering and backwoodsmanship. Lashings have been learnt and practised by work on the Lock Bridge, which is now almost complete. Axemanship, fire-lighting, shelter building, tree studying, have been carried on at the patrol dens in the Bluebell Wood. In the evenings Morse has been practised with signalling lamps in different buildings. Other evenings have been devoted to the study of the stars, and of maps. The arrival of the snow enabled us to observe the tracks of various kinds of birds, animals and men. All of which has enabled J. D. Rose, M. F. Temple (Storks), W. C. R. K. Diez, B. A. R. Concanon, and M. F. Hoyle (Peewits) to gain their 2nd Class Badge, several others to advance a long way towards it, and a few towards the 1st Class Badge. On one afternoon a paper chase was organized by the Scouts, and boys from the rest of the school were invited to join in it. All those who took part in it thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

B.M.S.

### THE CUBS

This term three new "Sixers" were added to the old three. So the "Sixers" now are, M. E. Agius (blue), R. E. Wood (red), D. M. W. Delany (green), R. J. S. Bullock-Webster (black), P. R. C. Johnstone (yellow), I. J. K. Lintner (brown). Three "Seconds" have also been appointed. They are H. J. Rose, J. O'Donovan, N. P. Stephens. All these Cubs are well on the way to their second star. The first proficiency badge this year was gained by H. J. Rose (blue) — Collector's badge. We hope others will be gained as there is plenty of talent in the pack.

In spite of the Arctic weather during most of the term, outings to the woods have been frequent and the Cubs have managed to keep themselves warm, sometimes at the cost of looking like the "Banderlog" of the "Jungle Book" rather than Cubs.

AKELA

### ALADDIN

As each year goes by the Christmas Pantomime seems to get bigger and better. It may be that in forming this opinion one is unduly influenced by the proximity of the latest performance, but I think it is true to say that the outstanding feature of this year's production was the way in which one actor dominated not merely the stage but the audience as well. Mitchell-Heggs very definitely has a presence and he made it felt even at the back of the theatre. His Widow Twankey was worthy of Nellie Wallace; he had obviously thought himself into the part over a period of some weeks, and when the great day arrived he let himself go with unashamed gusto.

If Widow Twankey was the predominant figure — in more than one sense — she was ably assisted by the other characters. Gleadell gave us

a cheerful Aladdin, unruffled by his constantly changing fortunes ; Foley, Webb 2 and Amhurst kept up a constant stream of the best slapstick comedy ; while Buigas, as the widow's help, was no mere stooge but added his own comic touches as well.

There was, as usual a full supporting cast, including a beauty chorus and some exotic Eastern slave girls, among whom, so the programme informed us, were several members of the 1st XV scrum. Who would have expected to have found a Pekin beauty lurking beneath the muddled shirt of a second-row forward. There were also a number of musical items, but I did not think they were quite up to the usual standard as they lacked the vigour of previous years. From this criticism I must except the three schoolmasters who, once they had warmed up, were really excellent. And may I say that in spite of my frantic efforts to maintain a properly respectful attitude towards the august members of the laymasters' staff I could not fail to recognise the originals of the three schoolmasters as soon as they appeared.

One particular point impressed me tremendously : at one stage of the proceedings Mr Johnson left the stage altogether in order to play the piano and yet everything continued quite smoothly without him. One wonders whether this is a greater compliment to the boys or to Mr Johnson who trained them.

The scenery and costumes were designed by Miss Bryett and were well up to the high standard we have come to expect from her ; but this year John Sanday and Michael Temple lent a hand and designed a magnificent space ship for one of the scenes. Praise is also due to the boys who assisted Miss Bryett in the actual painting of the scenery.

It would certainly be much easier for Mr Johnson, and he would probably attain a higher standard of performance, if he restricted himself to a straight play with not more than half a dozen characters ; but in these pantomimes some fifty boys are given a chance to do their bit. It may well be that in years to come, when enthusiastic crowds are thronging round the stage door after the first performance of a fashionable West-end play, some ex-Worth boy, watching from the shadows, will smile reminiscently to himself and murmur :

" Fools ! I also had my hour,  
One short, fierce hour and sweet . . . "

J.J.T.

### RUGBY FOOTBALL

The 1st XV won five of their matches and lost four, scoring 64 points against 65. In view of the fact that we have a school of 240 boys, many of whom start playing Rugger at the age of eight, this cannot be regarded as a satisfactory performance ; but at least it can be said that the team improved, as they won four out of the last five matches and scored 49 points against 6.

The forwards, as a unit, did quite well. Although they usually took some time to warm up they nearly always succeeded in dominating their

opponents, especially in the loose scrums. They were well led by Webb, Plunkett was a tower of strength in the line-out, and Wood and Bruning were extremely good at backing up. Behind the scrum Babington was full of mischief, although at the beginning of the season he was apt to forget that his main job was to get the ball out to his stand-off as quickly as possible. However his kicking, tackling and falling were very good, and he was quick on to the loose ball. Cicconi, at stand-off half, took his passes well and made some good openings, but he was inclined to stand too close so that the movements were forced across the field. Later in the season he moved to centre and de Chazal took his place. With Babington sending out a longer pass this resulted in a great improvement in the direction of the attack. Besides these two, Murphy, Jenkins and Andrews played at centre at various times ; each was quite competent as an individual but they did not combine too well. The main weakness was on the wing ; apart from Clibborn, at the end of the season no one could be found to give the final punch to the attack. Ball played at full back during the Christmas term ; he kicked extremely well, and although his positioning was sometimes at fault, he was always ready to join the three-quarters. In the Lent term his place was taken by Amhurst who proved thoroughly competent.

The first match against Hillsbrow was a disastrous defeat by 39 points to 6. Most of their points were scored by a large and fast stand-off half, but with determined tackling and better covering by the forwards we should have been able to hold him. However the forwards kept after the ball the whole time and territorially the second half was slightly in our favour. We won the next match against Mayfield after being five points down in the first few minutes. The forwards were playing well together and gave the backs a plentiful supply of the ball, but the going was so heavy that the latter could not get clear, although at one period the forwards kept the ball in the Mayfield twenty-five for a quarter of an hour. Babington eventually went over on the blind side after Ball had kicked an excellent penalty from some thirty yards out. In the return match we were defeated 6—0. This was mainly a battle fought out between the forwards in the mud, in which the Mayfield forwards' superiority in dribbling turned the scales.

This match was followed by a period of a fortnight in which only one practice game was possible owing to the weather and the state of the ground, so that when we went over to Croydon to play Whitgift the forwards were not combining at all well. The result was a rather scrappy game in which we were defeated 3—9. There was some improvement in the second half and some quite promising movements developed. Ball was unlucky to kick the corner flag when he crossed once.

A few days later we went to Epsom, and this time the forwards were in tremendous form. For the first twenty minutes they kept the ball on or near the Epsom twenty-five, and had we had some really penetrating backs we should have scored several times, but the close marking and



hard tackling of Epsom were too much for them. The match was notable for three brilliant interceptions. First the Epsom stand-off half picked up one of Babington's passes and nearly ran clear. From a melee on our line Epsom heeled, but Andrews intercepted the pass and got up to their twenty-five before he was brought to earth. From the ensuing loose scrum Babington passed out on the blind side and Ball, coming up to make the extra man, scored in the corner. In the second half Andrews again intercepted and had a clear run home.

On December 11th Wimbledon visited us. We started slowly but soon the forwards asserted themselves and won the ball from practically every scrum, but the backs were able to score only once in the first half. After half time we did much better. A kick up the centre by Wimbledon was picked up by Murphy who flung the ball out to Clibborn and for the first time for many weeks we saw one of our wings in full cry. This put heart into the rest of the team and three more tries were scored in the last ten minutes. The last match of the term was an Under 13 team against Mayfield, in which all the backs with the exception of Cicconi and Clibborn were from the Under 12 team. Once more the forwards got the better of their opponents and the backs handled extremely well in spite of the muddy conditions. In the second half came one of the best tries of the season when a centre, a wing and a couple of forwards went round the blind side and in a burst of quick passing completely baffled the defence. We eventually won 12—0.

In the Lent term we had only two matches owing to the weather and illness, but they were both thoroughly enjoyable and contained much good rugger. In the first we were defeated 3—6 by Ealing. It was a very close game but for once our forwards met their match. By now Babington was sending out a really long pass, so that we had movements going down the field instead of across. The second match was against Ladycross and we won 11—0. It took our team some time to get used to the light ball and a strong wind, but they really did try to open the game up. Sometimes this led to rather dangerous situations, but in the end it paid dividends. One astounding pass from Babington went right out to Cicconi playing at outside centre, and one could not help thinking how different things would have been if this sort of thing had happened at the beginning of the season.

The usual team was: Ball; Clibborn, Jenkins, Murphy, Quinn-Young; Cicconi, Babington; Alba, Webb, Eyre; West, Dewar; Wood, Plunkett, Bourne. Besides these Walsh, Andrews, de Chazal, Bruning I and Amhurst played as regular members in the Lent term. Aubépin, Maddock, Mellotte and Foley each played in one or more matches; Moorsom and Gibson played in the Under 13 match.

1st XV caps were awarded to Webb, Quinn-Young, Ball, Babington, Cicconi, Wood, Plunkett and Clibborn.

## RESULTS OF MATCHES

v. Hillsbrow : Lost 6-39. v. Mayfield College : Won 6-5 and lost 0-6.  
v. Whitgift School : Lost 3-9. v. Epsom : Won 6-0. v. Wimbledon College : Won 17-0. Under 13 v. Mayfield : Won 12-0. v. St. Benedict's. Ealing : Lost 3-6. v. Ladycross : Won 11-0.

2nd XV v. Whitgift School 1st XV : Won 9-0 and lost 3-6. 2nd XV v. Douai Junior School 1st XV : Lost 5-35.

## STAMP CLUB LETTER

My dear young Philatelists,

In his address on the occasion of the first meeting of the Worshipful Company of Thumblers (i.e., admirers of the late T. Thumb) Lord Thimble remarked that "True history has yet to be written." He went on to deplore the fact that the young people of today are being stuffed stiff with mythical lore of all sorts and that, while their attention is being directed to imaginary heroes and heroines of the type of Henry VIII and Good Queen Bess, they are fast losing touch with those very real ones from whom our island race inherits its peculiar qualities and upon whose enterprise our world-wide hegemony has been founded.

Fired by the noble Lord's high sentiments—Lord Thimble, I may say without indiscretion, is our old friend MocStooge, lately advanced to the peerage—I decided to collect, before it was too late, all that history can tell us of the real ancestry of the British Public. I began with *Tom Thumb* because he was so essentially English and because he has always been the darling of his country; and a single visit to the Record Office (not the Worth one) showed me not only what I wished to learn about our Thomas but also a great deal about a host of other notable persons—all related to him—some of whom are household words, by-words and even words of more than one syllable.

Needless to say, it has been no light task to distinguish the authentic from the counterfeit; and I am bound to admit that the happy results obtained are due almost entirely—above all when debunkage seemed necessary—to a constant employment of the *Lex Pollicis* or Rule of Thumb. Criticism will doubtless be aroused by the absence from Thumb's family connections of Peter Pan, Jackanapes, Brer Rabbit, Humpty-Dumpty, Alice in Wonderland (and, perhaps, Through the Looking Glass), John Brown (and his supposed Body), the Old Folks at Home and indeed the entire contents of our modern Pantheon; but the purely legendary character of these personages forbade their inclusion in a critical study such as I intended.

I shall now give you some of the results of my researches in the following series of thumb-nail sketches—complete with armorial bearings whenever possible—of some of the known heroes and heroines of Thumb lineage.

THOMAS, FIRST BARON THUMB OF THUMB : explorer, traveller, adventurer, mighty midget. Sometimes confused badly with Hop o' my Thumb (an utter imposter). Introduced into the Common Law the process known as *Lex Pollicis*. Is said once to have supped on a cow "larger than the usual size." May have been engaged to Burd Helen (an enigma, if ever there was one). At one time hereditary chief of the Goths and the Wends. Had three horses shot under him at Hastings and, later, lost two of his legs at Trafalgar. Presided at Boston Tea Parties. He seems gradually to have disappeared (without ever once having split an infinitive) for there is no authentic record of the date or place of his death. Arms : *or*, on a dexter thumb *gules*, a thumb-nail garnished *sable*, and mooned *argent*. Motto : *mens magna in corpore parvo*. TOM FOOL : Court jester and fellow of infinite wit (on his day : I knew him later, when all his jokes were cracked). More people knew him than he knew they did (whatever that may mean). Originally of a very grunted (A-Saxon for "merry") disposition ; but when his baubles were removed by Oliver Cromwell he never smiled again and may have died anywhere. Arms : *per saltire or and vert*, a Jester's Bauble *gules*. Mottoes : "a fool and his bauble are soon parted" ; "no fool likes an old fool." JACK THE GIANTKILLER : reputed to have slain seven large and seven little giants (at a blow). In old age he told the story of his exploits so often and in such detail that it has never been forgotten by posterity. Spent the last years of his life at Paddockhurst. Married *Goldilocks I*, first of the Platinum Blondes (she came over with William the Conqueror). Motto : "Fe-fi-fo-fum" (from a Chinese inscription). LITTLE JACK HORNER : one of his thumbs was stewed in a pie — "wasn't it a dainty dish !" — to cure him of sucking them ; sat permanently in corners. From him the Lincolnshire Poachers claim descent on the distaff side. Married *Goldilocks II* (second Platinum Blonde : came over with William of Orange). Arms : *per fesse or and vert* a Mells Church *azure*, roofed *gules*, shaded and glazed *proper*, in the sinister firmament a sol rayant *gules*. Motto : "Mells, I ween." CAIUS (pronounced Keys) : one of the noblest Romans of the lot, apparently. Founder of Keys (pronounced *Caius* as above) College : member of Manx Legislature : offered the *caius* of Canterbury to his fiancy. Married *Goldilocks III* (no relation to the others ; not known with whom she came over ; strictly indigenous ; finally emigrated no one knows whither). Arms : *purpure* two *caius* in saltire *or*. Motto : "O pens es a me." OLD KING COLE : a sound musician of the old High and Dry School, he wisely reduced the number of court fiddlers to three ; also played the pipes and won the All-British Bowls Championship. Married *Old Mother Hubbard*, a monstress of cruelty who would have fed her dog on nothing but bones, only her cupboard was bare. Had so many children that he didn't know what to do ; among them were *Childe Rolande* (Arms : *or*, a cheese-rooke *sable*), *Childe Harolde* (later immortalised), *Goody-two-shoes* (not quite all there), *Miss Muffett* (a great drinker, but a lady), *Cinderella*



The Stations of the Cross  
IN MIME. THE SIXTH  
STATION

THE FIRST STATION



# AT THE STABLES

Right :

A. MACKAY  
AND Fudge

Below :

Z. ZAMOYSKI

Below right :

Z. ZAMOYSKI,  
P. MURPHY



(who was the colour of ashes because of her name) and the *Sleeping Beauty* (hopelessly out of date and behind the times ; tried to put the alarm-clock back and failed, albeit she kept her powder dry. Motto : "ite ad formicam"). WILLIAM TAYLOR : a "bright young sailor," according to an old song, "whose Tarry Trousers shone like diamonds bright." Buried at sea in a mainsheet. A variant of the story tells us that his body lay at a mean depth of five fathoms and that coral *are* made of his bones (I don't pretend to explain this). Arms : wavy of sea *azure* and *vert*, on a horizon *voided* between a typhoon *sable* in chief and a coral reef (or atoll) in base, three sea-nymphs *proper* ringing knells ; a canton *semé de perles* : over all a sea-change *nebuly azure*. Motto : "nought of him fadyth that ycorall isle madyth." ROBIN ADAIR : lived in a tub (or pub) and always wore kilts (contrary to Highland custom) ; married *Eileen Aroon*, a lovely Irish quean, last of her royal race ; the Adair children, including Rob Roy and MocStooge, were all brought up on Mountain Dew and wore kilties in public. PRETTY POLLY OLIVER : her lover "squeezed her dear hand before he died" in the cockpit of Europe ; she married a general worth a thousand a year and became a lady ; from this romantic couple are descended the *British Grenadiers*, the *Men of Harlech*, the *Raggle-Taggle Gypsies* and *Mrs Pankhurst* (also *Tom, Dick and Harry*). JACK SPRAT : he and his wife, Lucy, contracted through thick and thin to lick the platter clean. Among their descendants may be mentioned *Cedric*, 15th Baron *Fauntleroy*, *Washington* (who blamed everything on *Puss in Boots*), *Casabianca* (? Mrs. Heman's godmamma), and the *Compleat Angler* (about whom nothing authentic is known). Arms : *gules* three *lucres* (heraldic term for sardine or sprat ; also for Jack's agreeable missus) *naiant or*. Motto : "entre nous." DICK WHITTINGTON : Marquis of Carabas ; owed his good name, title and fortune to *Puss in Boots* to whom he bequeathed his entire library, stamp collection and writing materials. CYMBEL AND CYMBELINE : unmusical Siamese Twins ; firmly joined together at first, but later cut in sunder. *Cymbel* survived to design the Campbell Tartan ; *Cymbeline* was never heard of again except in Shakespeare. Their only child, *Peter Piper*, became the first of the Pepper Kings, took up the bagpipes and thereupon married *Thumbelisa* (inventrix of silver Thimbles and dumbbells — so they say). FRERE JACQUES : included here because he was adopted into the Thumb family on account of his *Chansons populaires*. Arms : *azure* a bridge of three bays *or*, *bricqué gules*, in chief three *poulets sable volant*, in base one poisson noyant *or*. Mottoes : "Sur le pont d'Avignon" and "Savez-vous planter les choux ?" ROBIN HOOD : hereditary persecutor of the hereditary sheriffs of Nottingham. He always won, either by hook or by crook ; married *Maid Marion* (daughter of a famous marionette) ; bequeathed his crook to his elder daughter, *Little Bo-Peep* (amateur Dresden Shepherdess) ; his younger daughter, *Red Riding*, passed easily with honours into History ; his other children, *Hansel* and *Grethel*,



cunningly constructed out of frogs and snails and puppy-dogs tails, made good their escape from the family mansion and lived under the greenwood tree on sugar and spice and all that's nice. All the descendants of this branch of the family were clever: *Clever Alice*, *Clever Grethel* and *Clever Herr Humperdink*. The full story is a Grimm saga in itself (sorry!). BARBARA ALLEN: a lady of great beauty and greater cruelty. She made an offer of a kiss and twenty thousand pounds to *Jemmy Grove*, but later shut him out of her father's house and withdrew her offer — with fatal results. However, she sore repented, asked her mother to make her bed (bed-making seems to have been a closed book to most folk-song characters) and retired gracefully from the scene. Arms: *azure*, a four-square house, appurtenanced *proper*, desmesned *vert*. JOHN PEEL (M.F.H.) and JOHN GILPIN (citizen of credit and renown): noted equestrians; horseflesh seems to have been in the blood, for one of their grandmothers (? *Lady Godiva*) rode all the way to Banbury Cross, without her coat-of-arms, on a cock- or hobby-horse, while all the silver bells and cockle-shells pealed for joy. Their children were *Little Claus* (who overreached his brother by vastly superior cunning), *Big Claus* (who was a minor Nero, was drowned through sheer stupidity and cupidity and died S.P.) and *Santer* (Arms: *or* a Xmas tree *poussant vert*, *candled argent*). JACK AND JILL: professional tumblers connected with the Hill; supposed to have received their education there; more likely that they were only on the teaching staff. As their records perished in the Great Fire and they themselves in the Great Plague, we shall never know for certain. BABES IN THE WOOD: actually a political ramp. The only one who really existed was *Baby Bunting* (or *Bunter*), so named because he was wrapt about in wrabbit-skins; when the bough broke, this daring child came down to earth and had to be re-assembled by all the King's horses, etc. Known later as *Little Boy Blue*, he blew first horn in a rustic band and was drowned in the South Sea Bubble (or did *Bubbles* do that?). Before this catastrophe he acted as foster-father to (a) *The Minstrel Boy* and (b) *Beethoven*. Arms uncertain: possibly a partridge — with retractable undercarriage — in a pear tree.

One could go on like this for ever, but enough has now been said to enable you to construct such a Family Tree or Labyrinth as would — and I hope will — surprise and please your History Teacher — and wouldn't the coats of arms form a magnificent series of postage stamp designs? Some might be supercharged "Thumb sesquicentennial" or "Thumb Self-government and New Constitution," some might be issued as First Day Covers only, others might be printed upside down, while a few special rarities might even be surreptitiously forged. A pot of money might be made that way. Just think, too, how marvellous it would have been if only Tom Thumb himself had had the idea of issuing stamps like these in his own day: they would be fossils by now and worth their weight in any metal. For you have only to examine the armorial designs of France, Sweden, Switzerland (and so forth)

to see that in heraldic blazon and tincture the Thumb Armoury is *facile princeps*. Here, on this resounding Latin note, I had better end this interesting and instructive letter.

Your loving little

Diogenes Philatelist.

## PARAGRAPHS

Our oldest inhabitant this term is R. J. E. Foley, who entered the school in May, 1949.

\* \* \*

Our very great thanks, from every one of us, are offered to Captain F. E. Wykes for his magnificent gift of a second billiard table. This table is now in use in the Hall by the Ford boys, while the older (ice-cream) table is used by those in Butler and Chapman. It is a splendid new table with every kind of accessory and three-quarter size. Captain Wykes is a real benefactor, and he may be sure that very many generations will thank him for his gift.

\* \* \*

Dauthieu, David Cook, Nigel Concanon, Fitzgerald, Guiver, Jouselin, McEnery, Pollard, Powys-Lybbe, Ingr, de Ligne, Slaughter, Wynne and Terence Delany all made their First Communions in December.

\* \* \*

At Christmas the school collected £5 17s. 10d. for Cheshire V.C.'s Catholic Chapel for his new home in Cornwall.

\* \* \*

We acknowledge with thanks copies of the *Avisford Record*, the *Corbie*, the *Red Book* and the *Ascot Magazine*, together with the *Priorian*.

\* \* \*

We welcome to Worth Dom Simon Van Zeller — who spent some years here before the war — and Dom Hugh O'Neill. Dom Simon has just retired from the Housemastership of the Junior House, Downside, a post he has held for nine years.

We had a wonderful evening's entertainment, in fact an Arabian night, when the Capuchin Fathers came over from Crawley to present their pantomime "Ali Baba and the Four Tea Thieves," written and produced by Fr. Raymund, music by Fr. Leo, who also delighted us as an executant. Tunes, voices, really rousing choruses, scenery, costumes, acting in general and timing of jokes in particular were all as good as any pantomime we have ever seen. Ali Baba (Bro. Cuthbert) sang a sweet number called "Nice to be Back" with great charm. Fr. John as Ben Ghazi was a faithful Desert Rat of field rank, and led the stirring chorus "Big Bass Drum," whose echoes have not yet died away here. Fr. Bruno made a superb villain, and one was not surprised to learn that he had operated in his younger days in the bazaars of Old Delhi. Bro. Paschal had a very big part as Kardomah, and did it all beautifully. Sgt. Yashmak (Bro. Simon) revealed an appropriately powerful singing voice, and his henchman P. C. Backsheesh (Bro. Timothy) was hardly less powerful when he joined the Sergeant in "The Boys in Blue." The Bam Bu Boys, however vile their characters, sang very sweetly; and we shall not easily forget Bro. David's singing of "The Robbers Ride," nor Fr. Benedict's eerie smile as his head emerged from the tea chest. Altogether a magnificent show. With the powerful talent he has available, perhaps Fr. Raymund will put something on ice next year.

\* \* \*

The father of S. E. Ball, who went on to Downside last term, has presented the school with three volumes of Coward's *British Birds* and three of the *Oxford Junior Encyclopædia*. The whole school joins in thanking him for this very useful present.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to Mark Gaisford (1933-1938) on his engagement to Miss D. Cullinan; M. F. Hecht (1940-1945) to Miss J. Roche-Kelly; M. G. Hansen (1941-1945) to Miss G. C. Hoskins, Paul and Taggart (1937-1942) on his marriage to Miss Heather Foxell.

\* \* \*

For those parents who have not yet had sons at Downside, we are glad to announce no less than seventeen awards at Oxford and Cambridge in December last.

Last term's Chess Competition was won by Steven Walsh, Borg being placed second and Winder third.

\* \* \*

The Cross Country Run was won by the Silver League, Anthony Babington coming in first (time: 14 minutes).

\* \* \*

Dom Brendan Lavery left Worth on January 10th to take up his new appointment as House Master of the Junior House, Downside, in succession to Dom Simon Van Zeller. His departure will be regretted by all at Worth; for with his all-round ability, his experience and sympathetic understanding of boys and his manifold school interests he has been a tower of strength here for close on a decade. The following summary of Dom Brendan's activities may help to give some idea of what we owe to him since the school was re-opened here by Abbot Trafford after the war. From September 1945 to July 1950 he was in charge of the Junior House. From September 1950 to January 1955 he was Second Master. From January 1952 to January 1955 he was Games Master; he was also in charge of Mathematics and English, looked after the Riding School and organised the "extras." As House Master of the Junior House Dom Brendan ran a Junior Dramatic Society, producing then (and later) ten plays. He also started the under eleven Rugby team (which has never lost a match) and ran the cubs (started at Downside by Dom Joseph Marshall) and several cub camps. As Games Master Dom Brendan took a special interest in the School Boxing. As Second Master he was always at hand to care for boys who were sick or who needed some attention during the night. Previous to his coming to Worth Dom Brendan has been House Master of Roberts House at Downside for five years and Games Master at Downside for two years. We wish him all happiness in his new work.

## REWARDS

The following boys won their Form prizes in the Michaelmas term:

A. D. H. Winder (1a), S. J. F. Walsh (1b), A. I. Aubépin (1c), A. P. C. Gibson (2a), P. A. de Chazal (2b), M. F. Haydon (2c), M. A. de Navarro (3a), N. J. M. J. C. van den Branden de Reeth (3b), B. M. O'Connell (3c), P. D. Byrne (4a), I. J. K. Lintner (4b), J. H. P. M. Cartier (4c), R. C. M. McGouran (5a), D. J. M. Hall (5b), P. Butler (6).

## UPWARDS

*Head of the School* : R. E. A. Webb.

*School Prefects* : R. E. A. Webb, M. K. O'M. Dewar, D. M. Murphy,  
A. J. Radcliffe, J. J. Walford, C. F. B. Mortimer, A. J. Eyre, T. M.  
Jenkins, J. P. L. P. Cicconi.

*Dormitory Prefects* : (Ford) S. J. F. Walsh, J. M. Chambers, D. A.  
Plunkett ; (Butler) H. T. A. Bourne, C. Alba, R. T. W. Mellotte ;  
(Chapman) D. C. Sirkett, R. J. C. Prendergast, A. I. Aubépin, J. M.  
Wood ; (Junior) J. D. N. Clibborn and R. J. E. Foley ; (Tower)  
P. G. Woodward.

*Captain of Rugby* : R. E. A. Webb.

*Captain of Boxing* : D. M. Murphy.

*Captain of Hockey* : A. C. Babington.

*Captain of Squash* : S. Borg.

*Librarian* : A. D. H. Winder.

*Assistant Librarians* : R. J. C. Prendergast, P. F. Mitchell-Heggs, A. de  
P. J. M. Bueno, A. C. Babington and W. J. Garnett.

*Leaders of the Choir* : R. E. A. Webb and A. J. Radcliffe.

*Masters of Ceremonies* : A. J. Eyre and C. F. B. Mortimer.

*Thurifer* : M. K. O'M. Dewar.

*Acolytes* : H. T. A. Bourne, J. J. Walford, C. Alba and R. J. E. Foley.

## INWARDS

The following boys joined the School on January 18th, 1955 :—

J. M. Finn, R. G. A. Pearse, J. R. Pearse, R. J. G. Rivera-Schreiber,  
J. M. D. Rivera-Schreiber.

## OUTWARDS

The following boys left the school in December, 1954 :

S. E. Ball, C. H. Curtis, W. A. Darby, P. P. F. de Westenholz, J. M.  
H. FitzGerald-Lombard, P. J. Quinn-Young, C. M. J. Summers, D. W.  
M. West.

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## SCHOOL STAFF

MARCH 1955

Dom Maurice Bell, M.A. (Oxon), *Headmaster*  
Dom Thomas Symons, A.R.C.O., *Organist and Choirmaster*  
Dom Theodore James, M.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of the Junior House*  
Dom Julian Stonor, M.A. (Cantab.)  
Dom Simon Van Zeller  
Dom Denis Agius, M.A. (Cantab.), *House Master of Chapman*  
Dom Jerome Tomlins, *House Master of Butler and Games Master*  
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, *House Master of the Tower House*  
Dom Charles Hallinan  
Dom Bernard Moss  
Dom Hugh O'Neill, M.B.E., M.A. (Oxon.)  
Dom Dominic Gaisford  
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.)  
Lt.-Colonel H. Vredenburg  
V. Avico  
J. Keating, R.N., *Physical Training*  
Miss G. Garnaud  
Miss D. G. A. Bryett, *Arts and Crafts*  
Miss E. Joyce  
Miss A. Lambert  
Miss J. Moore, *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, *Infirmiry*  
Miss P. Moloney, *Senior Matron*  
Miss I. Edridge, *Ford House Matron*  
Miss R. Sacré, *Butler House Matron*  
Miss A. J. Hawker, *Senior House Assistant Matron*  
Miss C. Fear-Hill, *Chapman House Matron*  
Miss A. Hollins, *Junior House Matron*  
Mrs Barrington, *Tower House Matron*  
Miss F. Rhatigan, *Tower House Assistant Matron*  
Mlle. J. Lemaistre, *Tower House Assistant Matron.*  
Miss Hewitt, *Assistant Matron*  
Miss M. K. Young, *Secretary.*